

N. Wants New Route To Coal Fields By Extension

Charlotte, June 21.—Revelation of a physical connection with the Norfolk and Western Railway, providing a direct line from the Carolina to the Virginia coal fields, and the stock held by the \$42,000,000 endowment came about today in a hearing being held here by H. C. Davis, Interstate Commerce Commission examiner, into the petition of the Piedmont and Northern Railway seeking the right to extend its lines.

The Piedmont and Northern, an electric line owned and operated by the so-called Duke interests, now operates two independent divisions, one in South Carolina and the other in North Carolina. The petition seeks to unite the two divisions and extend the tracks to Winston-Salem.

The ambitions of the officials of the electric line, expansion of which is proposed by the Southern Railway, Seaboard Air Line and Atlantic Coast Line and its subsidiaries were disclosed by E. Thomason, of Charlotte, vice president and general manager of the Piedmont and Northern. He said that the Norfolk and Western during conference in 1913 had promised a physical connection at Winston-Salem and that plans for such a connection had influenced decision to extend the lines from Charlotte to Winston-Salem.

He said that the heavy increase in the use of fuel had had a bearing on the subject and that it was hoped to have a line direct from the Virginia fields to the industrial sections of the two Carolinas. He also pointed out that completion of the Piedmont and Northern would link the Carolina, Clinchfield and Ohio Railroad with a new "short line" from the coal fields to the Carolina territory and elsewhere through the connection at Spartanburg, S. C.

By interchange with the Georgia and Florida at Greenwood, he said, the Piedmont and Northern and interchanging carriers would have opportunity for expansion extending into Florida.

Mr. Thomason said that traffic from foreign points over the Piedmont and Northern would be what he called minor but that the volume of traffic originating on the line would be heavy. He said that in 1926 the earnings per mile per year of railroads in the Carolinas were: Piedmont and Northern, \$17,801; Southern, \$16,725; Seaboard Air Line, \$12,390, and Atlantic Coast Line, \$13,790.

Mr. Thomason said that in 1913 the Norfolk and Western Railway urged early completion of the Piedmont and Northern and promised a physical connection at Winston-Salem. He said that the decision to go to Winston-Salem at this time was influenced to a large extent by the increase in coal consumption in the territory the extension would serve. The extension, he said, would complete "the shortest route, with the least resistance," from the Virginia coal fields into this territory.

The plan to ultimately extend the line to Durham never has been abandoned, he said.

A real estate man who was always talking of sales of thousands of dollars, was greeted one evening by his eleven year old son, who announced:

"Well, Dad I've sold the dog."

"You've sold the dog?"

"Yes."

"Ten thousand dollars?"

"Ten thousand dollars! What are you talking about? Where is the money?"

"I didn't get money, Dad," responded the son. "I got two five thousand dollar cats for it."

A BEJEWELED WOMAN ARRESTED

Accused of Picking Girls Pocket of \$12 in Subway.—Wears \$15,000 in Gems.

New York Sun.

A woman who sparkled with diamonds was taken before Magistrate Smith in the Tombs court today charged with having attempted to pick the pocket of a young stenographer in the B. M. T. subway station at Fourteenth street and Fourth avenue last night.

Jewelry valued at \$15,000 this defendant carried, the police said. Indignantly, she told them that she was Miss Mamie Davis, an "interpreter," 36 years old, and lived in Elmhurst, Queens. But the detectives simply wouldn't believe her and pointed to the records.

In August, 1908, one Matylda Neiman was sent to the Bedford Reformatory on a charge of grand larceny. The police insisted that Matylda and the defendant were one and the same person. They pointed also to the case of Matylda Neiman, who was sent to Auburn prison in 1913 for grand larceny. The police insisted that this Matylda and the defendant were one and the same.

Miss Evelyn Chavin, a stenographer and bookkeeper of 1426 Eighty-first street, Brooklyn, was bound for home last night and boarded a Sea Beach train at the Fourteenth street station. It is alleged that the woman now being held filed an envelope containing \$12 and a powder puff from the girl's purse. Detective John J. Mullen of the pickpocket squad, chanced to be near and he made the arrest. The envelope containing the money was found on the floor.

Miss Davis, or Neiman, was taken to the lineup at police headquarters this morning. She wore clothing of the most modern cut. There were four diamond rings on her fingers. She wore a diamond necklace, diamond earrings with long drops and a cameo brooch set with diamonds. One of the rings alone was said to be worth \$2,000. As for the cameo—the woman said it had been made especially for her—there wasn't another like it in New York.

She also carried \$200 in cash. She denied the charge made against her but was held without bail by the magistrate.

Detective Mullen said it was one of her tricks to ride up to a large store in an automobile driven by a chauffeur, then to enter the store and mingle with shoppers. If successful in pickpocket operations, she would emerge again and saunter around the block. The chauffeur would be some distance behind, watching to see if any one else followed her. If not, she would re-enter the automobile and drive away.

50,000 AUTO LICENSES PURCHASED IN STATE

From 350,000 to 375,000 Must Be Purchased Before July First.

The Tribune Bureau

Sir Walter Hotel

Raleigh, June 21.—Only 50,000 of the new automobile licenses, which must be attached to automobiles July 1st have been sold in the first 21 days of the registration period, leaving from 350,000 to 375,000 licenses that must be purchased in the next ten days, if the car owners of the state are to get their new licenses by July 1st. And if they do not have them by that date, they will be subject to penalty.

This was announced today by R. A. Doughton, commissioner of revenue, in calling attention to the fact that the automobile owners of the state must act quickly, and secure their new licenses at once if they hope to obtain them at all by July 1st, and thus comply with the law.

"We have been doing everything possible to assist the public to get these new licenses," said Commissioner Doughton, "but somewhat the majority of the car owners seems to insist upon waiting until the last moment to get their new plates. Thus, while the department has been equipped to issue from 10,000 to 20,000 licenses a day through the Raleigh division, and the 39 branch offices in the state, it will be necessary to issue 35,000 licenses a day for the next ten days, if all the licenses are to be issued by July 1st. And of course, as a result of this last minute congestion, someone is going to have to wait."

However, if car owners who have not yet secured their license plates will make immediate application to the nearest branch office, or direct to the Raleigh office, it is believed that the bulk of the licenses can be delivered by July 1st.

None of these plates, however, may be attached to automobiles until after July 1st, and car owners are cautioned by the commissioner against using the new license tags before that date.

Stop, Look, Listen.

Here's a record of which the Standard Oil Company may well be proud.

In 1926 its motor vehicles crossed approximately 30,000,000 railroad crossings without a single fatality. It was the result of care and counsel and cooperation between almost everyone connected with the organization.

There were some 10,000 vehicles and the drivers of each one of them was consistently cautioned to, and each agreed to, always come to a full stop before going over a railroad crossing.

Stop, look, listen, are ominous words for motorists, yet so often unheeded. It would be well for all users of automobiles to learn a lesson from these Standard Oil drivers. And it is another angle to use in automobile advertising.



What Every Girl Should Know

Copyright, 1927, Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.

WHAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW, with Patsy Ruth Miller, is a Warner Bros. picturization of this novel.

SYNOPSIS

Mary "Blaine" Sullivan—tender, beautiful, red-headed—te a tennis champion. A poetical, spiritual girl to Mary, despite her physical prowess. Her other chief passion is being. Her spirit lives on in Mary. Folly Mason, a young reporter, loves Mary. But she disbelieves in love. Mary keeps house for her mother, David and Bobby. David, he family support, hopes Mary will get safely married. David is sentenced to prison for an auto fatality. The City Department takes Bobby. Wally proposes; Mary goes to New York, but cannot find work.

emptiness of the great barn-like place, that looked strangely tawdry in the mingled daylight and the pools of yellow shed from the bulbs overhead. The wooden table was bare of any covering. Later Mary was to see them meticulously draped in the snowy folds of white linen, with the little pink lamp glowing gently above. But even now, in its undress, the place carried a fascination for her. Her breast rose with the thrill of it. It was better than instructress in the sporting goods department of a department store. That was routine. Here was life!

CHAPTER VII—Continued

Then Mary suddenly found a job. It was that same day that Mary wrote her first letter to Robert, and to lighten the small heart, dwelt upon the munificence that would be theirs when she was installed as cloak-room girl at the "White Ape," the night-club that was New York's demerit girl.

It was a very brave little letter. It spoke of the thrill and glory that was New York, and of the boundless opportunities that teamed on the very street corners. It was alive with hope for the future, and consoling in its acceptance of the present. It finished with love, and an urgent request for instant response. That same night Mary wrote to David, making no mention of the job but speaking brightly of the work she hoped to find as tennis instructress in one of the city's largest stores. That would cheer David up immensely. And a letter to Wally, that mentioned not very much at all, and was a very hazy web, leaving him to fill in the space between sentences. When that was done she prepared the one dress suitable for her job on the morrow. It was a very vague job. The most she understood was that



"Don't let anybody around here like you too well."

It was to bring her a definite sum weekly, which in itself would be sufficient for both herself and Robert, in addition to tips. And Mary did all thin man with the ridges of marcelled hair who interviewed Mary had been very glowing at mention of the "tips." It seemed that if she were wise she might be able to make as much as five and seven dollars a night, and if she were very wise, perhaps more. He was very vague as to just what constituted being "wise," and Mary was even more so. He had seemed quite taken with her appearance, "very much pleased, too, to find that it was the job of cloak-room girl that she wished, and not a job in the chorus. Not that she couldn't have a job in the chorus if she wished. Did she wish? Well, he for one was glad of that. Chorus girls were common, but it was rarely that a good looking like Mary came along for the job of checking the patrons' wraps. Did she know she was a mighty cute little looker? He put out his hand and laid it on her sleek head, and she withdrew a step involuntarily. The edges of his nails were rimmed with black, and the forefinger of one hand was missing.

"Understand that your work begins tomorrow night!"

"Yes." She was rather thrilled at the mere idea of such close association with a night club. THE WHITE APE at that, one of the best known of the lot. When the marcelled young man had left, walking lightly on this patent leather shoes that caught the yellow light of the electric globes overhead, she looked around with eagerness. Over in the corner two girls in rompers, with snarling bows in their smartly shined hair, were practicing steps with arms about each other's waists. When the marcelled young man appeared they greeted him with shouts of "Hi Benny, come on!" and made room for him between them. He clasped them both, and the three slid easily into their dance while the shirt-sleeved young man at the piano took through the music. It echoed hollowly in the

CHAPTER VIII

It was difficult, waiting for the night when she was to begin her duties. To start, to start! To begin earning. To feel the crispness of bills that she had earned herself, with no aid from anyone. To feel the independence of standing alone, and standing erect. That was what she longed for. Alone, free, dependent upon no one.

She went on duty at nine o'clock. "Not because there's anything doing, then, see," said Benny, "but because some of the hayseeds think this is a circus and you gotta come early to get the best seats. Oh, you'll learn a lot, kid!" Mary wondered. Wondered if she would learn a lot, and the rapidity of her heart beats at the proximity of Benny warned her that in all probability she would. Benny, she now discovered, was part owner and manager of the place, and also did an occasional specialty when they were short of artists. She was to discover that everyone in the profession was termed an "artist," whether their specialty was artistic or not didn't matter. They were artists, and Mary was duly impressed. The artists were now sauntering in, slim girls with reddened mouths, mouths that spoke of wisdom, and eyes that were steeped in it. One, a vivid little dark creature, with great brown eyes that snapped with the perilous vivacity of explosives, strolled towards Mary, settled behind her cage. As she came, she smiled—a smile that was more a grin.

"Hello!" Then she announced, "You're new."

"I am." Mary smiled somewhat shyly in return. This was all so new, and these were her first words to a young one of her own sex since coming to the city.

"Think you're going to like it?" the other asked, leaning over the cage. What a delightful pixie face the child had, Mary thought.

"I think I will."

"You probably will. You're the type. And they'll probably like you." This was spoken with a wisdom that came oddly from the little creature. She swung her flat headed bag and turned to go. After taking a few slow steps, she turned back.

"What's your name?"

Mary was amused. She told the child her name.

"Mine is Barbara Clement." She hesitated, then said, "You can call me Babs if you'd like." But it very evidently was not what she wanted to say to Mary.

"Thank you. I should like to. And may I say that it suits you perfectly? You're a very little young thing."

"Not as young as I look," said the other succinctly. Then, "Listen, Mary. Don't let anybody around here like you too well—see?" After which she swung off with a careless swagger of her very seductive young person, the seductiveness an attribute of which she was very well aware.

"Now what," thought Mary, "can she have meant by that? Is it possible that she refers to the emaciated, pink-cheeked young man with the pipe-like ankles and paper-thin oxords, known as Benny? And if she means Benny—why does she mean Benny? And what can he possibly mean to me?" She concluded with the thought that it was all very puzzling, and not particularly interesting, in that it referred to Benny. Had it been any one but him. But what did it matter?

At a few minutes before ten Mary received her first tip, and didn't know whether to laugh or cry. It was so ridiculous, being given a half dollar for nothing more than a smile, and if smiles were to bring in such high tariffs, how long would it be before she could go for young Robert? Life was suddenly very good. It may have been the silver coin that she held lightly in her hand, it may have been the music that was tuning up with the arrival of the vanguard of guests. It may have been the soft glow of the lights that gleamed on spotless napey and sent forth an air of well-being, of comfort, and even serene luxury in which was pleasant to bathe, despite its synthetic glow. It may have been all of these, and it may have been none of them. But life was good—and why bother delving into the reason for its sudden worth?

(To be continued)

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We are constantly adding new items to our Gift Line and it is here you will find just the article desired for that small gift or Bridge Prize.

KIDD - FRIX

Music and Stationery Co.

TODAY'S EVENTS

Wednesday, June 22, 1927.

Now for the old Swinamin' hole! Today is the first day of Summer.

Miss George and Queen Mary today observe the 16th anniversary of their coronation.

Greetings to Sir Martin Harvey the distinguished English actor-manager, who is 60 years old today.

In the ecclesiastical calendar this is the Festival of St. Albany, the first English saint and martyr.

Italy today will observe the 40th anniversary of the death of Machiavelli, one of the few men whose names have given birth to a phrase.

Major Gen. Benjamin A. Poore, U. S. A., who was twice cited for personal bravery in the World War, goes on the retired list today for age.

The 36th national sanderfest of the North American Saengerbund opening in Cleveland today will attract to that city 6,000 Germans of the nation and a massed chorus of 4,000 voices.

Taking No Chances.

MacFavish had deposited his savings, which amounted to \$2500, in a certain bank. A few weeks later he approached the cashier and demanded his money. He was asked if he did not want to leave a small balance, just to keep the account open.

"No," he persisted. "I want my money."

So the cashier counted out the \$2500 and handed the bundle of notes to him.

With great deliberation he counted the money and handed it back.

"That's O. K.," he said; "I only wanted to see if it was all there!"

The Mother Tongue.

Doctor—Did your wife say anything before she died?"

The Widower—"Yes, she talked uninterruptedly for 50 years."

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AT A GLANCE—

It was extreme distaste for the mechanical quality of trench warfare that caused Baron Manfred von Richtofen to get transferred from the German cavalry to the aviation, to become the premier German ace, points out Floyd Gibbons, noted war correspondent, in an article in this week's Liberty.

"Although he never put the thought into words, his desire was to come in close contact with the enemy; to cross swords with an adversary; to kill or be killed," Gibbons writes of the man who brought down 80 flyers of the Allied armies before he himself was killed. There was excitement in trench warfare, but not of the kind he craved. An unseen, unknown Frenchman pulled the lanyard on an unseen field-piece thousands of yards away and sent forth death. But where was the glory in such a death? It was not Richtofen's idea of war. At the end of May, 1915, he applied for a transfer and joined the Flying Service.

"His conscious inclination was not towards flying as a sport," the writer continues. "To him it offered an opportunity to get in touch with his enemies—to see the man he wanted to kill."