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USE PENNY COLUMN—IT PAYS



Things could be worse. If this month were February you would have to pay a month's rent for 28 days. Make a face at the world and it makes a face right back at you. They say a moral wave is sweeping this country. Sometimes we get mad and think it needs sweeping. Farmers are not the only ones who make their living from the soil. Consider the laundry. Just because you were married, a church is no reason for staying away from the place now. A rich man's son has a hard time Has to get his marriages annulled in the newspapers. All along we have had the high cost of living and now we face the high cost of giving. Life's so funny. When you are all tired out from honest work you feel better than you do after loafing. You can't keep a good man or a bad drink down.

No zoo is complete without one of these boys scrubbed in trousers having 24-inch bottoms. The pessimist sees the cloud to the silver lining. We'd be afraid to wear these balloon trousers. Might get them on upside down some morning. (Copyright, 1925, NEA Service, Inc.)

The tragedy of a woman of fortune who committed suicide because her hair was turning white was the subject of an inquest in London the other day. Though many hard-of-hearing persons think they hear better on a train than in a quiet place, recent experiments indicate that they do not, but the speakers talk louder.

USE PENNY COLUMN—IT PAYS



Washington, Dec. 3.—The Rhineland case has caused a deal of talk here, as, doubtless, throughout the entire country. Comment on it in Latin American diplomatic circles sounds odd to a North American. It seems equally odd to the Latin Americans that such a rumour should have been raised over a white man's marriage to a woman with a little negro blood in her veins. Latin Americans long resident in the United States, to be sure, are aware of the hard and fast racial lines drawn here. If Mrs. Rhineland were a full-blooded negro perhaps they themselves would agree that he made rather an inappropriate wife for a Caucasian. To object, however, to a union between pure white and just a dash of color strikes them as superfluous.

But marriage between a youth of Leonard Kip Rhineland's social position and a servant girl, Ah, quite different. The Latin American contingent recognizes that as a bad measure of the Rhineland standard. It can't see that the former Alice Jones' small fraction of African ancestry signifies much. "If," as one secretary of legation from south of the equator remarked to me, "young Rhineland can't live with his wife in America, why doesn't he take her to some part of the world where American color prejudices don't exist?" "He could locate, say, in Rio de Janeiro and become a Brazilian. He said his wife would be in perfectly good social standing. They might be the parents of a future president."

USE PENNY COLUMN—IT PAYS

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

There is a reason why people who live in the country have a ways been the most conservative. They are the ones who stay most closely attached to the past. The old homestead and its association mean something to them, and in the old time when there were family cemeteries the dead had their resting place hard by the living. Those who went before were not so soon forgotten. There were not so many new things to crowd them out of the thought of the living. Their character and their ideals thus retained an influence no longer known today. But all this is changing in the country now as it has long ago changed in the towns. The young go away as quickly as they can and new faces come in to take their places. People are today miffing around and around and few sons look forward to the day when they will live where their fathers lived. Instead they seem to want to get as far away as possible. The old homestead and the old neighborhood were once the conservative forces of the country but not any longer. The old houses are not good enough for the new generation and few men are willing to cultivate the fields their fathers cultivated. It is remarkable how soon a whole neighborhood can change. Some things it goes down and some times it goes up, but always it changes. There are spots which we remember with veneration because of the people who have lived there in the past. Yet to some of those spots and ask the present generation about the old men and women and their names are not so much as recognized. So be it! The difference between the best of us and old King Tut is that he was found after three thousand years of oblivion and we shall never be.

But why indulge in such thoughts? Some one will point the finger of proof and say, "You are getting old." That is not it, though we admit it is a dangerous mood to be in. Perhaps it is just that we get up that way in the morning. Perhaps it is that office necessities required us to write this column sooner than was expected. Perhaps it is only a mood. How often are life's events shaped by moods, and how often do we interpret our own moods as a reflection of the good or bad of the times in which we live. This morning a mixture came in. He was not happy. He was inclined to be critical or despondent. The world did not look good. Perhaps you are not feeling well this morning, and your expectations of the world as you look upon it, "he said. "I suppose that is so." And that is the danger of encouraging one's moods. Good morning, how are your beliefs this morning? The ancients used to ask each other, for they thought that the seat of the feelings and emotions was in the stomach. And so it is for a large extent. That is why the despondent is usually a pessimist. It is also the reason why the professional optimist is always disappointed. He is not merely expressing his own good feeling towards the world. It would be news to see a despondent who was happy.

The Wrong Slant. How often do we get the wrong slant on things. How often do we color our views of others and of the world in general by the way we feel. And how often do we form our judgments on incomplete evidence or upon really irrelevant things. How often do we draw general conclusions from isolated facts and find later that we were wholly mistaken. "I never liked that man," you sometimes hear it said, "because he once did so and so." "Do you know that he did this?" "No, I did not see him do it but I heard that he did." And then it turns out that he never did such a thing. And then when we come to great public questions we make up our minds in the same way. And because of this whatever ills we have in government arise. A public question is usually decided on irrelevant issues. And that, too, is a characteristic of the times. When we lived slowly and held attachments to the past we did not fly off on so many tangents and get the wrong slant on things so often.

Showing Him the Sights. "Well, Nancy," said Uncle John who had just come on a visit, "come and take a walk with me and show me your town." "Alright," agreed Nancy; "we has two ice cream parlors—I specks you want to see them first, don't you?"

GREENSBORO WOMAN DENIES MINISTER'S STATEMENTS

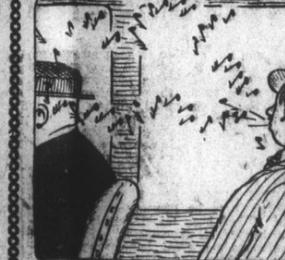
Says Rev. J. H. Broom Told Her He 'Could Not Let a Good-Looking Woman Get Away From Him.' Contradicting certain statements made by Rev. J. H. Broom, a Baptist minister who is in a local hospital with a broken leg as the result of an automobile accident on November 6 when the car in which he was riding with Mrs. Delay Baker was wrecked, Mrs. Baker in a statement to The Journal last night declared that she thought "in fairness to all concerned she be permitted to make statements in reference to the interview given out by Rev. Mr. Broom. Mr. Broom is or was pastor of Bonlee Baptist church and gave a lengthy interview to a Journal reporter Tuesday night in which he explained how he became involved in the accident. Miss Baker, as she was named in The Journal Wednesday morning, forwarded her letter from Greensboro last night. It is as follows: Ask for Fairness.

"In fairness to all parties concerned, I think it necessary that I make statements in reference to the interview given reporters of The Winston-Salem Journal by Reverend J. H. Broom for publication Wednesday morning, December 2, 1925, which would lead the public to believe that the Rev. Broom was not at fault in the automobile accident and that he was led astray by the writer so-called preacher as to where I first saw him. I had taken Mr. Spoon's car about 1:15 p. m. on the afternoon of November 6 with the intention of driving around on the streets of Greensboro for a few minutes before filling an appointment which I had with the beauty parlor at 2:30 p. m. When I neared the fairgrounds I saw a man in the road waving his hands for me to stop. After stopping the car the so-called preacher asked me to give him a lift as he had to get to Winston-Salem. I told him that I was not going to Winston, whereupon he asked me to carry him as far up the road as I would. After he had pulled some papers and cards out of his pockets and showed me that he was a minister, I thought it advisable to let him ride as far as I could before having to start back toward the main part of the city to fill my engagement at the beauty parlor.

She Bought Gas. "Not knowing the roads around Greensboro, he asked me to turn to the right after we had driven a short distance on the Winston road. When we reached a garage just before getting to Kernersville, I bought some gas. Up until this the Rev. Broom had continuously insisted that he drive the car regardless of my telling him that Mrs. Spoon had given me definite instructions not to let anyone drive his car other than myself. Telling me that it was just a short distance to Winston from there and still insisting that he drive, I then let him drive from there until the accident occurred. At this time he led me to believe that Kernersville was Winston-Salem as had insisted that it was only a very short distance from where we stopped to get the gas. "After passing Kernersville, seeing that I would miss my engagement in Greensboro at 2:30 if I did not turn around and go back, I insisted that he stop so I could go back. He then told me again that Winston was just over the hill there and pointed his hand up the road. Seeing that he was determined to go on into Winston-Salem, I began to insist that he let me drive. To this he paid no attention whatever; but instead ran faster until we overtook a bus inside the city limits of Winston-Salem and started to pass the bus. As he went around the bus, going at a very rapid rate of speed, he hit it, ran over into a row of paling fence and then into a tree and post. Seeing that he was going to hit the tree or post I jumped out of the car and thereby avoided serious injury.

Big Change in Face Powders. A new French process powder that is not affected by perspiration—will not let an oily shine come through; stays on until you take it off; fine and pure; makes the pores invisible; looks like beautiful natural skin; gives a soft velvety complexion. Get this new wonderful beauty powder called Mello-go. Porter Drug Co.

EVERYBODY CRUISE



Carolina in search of work, and that his wife was in Kentucky with his daughter where she was recuperating from an operation, all of this of no interest to me. "He also stated that whenever he saw a good-looking lady, he just couldn't let her get away from him. Seas Preacher in Hospital. "Some few days after the accident I made a trip to Winston-Salem to see the Rev. Broom relative to a settlement for part of the damage done to Mr. Spoon's car, which he refused to do satisfactorily. At this time he admitted to me and before persons in the hospital, that the accident and the whole affair was his fault and that he took the car to drive on his own responsibility, and that he wanted it kept quiet and away from his wife. All of this can be proven as it was stated in the presence of several persons and several days after the accident occurred. (Signed) MRS. DELSY L. BAKER."

A Hospital For Colored People, High Point Enterprise. The announcement is made at Greensboro that a woman of wealth there has offered \$50,000 to start a fund to erect a negro hospital. This benefactor is Mrs. L. Richardson, widow of the founder of the Vich Chemical Company. Another gift of \$10,000 for a special purpose in connection with the hospital is promised by Mrs. E. Sternberger, of Greensboro. The city is being asked officially to pledge support for the hospital.

This news is of particular interest as it reflects a constructive attitude toward the large responsibility of the white people of the state for the well-being of the negro. The state takes care of the negro insane and the negro has the benefit of doctors who are maintained in the public service. But the colored population of the average town in this state lives under conditions of housing and of sanitation which reduce the vitality of the race and make the negro an easy victim of tuberculosis and other diseases of contagion. Of course a hospital for negroes will reach directly few of the colored folks of Greensboro, but its indirect benefits should prove great. The institution should strengthen every negro doctor and nurse and aid in the spread of the knowledge of how to keep healthy while offering curative treatment to the sick. The greatest importance of the state for its negro hospital, however, would be its effect as an evidence of the essential spirit of idealism of the men and women of the Gate City. The southern towns which fail to help their negro citizenship to improve their environment and to secure scientific and cultural benefits are faithless to their duty.

TODAY'S EVENTS. Friday, December 4, 1925. Greetings of the Portland Oregonian, on the 75th anniversary of its first issue. Seventy-five years ago today 27 inmates perished in a fire which destroyed the Maine State insane asylum at Augusta. Ten years ago today Henry Ford and his peace party sailed from New York to get the boys out of the trenches before Christmas. Representatives of fifty eastern colleges are to meet today at Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn., for an intercollegiate Parley on Education.

Every train arriving in Washington today is expected to bring its quota of senators and representatives in anticipation of the assembling of the sixty-ninth Congress.

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Says Wife in Kentucky

"On our way, before the accident, the Rev. Broom told of his trip which he had just made to South

OUT OUR WAY



THE ANONYMOUS BENEFACTOR.

MOM'N POP

SAY CHICK—OUR MAGIC MUD ADS HAVEN'T BEEN CLIPPED OUT OF THESE MAGAZINES YET—BETTER GET BUSY SO I CAN MAKE OUT MY REPORT



THAT'S A HECK OF A JOB—REGULAR OFFICE BOY STUFF—WHY DON'T I GET MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO? I'M HERE TO LEARN THE BUSINESS



BY TAYLOR

EUREKA! WHAT'S THIS? AND I'VE BEEN WORRYING HOW I COULD GET AN ENGAGEMENT RING FOR LORETTA—I'VE JUST GOT FIVE BUCKS TOO



BY CONDO

Gentlemen—Enclosed please find \$5 as a down payment on a \$100 sapphire mounted in platinum. Quality not as important as safe—Made it a big one. Yours truly, Chick Gunn. P.S. Please Rush

HELLO LORETTA—I'VE JUST BEEN DOING A LITTLE SHOPPING—OH SOMETHING FOR YOU—GUESS WHAT—HUH?—YEP THAT'S RIF—JUST BE PATIENT A DAY OR SO TILL IT'S MADE UP—SPARKLE?—WHY PEOPLE WILL HAVE TO WEAR SMOKE GLASSES WHEN THEY LOOK AT YOUR LEFT HAND



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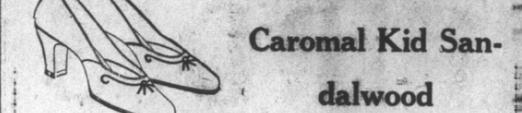


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