

## The Concord Daily Tribune

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## RAILROAD SCHEDULE

In Effect June 28, 1925  
Northbound  
No. 40 To New York 9:25 P. M.  
No. 136 To Washington 5:05 A. M.  
No. 36 To New York 10:25 A. M.  
No. 34 To New York 4:43 P. M.  
No. 46 To Danville 3:15 P. M.  
No. 12 To Richmond 7:10 P. M.  
No. 32 To New York 9:03 P. M.  
No. 30 To New York 1:55 A. M.  
Southbound  
No. 45 To Charlotte 3:55 P. M.  
No. 35 To New Orleans 9:50 P. M.  
No. 29 To Birmingham 2:35 A. M.  
No. 31 To Augusta 5:51 A. M.  
No. 33 To New Orleans 8:25 A. M.  
No. 11 To Charlotte 8:05 A. M.  
No. 135 To Atlanta 8:35 P. M.  
No. 37 To New Orleans 10:45 A. M.  
No. 39 To New Orleans 9:55 A. M.  
Train No. 34 will stop in Concord  
to take on passengers going to Wash-  
ington and beyond.  
Train No. 37 will stop here to dis-  
charge passengers coming from dis-  
charge passengers coming from Wash-  
ington and beyond.

**BIBLE THOUGHT**  
—FOR TODAY—  
Bible thoughts memorized will prove a  
priceless heritage in after years

THE ONLY HELP:—For I the  
Lord thy God will hold thy right  
hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I  
will help thee.—Isaiah 41:13.

"AL" SMITH NOW MORE POW-  
ERFUL THAN EVER.

Senator Walker was elected Mayor  
of New York by a plurality of more  
than 400,000. Practically the entire  
Democratic ticket was carried into of-  
fice with him.

Senator Walker had the backing  
of Tammany, which means he had  
the backing of Governor "Al" Smith.  
Anybody with such backing can be  
elected in New York City. Senator  
Walker, to be sure, has made a fine  
reputation as a party worker and his  
own popularity aided him.

However, the influence of Governor  
Smith on the campaign cannot be  
minimized. He was the man with  
power and he swept his friend into  
office on waves of popularity such as  
he alone can arouse in the Empire  
State.

Governor Smith not only aided in  
the election of his friend, but he  
seems to have put across four amend-  
ments. While it is true that the  
amendments were not accepted as a  
political issue they were made such  
an issue by some of the Republican  
leaders, simply because Governor  
Smith sponsored them.

The election leaves Governor Smith  
with more power than ever. He is  
the dominating political figure in  
New York State and one of the lead-  
ing politicians in the United States.  
Of course many persons insist he will  
never amount to anything because of  
his religious views. Many persons  
frankly admit they will not vote for  
a Catholic to be president of the United  
States.

That fact alone makes it probable  
that Governor Smith will never be  
President of the United States. He  
would secure the Democratic nomina-  
tion in a walk were he a Protestant  
and we doubt if there is another man  
in the United States who would se-  
cure as large a vote as he could were  
he a Catholic.

In this connection it is interesting  
to note that a Democratic Catholic  
in Virginia was elected in a campaign  
against a Protestant Republican. The  
Democratic religion was made a big  
issue in the campaign and although he  
received fewer votes than did the other  
Democratic candidates he was elected  
by a big majority.

We are almost convinced that the  
same thing would happen should "Al"  
Smith be a candidate for the Presi-  
dency on the Democratic ticket. Peo-  
ple talk about not supporting a Catho-  
lic but when the voting started we  
believe enough Democrats in the  
South would vote for Governor Smith  
to give him the "Solid South." He  
would certainly carry New York and  
some other eastern States.

WE OUTLAW AND MANUF-  
TURE GAS.

Practically all of the nations of the  
world have outlawed poison gas as a  
weapon of war, yet we find the United  
States and many of the other na-  
tions, no doubt, making new gases as  
hard as they can.

The Charlotte News says "mingling  
around in an atmosphere of war tends  
to make men inhuman, uncannily can-  
tal," and then goes on to discuss the  
case of Major General Fries, who sup-  
ports his contention that the United  
States should make gas of a kind and  
that this gas should be used not only  
in war but in other instances as well.

General Fries apparently takes de-  
light in pointing out what he terms  
the "virtues that lie within this in-  
strument (gas) of human destruction."  
"Probably the quickest way," he  
says, "to appreciate the power which  
the presence of poison gas has is to  
picture the fear which a human being  
has of having his breathing interfered  
with by smothering or choking and  
the instinctive dread of losing his  
vision." This quotation comes from  
the instruction book issued by the  
General's Department over his name.  
The little book is explicit in the kinds  
of gases, from the comparatively harm-  
less tear-gas to "white phosphorus,"  
the "burns" from which "are extreme-  
ly severe on the body" and "exceed-  
ingly painful." Nor does the Chemi-  
cal Warfare Service lose sight of the  
fact that poison gas is useful not only  
in wartime but in time of peace, for  
the prompt dispersal of mobs and  
for rendering uninhabitable any given  
locality for the space of a week or  
so.

Collier's and The New York World  
went after General Fries for his re-  
port and he became angry that any  
one should question him on the mat-  
ter. "Any man," he says, "if he be  
honest, cut not but decide with us  
that the world needs gas more than  
anything else to preserve law and  
order."

Why outlaw gas one day and then  
keep right on experimenting with it?

Generals, Admirals and other persons  
trained for warfare usually can be  
counted on to favor anything that  
smacks of warfare.

Government Must Be Operated Like  
Big Corporations.

"Unless our government is re-or-  
ganized until it resembles the ruling  
body of a corporation," says N. S.  
McClure in an article in McClure's  
Magazine for November, "crime and  
lawlessness in the United States  
cannot be reduced to the proportions  
found in civilized nations."

The only successful method where-  
by a mass of people, hundreds, thou-  
sands or millions can organize to  
carry on a common enterprise, is to  
appoint a committee subject to de-  
finite terms of service and to cer-  
tain duties, described in charters or  
constitutions. They appoint perma-  
nent or qualified officials, who in turn  
employ qualified experts to carry on  
the common enterprise.

This method of business organiza-  
tion used by all corporations the  
world over, is used by the leading  
civilized nations in organizing their  
own governments. The exceptions are  
the United States and the South  
American republics.

England has the best method for  
electing a national government. The  
people elect a committee called Par-  
liament, which in turn elects a Board  
of directors, who appoint the offi-  
cials entrusted with the task of en-  
forcing the laws.

In Germany they have the best  
method for electing a city govern-  
ment. In the city of Frankfurt, the  
voters go to the polls once in six  
years. There are no printed ballots.  
Every man writes his own ticket. Of  
course, there are outstanding figures  
who would be considered. Eight days  
later, the voters go to the polls again  
and vote for a choice between the  
two candidates having the highest  
vote. There are no political parties.

## Armistice Day.

Charity and Children.

Charity and Children. The wonderful  
difference whose ox is gored. The boys who  
were on the western front November  
11, 1918, and their loved ones in this  
country who were afraid to look at  
the casualty lists in the papers each  
morning, regarded that as one of the  
tremendous days of their lives. It is  
because that firing ceased then that  
many of them are still alive. There-  
fore, when the state salary and wage  
commission proposed to begin trim-  
ming legal holidays by cutting out  
Armistice day, the soldiers regarded it  
as tantamount to a declaration that  
the state doesn't consider the fact  
that they won the war and got  
back alive anything worth celebrat-  
ing. George Washington and General  
Lee might be cut out without anyone  
feeling a sense of personal insult.  
But not Armistice Day. It is a day  
that the commission fell into that trap,  
because its main idea unquestionably  
was a good one. Twelve holidays in  
the course of a year give each state  
employee an extra two weeks vaca-  
tion. The average taxpayer is thank-  
ful if he can manage a single  
fortnight, plus Christmas and per-  
haps the Fourth of July. If political  
officeholders work harder than the  
average taxpayer, nobody has noticed it.  
Why they should have two weeks more  
vacation than anyone else we are un-  
able to see. But the effort to reduce  
the number of holidays unfortunately  
started with a slap at the American  
Legion, and that is an organization  
not to be slapped with impunity. Any  
effort that touches a political situa-  
tion in any way must be carried out  
with reference to the fact that in poli-  
tics, especially, it makes a tremendous  
difference whose ox is gored.

Wonderful New  
Face Powder

A new French process powder that  
is not affected by perspiration—will  
not let an ugly 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-glo. Porter Drug Co.



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## CHAPTER XXV

"You really must do something for  
this boy, Pierce Phillips," Mrs.  
Cavendish spoke with decision.  
The newspaper which the colonel  
was reading was barely six weeks  
old, therefore he was deeply en-  
grossed in it, and he looked up some-  
what absently.  
"Yes, yes. Of course, my dear,"  
he murmured. "What does he want  
now?"  
"Why, he wants his liberty! He  
wants this absurd charge against him  
dismissed! It's a shame to hold a  
boy of his character, his breeding, on  
the mere word of a man like Count  
Courteau."

Colonel Cavendish smiled quizzically.  
"You, top, eh?" said he.  
"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, you're the fourth woman  
who has appealed to me since his  
arrest. I dare say I'll hear from  
others. I never saw a fellow who  
had the female vote so solidly be-  
hind him. I'm beginning to regard  
him as a sort of domestic menace."

"You surely don't believe him  
guilty?"

"When her husband refused to com-  
mit himself, Mrs. Cavendish ex-  
claimed. "Rubbish!"  
"First Josephine came to me," the  
colonel observed. "She was deeply  
indignant and considerably disap-  
pointed in me as a man and a father  
when I refused to quash the entire  
proceedings and apologize, on behalf  
of the Dominion Government, for the  
injury to the lad's feelings. She was  
actually peeved. What ails her I  
don't know. Then the Countess  
Courteau dropped in, and so did that  
lady dealer from the Rialto. Now  
you take up his defense."

"The speaker paused thoughtfully for an  
instant. 'It's hard enough to have  
he fellow hanging around our quar-  
ters at all hours, but Josephine ac-  
tually suggested that we have him  
fined with us!'"

"I know. She spoke of it to me.  
But he isn't hanging around at all  
hours. Josephine is interested in  
his case, just as I am, because—"  
"My dear! He's a weaver in a  
gloom, a gambling-house employee.  
You think it wise to raise such a  
just about him? I like the boy my-  
self—can't help liking him—but you  
understand what he's been doing?  
He's been cutting up; going the pace.  
I never knew you to countenance a  
fellow—"

"I never saw a boy toward whom  
I felt so—motherly," Mrs. Cavendish  
said, with some irrelevance. "I  
don't like wild young men any bet-  
ter than you do, but—he isn't a thief,  
if that I'm sure."

"Look here," Colonel Cavendish  
aid down his paper, and there was  
more gravity than usual in his tone.  
"I haven't told you everything, but  
it's evidently time I did. Phillips  
was mixed up with bad associates,  
he very worst in town—"  
"So he told me."

"He couldn't have told you what  
I'm about to. He had a most un-  
fortunate affair with a dance-hall  
girl—one that reflects no credit upon  
him. He was on the straight path  
to ruin and going at a gallop, drink-  
ing, gambling—everything."

"All the more reason for trying to  
save him. Remember, you were  
wild yourself."

"Wait! I don't say he's guilty of  
his charge. I want to believe him  
innocent—I'd like to help prove it.  
For that very reason it occurred to  
me that Laure—she's the dance-hall  
natter, so I put Rock to work on  
her. Well, his report wasn't pleas-  
ant. The girl talked, but what she  
aid didn't help Phillips. She con-  
fessed that he'd been stealing right  
long and giving her the money."

Mrs. Cavendish was shocked, in-  
credulous. After a moment, how-  
ever, she shook her head positively  
and exclaimed, "I don't believe a  
word of it."  
"She's going to swear to it."

"Her oath would be no better than  
her word—"

"Good Lord!" the colonel cried,  
testily. "Has this young imp com-  
pletely hypnotized you women? The  
Kirby girl is frightened to death, and  
the Countess—well, she told me her-  
self that her husband's jealousy was  
it the bottom of the whole thing."

Rock, in spite of what she said to  
him, is behaving like a mad person.  
I dropped in at the Rialto this even-  
ing and she asked me what was the  
worst Pierce could expect. I made  
it strong, purposely, and I thought  
he'd faint. No, it's a nasty affair,  
all through. And, by Jove! to cap  
he climax, you and Josephine take  
part in it! I flatter myself that I'm  
democratic, but—have him here to-  
night! God! That's playing democ-  
racy pretty strong."

"It isn't fair to imply that he's  
anything more than a ladies' man.  
They're detestable. The men like  
Phillips, too."

"True," Cavendish admitted. "He  
has the God-given faculty of making  
friends, and for that alone I can  
forgive him almost anything. It's a  
wonderful faculty—better than being  
good lucky or rich or handsome."

"I'm fond of him, but I've favored  
him all I can. If I thought Josephine  
were seriously interested in him—  
well, I wouldn't feel so friendly."

The speaker laughed shortly. "No.  
The man who claims that girl's at-  
tention must be clean through and  
through. He must stand the acid  
test."

When his wife silently approved  
his sentiment the colonel picked up  
his paper and resumed his reading.

Pierce's friends were indeed uni-  
formly indignant, and without ex-  
ception they maintained their faith  
in his innocence; most of them, in-  
fact, actually applied themselves to  
be task of clearing him of Coun-  
teau's charge. But of the latter the

one who appeared nearest the most  
thoughtfully, the most seriously, was  
the Countess Courteau. Having rea-  
soned that she herself was indirectly  
responsible for his plight, she set  
about aiding him in a thoroughly  
feminine and indirect manner. It  
was an unpleasant undertaking; she  
took it up with intense abhorrence;  
it required her utmost determination  
to carry it on. Her plan had formed  
itself immediately she had learned  
what had happened; her meeting  
with the Count that evening and her  
unexpected solicitude, her unbidden  
attention to his injury, were a part  
of it. As time went on she assumed  
an air that amazed the man. She  
meekly accepted his reproaches, she  
submitted to his abuse; cautiously,  
patiently she paved the way to a re-  
conciliation.

It was by no means easy, for she  
and Henri had long lived in what was  
little better than a state of open hos-  
tility, and she had been at no pains  
to conceal the utter disregard and  
contempt she felt for him. He, of  
course, had resented it; her change  
of demeanor now awoke his suspi-  
cion. He was a vain and shallow  
person, however; his conceit was  
thoroughly Latin, and Hilda's per-  
severance was in a way rewarded.

Slowly, gradually he gave ground  
before her subtle advances—they  
were, in fact, less advances on her  
part than opportunities for him—he  
experienced a feeling of triumph and  
began to assume a masterful air that  
was indeed trying to one of her dis-  
position. Before his friends he  
boasted that his energetic defense of  
his honor had worked a marvel in  
his home; in her presence he made  
bold to take on a swagger and an  
authority hitherto unknown.

Hilda stood it, with what cost no  
one could possibly understand. In  
some manner she managed to con-  
vey the idea that he dominated her  
and that she cringed spiritually be-  
fore him. She permitted him occa-  
sionally to surprise a look of bewil-  
derment, almost of fright, in her  
eyes, and this tickled the man im-  
mensely. With a fatuous com-  
placency, thoroughly plied, he told  
himself that she feared and respect-  
ed him—was actually falling in love  
with him all over again. When he  
felt the impulse to scout this idea  
he went to his mirror and examined  
himself critically. Why not? he  
asked himself. He was very pleas-  
ing. Women had always been wax  
in his hands; he had a personality,  
an air, an irresistible something that  
had won him many conquests. It  
seemed not unlikely that Hilda had  
been shocked into a new and keener  
realization of his many admirable  
qualities and was ready to make up,  
if, or when, he graciously chose to  
permit her.

On the very evening that Colonel  
Cavendish and his wife were discus-  
sing Pierce Phillips' affair, Courteau,  
feeling in a particularly jubilant  
mood, decided to put the matter to a  
test; therefore he surprised his wife  
by walking into her room unan-  
nounced.

"My dear," he began, "it's high  
time we had a talk."  
"Indeed!" said she. "What about?"

"About you, about me, about our  
affairs. Are we husband and wife or  
are we not? I ask you."

With a queer flicker of her eye-  
lids she answered: "Why—of  
course. You have appeared to for-  
get it sometimes, but—"  
"No reproaches, please. The past  
is gone. Neither of us is without  
blame. You've had your fling, too,  
but I've shown you that I'm made  
of stern stuff and will tolerate no  
further foolishness. I am a different  
creature than you ever knew. I've  
had my rebirth. Now then, our pre-  
sent mode of life is not pleasing to  
me, for I'm a fellow of spirit. Think  
of me—in the attitude of a  
dependent!"

"I share generously with you. I  
give you money—"

"The very point," he broke in, ex-  
citedly. "You give; I accept. You  
direct; I obey. I must end now,  
a. once. I cannot play the accom-  
paniment while you sing. Either I  
close my eyes to your folly and for-  
give, utterly—either we become man  
and wife again and I assume leader-  
ship—or I make different plans for  
the future."

"Just what do you propose,  
Henri?"

The fellow shrugged. "I offer you  
a reconciliation that, to begin with,  
You've had your lesson and I flatter  
myself that you see me in a new  
light. The brave can afford to be  
generous. I—well, I've always had  
a feeling for you; I've never been  
blind to your attractions, my dear.  
Lately I've even experienced some-  
thing of the—er—the old spell. Un-  
derstand me? It's a fact. I'm ac-  
tually taken with you, Hilda; I  
have the fire of an impetuous lover."

Courteau's eyes gleamed; there was  
an unusual warmth to his gaze and  
a vibrance to his tone. He curled  
his mustache, he swelled his chest,  
he laughed lightly but deeply. "What  
do you say, eh? You're not altogether  
displeasing. No? You see some-  
thing in me to admire? I thrill you?  
Confess!"

The wife lowered her eyes. "You  
have some power," she murmured.  
"Power!" Precisely. The Count  
nodded and there was a growing  
vicinity and sparkle to him. "That  
is my quality—a power to charm,  
a power to achieve a power to triumph.  
Well, I choose now to win you again  
for myself. It is my whim. To re-  
kindle a love which one has lost is  
a test of any man's power, isn't it?  
Am I not right, my sweet?"

He laid his soft white hands upon  
his wife's shoulders and bent an ar-  
dent gaze upon her. Hilda faced him  
with an odd smile; her cheeks were  
white, her ice-blue eyes were very  
wide and bright and they held a  
curious expression.

"Come! A kiss!" he persisted.  
"Oho! You tremble, you shrink like  
a maiden. I, too, am exhilarated,  
but—With a chuckle he folded her  
in his embrace and she did not re-  
sist. After a moment he resumed:  
"This is quite too amusing. I wish  
my friends to see and to understand  
Put on your prettiest dress—"  
"What for?"

"We are going down-town. We  
shall celebrate our reunion—we shall  
drink to it publicly. All Dawson  
shall take note. They have said,  
'Courteau is a loafer, a ne'er-do-well,  
and he permits another to win his  
wife away from him.' I propose to  
show them."

"You mean you propose to show  
me off. Is that it? Another com-  
quest, eh?"

"Have it as you will. I—"  
"I won't go," Hilda cried, furiously.  
She freed herself from his arms.  
"You know I won't go. You'd like  
to parade me in the places you fre-  
quent—saloons, dance-halls, gamb-  
ling-houses. The idea!"

"You won't? Tut, tut! What is  
this?" Courteau cried, angrily. "Re-  
bellious so soon? Is this recent  
change of demeanor assumed? Have  
you been fooling me?"

"What change?" the woman par-  
ried. "I don't know!"

"Oh, yes, you do! For the first  
time in years you have treated me  
as a husband should be treated; half-  
measures will no longer satisfy me.  
We have arrived at the show-up.  
Are you a miserable Delilah or—"  
"Please don't ask me to go out  
with you, Henri," the woman plead-  
ed, in genuine distress, now that she  
saw he was in earnest. "To be pa-  
raded like an animal on a chain! I  
think of my feelings."

"Indeed! Think of mine," he  
cried. "This is my hour, my tri-  
umph; I propose to make it com-  
plete. Now that I carefully consider  
it, I will put you to the test. You've  
had a fine time; if you pay a price  
for it, whose fault is that? Not  
One must be cruel to a kind."

"Cruel! Kind!" Hilda sneered.

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"Cruel! Kind!" Hilda sneered.

"Cruel! Kind!" Hilda sneered.

## DINNER STORIES

Why the "We?"  
"Pa," said a newspaper man's  
son, "I know why editors call them-  
selves 'we.'"  
"Why?"  
"So's the man that doesn't like  
the article will think there are too  
many for him to lick."

Free Ad.  
"So you were on sentry duty in  
the front line trenches?" asked the  
old lady.  
"Yes'm," replied the Legionnaire.  
"Well, what did you watch for,  
especially?"  
"Why, Bursts and Duds, of  
course."

Dick had had his first lesson in as-  
tronomy, and when he came from  
school he began to enlighten his little  
sister on the mystery of the stars.  
"Do you know," he said, "that little  
star over yonder is much bigger than  
our world?"  
"Then why doesn't it keep the rain  
off us?"

Out of curiosity a farmer had grown  
a crop of flax and had a tablecloth  
made of linen. Some time later he  
remarked to a visitor at dinner, "I  
grew this tablecloth myself."  
"Did you really?" she exclaimed.  
"How did you manage it?"

It was plain that she had no idea  
of how tablecloths came into being, so  
the farmer lowered his voice mysteri-  
ously as he replied, "If you promise  
not to give the secret away, I'll tell  
you."

The guest promised.  
"Well," proceeded the farmer, "I  
planted a napkin."

First Matron—Yes, I'm thankful  
our Dorothy married a gentleman.

Second Ditto—How did you know  
he was a gentleman?

First Ditto—Cause the very first  
time he comes home I poured him  
out a cup o' tea and he didn't blow  
on it like an ordinary feller. Oh, no!  
He wafted it gently with his hat.

It is said that the invention of the  
Marconi loud speaker will improve  
the quality of "orations," by mak-  
ing it possible for a man with a weak  
voice to be heard better.

To the conservative ladies of Con-  
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