

The Concord Daily Tribune

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RAILROAD SCHEDULE In Effect April 26, 1925. Table with columns for Northbound and Southbound routes, including No. 40 to New York, No. 36 to Washington, etc.

Oil Plotters Indicted Again. With "unexpected swiftness," to quote from a Washington dispatch to a New York paper, a special grand jury in Washington re-indicted former Secretary of Interior Albert B. Fall, Harry F. Sinclair and Edward L. Doheny, the indictment charging conspiracy to defraud the government.

Don't Place Entire Trust in the Cotton Crop. The present unseasonable weather should be a warning to Union county farmers not to place their entire trust upon a cotton crop.

Believe It or Not. Mrs. Nora Gravghan, of Washington, lost her pocketbook in a public building in that city. It had \$15 in it. She notified the police. Several hours later it was found in the vicinity where it was said to have disappeared.

THE KINDERGARTEN. A number of children in Concord have been benefited during the past year by the kindergarten which is conducted under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A.

AN IMPOSSIBLE CONDITION. Senator Borah does not think the United States should enter a world court un-

til there is an "established body of international law under which to operate." That creates an impossible condition, of course. The Senator wants the court created but he doesn't want anybody to create it.

Mr. Hughes has always taken a position looking to world peace, but the pity is that he and men with similar views should be forced to bow to the decision of such men as Senator Borah, Senator Johnson and Senator LaFollette.

Got His Fill of Mobs. Robert May, who goes everywhere and sees everything he looks at, said he got his fill of mobs while down at Dallas, Texas, at the Confederate Veterans' reunion, last week.

Very Useful. "We had a monkey for a pet, but papa gave him away, and I'm awfully sorry," said Jimmy to his friend.

Change Not Apparent. He was holding forth from the summit of a soapbox. "These pills, ladies and gentlemen," he shouted, "are one of the wonders of the world! They are absolutely marvelous."

Good As New. During his vacation a lawyer met an old friend in the village and their conversation drifted to a discussion of the natives.

Who Spilt the Beans? Sister's bean was taking supper with the family, and Johnny was enthusiastically telling him about a soldier friend who had called on his sister several days since.

Going Home. "Pawson," said Aunt Caroline ferociously, "Ain't just like to kill dat low-down dushan ob mine."

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DINNER STORIES

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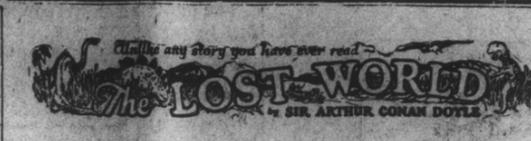
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Published by arrangement with First National Pictures, Inc., and Waterson R. Rothacker.

Malone, a London newspaper reporter, rejected by the girl he loves because he has no heroic deeds to his credit, appeals to his editor for a dangerous assignment, and is sent to interview the irascible Professor Challenger, who has recently returned from an expedition to South America with an amazing story, which no one believes, of the existence on a great plateau there of many forms of prehistoric life.

That night, wearied as I was after the wonderful happenings of the day, I sat late with McArdie, the news editor, explaining to him the whole situation, which he thought important enough to bring next morning before the notice of Sir George Beaumont, the chief. It was agreed that I should write home full accounts of my adventures in the shape of successive letters to McArdie, and that these should either be edited for the Gazette as they arrived, or held back to be published later, according to the wishes of Professor Challenger, since we could not yet know what conditions he might attach to those directions which should guide us to the unknown land.

CHAPTER VI (Continued) "By the way," he continued, coming back to his chair, "what do you know of this Professor Challenger?"

"I never saw him till today," "Well, neither did I. It's funny we should both sail under sealed orders from a man we don't know. He seemed an uppish old bird, his brothers of science don't seem too fond of him, either. How came you to take an interest in the affair?"

"I told him shortly my experiences of the morning, and he listened intently. Then he drew out a map of South America and laid it on the table. "I believe every single word he said to you was the truth," said he, earnestly, "and, mind you, I have something to go on when I speak like that. South America is a piece I love, and I think, if you take it right through from Darien to Fuego, it's the grandest, richest, most wonderful bit of earth upon this planet. People don't know it yet, and don't realize what it may become. I've been up and down it from end to end, and had two dry seasons in those very parts, as I told you when I spoke of the war I made on the slave-dealers. Well, when I was up there I heard some yarns of the same kind—traditions of Indians and the like, but with something behind them, no doubt. The more you know of that country, young fellow, the more you would understand that anything was possible—anything! There are just some narrow waterlanes along which folk travel, and outside that it is all darkness. Now, down here in the Matto Grande—he swept his cigar over a part of the map—"or up in this corner where three countries meet, nothin' would surprise me. As that chap said to-night, there are fifty-thousand miles of water-way runnin' through a forest that is very near the size of Europe. You and I could be as far away from each other as Scotland is from Constantinople, and yet each of us be in the same great Brazilian forest. Man has just made a track here and a scrape there in the maze. Why, the river rises and falls the best part of forty feet, and half the country is a morass that you can't pass over. Why shouldn't something new and wonderful lie in such a country? And why shouldn't we be the men to find it out? Besides," he added, his queer, gaunt face shining with delight, "there's a sportin' risk in every mile of it. I'm like an old golf-ball—I've had all the white paint knocked off me long ago. Life can whack me about now, and it can't leave a mark. But a sportin' risk, young fellow, that's the salt of existence. Then it's worth livin' again. We're all gettin' a deal too soft and dull and comfy. Give me the great waste lands and the wide spaces, with a gun in my fist and something to look for that's worth findin'. I've tried war and stepplechasin' and aeroplane, but this huntin' of beasts that look like a lobster-supper dream is a brand-new sensation." He chuckled with glee at the prospect.

Perhaps I have dwelt too long upon this new acquaintance, but he is to be my comrade for many a day, and so I have tried to get him down as I first saw him, with his queer little tricks of speech and of thought. It was only the need of getting in the account of my meeting which drew me at last from his company. I left him seated amid his pink rardice, oiling the lock of his favorite rifle, while he still chuckled to himself at the thought of the adventures which awaited us. It was very clear to me that it dangers lay before us I could not in all England have found a cooler head or a braver spirit with which to share them.

He runs after us, a puffing, red-faced, irascible figure.

tempt, later in the day, provoked a terrific crash, and a subsequent message from the Central Exchange that Professor Challenger's receiver had been shattered. After that we abandoned all attempt at communication.

And now, my patient readers, I can address you directly no longer. From now onwards (if, indeed, any continuation of this narrative should ever reach you) it can only be through the paper which I represent. In the hands of the editor I leave this account of the events which have led up to one of the most remarkable expeditions of all time, so that if I never return to England there shall be some record as to how the affair came about, I am writing these last lines in the saloon of the Booth liner Francisco, and they will go back by the pilot to the keeping of Mr. McArdie. Let me draw the last picture before I close the notebook—a picture which is the last memory of the old country which I bear away with me. It is a wet, foggy morning in the late spring; a thin, cold rain is falling. Three shivering mackintoshes are walking down the quay, making for the gang-plank of the great liner from which the blue-peter is flying. In front of them a porter pushes a trolley piled high with trunks, wraps, and gun-cases. Professor Summerlee, a long, melancholy figure, walks with dragging steps and drooping head, as one who is already profoundly sorry for himself. Lord John Roxton strolls briskly, and his thin, eager face beams forth behind his hunting-cap and his muffler. As for myself, I am glad to have got the bustling days of preparation and the pangs of leave-taking behind me, and I have no doubt that I show it in my bearing. Suddenly, just as we reach the vessel, there is a shout behind us. It is Professor Challenger, who had promised to see us off. He runs after us, a puffing, red-faced, irascible figure.

(To be continued)

Pastor Obeys Sentence by Preaching on Speeding. Sentenced by City Judge Carfinkle, of Yonkers, L. I., to warn his congregation of violating the speed laws, the Rev. Arthur Biggerly followed the instructions of the court when he delivered his sermon in the Methodist Episcopal Church here.

Argentina's new child labor law applies to boys and girls up to 18 years of age, including those engaged in domestic and agricultural labor as well as those employed in factories.

Headquarters for Parker Duofold pens. Image of a Parker Duofold fountain pen. Text: "We also carry a Beautiful Line of Girl Graduate and Memory Books, as well as other useful gifts for the boy and girl graduate. SEE OUR NIWDOW KIDD-FRIX Music & Stationery Co. Phone 76 Concord, N. C."

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