

Power Interests Acquire the North Carolina Public Service Co.

Raleigh, June 17.—The North Carolina Public Service Company, of which the Duke Power Company, of Charlotte, and a number of other utilities companies in North Carolina are stockholders, has announced that it has acquired the North Carolina Public Service Company, the Winston-Salem Gas and Electric Company, the South Carolina Gas and Electric Company, the properties formerly known as the Blue Ridge Power Company, and the lines of the Broad River Power Company from a point near Union, S. C., to Spartanburg, S. C.

Properties in Two States.

The properties included in the agreement are the North Carolina Public Service Company, the Winston-Salem Gas and Electric Company, the South Carolina Gas and Electric Company, the properties formerly known as the Blue Ridge Power Company, and the lines of the Broad River Power Company from a point near Union, S. C., to Spartanburg, S. C.

No Fees Announced.

The Duke Power Company officials this afternoon declined to estimate the amount of money involved in the proposed deal but it is safe to say that it will involve many millions of dollars. The purchase of these utilities companies has been rumored for some time but to each query Duke Power officials have returned an evasive answer or flatly denied that any deal had been made.

THE DUKE POWER COMPANY IS A

holding company for the Southern Power Company, the Southern Public Utilities Company and other Duke interests.

New Ruling May Prove Not Popular To Its Sponsors

The Tribune Bureau Sir Walter Hotel Raleigh, June 17.—That the repeal of the presidential provision in the State primary law defeated the very ends of which the repeal may have been effected, is now the decided conviction of many who have studied the situation. In other words, it is a two-edged sword that has begun to cut backwards, for the reason that it drew a clear-cut issue that must, in the first place, be met by candidates for nomination in next spring's primary.

In the second place, it will make for the State convention a battleground. The fight now centers on the selection of delegates to the national convention and it is generally conceded that the forces that have heretofore at least dominated the conventions are openly opposed to the nomination of Smith. Whether they will maintain an adherence to McAdoo remains to be seen.

It is thought some of the strongest leaders will, certainly if in the meantime the former treasury chief yields to the voice and pleadings of those friends who think he can link up the South and West and win.

The old theory that the South and West, acting in concert, can dominate the presidential situation may be put to the test. Certainly, the combination could do no worse than lose; and, if even it lost, it would be four years before it could lose again. In the meantime, there would be other lineups and perhaps overtures from the other side. The South and West are conceded to be bulwarks of prohibition.

In North Carolina, for example, there has never at any time been any disposition to "buck" the constitution. The State was never farther from it than in the question of prohibition. Instead of evading the Volstead act, this State in 1923 junked its own prohibition law, ratified by a popular majority of 44,000 back in 1908, and passed a new one designed unqualifiedly to conform to federal provisions. This, theoretically at least, made enforcement on the part of the federal government easier and at the same time put this State on record as reaffirming its allegiance to the prohibition amendment and consequent enabling legislation passed by Congress.

So, any attempt to name delegates to the national convention who would favor a wet or damp, or even doubtful candidate, would certainly draw fire. As a matter of fact, the repeal of the presidential provision strengthens the position of the drys, it is believed, in that if the convention should definitely go on record the white light of scrutiny would immediately be flashed upon any delegate who disobeyed the party's mandates.

Back in 1924, when the delegation was automatically instructed under the provisions of the primary law as it pertained to presidential candidates,

somebody cast a "Smith" vote in the famous New York convention. Lendency on the part of the other members, who stuck out for McAdoo to the end, led them to secrecy. There were various rumors afloat as to who cast the vote. One very prominent North Carolina politician, a delegate to that convention, found it necessary, in response to a flood of telegraphic inquiries, to dispatch quick word back home that he was not the man. For him to have been might have hurt his future ambitions and he was quick to recognize it.

The State convention meets before the primary. Now, if the convention should show a decidedly anti-Smith attitude, as it undoubtedly will, what fix will that leave candidates in who may be open to Smith when they face those they want to be their constituents? The question therefore, is not whether North Carolina will go Democratic in case Smith is nominated, but whether or not avowedly Smith-supporting candidates can pass muster for various offices when nominating time comes within the ranks of the Democratic party. And certainly they will be asked for a "show down."

The voice of the convention is generally conceded to reflect the will of the party. For example, the convention every two years adopts a platform and the candidates, though they may disagree on various minor issues, are all expected to "stand on the platform." So the convention precedes the State primary when the candidates make their nomination fights, then the deliberations of the convention are likely to play a part in the "decision day" contest.

Along these lines students of the situation are thinking. There is no "feeling" in the matter—just discussions and conjectures.

This is known, however, that there will be an effort in the State convention to keep North Carolina from sending any "Smith" delegates to the national convention. Whether the effort succeeds or whether it does not, one result is sure to ensue: a call for show-down, not because of or even in spite of McAdoo or any other candidates but because of the candidacy of Smith, always reckoned to be opposed to prohibition and who signed New York's State law taking away State support by abolishing the enabling legislation in that State.

To state it bluntly, candidates for nominations next year will have to be prepared to say whether they favor Smith or not just like they are expected to say how they stand on the tariff or any other issue, it would seem, and further, it seems likely that answers "yes" or "no" will be expected.

So the repeal of the presidential provision of the primary law has whetted up interest and has focused the light on one subject which, if threshed out in a primary, would be done only in a perfunctory fashion, as it was four years ago.

TODAY'S EVENTS

Saturday, June 18, 1927
William C. Redfield, who was Secretary of Commerce in the Wilson cabinet, today enters upon his seventh year.

The "Spirit of St. Louis" will be voiced by that city today in the great welcome to be given to her adopted son, Colonel Charles Lindbergh.

Army and navy officers who are Masons will gather in Cleveland today to attend the national convention of the Sojourner's Clubs.

This being the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington will present to the Crown a tricolor flag as "rent" for the great estate presented by the British nation to his ancestor, the Iron Duke, as a reward for his crowning victory over Napoleon.

Sunday, June 19th.
This is the day designated for the annual observance of Father's Day.

The monastic order of St. Benedict today observes the 900th anniversary of the death of its founder, St. Romuald, Abbot.

Yale's memorial to her 233 sons who gave their lives in the World War will be dedicated today, with F. Truett Davison, assistant secretary of war, as the chief speaker.

The annual convention of the Pacific Coast Advertising Clubs Association will get under way in Portland, Ore., today with delegates in attendance from nearly a dozen states and Hawaii.

What Every Girl Should Know

Copyright, 1927, Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc. "WHAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW," with Patry Ruth Miller, is a Warner Bros. picturization of this novel.

SYNOPSIS

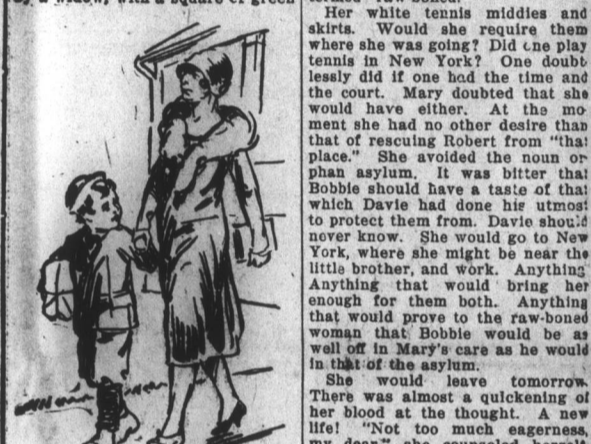
Mary Sullivan—slender, beautiful, red-headed—is a tennis champion. A postical, spiritual girl is Mary, despite her physical prowess. Her mother died seeing her to Hoving. Her spirit lives on in Mary. Wally Mason, a young reporter, loves Mary. But she disbelieves in love. Mary keeps house for her brothers, David and Robert. David, the family support, hopes Mary will get safely married. David kills the fiancee of Arthur Graham in an auto accident. Graham's parents are bitter toward David, who is sentenced to ten years in prison.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"Please, Mrs. Tomlinson, dear," Mary rose. "You mustn't pity us. It was more than she could bear. We'll turn out all right. It will all turn out all right." She smiled, determinedly, as if to say: "See the courage I have! It's bound to turn out well!"

The landlord was very sympathetic, but Mary and Robert would have to leave at the end of the month, which was close. Very well then, Mary would find some place to live. A place with a bit of grass for Patch, the cat. She grew quite cheery. It really wouldn't be difficult, and after all, David wasn't dead. David—David was touring the world, a trip that would last for ten years. David behind prison doors. But she mustn't think of that. David was touring the world. And she still had young Robert, who was a joy. She would go on.

The day before they were to leave and the day after Mary had found the room for both of them. A little sunny room in a home kept by a widow, with a square of green



His sturdy little figure marched off down the walk.

for Robert and Patch. It was that day that they came for young Robert.

David, it seemed, had begged them to see that the little family was taken care of. David had said, "I am their only support, and now that I am gone how will they live?" quite losing sight of the fact that Mary, though pampered luxuriously by her big brother could under necessity go out and toil. Quite earnestly, a bit wildly, Mary assured the policeman that she would work and make quite enough to support them both, but the woman who came for young Robert (she was of the type that is known as "raw-boned") proved deaf to pleas, and Bob was led away, after having bravely resolved not to weep—for Mary looked so harassed.

"I'll come and get you, Mary, when I'm big and can work and we can stay together and wait until David comes." His lower lip trembling as Mary knelt by the side of the bag, packing his clothes.

"Oh, Robert darling!" Mary leaned back on her heels, and closed her eyes against the tears that would persist in blinding her.

"I'll—I'll write you, Mary, every single day."

"Yes, darling, and I'll write to you."

"If—if I shouldn't be able to come so quickly, you'll come to me, Mary?"

Mary couldn't bear that. She wheeled towards the policeman who rocked placidly beside them, looking on.

"Where are you taking him, do you know?" she demanded.

"New York, probably. That's the nearest."

"Shall I be able to come to see him?"

"Well, placidly, "I don't see why not."

"You hear that, young Bob? I shall be able to come to see you—and I will, often. Oh, darling, darling!" Young Robert held closely against Mary. A Young Robert struggling desperately to be brave, because Mary looked so harassed.

"I shall play I am Lancelot, Mary, going to the wars. He stroked her head, where she knelt beside him.

"Yes, darling. Her voice was muffled in the gray tweed of his

knickered suit. His Sunday suit. He had insisted upon it for the journey. Grey looked like the gleam of armor.

His sturdy little figure, minute beside that of the policeman, marched off down the street. He turned and blew numerous kisses to Mary. Then Mary was alone.

Returning to the house, Mary stumbled against a crack in the masonry of the walk. "David was going to fix that," she thought dazedly. There would be no need for it now. They had all left the little green house, David and young Robert, and now she would go on the morrow. Alone. Free of all encumbrances, was Mary. Her previous conception of the perfect state for women. No encumbrances that dragged at one and pulled one from the high places. Strangely enough, there was no joy in the thought. She saved it and found it dry. Did one live in ideals and dreams only to discover them empty mockeries?

Within the house all was cool and quiet. A tennis ball was being rolled aimlessly about by Patch, who had been bidden a very brave farewell by Robert. Patch was annoyed. When young Bob had clutched her convulsively to his breast he had wet and missed her sleek fur, somehow. Young Robert had reckoned that tears did not show in fur, and reckoned correctly. For if Mary did see the tears on Patch she would think they were caused by the kitter's little pink tongue. But Mary didn't notice either Patch or the tears Mary sought relief in work. Packing. Anything to recall her thoughts from the figure of the little boy being led off by the woman whose type was most commonly termed "raw-boned."

Her white tennis middie and skirts. Would she require them where she was going? Did she play tennis in New York? One doubtlessly did if one had the time and the court. Mary doubted that she would have either. At the moment she had no other desire than that of rescuing Robert from "that place." She avoided the noun or orphan asylum. It was bitter that Bobbie should have a taste of that which David had done his utmost to protect them from. David should never know. She would go to New York, where she might be near the little brother, and work. Anything that would bring her enough for them both. Anything that would prove to the raw-boned woman that Bobbie would be as well off in Mary's care as he would in that of the asylum.

She would leave tomorrow. There was almost a quickening of her blood at the thought. A new life! "Not too much eagerness, my dear," she counseled herself. She resolved to go slowly, and build with patience and careful forethought. Build her house in such a fashion that the foundation would not permit of a careless overthrow by a superior force. Wariness had become part of her creed now.

Downstairs the telephone rang and Mary ran to answer it. There was lightness in her step again. She felt within her a new urge, something for which to live and work. The thought brought her tranquility. Mary doubted that she had felt little these past chaotic weeks.

The voice at the other end of the wire proved to be that of Wally.

"Hello, sweet; what's the cry from Camelot?"

Mary answered with a gay lilt in her tone, but with her eyes closed against their sudden dimming.

"The brave young Lancelot has ridden off to the wars."

Wally was suddenly alert. She felt the spring to attention, as though at a command. "What's that?" he asked.

"Robert's gone, Wally," she swallowed, and repeated it more firmly the second time.

"I'm coming over," and the sound of the receiver being snapped back on the hook.

She finished her packing before he came, and was waiting for him as he remembered her the first time he had seen her, after the tournament at the park, her head a shining mark against the green of the post, ankles crossed before her.

"Well," he grinned as his eyes took her in, "you look peaceful enough, Lord knows. Tell me why I've chased down here on one leg, as it were, with the other flying behind me in mid-air."

"I don't know," she asked, smiling at his flushed face, "why did you?"

"You're an irritating baggage. Where's Robert?"

"I've told you, Wally." She rather enjoyed the anxiety she was causing. It pleased her to think that the affairs of the Sullivans were proving so very much a part of his life.

"But you haven't told me all," he came to seat himself on the railing opposite her, removing her ankles, as he did the first time. He remembered, as, of course, Wally would. But did Mary?

(To be continued)

Would Sell Children for Taxes.
Paris, June 18.—The bailiff of the little town of Ornon cannot be charged with lack of zeal when requested by the French fiscal authorities to seize the property of persons who have failed to pay their taxes.

He called for that purpose the other day at the house of a villager who had not paid his taxes for the last few years. The man and his wife were out, and the bailiff was confronted with their six young children.

Apart from a few articles left in the kitchen, the house had been cleared of its furniture by the tenant. Having found that there was hardly a sufficient number of articles left to pay for the debt if they were sold at public auction, the bailiff added the children to the list of articles seized. His official report read as follows:

"I have seized and placed, at the disposal of the judicial authorities, to be sold, in the kitchen—a table, a cupboard, 4 chairs, a stove and six young children."

When Mrs. Jalmolowicz, of Erie, Pa., threw oil into a cooking stove it exploded, severely burning her and her 18-month-old daughter.

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GYPSY SMITH MAKES IT PLAIN

Neither Father Nor Son Connected with Overdose Case.

A letter was on Friday received from Gypsy Smith, Jr., who recently preached in an evangelistic campaign here, regarding a story that recently appeared in The New York Times, concerning "Gypsy Smith credited to Go to Sanitarium." Gypsy Smith, Jr., makes it plain that man about whom it was reported "Police say Evangelist Took Overdose of Drug—Mistook Doctor's Prescription for Death" is neither Gypsy Smith, Jr., nor Gypsy Smith, Jr.

Enclosed please find news notice taken from The New York Times of June 15th, this year.

"May I say that this item of news does not refer either to my honored father or myself, but to one 'Pat' Smith who has stolen my father's title of 'Gypsy', which was given to

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IS

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