

SUGAR TRUST MAKES SLAVES OF ISLANDERS

Congressman Tavenner Says Investigation Shows Hawaii Land of Oppression and Misery.

MISERABLE WAGES ARE PAID BY THIS GREAT CONCERN

Immense Profits Are Secured and Congress Is Asked to Continue Collecting From People.

By Clyde H. Tavenner. Washington, June 21.—A land of oppression, misery and sorrow—that is the picture drawn of the Hawaiian sugar plantations by testimony brought out by the senate lobby investigation. The very crowd of men whose legislative activities in Washington brought forth the recent lobby accusation from President Wilson, are the representatives of rich planters whose cruel exploitation of their wage slaves has no counterpart under the Stars and Stripes. These sugar growers, earning profits of 0 to 90 per cent and asking for the continuance of a tax of over \$100,000, 000 annually on the American people that they may continue to reap their golden rewards, are coming before congress in the name of "protection against the pauper labor of Europe," all the while they maintain a labor standard that is a blot on American civilization.

So terrible are working conditions in Hawaii that European and Asiatic laborers, deceived into coming to the island, literally starve themselves in order to save up passage money for San Francisco and escape the trap into which they have been inveigled. A horde of these pauper laborers are beginning to arrive in California, in their extremely willing to work for any price, thus depressing wages of Americans on the Pacific coast.

Incidentally, Senator Reed, of Missouri, a member of the lobby committee, showed that a report exposing this condition was written by Daniel F. Keefe, commissioner of immigration, who went to Hawaii at the request of Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, to study the industrial conditions. The report, however, was never published. It was suppressed by the Taft administration. The bureau of labor sent a man to Hawaii to get out another report on labor conditions. This report flattered the planters and was published.

The government investigator who wrote the whitewashed report was shortly thereafter given a good job with the Hawaiian territorial government, while Secretary Nagel later busied himself preparing charges looking to the removal of Keefe.

Miserable Existence. Senator Reed, however, resurrected the suppressed report and brought it before the lobby committee. The planters have been proudly proclaiming the fact that no peonage exists in Hawaii. After reading the report I am convinced it would be better for the wretched plantation and sugar mill laborers if they were peons or actual slaves. They would be better treated by their owners.

Wages run from \$8 per month (for children) up to \$26 (for white adult men). Hours are 10 and 12 a day. The employes live in miserable shacks provided by the companies. The men buy food from company stores where prices range from 10 to 70 per cent higher than average food prices in New York, Washington, Chicago and San Francisco. The food is sold to the plantation stores by Honolulu wholesale houses owned for the most part by the plantation owners.

Doctors employed by the companies have gone to visit sick laborers 24 to 48 hours after being called, some times only to find corpses instead of patients. Laborers are called insulting names and treated like dogs by field bosses. "In a desperate effort to keep down the wage rate of all employes," the planters are spending huge sums importing Philippines for laborers. These workmen are the dregs of the Philippine population, gathered from jails and almshouses, the very young and the very old, weak and racked with disease.

The imported laborer, arriving penniless, is held in actual subjugation, unable to escape from the island, except harder individuals, who can endure starvation while saving passage money. But the rich owners have devised a crafty "homestead" system, whereby in exchange for an acre of land received after six years' occupancy the homesteader virtually binds himself to labor for life on the plantation.

Silence the Knockers. Under the above caption the Oregonian Monday puts the knife deeply into the American habit of advertising her short-comings and adding to them to their own hurt, the Oregonian says. The American people have acquired a habit of late years of searching the National conscience and making open confession of their sins before the whole world. This is a characteristic of the morbidly religious which it is not well for us to carry to an extreme

in public discussion of our affairs. We can find the weak spots in our public and business affairs and can strengthen them without continually harping upon the subject and creating the impression among other nations that our whole political and business system is rotten to the core. When we look back to the opening of the Twentieth century and make comparison, we can perceive abundant evidence that we are cutting out the rottenness and building up new and healthy tissue in the National body. We have made great progress in placing party organization and the government under direct control of the people without intervention of bosses and are continuing progress along the same line. We have established a much higher standard of public service than formerly prevailed. We have brought the railroads under public control, which they now welcome as a buffer between them and their patrons. We have made great progress in breaking up monopoly, so great that many illegal combinations are no longer attacked in the courts than they voluntarily comply with the government's demands. We are continuing this work of restoring competition and have compelled big business to assume a very different attitude towards government. It no longer controls, dictates and threatens. The tie between it and the governing power has been weakened, if not broken, and it is on the defensive. We have not yet actually put some of our trust magnates in jail, but some of them are under sentence and few can feel assured that, if after a few more years of law enforcement, any remain blind to the signs of the times, imprisonment of a recalcitrant monopolist will become as much a matter of course as that of a bank wrecker.

But many of our people have harped so continually on the sins of our politicians and big business men that they have created the impression in the world at large that almost all our public men are corrupt and that all our big business men are rascals. These muckrakers and callers-down of woe upon the Nation have blackened our reputation in the eyes of the world. The effect has been that all American investments are teeming to be looked on with suspicion and the price of all our securities is depreciated because some are much watered. The good are made to suffer for the bad because of our own neglect to discriminate.

Our disposition to frown our own nest has become so confirmed that, when Great Britain accuses us of violating the Panama canal treaty, certain selfish interests which are injured by the canal law find ready support among the people of sensitive conscience when they take up the plea. It is calmly assumed by Americans that our own government, deliberately or negligently passed a law in violation of a treaty and that no honorable course is open to us except to confess our sin and repeal the law. There is the same disposition to accept as true the charge of Japanese jingoism that the California land law violates treaties. There is a general disposition among the agitators against toll exemption and the war alarmists to take it for granted that in any foreign controversy their own nation is always wrong and the other nation is always right.

Other nations do not act thus. There has been no greater financial scandal in recent times than the French Panama canal swindle, but the French cut out the rotten spot and stopped there. They did not by a general, long-continued and indiscriminate campaign give the world to understand that all French securities were equally bad. Nor did the English when Argentine speculation wrecked the Baring Bros' bank or when rubber speculation caused many to lose millions. They told the facts, repaired the wrong, left the reputation of securities in general unimpaired and continued business, saying no more about the scandal. When their government is engaged in foreign controversy, they stand by it as a man stands by his own family.

It is about time Americans changed their tune. The "knockers" should be silenced. By all means let us expose and punish the rascals; but do not let us confound the honest with them, nor meekly admit our government to have been in the wrong whenever another nation calls its acts in question.

Worse Than the Lobby. The investigation of the lobby at Washington has revealed something worse than a lobby. It has shown that there are members of the United States senate who are financially interested in the pending tariff bill. It has shown that they intend to speak and vote upon the subject.

Whatever else may be said against a lobbyist, he cannot be accused of betraying a public trust. He does not promote the greed of individuals who profess to serve the people. He is precisely what he appears to be, an agent of self-seekers, and those whom he addresses secretly or openly may accept his arguments or reject them, as they please.

A senator who has a pecuniary stake in the legislation that he is forwarding is like a judge who should try a case involving his own fame or fortune. He is like a juror who should assume to pass upon the guilt or innocence of a relative or partner. He is like an arbitrator or a referee who should undertake the adjustment of a controversy to which he was a party.

THE MARRIED SWEETHEART

BY DOROTHY DIX.

A young girl writes me that she is very much in love with a married man, who tells her that he is devoted to her, but that he does not intend to divorce his wife in order to marry her. She says that she has lost all interest in her young companions and is very unhappy and she doesn't know what to do, and that she will take my advice as to whether to give her married sweetheart up or not.

I am afraid that it is too good to be true that this poor, silly child will be guided by my counsel in this matter, but in case it should be possible that any word of mine could influence her or any other girl in such a dilemma, I urge her with all the earnestness that I can possibly command to break with the man before another hour rolls over her head.

Time and again have I written on this subject, trying to make girls realize not only how wrong, but how foolish they were to waste their youth, their sweetness, their chance in life in love affairs with married men. Again and again have I pointed out to them what a sorry bargain it is when a girl gives all and gets nothing in return.

I ask this girl who writes me to sit down and to calmly figure out her case. On one side of the page let her write down Morality, A Clear Conscience, A Good Name, Self Respect, The Respect of Friends and Neighbors, Duty to One's Family, Husband, Home, Children. These are things that she forfeits if she continues her affair with the married man.

She may not think much of Morality but a gnawing Conscience is a bad companion to have with you night and day, and what about Self Respect, and the Respect of One's Circle of Acquaintances, and the black mortification of knowing that one has brought dishonor on one's name? Do you believe that the love of any man on earth ever pays a girl for knowing that her family is ashamed of her, or that any dagger could pierce a soul with such agony as seeing other women draw their skirts away from her? And do you think that any worthy young man, the sort of a young man you would like to marry, would care to marry a girl whose name had been banded about as the former sweetheart of some married man?

Morality, A Clear Conscience, A Good Name, Self Respect, The Respect of Friends and Neighbors, Duty to One's Family, Husband, Home, Children—these are pretty good things for a woman to have, little sister. You throw them over the windmill if you continue your love affair with a married man. What are you going to write on the other side of the ledger?

Scandal! Oh, yes you are. Don't think you can keep it hidden and secret. Such things always come out. Don't think people won't talk about you. Gossip has a thousand tongues, and not one of them will spare you. The first time a girl goes to dinner in a cafe with a married man, she leaves her good name behind her. That's the price you will pay for your married sweetheart's attention. That's the price every woman pays, and she pays it in tears and sorrow. Have nothing to do with any married man who makes love to you. Such romances are the toboggan slide to perdition. Beware of them.

BONDS GLUT MARKET ACCORDING TO FIGURES.

Present condition of the general bond market is discussed by the New York Sun. Figures are given proving that the market is saturated with no hope for better prices until conditions improve by absorption of present issues. Various causes contribute to low bond prices but chief among them is the fact that cities, railroads, industrial concerns and governments have flooded the market with issues that find no buyers.

The Sun says that available supplies of capital are insufficient to provide for all the financing and borrowing. As a result financial centers are suffering from a credit strain of worldwide application. Railroads, unable to sell bonds upon a satisfactory income basis, have resorted to short-term loans, constituting obligations which must be refunded or paid later on, and these short-term loans may become due before capital has emerged from the flood of securities now drowning it.

State, county and city bonds are backed by the taxing power. That backing makes them gilt-edged investments, and yet in March municipal bond issues which failed of sale exceeded by \$3,000,000 the amount of issues sold. Many municipal bonds failed to sell in April and May. Many issues were withdrawn entirely and re-advertised at higher interest rates to tempt buyers. Many of the unsalable bonds were among the best in the United States. The aggregate of unsold municipal bonds for the last three months is said to approximate \$100,000,000.

New York 4 per cent state bonds, always regarded as gilt-edged, have not found a ready market. Today New York is negotiating \$27,000,000 short-term notes paying 5 per cent interest.

The 4 per cent bonds are unsalable except at heavy discount, and New York is adopting the short-term note device of railroads rather than rob the future by selling long-time bonds at a sacrifice. New York City was fortunate in selling \$45,000,000 4 1/2 per cent bonds, in spite of the fact that the interest rate was the highest and the price the lowest in many years.

In 1901 the great majority of American municipal bonds found a ready market, and the interest rate ran from 3 to 3 1/2 per cent. Sixty per cent of the aggregate sold in 1912 bore 4 1/2 per cent or higher interest. To tempt buyers rates must be made attractive and these high rates react on outstanding issues which are forced down in price. The financial world is feeling a credit strain that must be removed before prices and rates improve for the borrowers.

President's Duty in Legislation.

(Springfield Republican.) The charge by the Michigan senator that the president of the United States comes nearer being a lobbyist than any one he knows is likely to be quickly forgotten. It is a charge that cannot be sustained without indicting the American people for electing presidents, the party system for making the president the leader of his party in congress and even the constitution of the United States for giving the president the power to write messages, address congress in person and veto legislation. For all these things combine to force the president to be "a person whose business it is to promote or prevent legislation"—which is Senator Townsend's very broad and vague definition of a lobbyist. A president of the United States who didn't promote or prevent legislation would be a fit subject for a glass case.

Those Shocking Princetonians.

(Chicago Record Herald.) "Of the 300 young men who will be graduated from Princeton next month, nearly one-half smoke tobacco and more than one-half correspond with girls and admit they have kissed girls other than their sisters. One student corresponds with 16 young ladies, and most of them correspond with two or three. They need Billy Sunday at Princeton."—Wheeling Register.

What a shocking revelation of moral depravity and general cussedness! The muckrakers have muckraked the colleges, but their job has not been thoroughly done, it appears. No Boanerges having risen in the pulpit to fulminate against the excesses of these abandoned youths, it was the plain duty of the Wheeling editor to do so.

SEARCH BEING MADE FOR BOLD SPANGLER MISCREANTS.

(UNITED PRESS LEASED WIRE.) Spokane, Wash., June 21.—Search is being made in the territory around Spangle today for an unidentified Indian and white man who last night bound Emil Frasse hand and foot in his ranch house, overpowered his 80-year-old mother and then took Frasse's young sister into an adjoining room, evidently intending to do her harm. Only by the chance visit of a neighbor, John Neisen, was the program disturbed. The two men fled at Nielson, who jumped through a window and escaped giving the alarm. The intruders then fled, taking a rifle and little money. The girl was unhurt.

The Indian and white man, on their representation that they were traveling through the country, had been guests at Frasse's table a short time before the attack.

Need of Jewish University.

(UNITED PRESS LEASED WIRE.) Cincinnati, O., June 21.—The need of a Jewish university in Palestine was the most important question which came up today before the opening session of the sixteenth annual convention of the Federation of Zionists which opened this morning. This year's convention is considered the most important ever held by the Zionists because of the number of vital topics to be considered. Among these is the matter of demanding that the United States compel a more lenient attitude by Russian government officials toward the persecuted Jews of that country. It was argued today that the establishment of a Jewish university at Palestine will give to the young Jews of Russia, who are barred from universities there because of their religion and nationality, a place to educate themselves. The recent visit of Nahum Sokalan in this country was declared to have greatly strengthened the Zionist movement in America.

Noted Men at Picnic.

(UNITED PRESS LEASED WIRE.) Chicago, Ill., June 21.—With Meredith Nicholson, famous writer, heading the parade as drum-major, the Indiana Society of Chicago, held a picnic, barbecue and parade today at Cedar Lake, Ind. A "movie man" was there to preserve the antics and costumes of Indiana's famous literary men and artists, including John T. McArthur, Wilbur D. Nesbit, Alexander Banks, E. J. Buffington and Joseph H. DeForest.

A Chance.

The society for the prevention of useless noises might make a start by reducing the number of cheers from three to one.

We don't hear so much about tramps as we did a few years ago. Are they disappearing?

The Manicure Lady

"George," said the Manicure Lady, "I ain't felt so romantic as I have this forenoon for a long time. I don't suppose barbers ever feels very tender like and pensive except when some Joe with a hard beard gets shaved twice over and gives them no tip. But it is different with me, George. You wouldn't believe it, would you, if I told you I can hear robins whistling for rain and doves cooing for their mates even if I am sitting at a manicure table right down here in the heart of the Tenderloin. The way I feel this morning there is a golden haze around the sun and purple edges to all them clouds that floats fleecy-like overhead."

"What's all this about?" the head barber wanted to know. "It must be romance or hop. I never heard you get gushy before. You look kinda pale, too, Kiddo. You had better try going to bed early and getting up early for a week, and eat plenty of celery to keep your nerves good."

"Well, George, I might as well tell you that I do feel kinder romantic this forenoon, the first time since that fellow over in Flatbush proposed to me and shattered love's dream by copping one of sister Mame's rings off from the dresser and never returning to our humble abode. That was years ago, George, and just as the scar was healing over, here I go and get sentimental again."

"What is it this time?" asked the Head Barber. "It ain't no fellow," answered the Manicure Lady. "It's a book that I was reading last night. Brother Wilfred was reading it down at the public library and when nobody was looking he stuck it under his coat and mooched home with it. It was worth the risk, George. It's one of the grandest books I have ever saw. The name of it is 'Famous Loves of History.' It tells all about Napoleon and Josephine and about a young fellow named Paris that fell in love with a girl named Helen that used to live in Troy, N. Y., and it tells about Mr. Anthony and Cleopatra and how Mr. Anthony lost the Roman Empire by staying in Egypt so long that his wife had to go to Reno or some place like that to get a divorce."

"I never was much on those romances," said the Head Barber. "The way butter and eggs is selling now, it takes all the mental arithmetic to keep Mary and the children. When you got to live four flights up without no elevator and get most of your eatables at a delicatessen store, love's young dream gets kinda frazzled around the edges."

"But just the same," insisted the Manicure Lady, "I think that a girl or a gent can forget their surroundings when they set down with the book like that 'Famous Loves' book. Gee, George, when I was reading about that brave young Paris stealing a king's wife away and taking her up-state to Troy, it made me wish that some fellow would come down from the Adirondacks and kidnap me away from my father's roof. Of course it would hurt the old gent a lot, because with my earning capacity, I am the only pillar up home on which they lean on. The old gent wouldn't care if somebody came along and kidnaped brother Wilfred, because the poor boy is as far from a job as he has ever been in all his bright young career. It was only last night he nicked father's bank roll for a case note, the last one he will get for some time, as the old gent has sworn off getting mellow."

"I don't see anything very romantic about stealing the king's wife or any other man's wife," said the Head Barber. "Don't you?" said the Manicure Lady. "Gee, I think it must have been simply grand to have lived in them days and to have been stole by some guy with a little nerve like that Paris fellow. And the book told about Romeo and Juliet."

"I was thinking, George, that if I could have a handsome young fellow like Rombo put a ladder up against our front porch and whisper words of love to me I would accept his proposal of marriage and beat it down the ladder with him quick before the porch broke. "Napoleon and Josephine had an awful sweet love, so the book says. The story tells how much that great general loved his queen and how much she loved him until things commenced breaking bad for him and he lost out in that awful retreat from Waterloo and the battle of Bunker Hill, or whatever was the name of that fight he lost to Duke Wellington and his German soldiers. There ain't no love like that no more, George. When a young fellow wants to get married nowadays he starts saving up until he has money enough to buy a house and let up in the Bronx, and when he proposes and gets turned down he takes the money and loses it playing roulette. There ain't even such love as our fathers and mothers used to have."

"Every once in a while when the old gent comes home from lodge with his feet well apart and a kinda balmy look on his map I can hear him reminding mother of how they used to walk along them lilac bordered lanes, plighting their troth over and over again. Nobody plights no troth nowadays, George, until the young girl's folks has got a report on the young gent from Dun's and Bradstreet's."

"The more I think about them beautiful old romances which can never be no more, the more I wish I had lived then instead of now."

"If you're going to keep on harping the way you started out this morning," said the Head Barber, "it wouldn't hurt my feelings if you had lived then instead of now, just so I didn't have to live then, too, and be in the same shop with you. Here comes the nervous customer that never likes to hear women talk. Humor him, kid humor him."

"Why, we go to a moving picture show," explained the Steady Customer. "We find that gazing at stirring Western scenes or reckless deeds of daring takes our minds off the violent efforts of our stomachs that are protesting against the sinners that you hand us in here."

"Hm-m," sniffed the Head Waitress. "I can't see how you can go to such places." "Well, to be truthful," said the steady customer. "I like to go there because it's all dark and I can close my eyes and think of your sweet faces."

"Some time you'll close your eyes in the dark," said the Head Waitress, "and when you wake up you won't be able to see your watch any more, you poor simp."

"What does she call them?" asked the Steady Customer. "Fellers," said the Head Waitress, "and that's proper, too. You wouldn't

KIND OF BATHING SUIT TO BE WORN

Margaret Mason Describes What Constitutes Real Swell Garments for Summer at Shore.

BLACK SUIT CONTINUES TO BE FAVORITE WITH MANY.

Bathing Turbans This Season Run Gamut of Vivid Brilliance and Will Set off Ocean Well.

By Margaret Mason. When the chic bathing girl, with a waterproof curl and a costume that's strictly marine. Trips in for a lave, with her hair in a wave. She goes out to sea and be seen.

[UNITED PRESS LEASED WIRE.]

New York, June 21.—If you want to be an ocean swell, a bathing suit that is nautical but nice is most appropriately built of sea blue moire. This watered silk lends itself with charming aptitude to a dip in the briny. With a sailor collar of white moire, a slightly bloused waist and short sleeves cuffed in the white the distinctive feature of this little bathing suit is its pleated skirt. For a too slender figure, whose angularity is often over-exposed at the shore, this pleated skirt model is an ample disguise. Another smart moire bath frock is of cool, slate gray, its monotone being relieved by a wide sash and collar of old blue silk polka dotted in cerise.

The bathing cap to match is shaped like a Quaker coif with a turn back cuff of the polka dotted trimming framing the face. Satin bathing sandals and hose of gray complete an outfit to lure old Neptune from the depths. For a buxum bather a blue and green striped taffeta bathing suit with jade disks stright from the V-shaped throat to the knee-length hem gives a good long line. A little collar of filet lace outlines the neck and the sleeves are long, proclaiming the triumph of "style" over comfort.

Satin, messaline, poplin, taffeta, mohair, aubergin and moire silk are all popular materials for the bathing suit a la mode. Now the craze for silk crepe has even broken into the water. Perfectly stunning costumes for the surf are constructed of this clinging fabric. One of a soft raising shade is made with a Russian blouse and a collar, cuffs and wide belt of glowing Bulgarian embroidery.

The black bathing suit is a perennial favorite. Lined with touches of white it is always smart. A model that turns its wearer into a veritable silhouette is of black tussor with a tiny vest and Byronic collar of white bengaline. An original black poplin is cut with a bolero with the front of black and white plaid taffeta and the collar, cuffs and girdle checked up the same.

Though the bathing suits refrain from a too pronounced riot of color, the bathing turbans this season run the gamut of vivid brilliancy. Cunning all rubber caps come in every bright hue and shape and the silk covered ones are polka dotted and treated with cubist dyes and designs. Old ocean's heaving bosom will seem to be sporting a bouquet of hot-house blooms when these giddy, bright caps top the white caps. While most of the cap modes conform to the regulation Dutch cap, tan and turban shapes, there is for the modern mermaid a new small brimmed hat of waterproof silk stitched like the little silk and linen hats for dry land sports. It is banded in a scarf of Futurist tendency.

"Petty the bells of the bathers" in lieu of going in for her trophy belt of scalps this season sports buttons on her bathing suit instead. Her divers avatars are called upon for a pearl button each engraved with the respective monogram of the donor. Thus she is enabled to keep her affections and her bathing suit well buttoned all at the same time. What a record of shattered hearts to find their way eventually into the button bag of discard.

It seems indeed a pity that the French custom of oathing sans skirt should be taboo over here. The supple jersey and trunks of the Parisian mermaid are much more chic and sensible for disporting in the waves than all the excess of fashion the American water nymph piles on. Rather the American bather robes herself for a sand and sun bath than an aquatic one. Too often her fetching attire will bear no closer proximity to the wet than a stroll along the sand. 'Tis a sad fact that most of the smartest bathing suits will not bear bathing at all.

A dip in the brine is all very fine. In a bathing suit built for immersion. But one's more a peach. All dry on the beach. If one's toes shrink from waves with aversion. Matchmakers never set the world on fire.

The Head Waitress

By HANK.

"I'm sure gettin to be some popular with all the advertising you're giving me," said the Head Waitress to the Steady Customer in the Cafe d'Eu-fant.

"Yes," he replied, "a newspaper man, Louise, is a good friend to have. I am glad you appreciate that fact."

"I don't know whether I do or not," replied the Head Waitress. "I'd like to know what your object is. There ain't nobody nowadays that does anything without an object. Every kindly word has its sting in these parlor times."

"Parlor times," corrected the Steady Customer. "If you knew what I meant you didn't have to correct me," snapped the Head Waitress. "You newspaper guys are always showing off. And let me tell you something, Marie, the cashier, is gettin' sore at you. You had her in the paper saying 'bloke' the other day. She don't call no guy a bloke. She comes from Indiana, where they don't use them kind of expressions."

"What does she call them?" asked the Steady Customer. "Fellers," said the Head Waitress, "and that's proper, too. You wouldn't

WILLIE RITCHIE PEEVED BY EX-MANAGER'S REMARKS [UNITED PRESS LEASED WIRE.] San Francisco, June 21.—"Just one more word from Nolan, and I'll tell the real cause of our trouble," said Willie Ritchie here, in discussing his break with his former manager, and Nolan's alleged refrigence to him since that time as an "infrigate."

Guaranteed Eczema Remedy.

The constant itching, burning, redness, rash and disagreeable effects of eczema, tetter, salt rheum, itch, piles and irritating skin eruptions can be readily cured and the skin made clear and smooth with Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment. Mr. J. C. Eysland, of Bath, Ill., says: "I had eczema twenty-five and had tried everything. All failed. When I found Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment I found a cure." This ointment is the formula of a physician and has been in use for years—not an experiment. That is why we can guarantee it. All druggists, or by mail, Price 50c. Pfeiffer Chemical Co., Philadelphia, and St. Louis. J. C. Perry.