

"The Chimes of Brittany" to Be Presented at Chautauqua



Ether Melick, Soprano, of "Chimes of Brittany" Company

"The Chimes of Brittany," notable musical production, will be an outstanding attraction of the coming Redpath Chautauqua. A remarkable presentation of a dramatized cathedral choir service is featured. The impressiveness of the music is enhanced by special lighting and scenic effects of great beauty.

SOUTHERN HAS TRAIN STOP IN SERVICE ON LONG LINE

Electric Signals and Control Device Protect 840 Miles Between Jacksonville and Cincinnati. Atlanta, Ga., May 21.—Electric automatic block signals and train control apparatus have just been placed in service on the line of the Southern Railway system between Macon, Ga., and Jacksonville, Fla., 262 miles, extending the use of these modern protective systems over the entire line of the Southern between Cincinnati and Jacksonville, 840 miles. This is the longest continuous installation of automatic train control in the United States.

or overlooks a signal. The signal installation between Macon and Jacksonville required the construction of a transmission line of three high voltage wires, carrying an alternating current of 4,400 volts, and an average of four low voltage wires for signal operation and 456 signals of the color light type. For the train control an equal number of inductors were installed on the track, one at each signal tower, and 53 locomotives were equipped with the engine part of the device.

Predict Increase in Corn Acreage. (By International News Service) Raleigh, May 25.—A slight increase in the corn acreage of North Carolina this year is probable, according to the North Carolina cooperative crop reporting service. The stands are mostly fair and the present prospects are favorable, it was said. Corn is North Carolina's major production and is grown in all of the 100 counties of the state.

POEM TO LINDBERGH

Maurice Rostand, Notes Poet, Pays Ode at Paris Flying Field. Paris, May 25.—Maurice Rostand, the poet and son of Edmond Rostand, the dramatist, has written a poem to Capt. Charles A. Lindbergh. Composed at Le Bourget flying field, where the youthful American flyer landed Saturday, it is entitled "To Lindbergh" and bears under the title a quotation from Alan Seeger's poem: "I have a rendezvous with death."

You had danced all that night, And you had left in uncertain light, Alike Alan Seeger, but less young than he. But poet also. You had danced all that night, And you had left alone at dawn, And, seeing you leave thus alone, The air still quivers.

And it was with a heart lost in the wind Which braved aloft the salty breeze, And you lost not a single instant, Son of Evangeline. And you flew a day and a half Above the sea, above the earth: A day and a half you did not sleep, Not even a second.

Young traveler with dream of steel, In the coming day and the dawn Dost know who 'twas that freed you From the cell? Dost know who made you, bold young man, Strike straight for Paris, blindly perhaps, Which may have let you, ne'er having seen it, Recognise the place?

Dost know who let you hold in check Death, distance and the solitude? Dost know who caused you to arrive With such exactitude? 'Twas not the pride of this great feat Nor the trembling praise of old Europe, Nor the white light at Le Bourget turning, Nor yet your periscope.

Nor was it yet two continents, Which two days long breathed the same air, Nor that you sailed at the moment when You embarked your mother. 'Twas those young men, with hearts so brave, Who, full of fervor and goodwill, Came from your home, too soon forgot, To die for France.

That which had brought you, predestined one, Through all these risks where others fell, It was the rendezvous which they gave you At their fresh graves. Whooping Cough in Second Attack on Veteran, 89. Lincoln, May 24.—Jacob Sain, 89-year-old civil war veteran of Lincoln county, can boast of one thing that none of his neighbors can emulate.

For the second time in his life, he has whooping cough. His first attack came at the age of eight and he thinks that a second attack is heralding his again. At the age of 89 he cuts, shocks and hauls hay, works regularly every day and eats heartily. Mr. Sain is another Lincolnian who gives credit for his long life to his virtues. He was never drunk and has never used tobacco in any form.

Popular Excursion TO— Washington, D. C. VIA SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM Round Trip Excursion Fares: Concord, N. C. \$11.00 Landis, N. C. \$11.00 Kannapolis, N. C. \$11.00 Harrisburg, N. C. \$11.50 Newell, N. C. \$11.50

Excursion tickets on sale Friday, June 3rd. Final limit good to reach original starting point prior to midnight Wednesday, June 8th, 1927. Tickets good on regular trains to Junction point thence special trains as shown on large flyers. Standard Pullman Sleeping Cars and high class day coaches.

Big League Baseball Games, Washington Senators vs. St. Louis Browns June 4th Washington Senators vs. Cleveland Indians June 7th, Griffith Stadium, Washington, D. C. Fine opportunity to visit Mother's Capital. For detailed information and Pullman Sleeping Car reservations call on any Southern Railway Agent. M. E. WOODY, T. A., Concord, N. C. H. H. GRAHAM, Charlotte, N. C.

PICKFORDS PLAN PARIS DIVORCE

Jack and Marilyn Miller Incompatible But Good Friends, Still, Films Star Says. Los Angeles, May 21.—Marilyn Miller, musical comedy star, and her husband, Jack Pickford, motion picture actor, will seek a divorce in Paris next month. Pickford revealed that his wife, who now is in Chicago, would sail for France shortly. He said he would follow her abroad a short time later and a Paris tribunal would be petitioned for a divorce on the grounds of incompatibility. Both will appear at the proceedings, he said, so that Miss Miller will not be forced to establish a residence in France.

"We tried a year's separation," Pickford admitted, "in order to avoid a divorce, but we finally decided that we were temperamentally unsuited for each other and agreed to quit." He flatly denied that a third party was the cause of the divorce move and said: "We are as good friends as ever and the divorce is a matter of mutual consent. I have only the highest regard for Miss Miller. She is a splendid actress and I wish her nothing but the greatest success."

From time to time reports declared that the two, married in what was perhaps Hollywood's most brilliant social function in 1922, had separated, but both were emphatic in their denials. The ceremony, performed on July 31st, took place at Pickfair, the home of Mary Pickford, his sister, and Douglas Fairbanks, and was attended by the luminaries of filmdom.

The first reports of a separation cropped up two years after their marriage and when Miss Miller was playing in the East on the legitimate stage. Pickford was busy on the motion picture lots in Hollywood. Plans for the future, Pickford declared, are definite. Miss Miller is to be starred in a musical show for Florenz Ziegfeld next year, while he will pursue his career before the Klieg lights.

MANY CLUB MEMBERS WILL ATTEND CONFERENCE Short Course and Conference at State College Will Attract Many Young People. Tribune Bureau Sir Walter Hotel. Raleigh, May 25.—Every four-H club member in North Carolina is looking forward to attending the annual short course and conference on the campus of the North Carolina State College during the week of July 11 to 16, according to L. R. Harrill, club leader of the extension service. Between 500 and 700 young folks are expected to assemble and Mr. Harrill and his associates have already begun to make plans for their entertainment and instruction.

Monday will be devoted to registration and assignment to dormitories and the program will actually start with a big get-together party that evening. Tuesday morning, class work will begin. Those attending the short course will be organized into groups and each group throughout the week will receive the same program, consisting of interesting lectures and demonstrations including poultry, livestock, crops, clothing, baking, and other subjects closely related to club work.

"Our program this year will be on a fifty-fifty basis," explains Mr. Harrill. "Fifty percent of the time will be taken with instructional work and fifty percent with recreational activities. We will import one of the leading specialists from the National Recreation Association to aid us with this latter feature. North Carolina has had club work now for over 20 years. The real purpose of the organization is to enable farm boys and girls to realize the dignity and pleasurable opportunity of occupation on the farm."

Twenty-eight girls and 15 boys will have their expenses paid to the short course by a fund of \$300 donated by the State Farmers' Alliance, through its President, T. B. Parker. These young folks are selected leaders from the various counties. Other delegates will have their expenses paid by civic organizations and the clubs which they represent. Still others will pay their own way to receive the instruction which the short course gives.

Hertford County Organizes Against Fires. Tribune Bureau Sir Walter Hotel. Raleigh, May 25.—Hertford county is the pioneer in taking official action toward the organization of a forest fire protective force in the new fifth district to be established by the Department of Conservation and Development in the northeastern part of the state.

W. C. McCowan, assistant state forester, reported today that he has received an executed agreement with the county commissioners of Hertford in preparation for beginning activities in the new district. Definite plans for launching forest protective measures in the new district will be made by the assistant forester during a personal survey this week.

The new district includes the North Carolina part of the Great Dismal Swamp, and the part of his area within the cooperating counties will be brought under the scope of the protective measures. Recent destructive fires in that section have magnified the importance of forest fire prevention work.

Messages From Dead Scribbled on a Dinner Pal. Fairmont, W. Va., May 24.—A message from the dead came from the cabin-tipped, weathered mine today. When rescuers reached the last three bodies in the far recesses of the mine, they found that the victims had scribbled their farewell messages on a dinner pal. Henry Russell wrote "at peace with God." He asked his wife to "tell father I was saved." The other victims, William Erskine and his son, Cecil, addressed their surviving relatives, saying: "Try and stay in the U. S. A. Love to the kids."

Bill Grimm's Progress H.C. WITWER

Copyright, 1926, by Collier's Weekly and G. F. Putnam Sons "Bill Grimm's Progress" is a picturization by Film Booking Offices of America, Inc. (F. B. O.) of H. C. Witwer's stories of the same name.

SYNOPSIS Bill Grimm comes to New York to make his fortune and becomes a heavyweight boxer under the tutelage of Butch Ford. Pansy Pilkington, a friend, is in the Folies. Jack Fairfax is Bill's pugaboo. Barbara Baxter, Bill's "good influence," turns from detective to manager of Bill's new tea-parlor. Bill knocks out Oliver, the first of the two contenders against him for honors against the heavyweight champion.

Among the assault and battery fanatics who jammed my training quarters daily at four bits a look was a fellow about my own age entitled Carlton Horne. He was a sixty-eight-carat fight fan and a full-fledged millionaire to boot. Horne had an unbreakable habit of stalling around the gym after the job left and we got to know each other that way. In no time at all, gentle reader, you'd think we'd been bounding around together for epochs. It seems we sized up most things the same way, in spite of the fact that I was well-made and unhandicapped by grammar, while Horne was a product of Harvard and millions.

Scubbing Butch Ford's squawks, I insisted Horne be given the run of the camp, and one day he busts in the workout, all excited. "I've just made a wager so absolute certain that I shall be ashamed to take the other fellow's money!" he chortles. "You must have bet Niagara Falls is a liquid," I says wittily, as he was a good audience. "I've just as much of a sure thing!" he declares. "My bet is

case she fainted with joy or something. Butch Ford declared himself in as a eyewitness. One night I picked up the paper to read that the father of Jack Fairfax, my personal villain, had died abroad and left his dizzy son about everything but Niagara Falls and the Panama Canal. Carlton Horne used to play the stock market now and again just to keep from yawning himself to death. One day Horne smacked the ticker right in the pan for a quarter of a million, which he needed like he needed a third leg.

That night I dreamed of nothing but stock ticks and minis. Came the dawn, and I staked every dime I had in the world on Horne's hot information. The fact that the notes I still owed on "Ye Tiffin Shoppe" would be due in a couple of days didn't stop me. I figured I'd be sitting on the top of the world by then. For about six hours I was sitting on the top of the world—then there was a earthquake! The stock took a nose dive, and when the smoke died away and my brokers got down phoning me I was as busted as the Ten Commandments. I'd took one on the button, and in a daze I rushed to my tea parlor to tell Barbara, like a kid with a scraped knee running to his mother. Before I could unload the bad news Jack Fairfax came swaggering into the place. I hadn't seen that ape since he socked me with the cane, and he sure picked a swell time for this meeting! I was red-headed anyways, and the sight of him made me gnash my teeth. Without a word to Barbara I made a lunge at Fairfax, but she grabbed my arm.

"The wild man of Borneo, eh?" Right away it looked like I'd started something!

that you'll defeat Carney in a round!" "Well, I'll be a glass of ink!" I bust out in dismay. "Somebody's made a umpchay out of you—how much did you gamble?" "Oh, only ten thousand," he says carelessly, ten grand coming under the head of trifles with him. "I got odds of four to one!" "I worried a lot about his ten thousand dollars, which I figured was the same as in the ash can, for I seen no chance of knocking out in a round a boy which had coped with the champ for twenty rounds to a draw."

Another constant visitor to my training camp was Pansy Pilkington. One blustery winter day at the gym I pegged Carlton Horne gazing at Pansy with a far-away and long-ago look in his eyes, and I suddenly remembered I'd never introduced 'em. I give Horne a knockdown to Pansy, and right away it looked like I'd started something! My boy friend had plainly took the count for this charmer, and Pansy didn't seem to find him nauseating either.

Horne tried hard to arrange parties of four, as misery ain't the only thing which laves company, but Barbara and Pansy just didn't mix. I put in a grand Italian marble soda fountain and a high class confectionery at "Ye Tiffin Shoppe," which by this time was known all over New York, thanks to Horne and his slippy friends making it a regular haunt and Barbara's nifty ideas for making it attractive. Everything was hotsy-totsy and I was satisfied that at last I'd hit my stride. I figured a few years would see my caty tea parlors all over the country, with me sitting back with nothing to do but count the sack which overtopped my cash registers.

It was just like you read in a story. Barbara's job had rose from manager to "hostess," and I'd boosted her cut till she wouldn't take any more. "Why can't we start looking over locations for our home, Barbara?" I tells her. "I liko being engaged, but I'm double cuckoo about being married! This engagement of ours is getting too permanent, what I mean. Let's run down to the City 'hall or some place, get wed and be 'one with it!'"

I want to wait—just a little while longer," she says—"until you have a firmer foothold. Bill, I'll marry you, Bill, when you have definitely retired from the prize ring and are well started on your new career."

I was even more gloomed up by Barbara's refusal to put on the handcuffs immediately when Lett Hook O'Brien, my stable man, hauled off and wedded Rhea Cohen, the cute disturbance which acted as cashier of my tea parlor. Nothing would do but I had to accept the exciting portables of best man, while Barbara attended Rhea in

(To be Continued)

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