

His Name on the List

By ANTHONY REIMERT

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EVERY time the stranger came into the office he stopped to chat with Doris. He was a pleasant, youngish man, with a hearty, infectious way that took with her tremendously. Finally he asked her out to dinner.

"But I don't know your name," Doris protested.

"John Smith," he answered, flushing. That dinner was a great success. Doris was a wary little person, but John Smith proved a perfect gentleman. He took Doris to the beach, and on the way back he asked her to marry him.

But there Doris held back. "Really, I don't know you, and you don't know me," she protested.

And there the matter rested. Doris was thinking of him all that morning as she worked on the list of names. There was something so curious about him. He was the most trustful man she had ever known. He believed everything—not that Doris had lied to him, you understand. But he believed everything.

He was just like one of the men on the sucker list. It must have been explained that the firm for which Doris worked prepared sucker lists for all the fake oil and mining companies, all the fake medical companies—everybody who had anything whatever to sell to boobies. And Doris worked on these lists.

There was a separate list for every state in the Union, and there was a separate list for every big city. Once your name got on the sucker list, from your having bought Holman's Bitters, a sure-cure for indigestion, or oil stock at five cents a share—well, there it stayed.

And at the head of every list was the name of A. A. Ababanel. That is to say, the lists were arranged alphabetically, and naturally A. A. Ababanel headed them.

Not that Mr. Ababanel had a residence in every one of the states, of course. But he bought medicines, he bought gold stocks and oil stocks, and he appeared ubiquitous. Doris got weary of reading the name Ababanel.

"The poor boob surely wants some one to look after him," she said.

She was sorry in a way for Mr. Ababanel, always cropping up. She was musing over John Smith all the while. Mr. Simmons called her to order. Mr. Simmons was the head of the firm. Doris blushed and took up her work again.

"Say, Miss Jones, there's been one or two letters complaining about names being on the lists," he said a little later. "If anyone comes in and makes a kick about it, you better scratch him off. I dunno how they found out that they're on our lists, but there you are, and we can't have no trouble."

Doris agreed, and Mr. Simmons went out to lunch. He had been gone about five minutes when Mr. Smith came in. Doris' heart beat heavily. Then she looked up and nodded with feigned indifference, and went on with her work.

"Boss in?" asked Mr. Smith.

"Out to lunch," said Doris.

Mr. Smith came and stood quite close beside her. "How about that little proposition, my dear?" he asked.

"Mr. Smith," said Doris, "I—I'm afraid I'll have to say no. I respect you and I like you. But I—I feel that we don't know each other well enough to become engaged. Besides," she added, with a flash of intuition, "I have always felt that you are keeping something from me."

Mr. Smith looked guilty. "I—I" he began.

"You may have been married—"

"Never in my life. Miss Jones—Doris, if you won't marry me I don't know what I'll do. Say yes."

"I—I can't," said Doris; and at that moment Mr. Simmons returned. He came across the room.

"Good-day," Mr. Ababanel, he said. Doris stared in amazement.

"Oh, Mr. Simmons, you'll have to take my name off that list of yours. I'm being pestered to death by mining concerns, and I've learned that it's through you. Just because I used to be simple enough to let myself get stung isn't any reason why I should be persecuted."

"Miss Jones, see that Mr. Ababanel's name is taken off," said Simmons, as he went to his desk.

Doris scratched off the name with thankfulness. She looked up at Mr. Ababanel. "I knew you were hiding something from me," she said.

"I—I didn't dare admit a name like that. Oh, Doris, won't you—"

"Yes, I will," said Doris. "You need some one to take care of you, even if she has to call herself Mrs. Ababanel."

Cause and Effect.

Ancient Mariner—Once I was shipwrecked on an island where there were only wild women with no tongues.

Seaside Visitor—Wonderful. And couldn't they speak?

Ancient Mariner—No; that's what made them wild.—Reynolds Newspaper, London.

What Better Opportunity.

Merchant—I'm afraid you are not qualified for the position; you don't know anything about my business.

Applicant—Don't I, though? I am engaged to your typist.—London Assurance.

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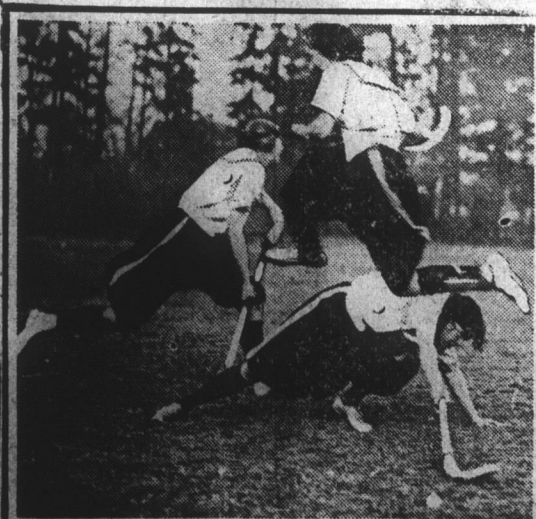
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Concord, N. C.

Action!



Vassar College girls like to indulge in strenuous games. Here sophomores and juniors are playing hockey. It's a splendid action picture.

TODAY'S EVENTS.

Friday, November 16, 1923.

Centenary of the birth of Henry G. Davis, U. S. senator from West Virginia and Democratic nominee for vice-president in 1904.

Delegates are to assemble in San Francisco today for a national convention of the Association of the Army of the United States.

A meeting of the General Council of the Presbyterian Church is to be held at Atlantic City today to determine budget requirements for 1924, estimated at \$15,000,000.

Making highways safer for traffic will be among the chief topics for discussion at the annual convention of the National Motorists' Association, which meets in Washington today for a two-day session.

BANKER'S FRIENDS ELATED

"Twelve years ago I became afflicted with stomach trouble which steadily became worse. I frequently became prostrated with colic attacks and bloating. My doctors wanted to operate for gall stones. I wished to avoid an operation and on advice of a friend tried May's Wonderful Remedy with excellent results as since taking it about 2 years ago my trouble has entirely disappeared. It removes the catarrhal mucus from the intestinal tract, and allays the inflammation which causes practically all stomach, liver and intestinal ailments, including appendicitis. One dose will confine or money refunded at Gibson Drug Store and druggists everywhere.

Again the Malady of Youth.

Our recent note on James Russell Lowell's confession of "incurable childhood" has led a correspondent to send us the following quotation from the letters of Franklin K. Lane: "Although an 'aged man,' as I was once described in my hearing, I am the youngest thing inside that I know, in my curiosity and my truthfulness and my imagination and my desire to help and my belief in goodness and justice."—Boston Transcript.

One Blemish on Red Squirrel.

The red squirrel is a great favorite in the country districts, where its pranks and habits are well known, says Nature Magazine. In some places it is called the pine squirrel or chickaree. It has one bad habit. It is very fond of eating the eggs of several of our song birds. Otherwise it feeds upon pine seeds and those of some plants, as well as buds and insects. It ranges over a large part of eastern North America.

Nothing to It!

A century ago Jane Austen wrote: "A woman of twenty-seven can never hope to feel or inspire affection again." Can this be why the ladies linger so long at twenty-six?

Moral Reproof.

Burglar (to pal)—See here, Bill, here's a whole drawerful of silver yer overlooked. Do try an' be a bit more conscientious, won't yer?—Boston Transcript.

Forbes on the Witness Stand



Charles R. Forbes, former director of the Veterans' Bureau, is shown here on the witness stand before the Senate Investigating Committee, testifying in his own behalf against charges of alleged waste, etc. Members of the committee, seated left to right: Senators David I. Walsh of Massachusetts, David A. Reed of Pennsylvania, and Tasker O. Oddie of Nevada.

USE TIMES AND TRIBUNE PENNY ADS—IT PAYS