

The Concord Daily Tribune.

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RAILROAD SCHEDULE
In Effect May 31, 1925.
Northbound:
No. 40 To New York 9:28 P. M.
No. 136 To Washington 10:25 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 Wash. and beyond 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 9:45 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 3:05 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.

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY
Bible thoughts memorized, will prove a precious heritage in after years.
But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness: and all these things shall be added unto you.—Math. 6:33, 35.

HOW LONG WILL THE BOOM LAST?
A writer in the Wilmington Star declares that the real estate boom in Florida has reached its crest, and sounds a warning to those who may be disposed to sell out and stake their all. And evidently many of the folks the nation over are doing something like that.

It is all right for the man with plenty of money to take a fling at the dirt in Florida but the average man will get along better if he invests his savings at home, especially the Tar Heel.

RULES FOR FIGHTING TUBERCULOSIS.
It is necessary, of course, to spend money to cure those persons who have been afflicted with tuberculosis, and it is the duty of the State and county to spend much money, yet we should give more attention to the prevention of the disease than to the cure. Fighting disease is necessary but it is far better to control it.

"Not spitting yourself or allowing anyone about you, sick or well, to spit where it cannot be burned up or thrown into the sewer.
"Admitting sunlight and air to every room in your house or work place, and keeping these rooms as clean as possible.
"Taking care of your body and those of your family. Eating good, properly cooked food, taking a warm bath, once a week, avoiding late hours and dissipation of all kinds, spending as much time as possible out of doors.
"Wearing loose, light clothing that does not cramp your lungs. Not stooping your shoulders or allowing your children to do so.
"Letting your children come in contact with people who cough, because children take tuberculosis easier than grownups. You need not be afraid of a careful cleanly consumptive, but avoid the careless one and keep your children away from them."

The President has decided that hereafter newspaper men when in conference with him shall take down their notes in longhand. The shorthand method, the President contends, makes for too many errors. Of course the newspaper men should be careful and should take every precaution to quote the President correctly, but we do not remember of any opportunity they have had of quoting him. There are no dispatches from Washington saying "The President said so and so." The message is always couched in some other language. "It is learned in official quarters," or "at the White House one learns so and so" are the terms used since President Coolidge took over the office. He doesn't allow himself to be quoted, yet he is very particular to see that the correspondents get everything right. As a matter of fact it seems that it would be easier for the men to make mistakes with longhand than shorthand. With the former they have to be in more of a hurry than with the latter and haste tends toward error.

TODAY'S EVENTS
Saturday, June 27, 1925
Centenary of the birth of William Mumford Backer, American author and historian.

Miss Helen A. Keller, the famous blind and deaf scholar, is 45 years old today.
The Eugenics Research Council will meet in annual session today at Cold Springs Harbor, N. Y.
Hundreds of delegates and visitors will arrive in Seattle today for the annual meeting of the Northern Baptist convention.
Rehabilitation of women injured and disabled while with the American Expeditionary Force during the war will be the principal topic at the fifth annual convention of the Women's Overseas Service League, opening today in New York City.

First anniversary of the great storm at Lorain, O., in which more than 100 were killed and thousands made homeless.
The annual conference of the Governors of States meets at Poland Spring, Me., today and will continue in session over July 4th.
The annual national convention of the Delta Delta Delta Sorority is to begin its sessions today at Glacier Park, Montana.
An All-Pacific northwest celebration of the Norse-American immigration centennial is to be held today in the city of Seattle.

You seldom hear a man brag about what a good boy he was.

DINNER STORIES

City Visitor: "Your garden seems quite a distance from your water supply. How do you manage it if it's a dry season?"
Suburbs: "Oh, I always provide for that by planting a lot of leeks."

They had been circling the floor for many minutes, he looked dreamily into her eyes. "Don't you love to dance?"
"Of, yes!" his graceful partner cried. "Let's try it."

Ole was in the court house and stammeringly asked for a license.
"Hunting license?" asked the clerk.
"Of, no. Ay ban' hunting long enough. Ay want to get married now."

Out of the Mouths of Babes
Visitor: "Richard, what are you going to be when you grow up?"
Richard: "I'm gonna be a preacher."
Visitor: "And why are you going to be a preacher?"
Richard: "Cause I'll only have to work on Sunday."

Weekly Cotton Review.
New York, June 26.—The cotton market has advanced during the past week owing to more or less general tendency to scale down ideas of probably end-June crop indications. After selling up to 23.73 for October contracts on Wednesday, prices receded half a cent or more from the best owing to talk of shower prospects for the southwest and liquidation incident to the circulation of July notices. The losses were soon recovered, however, and prices made new high ground for the movement today on continued complaints of droughty weather in central Texas and bullish private crop figures.

The disposition to scale down crop estimates while encouraged by reports of boll weevil in the eastern belt and the continuance of drought in parts of Texas, was due largely to the figures on the par value of the June 25th conditions as published by the department of agriculture on Wednesday. These figures showed a decided reduction in the value of par in nearly all the states and, according to local statisticians, suggested that the average value of 100 per cent. of condition on June 25th this year would prove in the neighborhood of 194.5 pounds to the acre compared with 202 pounds last year. Private condition figures published since these par values have reflected the scaling down of yield figures and reports issued today pointing to a condition of from 73.7 to 75.5 were accompanied by indicated yield calculations ranging from 13,541,000 up to 13,900,000 bales. Previously it had been anticipated that end-June reports would point to a condition of around 75 and a crop indication of over 14,000,000 bales. The reduction in the par value is supposed to have been partly a reflection of the boll weevil situation and a report issued by the bureau of entomology today stated that the infestation of boll weevil in some of the eastern belt states was unusually heavy. The first July notices issued here were estimated at about 100,000 bales, and caused considerable near mouth liquidation but the offerings were absorbed at a comparatively moderate discount under October, and July was selling within four or five points of the October price at the end of the week. No improvement has been noted in trade advices from Manchester but indication of rather better business in the domestic goods market have probably contributed to the advance.

Suddenly a thought came to me and brought some little comfort to my heart. I was not absolutely alone in the world. Down at the bottom of the cliff, and within call of me, was waiting the faithful Zambo. I went to the edge of the plateau and looked over. Sure enough, he was squatting among his blankets beside his fire in his little camp. But, to my amazement, a second man was seated in front of him. For an instant my heart leaped for joy, as I thought that one of my comrades had made his way safely down. But a second glance dispelled the hope. The rising sun shone red upon the man's skin. He was an Indian. I shouted loudly and waved my handkerchief. Presently Zambo looked up, waved his hand, and turned to ascend the pinnacle. In a short time he was standing close to me and listening with deep distress to the story which I told him.

"How can I come down, Zambo?"
"You get creepers from trees, Massa Malone. Throw them over here. I make fast to this stump, and so you have bridge."

"We have thought of that. There are no creepers here which could bear us."

"Send for ropes, Massa Malone."

"Who can I send, and where?"
"Send to Indian village, sah. Plenty hideyops in Indian village. Indian down below; send him."

"Who is he?"
"One of our Indians. Other ones beat him and take away his pay. He come back to us. Ready now to take letters, bring rope,—anything."

"I'll take a letter. Why not? I'll have the letter bring rope, but in any case he would ensure that our lives were not spent for nothing, and that news of all that we had won for Science should reach our friends at home. I had two com-

The LOST WORLD

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

CHAPTER XII—Continued
I was so stunned by this sudden shock that for a time I must have nearly lost my reason. I have a vague recollection, as one remembers a bad dream, of rushing about through the woods all round the empty camp, calling wildly for my companions. No answer came back from the silent shadows. The horrible thought that I might never see them again, that I might find myself abandoned all alone in that dreadful place, with no possible way of descending into the world below, that I might live and die in that nightmare country, drove me to desperation. I could have torn my hair and beaten my head in my despair. Only now did I realize how I had learned to lean upon my companions, upon the serene self-confidence of Challenger, and upon the masterful, humorous coolness of Lord John Roxton. Without them I was like a child in the dark, helpless and powerless. I did not know which way to turn or what I should do first.

After a period, during which I sat in bewilderment, I set myself to try and discover what sudden misfortune could have befallen my companions. The whole disordered appearance of the camp showed that there had been some sort of attack, and the rifle-shot to doubt marked the time when it had occurred. That there should have been only one shot showed that it had been all over in an instant. The rifles still lay upon the ground, and one of them—Lord John's—had the empty cartridge in the breach. The blankets of Challenger and of Summerlee beside the fire suggested that they had been asleep at the time. The cases of ammunition and of food were scattered about in a wild litter, together with our unfortunate cameras and plate-carriers, but none of them were missing. On the other hand, all the exposed provisions—and I remembered that there were a considerable quantity of them—were gone. They were animals, then, and not natives, who had made the inroad, for surely the latter would have left nothing behind.

But if animals, or some single terrible animal, then what had become of my comrades? A ferocious beast would surely have destroyed them and left their remains. It is true that there was that one hideous pool of blood, which told of violence. Such a monster as had pursued me during the night could have carried away a victim as easily as a cat would a mouse. In that case the others would have followed in pursuit. But then they would assuredly have taken their rifles with them. The more I tried to think it out with my confused and weary brain the less could I find any plausible explanation. I searched round in the forest, but could see no tracks which could help me to conclusion. Once I lost myself, and it was only by good luck, and after an hour of wandering, that I found the camp once more.

CHAPTER XIII
"A Sight which I shall Never Forget"
Just as the sun was setting upon that melancholy night I saw the lonely figure of the Indian upon the vast plain beneath me, and I watched him, our one faint hope of salvation, until he disappeared in the rising mists of evening which lay, rose-tinted from the setting sun, between the far-off river and me.

It was quite dark when I at last turned back to our stricken camp, and my last vision as I went was the red gleam of Zambo's fire, the one point of light in the wide world below, as was his faithful presence in my own shadowed soul.

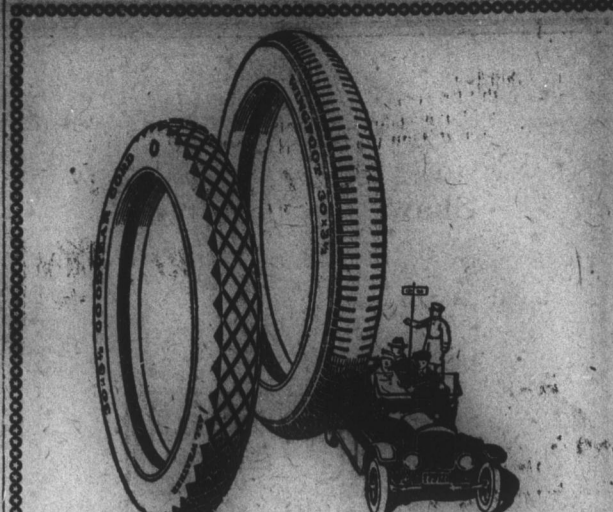
I felt happier than I had done since this crushing blow had fallen upon me, for it was good to think that the world should know what we had done, so that at the worst our names should not perish with our bodies, but should go down to posterity associated with the result of our labors.

It was an awesome thing to sleep in that ill-fated camp; and yet it was even more terrifying to do so in the jungle. One or the other it must be. Prudence, on the one hand, warned me that I should remain on guard, but exhausted nature, on the other, declared that I should do nothing of the kind. I climbed up on a to a limb of the great ginkgo tree, but there was no secure perch on its rounded surface, and I should certainly have fallen off and broken my neck the moment I began to doze. I got down, therefore, and pondered over what I should do. Finally, I closed the door of the zareba, lit three separate fires in a triangle, and having eaten a hearty supper dropped off into a profound sleep, from which I had a strange and most welcome awakening in the early morning, just as day was breaking, a hand was laid upon my arm, and starting up, with all my nerves in a tingle and my hand feeling for a rifle, I gave a cry of joy as in the cold gray light I saw Lord John Roxton kneeling beside me.

It was he—and yet it was not he. I had left him calm in his bearing, correct in his person, prim in his dress. Now he was pale and wild-eyed, gasping as he breathed like one who has run far and fast. His gant face was scratched and bloody, his clothes were hanging in rags, and his hat was gone. I stared in amazement, but he gave me no chance for questions. He was grabbing at my stores all the time he spoke.

"Quick, young fellow! Quick!" he cried. "Every moment counts. Get the rifles, both of them. I have the other one. Now, all the things you own, get them. Put up your pockets. Now, I send you. That's a dozen times with sa. That's all right! Don't wait to talk or think. Get a move on, or we are done!"

(To Be Continued)



Don't Be Confused About Tires
With scores of different brands of tires on the market, each looking pretty much like the others—with everyone claiming the best—with this and that "special offer"—it's no wonder car owners are confused. But the safe, sane, sensible, time-saving thing to do is to buy a good tire at the right price from a good, dependable dealer.

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This is a good opportunity
Illustration of a woman in a dress.

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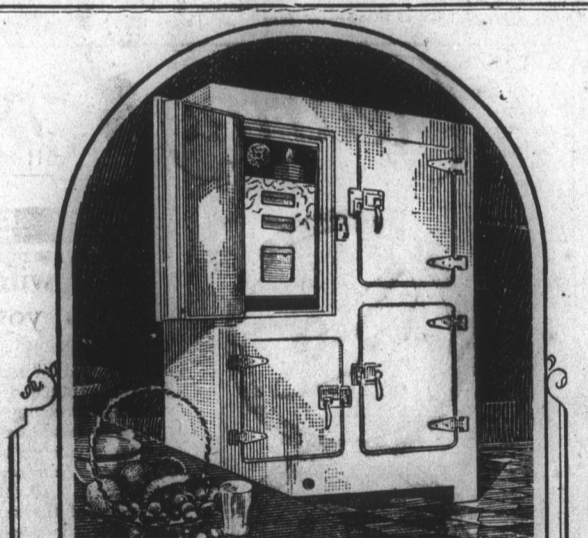
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