

Mr. Junior Executive

Young men rising to distinction will find it profitable to pay close attention to details of business—and their personal dress. A refreshed suit each week, tie and hat will set you aside from the CROWD. Good appearance is a letter of recommendation.

TOM SIMS SAYS

Some towns have all the luck. In Detroit a man got mad at his motor-cycle and tore it up. Sometimes it takes blind faith to see you through the dark places. Even if you did start life as a baby, you should outgrow it. Make the worst of things and that's what you'll have when you finish. The only thing valuable about time is the way you use it. The optimist enjoys the holiday; the pessimist thinks about tomorrow when he will have hash.

Caldwell's Hurt May Keep Him Out of Title. Durham, Nov. 23.—Already threatened with the loss of "Big Jack" Caldwell's playing for the Thanksgiving Day game with Davidson Coach Jim Herron may not allow the Blue Devils to scrimmage this week in order to save them from possible injury. Today's program of stiff signal drill will probably be repeated tomorrow and Wednesday.

Galdwell was in uniform this afternoon and ran with the team in signal practice. His head, however, was bandaged up like a sore toe. Duke's big snafu received a badly bruised eye and fractured right cheek bone last Friday in the Wofford game. Owing to the fractured bone combined with the fact that his right eye will have to wear a bandage for several weeks and necessarily impairing his sight and the care needed to be taken with the fractured bone there is some question about his playing in the Wildcat game.

If Caldwell does not play his place will probably be taken by Weaver, who substituted for him last Friday and showed up with credit.

Stewart's WASHINGTON LETTER

By CHARLES P. STEWART NEA Service Writer.

Washington, November 24.—Why shouldn't an internal revenue bureau auditor conceive the idea of a \$5,500,000 Woodrow Wilson Memorial University? Why, having thought of it, shouldn't he go to work to raise the money and found the university? There doesn't seem to be any reason why not, except that raising \$5,500,000 is rather a large order for a not particularly prominent and only moderately paid government employee.

Yet the fact that such an individual—R. Moulton Petty—is said to have been the original promoter and certainly is now the president of the Woodrow Wilson Memorial Association, appears to be the only basis for a lot of none too friendly publicity the organization is receiving on the eve of its proposed countrywide drive for funds to endow an institution of learning near the capital in the war president's honor.

Nobody says a word out and out against Petty. All that he says is that he's just a special auditor for the internal revenue bureau—and here he is trying to raise \$5,500,000. Having said that they appear to think they've made out a strong case. But have they? Ask Petty if the story is true, and his answer is, "Certainly. What of it? Does a man have to be a notability to entitle him to work for a Woodrow Wilson memorial?" Laugh that off.

Petty isn't widely known and doesn't profess to be, but some of his association's executive committee members are. They include Secretary of the Navy Wilbur, Major-General Hines, Mayor Walker, of New York, sixteen governors and half as many senators. The drive starts



"With all the strength of her lithe body and her bitter fury, she struck out.... 'You fresh bum!' she shrieked."

Why Do Young Girls Become "Gold Diggers"?

Follies Beauty Tells Inside Story of Broadway Girl Who Takes Toll from Millionaires' Sons and "Butter-and-Egg-Men."

HAVE you ever wondered what sort of disillusioning experience transforms an ambitious young dancer and singer into the kind of "hard-boiled," cynical, unscrupulous little tempter whose feeble propensities earn her the title of "Gold Digger"?

In December "Smart Set" Ruth Fallows, noted Follies beauty, relates for the first time a typical gold digger's own frank story of her unfortunate early life among fast-living, "women of the blue-book and men of the check-book" which led her to succumb to the glittering, persistent lures of the Babylonian night-life of the big city.

Jane Handerson worked next to me in several numbers of the Follies," writes Miss Fallows in the story which she calls "1001 Broadway Nights." "She lived at a tippy hotel. She had a string of 'live ones,' who dragged her about after the performances—to roadhouses, restaurants, speak-easies, apartment parties. Over Sundays she usually week-ended somewhere on Long Island, the fastest piece of earth on this continent, with others of her sort and their male companions.

"One night, at the height of a difficult and strenuous dancing number, Jane gave way, wilted and fell limply into my arms. She was what we call 'out.' "Take her home," yelled the stage manager. "You're excused from the rest of the show. Get that girl out of the house." The doorman called a taxi, and I gave the driver my address.

A Child of the Slums "It was during the weeks that followed, weeks when I would hurry home after each show to nurse my patient, that she told me the strange story of her life: "Jane was born in Chicago, around the skirts of the old district of vice and dirt and shame in the vicinity of the Old Desplains

Street police station. Through a settlement-house employment bureau, she was assigned to a post as nursemaid to a young child in the home of the Pettigrews (let us call them), a rich family who lived not far from Lake Shore Drive and the famed Gold Coast.

"Jane was in the Pettigrew service three months before she met Junior, the Pettigrews' only son, who was off at military school. But she had seen his photographs, and thought he must be very handsome.

"When he arrived home for the Easter holidays he proved to be even more attractive than Jane had imagined. In the smart uniform of the fashionable school for rich men's sons, he looked to this poor woman's daughter like a young god. As he came up the grand staircase to his rooms, he all but stumbled over her. He took one sideward step, shot her a second glance, then stood off deliberately and wiped her from her beautiful young fluffed head to her dainty tiptoes, whistled, turned to the footman, and sang out: "Hey, old Pie-pan, where'd the mater pluck this new pippin?"

Her First Love "Jane stood, her face aflame, not knowing whether to curtsy, sink through the floor, jump out of a window or yell 'Fire!' "For an hour after that episode she sat in the nursery, letting the baby run riot, her brain spinning, her cheeks burning, and her feet cold, trying to think—trying even to wonder with some degree of mental equilibrium. Jane was in love!

"Shortly before midnight, as she was passing a dimly lighted corner someone gripped her arm. It was Junior. "Just a minute, pretty," he muttered thickly. "Where are you—were you—going?" "Wh—why—up—p—p—stairs—s—s—s—r—r—r." "They were the first available

she had ever spoken to him! "Oh— isn't that just dandy? Go ahead—I'll be up d'rectly." "P—but I'm—I'm going up to my—to my— "That's all right. I know just where 'tis.... Go on, pretty—and wait—for me!"

"A thousand clubs were beating upon the poor skull of Jane. What was this that he was saying? What was it he proposed?

A Fallen Idol "He had been her deity—her first Prince. She had fancied that he was fine and lovable. "But now—it was all too unmistakable. Before she suspected or feared such a thing, his arms were flung about her, she was half lifted from the floor in a powerful, impassioned embrace, and tipsy hot kisses were being showered on her cheeks, her lips, her eyes, her neck.

"With one cataract of raging revulsion that ripped through her veins, her great love was drowned without ever coming up again for a breath or a gasp, and there rose a fighting, infuriated little demon. "With all the strength of her lithe body and her bitter fury, she tore herself from his clutch. She stood before him, blazing, burning, battling.

"You—you fresh bum," she shrieked, "you lowdown rat. Where do you get that stuff, to grab me and rough me?" "Like a bolt, came the flat of her hand against the flaming cheek of the Prince of the Pettigrews.

"With a heart beating high with blind anger, where only a few minutes earlier it had hummed and clicked to the sweet symphonies of a great love, she stumbled down the stairs and ran out—out into the night.

"Behind her were the dreams, the illusions, or the delusions, of her first thrills of life away from the alleys. All behind her—everything behind!" "And—before her—what?"

December 7th. I can't see anything the matter with the enterprise unless somebody has something better to urge against it than that R. Moulton Petty is a treasury department auditor.

TODAY'S EVENTS

Wednesday, November 25, 1925. Only one month till Christmas—shop early.

Forty years ago today the country mourned the death of Vice President Hendricks.

Today is the seventy-fifth anniversary of the opening of St. Francis Xavier College, New York City.

If Andrew Carnegie were living today he would be celebrating his ninety-ninth birthday anniversary.

A large party of Roman Catholic prelates and clergy sails from New York today to take part in the closing ceremonies of the Jubilee Year in Rome. Memorial services are to be held today at Duke University, in Durham, N. C., for the late James B. Duke, who donated large sums to the institution. Former Speaker Frederick H. Gillett, now United States senator from Massachusetts, and Mrs. Gillett today celebrate the tenth anniversary of their marriage.

Flags will fly and the Old Guard will parade in New York today in celebration of Evacuation Day, the anniversary of the departure of the British in 1783.

This is St. Catharine's Day, when in ancient times it was the custom for young women to fast, "the better to get good husbands," as tradition puts it.

Plans looking toward the unification of the existing organizations formed by ex-service men in Canada are expected to be completed at a conference in Winnipeg today of representatives of the returned soldiers from each of the nine Provinces.

Next year will mark the seventy-fifth anniversary of the manufacture of ice cream as a commercial industry. It was in 1851 that ice cream was first manufactured and sold in Baltimore by Jacob Fussell, who is known as the father of the ice cream industry.

In the 13 years of football play between Kansas State Agricultural College and the University of Nebraska, the Aggies have never beaten the Nebraska team.

Robinsons CONCORDS BETTER STORE FANCY DRY GOODS WOMEN'S WEAR SHOES OF REFINEMENT Six New Styles This Week FOR YOUR APPROVAL Discard your shabby shoes and get into a pair of these neat dressy new ones and get the benefit of a full season's wear, they're the prettiest bits of footwear you have seen and the most stylish we have ever shown. May we show them to you? \$3.95 to \$9.00 IVEY'S "THE HOME OF GOOD SHOES"

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OUT OUR WAY BY WILLIAMS I HEAR YOU'RE A GOOD SINGER ZIPPY! HOW ABOUT SINGING A NICE SONG FOR TH' LADEEZ N' GENTS? RUBEN RUBEN I BEEN THINKIN' THAT MY DORG HAS GOT TH' FLEAS, BUT I CANT SEE JUS WARE HE GOT THEM, COZ HE DOES NOT SLEEP WITH MEE-EE. MOMENTS WE'D LIKE TO LIVE OVER THE GULLIBLE PUBLIC. 11-25

MOMN POP BY TAYLOR PERHAPS UNCLE HENRY IS RIGHT - WE LOVE EACH OTHER AND I'VE ALWAYS WANTED A LOVELY HOME AND A CAR AND NICE CLOTHES. BUT LORETTA WOULDN'T IT BE BETTER TO START IN A MODEST WAY AND SAVE FOR THE FUTURE - WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE AS LONG AS WE LOVE EACH OTHER? BUT THAT WOULDN'T BE NECESSARY IN YOUR CASE WHEN YOUR FOLKS HAVE EVERYTHING TO MAKE US HAPPY.

BUT I THINK IT WOULD BE BETTER TO START OUR MARRIED LIFE IN A HUMBLE WAY. NO - I WANT A NICELY FURNISHED HOME LIKE YOU HAVE AND A COOK SO I WON'T HAVE TO PREPARE ANY MEALS AND A CAR TO RIDE AROUND IN. WELL I GUESS THE ONLY SOLUTION IS TO MARRY AND LIVE AT HOME WITH MOM N POP.

EVERETT TRIP BY CONDO WHAT'S THIS ?!! - I COME HOME AND FIND YOU CLEANING HOUSE !! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE SOME COMPANY THIS EVENING. THAT'S WHAT THIS IS!

NONSENSE !! YOU'RE JUST AS ILLOGICAL AS THE REST OF THE WOMEN ! WHY DON'T YOU WAIT TILL THE COMPANY IS GONE ? THEN THERE WOULD BE SOME REASON FOR CLEANING !! I'LL TELL YOU WHY ! THESE FOLKS ARE NOT GOING TO BE ANY OF YOUR ROWDY FRIENDS !! THESE PEOPLE ARE HOUSE-BROKE !!

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