



Cooks Better Food

Keeps the Flavor in the Food. Keeps in the Rich Juices Prevents Loss of Food by Evaporation. Come in and see the Range that Cooks Better Food with Half the Gas. A size for every kitchen.

Chambers FIRELESS Gas Range

COOKS with the GAS TURNED OFF!

Concord & Kannapolis Gas Co.

WORLD HEALTH PARTY COMES TO THIS STATE

Will Study Methods Under Direction of the Health Section of the League of Nations.

Washington, Sept. 20.—Health experts representing a score of foreign governments, sent here under the third international exchange of officers arranged by the health section of the League of Nations, concluded their study here today of American methods in dealing with hygiene and sanitation.

Their studies here, covering a period of two weeks, have included every phase of the work under the direction of Surgeon-General Cummings, of the public health service, and today they were guests at luncheon tendered by Assistant Secretary Wadsworth of the treasury, in charge of the health unit. Starting tomorrow the physicians will begin a tour of three months during which time they will investigate state methods of combating disease.

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Divided into three groups, the medical men will go into Virginia, North Carolina, and Alabama. One group will visit Richmond, another Raleigh and a third Montgomery. After the close of their study in the southern states the three groups will visit Pennsylvania, New York and Massachusetts and reassemble in New York for an exchange of views prior to departing for their homes.

New York Newspaper Famine Near End

New York, Sept. 20.—Submission to publishers of a proposal under which the International Union of Press men would undertake to man the presses of the city's dailies while the local union remained on strike, tonight brought the end of New York's newspaper famine in sight. Pending the discussions, other features of the plan were not disclosed. The publishers' committee began consideration of the plan at the close of a day in which George L. Berry, president of the International union, had declared the charter of the local body "automatically suspended" and had wired invitations to pressmen of other cities to fill the strikers' places. At the same time he made it clear that members of the outlawed union would be issued cards in the International union if they desired to return to work and if the publishers ratified the proposal. Mr. Berry said he had the support of the International's board of directors in his program.

David Simons, head of the local union, and other officials of the strikers were called before the directors of the International earlier in the day to hear the statement issued last night by the publishers, who demanded that the International, having characterized the strike as illegal, revoke the local's charter and form a new branch here. The local's officials were told the International intended to continue separate negotiations with the publishers and offered to accept responsibility in all the press rooms.

A Job Waiting

Family landed at Ellis island speaking a language nobody could understand. If they could only sing, they would make a valuable addition to grand opera.—New York Evening Mail.

THE ISLE OF RETRIBUTION

By EDISON MARSHALL
Illustrated by L. S. SATTENBERG
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BEGIN HERE TODAY

Bess Gilbert, Ned Corset and the latter's fiancée, Lenore Hardenworth, are shipwrecked. They take refuge on an island occupied by a ferocious Doomsdorf and his tribe. The monster, who has taken Ned and the two girls prisoners and informs them that he means to make them slaves for him. Bess and Ned, with but very little help from Lenore, build a cabin and Doomsdorf gives them an old squaw. When the cabin is finished Bess and Ned are sent on different routes to hunt for their master.

Lenore is allowed to remain and help the squaw with the housework. Ned falls into a deep crevice and Bess rescues him. The two make plans to escape from the island.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

XXVII

WHEN food and warmth had brought complete recovery, Ned took up with Bess the problem of deliverance from the island. He found that for weeks she had been thinking along the same line, and like him she had as yet failed to hit upon any plan that offered the least chance for success. The subject held them late into the night.

They took different trails in the dawn, following the long circle of their trap lines. All the way they pondered on this same problem, conceiving a plan only to reject it because of some unsurmountable obstacle to its success; dwelling upon the project every hour and dreaming about it at night. But Ned was far as ever from a conclusion when, three days later, he followed the beach on the way to the home cabin. He had watched with desecated interest the dance of the wild things about him these last days, but when he was less than a mile from home he had cause to remember it again. To his great amazement he found at the edge of the ice the fresh track of one of the large island bears.

The sight of the great imprint was a welcome one to Ned, not alone because the waking forecast, perhaps, an early spring, but because he was in immediate need of bear fat. His own coat was worn; besides, he was planning a suit of cold-proof garments for Lenore, to be used perhaps in their final flight across the ice. And he saw at once that conditions were favorable for trapping the great creature.

Scarcely a quarter of a mile ahead, in a little pass that led through the snow crags down to the beach, Doomsdorf had left one of his most powerful bear traps. Ned had seen it many times as he had clambered through on a short cut to the cabin. Because it lay in a natural runway for game—one of the few spots where the shore crags could be easily surmounted—it was at least possible that the huge bear might fall into it, on his return to his lair in the hills.

Ned hurried on, and in a few moments had dug out the great trap from its covering of snow. For a moment he actually doubted his power to set it. It was of obsolete type, mighty-sprung, and its jaws were of a width forbidden by all laws of trapping in civilized lands, yet Ned did not doubt its efficiency. Its mighty irons had rusted; but not even a bear's incalculable might could shatter them.

This was not to be a bait set, and his success depended upon the skill with which he concealed the trap. First he carefully refilled the excavation he had made in digging out the trap; then he dug a shallow hole in the snow in the narrowest part of the pass. Here he set the trap, utilizing all the power of his mighty muscles, and spread a light covering of snow above.

It was a delicate piece of work. Ned had no wish for the cruel jaws to snap shut as he was working above them. But his heart was in the venture, for all his hatred of the cruelty of the device; and he covered up his tracks with veteran's skill. Then he quietly withdrew, retracing his steps and following the shore line toward the home cabin.

Surely the mighty strength that had set the powerful spring and the skill that covered up all traces of his work could succeed at last in freeing him from slavery. Bess had reached the shelter first, and she was particularly relieved to see Ned's tall form swinging toward her along the shore. Doomsdorf was in a particularly ominous mood to night. The curious glitter in his magnetic eyes was more pronounced than she had ever seen it—catlike in the shadows, steely in the lantern light; and his cruel savagery was just at the surface, ready to be awakened. Worst of all, the gaze he bent toward her was especially eager to night, horrible to her as the cold touch of a reptile.

Every time she glanced up she found him regarding her, and he followed her with his eyes when she moved. Yet she dared not seek shelter in the new cabin, for the simple reason that she was afraid Doomsdorf would follow her there. Until Ned came, her defense was solely the presence of Lenore and the squaw.

There was no particular warmth in her meeting with Ned. Doomsdorf's eyes were still upon her, and she was careful to keep any hint of the new understanding out of her face and eyes. Ned's weather-beaten countenance was as expressionless as Sindy's own.

The four of them gathered about the little rough cabin, and the squaw served up a meal of fish and ows. It was a queer dinner, but in the lantern light, and with the squaw's help, they managed to get it down. Ned had a vague impression that the squaw and Doomsdorf had waged a little war of attrition, and that the squaw had won. He moved from her position, and sat down just at Doomsdorf's feet. When he saw her again she was sitting on the floor, within a few feet distant, within a few feet of the cupboards where the squaw had many of the food supplies. The squaw was busy with her work, and Ned went away into the clear, moonlight of the winter evenings, not so cold as the day, when the frozen world gave no image of the senses. The snow lay deep, and the velvet depths of the night were flashing with a thousand changing hues from the aurora borealis. Moved and held by this scene, Ned never grows old to the southern man. Doomsdorf halted them just without the cabin floor.

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able, as if in the beginning of laughter. "That's not what I mean, and you know it. You'd sooner walk ten miles through the snow than give an inch, wouldn't you?" His hand reached, closing gently upon her arm, and a shiver of repulsion passed over her. "That's a fine little muscle—but you don't want to work it off. Why don't you show a little friend-ship?"

The girl looked with difficulty into his great, drawn face. Ned stiffened, wondering if the moment of crisis were at hand at last. Lenore watched appalled, but the native wren on about her tasks as if she hadn't heard.

"You can't expect—much friendship—from a prisoner," Bess told him brokenly. Her face, so white in the yellow lantern light, her trembling lips, most of all the appeal for mercy in her child's eyes—fused to this best compared with whom even the North was merciful—wakened a strange, desperate anger in Ned. The room turned red before his eyes, his muscles quivered, and he was rapidly reaching that point wherein his self-control, on which life itself depended, was jeopardized. Yet he must hold himself with an iron hand. He must wait to the last instant of need. Everything depended on that, in avoiding the crisis until he had made some measure of preparation. "Your little friend seems to be getting nervous," he remarked easily to Bess. "So dot to disturb him further, let's you and I go to the new cabin. I've taken some fine pelts lately—I want you to see them. You need a new coat."

He seemed to be aware of the gathering suspense, and if that had his diseased nerves with exultation. But there was, from his listeners, but one significant response: at first to the evil suggestion that he made with such iniquitous fines in his wild eyes and such a strange, suppressed tone in his voice. Bess' expression did not change. "It had already revealed the uttermost depths of dread. Ned still held himself cool, now, as a serpent, waiting for his chance. But the squaw paused a single instant in her work. For one breath they failed to hear the clatter of her pans. But seemingly indifferent, she immediately went back to her toil.

Bess shook her head in desperate appeal. "Wait till morning," she pleaded. "I'm tired now—"

Ned saw by the gathering fury of their master's face that her refusal would only bring on the crisis, so he leaped swiftly into the breach. "Sure, Bess, let's go to look at them," he said. "I'm anxious to see 'em, too—"

Doomsdorf whirled to him, and his gaze was as a trial of fire to Ned. Yet the latter did not flinch. For a long second they regarded each other in implacable hatred, and then Doomsdorf's sudden start told that he had been visited by inspiration. His leering look of contempt was almost a smile. "Sure, come along," he said. "I've got something to say to you, too. To spare Lenore's feelings—we'll go to the other cabin."

Ned was not in the least deceived by this reference to Lenore. Doomsdorf had further cause, other than Lenore's sensibilities, for wishing their conversation in the open air. What it was Ned did not know, and he dared not think. He had a vague impression that the squaw and Doomsdorf had waged a little war of attrition, and that the squaw had won. He moved from her position, and sat down just at Doomsdorf's feet. When he saw her again she was sitting on the floor, within a few feet distant, within a few feet of the cupboards where the squaw had many of the food supplies. The squaw was busy with her work, and Ned went away into the clear, moonlight of the winter evenings, not so cold as the day, when the frozen world gave no image of the senses. The snow lay deep, and the velvet depths of the night were flashing with a thousand changing hues from the aurora borealis. Moved and held by this scene, Ned never grows old to the southern man. Doomsdorf halted them just without the cabin floor.

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SUITS

We'll Sell More Suits This Fall Than Ever—Smart Styles, Fine Quality and Our Prices Will Do It For Us

Faced by greatly increased clothes-making costs (tailors' wages are higher than ever—materials have kept steadily advancing)—we once again offer you Quality Clothes—

SCHLOSS BROS. & CO. and CORTLEY CLOTHES

At Moderate Prices

We are depending upon these moderate prices to bring us the bigger volume which will justify the extremely close margin upon which we are working.

At \$27.50 or \$30
Smart Roughish Fabrics, including the new large over-plaids, diagonals and checks.

Single-breasted and double-breasted; one, two, three button models, including the new wide-spaced three button design.

HOOVER'S Inc.



At \$35 or \$40
Fine Worsteds and Cassimeres in a big variety of stripes—all types and colors.

Trinity Football Team Rounding Into Shape

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., Sept. 20.—The Trinity football squad is rapidly whipping itself into shipshape, getting ready for the hardest schedule the team has faced since Trinity resumed football three years ago. Since September 6 the New Hanes Athletic Field has been swarming with candidates anxious to land a berth on the varsity eleven.

Since head coach Steiner first called out the men who anticipate making a race for regular and substitute positions on the team, one hundred and twenty men have responded, about twice as many as the number of try-outs last season. All of the college's uniforms have been issued, and the Coach figures that there are between forty and fifty men on the field unable to get uniforms issued to them.

Coach Steiner is ably assisted this year by Sam Burbage, a Birmingham boy who was here last year, and by Tom Neal, of Laurinburg, '23, famous left end and Captain of last year's varsity, who will guide the destinies of the Freshman team this season.

Letter men of 1922 back this year to form a nucleus for the 1923 team are: Captain Jimmie Simpson, who received several votes for All-State center last year; W. L. Taylor, unanimously chosen for All-State left guard; H. L. Hatcher, steady player at left tackle; Barney Carter, dashing and reliable right end; Fritz Smith, for three years dependable quarterback; Edward Lagerstatt, sensation at left halfback; Harvey Johnson and Edward Bullock, freshmen last year who are still fighting out the question of who will be regular and who will be substitute fullback, and Reid Carret, right halfback of last year who may not be able to play this season because of a threatened attack of appendicitis.

Of the 1921 varsity several men are on the practice field who did not play last year. These are Fritz Crute, fullback and punter; Eye English, left halfback and perhaps the best ground game on the 1921 team, and William Huckabee, right end, who will doubtless try to fill Tom Neal's shoes at the left corner. This leaves open the positions of left end, right guard, right tackle, and probably right halfback.

Several hard but interesting games are promised in the schedule this year. Carolina will be played again on October 12 at Trinity, the game being the principal event in the Home-Coming Day to be celebrated at both Institutions. The score last year was 20 to 0 in Carolina's favor, but Trinity says it will be different this time. Trinity plays Virginia October 27 at Charlottesville for the first time in over a quarter of a century; first time, in fact, since the famous team of 1892 walked away with the Southern championship. Wake Forest will be the opponents on November 10 at Winston-Salem. Trinity holds a two-game lead on the Baptists, but the game this year will be no easy struggle. One of the best and most interesting games will be the one with Davidson on Thanksgiving Day at Charlotte. The score of the game last year ended 12 to 0 in Trinity's favor, no walk-over. The game Thanksgiving will be fought to a sure enough finish. Five other games are scheduled.

In the three years of its recent existence Trinity has made a remarkable record. In 1921 six were won, one lost, and one tied. Last year, out of ten games on the schedule, seven were won, two lost, and one tied.

Power in Music

Music is the common language of all nations and tribes. The man who knows how to play knows how to reach the heart of anybody in any country, climate, or condition.—Burley Ayres.

SAGE TEA TURNS GRAY HAIR DARK

It's Grandmother's Recipe to Bring Back Color and Lustre to Hair

That beautiful, even shade of dark, glossy hair can only be had by brewing a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray or streaked, just an application or two of Sage and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundredfold.

Don't bother to prepare the mixture; you can get this famous old recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients at a small cost, all ready for use. It is called Wynth's Sage and Sulphur Compound. This can always be depended upon to bring back the natural color and lustre of your hair.

Everybody uses "Wynth's" Sage and Sulphur Compound now because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair has disappeared, and after another application it becomes beautifully dark and appears glossy and lustrous.