

The Concord Daily Tribune
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RAILROAD SCHEDULE
 In Effect June 28, 1925

Northbound
 No. 40 To New York 9:28 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. 42 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. 37 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.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Bible thoughts memorized will prove a precious heritage in after years.

A Much Needed Prayer:—Create in me a clean heart, God; and renew a right spirit within me. Psalm 51:10.

Prayer:—Come thyself, O Lord, into our hearts and then they will be continually renewed.

NO LOCARNO WITHOUT THE LEAGUE.

In the Locarno pacts the League of Nations or the Covenant of the League is referred to 42 times. In the Rhineland pact between Germany, France and Belgium, Great Britain and Italy, containing 10 articles, the League or the Covenant is mentioned 18 times. Commenting on the dependence on the League, the Springfield Republican says:

If Mr. Wilson were alive he could pertinently ask what makes these Locarno security pacts worth while; that is to say, what gives to these security pacts security. Obviously it is a very practical regional application, working through the guarantees offered especially by Great Britain and Italy in the west, of the principle embodied in Article 10 of the League Covenant. What was that celebrated article:

"The members of the League undertake to respect and preserve against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League. In case of any such aggression, or in case of any threat or danger of such aggression, the Council shall advise upon the means by which the obligation shall be fulfilled."

Article 10 was attacked in this country during the League debates because it contemplated the use of force as a last resort to keep the world's peace. The aggressor nation was to be collared and put down. That is precisely what is agreed to in the Locarno pacts within a limited area of Europe. Without it, no Locarno.

Friends of Woodrow Wilson attempted many times to get him to eliminate or change Article X but he would not do it. To the last he contended that "Article Ten is the heart of the covenant." And now we find, six years after peace was made possible by the signing of the treaties, his principle forms the basis for one of the strongest pacts drawn up between nations for the establishment of world peace.

FIFTY YEARS AS AN EDITOR.

For fifty years on a stretch Col. Wade H. Harris has been a newspaper editor in the Tar Heel State and it was no more than fitting that he should be the center of one of the most interesting and spontaneous gatherings ever held by members of the Fourth Estate in North Carolina. The twentieth banquet in Charlotte in honor of the editor of The Observer was attended by newspaper men from all sections of the State and in addition there were other men who by their labors have attained places of prominence in other careers. It was proper that many business enterprises be represented for while it is true that Col. Harris has devoted his talents to the editorial pages of newspapers it is no less true that his talents have played no little part in the progress along all lines that North Carolina has made.

Many kind things were said about

Mr. Harris in the course of the banquet; frequent were the remarks of commendation and praise which he so justly received. He has toiled faithfully for his profession and for the entire State and South as well, and at the conclusion of his fiftieth active year he has that satisfaction that comes with the knowledge that one has contributed much that is worthwhile to his fellowmen.

HITTING THE PROPER STRIDE AGAIN.

Cotton mills are hitting their proper stride again so far as orders are concerned, judging by activities in local textile plants. Every mill in the county is utilizing every possible operating hour, yet it is said that some of the mills have enough orders to warrant day and night shifts for six months.

The water shortage undoubtedly will prove a great blessing to the cotton mill industry. The market was rather unsettled when the drought made it necessary for the mills in this section of the country to operate on part-time schedules, but the market began to steady soon after the benefited program was started. The market had opportunity to sell off accumulated goods and this condition naturally brought about new orders.

It is certain that the mills will end 1925 with orders on hand and that they will begin 1926 with conditions looking better than they have in recent years. Dividend checks may not be so large at the end of the present year but they are almost sure to come from plants that during the latter part of 1924 and the first part of 1925 made but little money.

BENJAMIN DUKE GIVES \$50,000 TO MEREDITH

Five Hundred Shares of Duke Power Stock Goes to College's Endowment Fund, Nov. 16—Meredith College got \$50,000 from Benjamin N. Duke for endowment today.

The Baptist school for girls draws 500 shares of Duke power stock, the very thing desired by President Charles E. Brewer, who received direct from Mr. Duke the letter making the contribution to the college endowment. Meredith is preparing to move to the site three miles from Raleigh. Its new \$1,000,000 plant will need the \$50,000 and every Baptist hereabouts is congratulated on the gift.

Colonel Fred A. Olds, Raleigh News and Observer.

We talk, oftentimes, in good round phrase about community service, about unselfish devotion to this or that cause, and so frequently we lack the personification of these virtues. We prate of friendliness, of optimism, of usefulness without having in mind a living, breathing example.

It is altogether proper that the American Legion, when it sought to establish a Hall of Fame for Raleigh as a means of acknowledging service to the community and its people, should have selected Colonel Fred A. Olds as the first man to honor.

Honor to Colonel Olds is long overdue—unless you measure the universal esteem in which the indefatigable Colonel is held in North Carolina. In that case, his cup is full and running over. And we have no doubt that could Colonel Olds have the choice between the living, glowing appreciation in the hearts of those whom he has served and whose lives he has touched at some point through the years, and some tangible recognition of his service, he would choose the first of their entombment.

But is a happy thing that he may have both Raleigh and North Carolina now know that when a committee of judges representing the various civic organizations of the State's Capital searched out for one man to honor, when this committee canvassed the field for the one whose service was such that he should be selected first in the Raleigh Hall of Fame, this committee unanimously chose Colonel Olds.

If there has been anything spectacular in the work of Colonel Olds it has been in tireless devotion to a service in which there was no selfish reward and out of which there could be no hope of reward.

Colonel Olds has buried himself in his work. Other men have done that and the plaudits of the moment have glistened with gold. They have literally buried themselves under their riches.

Colonel Olds has buried himself in service. And when the final summons comes to him as it must come to all of us, he needs no more fitting memorial.

He is the embodiment of a friendliness that know no bounds, the living example of the optimism that "ignites dark ways," a man in whom unselfishness is, in truth, selflessness.

Woman Editor Bids Mercy for Her Successor.

Wyoming's only woman editor, Mrs. Carolyn Lockhart, publisher of the Cody Enterprise and author of several popular novels has sold her paper and retired from the newspaper game to devote her entire time to writing.

Announcement of the change in The Enterprise read in part: "With this issue, our great moral uplift sheet—The Cody Enterprise—becomes the property of V. H. Abramson who purchased the newspaper this week from the present owners. We had our play at it and feel that we must get down to work if we are to accomplish anything before we reach our dotage. . . . Publishing a country newspaper is much like taking care of a teething infant or a typhoid patient. It has its complications, and we have enjoyed it and it is with something of regret that we see our child become the property of another. . . . So, taking the office out in one hand, and S. A. Watkins' picture (Watkins is a Cody attorney)—in the other, we hand Vic the key and may God have mercy on his soul, Goodby."



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CHAPTER XXIX. (Continued)

Rouletta pressed her closer, murmuring: "Colonel Cavendish is a fine man—I'm sure he understands. You've undergone a dreadful ordeal, but—it's nearly over. He's sending for Laure now. She can tell a good deal, if she will."

"About the theft, yes. But what about the—murder? Joe McCaskey did it. There's no doubt about that. Henri weakened, after I gave him his chance. He got to drinking, I hear, and evidently he conceived the notion of telling those men. He may have gone to warn them, to appeal to them. I don't know. Then they must have quarreled. It's all clear enough when you understand. The inside facts, without knowing them, I was natural to suspect Pierce, so—I did what I had to do. I doubt if Laure knows anything about this part of the affair."

The two women were still talking when Laure entered, in company with the Mounted Police officer who had been sent to fetch her. At sight of them she halted; a sudden pallor came into her cheeks; she cast a glance of alarm about her as if seeking retreat; but Colonel Cavendish grimly invited her to follow him, and stepped into his private office. The new-comer faltered; then with a defiant toss of her head and with lips curled in disdain she obeyed; the door closed behind her.

Rouletta and the Countess Courteau fell silent now. They found nothing to talk about, and in spite of themselves they staved off the cars for some sound from the other room. Even Miss Cavendish seemed vaguely to feel the suspense, for she finally took her stand beside a frost-rimed window and engaged herself in tracing patterns thereon with the tip of her finger. An occasional stormy murmur of voices, deadened by the thick log partition, indicated that Laure and her inquisitor were not getting on well together.

Suddenly the girl at the window started; her attention was attracted by one of such lively anticipation as to draw the attention of the two other women. A magic change came over her; she became suddenly animated, alive, atingle in every nerve; her eyes sparkled and a new color flooded her cheeks. The alteration interested her observers; they were mystified as to its cause until a quick step sounded in the entry and the door opened to admit Pierce Phillips.

It was natural that he should first see Miss Cavendish, and that he should greet her before recognizing the other occupants of the room. It was natural, too, that he should be a trifle nonplussed at finding Hilda here; nevertheless, he managed to cover his lack of ease. Not so, however, when a moment later, the door to Colonel Cavendish's office opened and Laure of all persons, appeared therein. Quickly Pierce inferred the reason for his summons, but, happily for him, he was spared further embarrassment. Cavendish called to him, took him by the hand in the friendliest manner, and again disappeared into his retreat, drawing the young man with him.

Brief as had been the interruption, both Hilda and Rouletta had gathered much from it; their inference was borne out when Laure paused before them and in a voice subdued by the very force of her agitation exclaimed:

"Well, I hope you're satisfied! I got it, and got it good." Her face was livid, her dark eyes were blazing wrathfully. She thrust out a shaking hand and unclenched her fingers, displaying therein a crumpled sheet of pink paper, a printed official form, the title of which indicated its fateful character. Both of her hearers were familiar with the so-called "pink tickets" of the Mounted Police; every one in the Northwest Territory, in fact, knew what they were—deportation orders. But in a tone hoarse and suppressed Laure read, "—leave by the first safe conveyance! That's what it says—the first safe conveyance. I suppose you'd like it better if it were a blue ticket and I had to leave in twenty-four hours. You put it over, but I won't forget. I'll get even with you."

"We had nothing to do with that," the Countess declared, quietly. "I'm sorry you take it so hard, but—it serves you right."

"Who wouldn't take it hard? To be expelled, fired out like a thief, a—"

The girl's voice broke; then she pulled herself together and uttered a covering, artificial laugh. She tossed her head again, with an obvious attempt at defiance. "Oh, it takes more than a pink ticket to do me! Anyhow, I'm sick of this place, sick of the people, I hate them." With a vicious fling of her shoulders she went on to a seat as far from them as possible and sank into it.

So the girl had confessed, Hilda reflected. She was glad, for Pierce's sake, that this miserable complication was in process of clearing up and that he would be finally and completely exonerated; she was glad, too, that her efforts in his behalf, her humiliation, had borne fruit. He would never know how high he had made her pay, but that was all right. She felt very gently toward him at this moment, and experienced a certain wishful desire that he might understand how unselfish had been her part. It might make a difference, probably it would. Things now were not as they had been. She was a free woman. This thought outraged itself insistently into the midst of her meditations. Yes, Courteau was gone; there was no reason now why she could not look any man honestly in the eye. Of course, there was

the same disparity in years between her and Pierce which she had recognized from the beginning, but, after all, was that necessarily fatal? He had loved her genuinely enough at one time. Hilda recalled that windy night on the shores of Linderman when the whimper of a rising storm came out of the darkness, when the tree-tops tossed their branches to the sky, and when her own soul had broken its fetters and defied restraint. She thrilled at memory of those strong young arms about her, those hot lips pressing hers. That was a notion to remember always. And those dreamy, magic days that had followed, the more delightful the more unreal because she had deliberately drugged her conscience. Then that night at White Horse! He had told her bitterly, broken-heartedly, that he could never forget. Perhaps even yet—With an effort Hilda Courteau roused herself. Never forget? Why, he had forgotten the very next day, as was quite natural. No, she was a foolish sentimentalist, and he—well, he was just one whom fate had cast for a lover's role, one destined to excite affection in women, good and bad. Some day he would find his mate and—Hilda believed she loved him well enough to rejoice in his happiness when it came. There spoke the maternal instinct which Phillips had the knack of rousing; for want of something better, she determined she would cherish that.

Meanwhile Laure sat in her corner, her head bowed, her very soul in revolt. She was tasting failure, disappointment, harked desire, and it was like gall in her mouth. She could have cried out aloud in her rage. She hated these other women whom she blamed for her undoing; she hated Cavendish, Pierce Phillips, herself.

"I deserve the right," she told herself, furiously. "I deserve the pink ticket for making a fool of myself. Yes, a fool! What has Pierce ever done for me? Nothing. And I—?" Before her mind's eye came a vision of the opportunities she had let slip, the chances she had ignored. She knew full well that she could have had the pick of many men—the new-made millionaires of Dawson—but instead she had chosen him. And why? Merely because he had a way, a smile, a warm and pleasing personality—some magnetic appeal too intangible to identify. It was like her to make the wrong choice—she always did. She had come North, with but one desire, one determination—namely, to make money, to reap to the full her share of this free harvest. She had given up the life she liked, the people she knew, the comforts she craved for, that and for nothing else, and what a mess she had made of the venture! Other girls not half so smart, not half so pretty as she, had feathered their nests right here before her eyes, while she was wasting her time. They had kept their heads, and they would go out in the spring, first class, with 'ood clothes and a bank-roll in the pocket, and some of them were married and respectable. "Never again!" she whispered to herself. "The next one will pay!" Chagrin at the treatment she had suffered filled her with a poisonous hatred of all mankind, and soundlessly she cursed Phillips as the cause of her present plight.

Such thoughts as these ran tumbling through the girl's mind; her rage and her resentment were real enough; nevertheless, through this overtone there ran another note; a small voice was speaking in the midst of all her tumult—a small voice which she refused to listen to. "What I ever saw in him I don't know," she sneered, goading herself to further bitterness and stiffening her courage. "I never really cared for him; I'm too wise for that. I don't care for him now. I detest that simple-minded fool. I—hate him." So she fought with herself, drowning the persistent piping of that other voice. Then her eyes dropped to that fatal paper in her lap and suddenly venom fled from her. She wondered if Cavendish would tell Pierce that he had given her the pink ticket. Probably not. The Mounted Police were usually close-mouthed about such things, and yet—Laurie crushed the paper into a crumpled ball and furtively hid it in the pocket of her coat; then she raised wild, apprehensive eyes to the door. If only she dared slip out now, before Pierce reappeared, before he had a chance to see her. It seemed as if she could not bear to have him know, but—Cavendish had ordered her to wait. "My God!" the girl whispered. "I'll die, if he knows! I'll die, if he knows!" She began to tremble wretchedly and to wring her hands; she could not remove her gaze from the door.

This waiting-room at the Barracks had housed people of divers and many sorts during its brief history; it had harbored strained faces, it had been the scene of strong emotional conflicts, but never, perhaps, had its narrow walls encompassed emotions in wider contrast than those experienced by the four girls now. One object of interest dominated the thoughts of each of them. These thoughts were similar in nature and sprang from the same starting-point. Curiously enough, however, they took channels as wide apart as the poles.

Josephine Cavendish had heard just enough about the incidents of the previous night, to awaken her apprehensions and to stir her feeling of loyalty to the depths. The suggestion that Pierce Phillips was in the slightest degree responsible for the death of Count Courteau had roused her indignation and her fight-

ing-blood. Unable to endure the suspense of idle waiting, she had sought relief by assuming a sort of sentinel post where she could watch developments. It was something to be close to his affairs. It was next to being close to him; hence the reason of her presence and her insistence upon remaining.

In her mind there had never been the slightest question of Pierce's innocence; any doubt of it, expressed or implied, awoke in her a sharp and bitter antagonism quite remarkable; no bird could have flown quicker to the aid of her chick, no wolf mother could have bristled more ferociously at threat to her cub, than did this serene, inexperienced girl-woman at hint of peril to Pierce Phillips. And yet, on the surface, at least, she and Pierce were only friends. He had never voiced a word of love to her. But—of what use are words when hearts are full and when confession lurks in every glance, every gesture; when every commonplace is thrilling and significant?

In her eyes no disgrace whatever attached to him as a result of the notoriety he had suffered. On the contrary, she considered him a martyr, a hero, the object of a deep conspiracy, and his wrongs smarted her. He was, in short, a romantic figure. Moreover, she had recently begun to believe that this entire situation was contrived purely for the purpose of bringing them together, of acquainting them with each other, and of testing the strength of their mutual regard. These other women, whom she saw to-day for the first time, she considered merely extra figures in the drama of which she and Pierce played the leads—witnesses in the case deserving no attention. She would be grateful to them, of course, if they succeeded in helping him; but, at best, they were minor characters, supers in the cast.

Once Pierce strode into the scene she forgot them entirely.

Once Pierce himself strode into the scene, she forgot them entirely.

What a picture her lover made, she reflected; how he filled her eye! What importance, he possessed! Surely the world must see and feel how dominant, how splendid he was. It must recognize how impossible it would be for him to do wrong. The mere sight of him had set her to vibrating, and now inspired in her a certain reckless abandon; guilty or innocent, he was her mate and she would have followed him at a word.

But—he was innocent; it was her part to wait here as patiently as she could until the fact was proved and until he could ask that question which forever trembled between them.

Such thoughts as these were impossible to conceal; they were mirrored upon the face of the colonel's daughter as she stood gazing at the door through which Pierce Phillips had disappeared. Her lips were parted; the shadow of the man who was coming had not yet lingered upon them; her soul was in her shining eyes. Unknown to her, at least one of the other women present had read her sudden emotions and now watched her curiously, with an intent and growing astonishment.

Rouletta Kirby had been as quick as the Countess to correctly interpret Laure's chagrin, and she, too, had experienced a tremendous relief. Oddly enough, however, she had felt no such fierce and jealous exultation as she had anticipated; there had been no selfish thrill such as she had expected. What ailed her? She wondered. While groping for an answer, her attention had been challenged by the expression upon Miss Cavendish's face, and vaguely she began to comprehend the truth. Breathlessly now she watched the girl; slowly conviction grew into certainty.

So! That was why the colonel's daughter was here. That was why, at sound of a certain step, she had become glorified. That was why Pierce had been blind to her own and Hilda's presence in the room.

Rouletta was not shocked by this discovery. It came like a thunder-clap, and it very unceremoniously jolted her mind out of the ruts it had been following these many days. But, astonishing to relate, it caused her no anguish. After the first moment or two of dizzy bewilderment had passed she found that her whole being was galvanized into new life and that the eyes of her soul were opened to a new light.



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(To be continued)

DINNER STORIES

"Guess my girl in college has changed her mind about basketball. She is evidently going in for something more useful."

"How so?"

"Now she writes that she has made the scrub team."

Green Stuff.

G'ads: "Heavens! Here's father coming!"

Cecil: "Well, it's all right. He can't eat me."

Glady's: "He may do it when he sees what you're like—he's a vegetarian."

A salesman called upon a grocer and at the same time a poor woman entered soliciting alms. The grocer, wishing to play a joke on the salesman, told the woman to "ask the boss," at the same time pointing to the other man.

The salesman, turning to the grocer who was smaller than he, said: "Boy, give this poor old woman a dollar out of the till."

The grocer paid.

Newwed—I insured my life for \$10,000 today, dear, so if anything happens to me, you'll be well provided for.

His Bride—Oh, how nice! Now you won't have to see the doctor about your cough.

Phone—Hello, Central! I want Blank 5407—and say, get it quick, like they do in the movies.

Mother—Carlos, what in the world are you doing to your father?

Carlos—I'm painting a spider web on his head so the flies will keep away.

"Still a bachelor?"

"Yes."

"Necessity or choice?"

"Both. My necessity, her choice."

Battered Motorist (waking up)—Where am I? Where am I?

Nurse—This is number 116.

Motorist—Room or cell?

At school a little girl was asked the number of her house.

"Please, I don't know!" she said.

"Tut, tut," said the teacher. "Bring it tomorrow, will you?"

Next day came, and the teacher asked her, and she had the number of her house.

"Please no," said the little girl. "It's fixed on so tightly I could not get it off."

Teacher—If I said, "I'm beautiful, what tense would that be?"

Pupil—Past tense.

The finest imported Flower Bulbs,

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ECZEMA

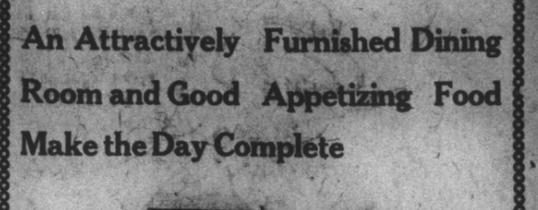
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A very distinct personality is possessed by a charming new suite that is similar to the above illustration in walnut. It is a correct and harmonious reproduction of the Chippendale type, unusually well built and imposing for the price that is upon it. We can sell cheaper.

Come in and look our line over. We own our own building, no rent to pay.

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