

# 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. 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 8:25 P. M.  
No. 135 To Atlanta 10:45 A. M.  
No. 37 To New Orleans 9:55 A. M.  
No. 39 To New Orleans 9:55 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.  
All of other trains except No. 39 make regular stops in Concord.

**BIBLE THOUGHT**  
—FOR TODAY—

*Bible thought memorized will prove a precious heritage in after years*

## THE TEMPORAL AND THE ETERNAL.—All flesh is grass, and all the goodness is as the flower of the field:

### IS THE WORM TURNING?

Senator Borah does not carry the confidence of all of the people when it comes to politics, but there is no doubt of his ability and his familiarity with foreign affairs. For that reason his views on the Chinese situation are to be taken seriously. The Senator says the blame "to the manner in which foreigners have disregarded and bruited the Chinese interests."

Senator Borah made his statement in reply to criticisms made by the "American Chamber of Commerce at Hankow" with reference to former assertions of the Senator. Mr. Borah says that this Chamber "is a part of the imperialistic combine which would oppress and exploit the Chinese people and charge the result of their offenses to some one else." He declares that they "are perfectly willing to continue in connection with others these exploitations and they care very little if it drags the American people into war and sacrifices thousands of our people. Anyone familiar with what has been going on in China for the last ten years and the manner in which foreigners have disregarded and bruited the Chinese interests, will have no doubt as to what is the real cause of the trouble in China at the present time. So far as I am concerned, they are not going to hide the cause of the troubles."

Maybe after all China is really waking to her possibilities. She has always been considered as a lazy, worthless, lawless country. Other nations have never taken her seriously. Her rights have never been taken seriously.

Generally speaking people do not understand the trend of events in China for they have never had enough interest to try to understand them. The present uprisings may change the country entirely, despite the fact that most of the agitation has been caused by Russian communists.

## CATHOLICS INCREASING SLOWLY NOW.

Many Protestants profess fear at what they term the rapid growth of the Catholic Church in the United States. The idea seems prevalent that the Catholic Church is growing more rapidly than any other in the United States and many persons, under this false impression, see a growing danger for Protestant Churches.

The Charlotte News finds statistics in the official Catholic Director showing that the gain in membership in 1925 was the lowest recorded in many years. These figures show that the increase in membership for the past year is 94,241, as contrasted with the figure 208,904 recorded for the year previous. The sum total of the Catholic population of the United States up to date is given as 18,654,028. This disparity is to be explained partly by the report of seven of the fourteen archdioceses that there has been no gain in their membership, while New Orleans reports a loss of nearly 24,000 members. The other six report an increase. To offset this report, is the announcement of the establishment during the year of 138 new parishes, leaving the number of churches in this country at 17,284, with a body of clergy in attend-

ance figured at 23,907—an increase of 638 priests over the preceding year. There is also a marked advance in the number of parochial schools, now counted at 144, with an attendance of 2,038,624 students. There are five new seminaries for the education of priests, making up a list of 120, and an increase of clerical students of 2,017, swelling the total to 11,345.

## FURTHER EVIDENCE OF THE SOUTH'S PROGRESS.

No other agency, perhaps, is in better position to know conditions in the South than the Southern Railway, which has been serving this section of the country for many years. Therefore the annual report of this transportation company, showing the wonderful progress which has been made in recent years, is of more than usual interest.

From 1904 to 1924 the tons of manufactured products, including all less than carload freight, handled by the Southern increased from 5,820,828 to 12,291,753 tons, or 111 per cent.

During the same period the tons of product of mines increased from 8,568,471 to 18,009,314 tons, or 110 per cent, an interesting fact being that the coal traffic despite the very large development of hydro-electric power in the South.

The tonnage of products of forests increased from 3,007,174 to 7,785,836, or 116 per cent.; products of agriculture from 2,450,732 to 4,292,220, or 73 per cent.; and products of animals from 285,844 to 431,334, or 51 per cent.

"A noteworthy feature of this exhibit," says the report, "is the evidence it affords of the South's uniform development along all lines of economic endeavor. More and more every year southern factories draw their raw materials from southern farms, forests and mines."

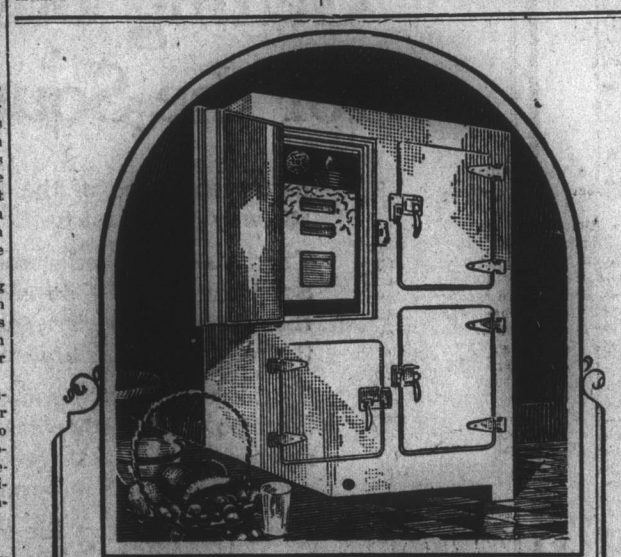
The report also calls attention to the phenomenal development of the textile industry in the South and its extension to new fields in western North Carolina, eastern Tennessee, and northern Georgia; the marked expansion of cement manufacturing; and the healthy growth of the southern iron and steel industry.

## Growing Old.

Hickory Record.  
Mr. Jim Wilson, formerly of Morganton, drifted back into the scene of his nativity several years ago and after a stay of a few days approached the late Mr. Bob Claywell with alarm written all over his face, asking, "Look a-her! Where are all the old men who used to be around Morganton?"

Mr. Claywell gave Mr. Wilson the careful once-over and remarked, "Why, Jim, we are the old men around here now." Mr. Wilson pondered over the statement long and seriously before he came to a complete realization of the truth of the situation, and after a few days he terminated the visit to his boyhood home and has made the remaining ones shorter and shorter.  
"Do a little thinking and you will recall that when you were sixteen years old the men around town who were thirty seemed very old to you; the men fifty seemed ancient; and the men around sixty were cheating the grave. But when you reach one of those marks yourself it does not seem old at all and you begin wondering where all the old men have gone. But there seem to be more young sports hanging around than ever before in all history."

Proud Dad: "I never fail to kiss my children goodnight. Do you?"  
Plain Guy: "Believe me, I ain't going to lose all that sleep waitin' up for them."



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## DINNER STORIES

### Diary of a Dub.

Monday—Went out to see Mamie tonight at 8; she sent me away at 8:10.

Tuesday—Called on Mamie again, but she said I was as welcome as a revenuer inside the twelve-mile limit and shut door in my face.

Wednesday—Saw Mamie again; gave her box of roses and she threw them in my face.

Thursday—Another fellow was at Mamie's and at her suggestion he kicked me downstairs.

Friday—When I called tonight Mamie called police and had me arrested as a nuisance.

Saturday—I may be doing Mamie an injustice, but I don't believe she wants me to call any more.

### Never Shows an Increase.

It is to be understood that the pound which is reported to be gaining rapidly is the British pound, not the butcher's.

### Within Gunshot.

A traveler riding over wild western prairies a half century ago inquired of a native: "Does Walter Halter live near here?"

"No," was the reply.

"Well, do you happen to know where I could find him?"

"No," said the other.

The traveler was puzzled. "Dear me," he said, "I must have lost my way. Perhaps you can tell me where Mr. William Bluff, familiarly known as 'Grizzly Bill,' hangs out."

"I can. Right here. I am Grizzly Bill."

"But," expostulated the tenderfoot traveler, "they told me that Halter lived within gunshot of you."

"Well," said the other, "he did."

### Girls Clothes Like Barbed Wire.

An old New York farmer attended a big picnic at Binghamton and stayed over to watch the dancing at night. He hadn't been out in the world much, and he was deeply impressed with the girl's clothes at that dance.

"Some of the ladies' clothes I see here," he said, "plumb puts me in mind of a barbed wire fence."

Somebody asked him why.

"Well," said he, "it's this way—they appear to protect the property without obstructin' the view."

### Dodged the Wind-Up.

"A feller driving along in an old Hootin' Nanny car last night with his lights out, ran into a mule that was laying in the road in front of Hoot Holler's house," related Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge.  
"The darn mule started to get up just as the car ran onto him and knocked him over. The driver of the car gave a hoot of his horn and a yell from himself, and the mule laying on his back began to kick and squeal."

"Say, what are you trying to do with my mule?" yelled its owner, running out of his house.

"You better ask him what he's trying to do to me and my car," the feller hollered right back.

"And as I'd seed and heered this much and hadn't no desire to mix in a fight, I just went on and never did find out the rest of it."

### Not So Nice After Washing.

Jane's mistress recently had been apprised of Jane's betrothal, an announcement shortly followed by the bad news that the affair had been called off.  
"Not going to marry that nice man, after all?" queried her mistress. "Why, I thought it was all settled?"

"So it was, mum," sighed Jane, "but the fact is, I saw him with a clean face for the first time last night, and I can't marry him! You've no idea how ugly he is when he's washed, mum!"



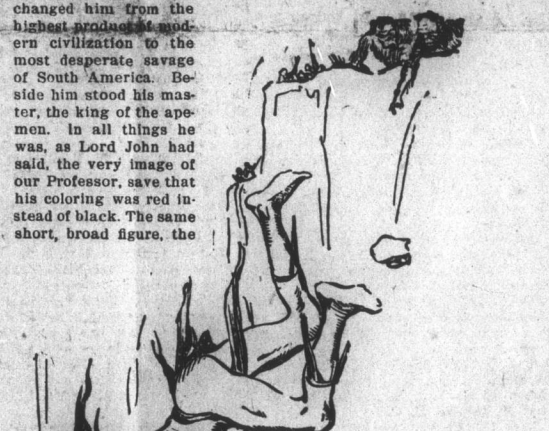
Published by arrangement with First National Pictures, Inc., and Watterson R. Rothacker.

## CHAPTER XIII—Continued

A wide, open space lay before us—some hundreds of yards across—all green turf and low bracken growing to the very edge of the cliff. Round this clearing there was a semi-circle of trees with curious huts built of foliage piled one above the other among the branches. A rookery, with every nest a little house, would best convey the idea. The openings of these huts and the branches of the trees were thronged with a dense mob of ape-people, whom from their size I took to be the females and infants of the tribe. They formed the background of the picture, and were all looking out with eager interest at the same scene which fascinated and bewildered us.

In the open, and near the edge of the cliff, there had assembled a crowd of some hundred of these shaggy, red-haired creatures, many of them of immense size, and all of them horrible to look upon. There was a certain discipline among them, for none of them attempted to break the line which had been formed. In front there stood a small group of Indians—little, clean-limbed, red fellows, whose skins glowed like polished bronze in the strong sunlight. A tall, thin white man was standing beside them, his head bowed, his arms folded, his whole attitude expressive of his horror and dejection. There was no mistaking the angular form of Professor Summerlee.

In front of and around this dejected group of prisoners were several ape-men, who watched them closely and made all escape impossible. Then, right out from all the others and close to the edge of the cliff, were two figures, so strange, and under other circumstances so ludicrous, that they absorbed my attention. The one was our comrade, Professor Challenger. The remains of his coat still hung in strips from his shoulders, but his shirt had been all torn out, and his great beard merged itself in the black tangle which covered his mighty chest. He had lost his hat, and his hair, which had grown long in our wanderings, was flying in wild disorder. A single day seemed to have changed him from the highest product of modern civilization to the most desperate savage of South America. Beside him stood his master, the king of the ape-men. In all things he was, as Lord John had said, the very image of our Professor, save that his coloring was red instead of black. The same short, broad figure, the



same heavy shoulders, the same forward hang of the arms, the same bristling beard merging itself in the hairy chest. Only above the eyebrows, where the sloping forehead and low, curved skull of the ape-man were in sharp contrast to the broad brow and magnificent cranium of the European, could one see any marked difference. At every other point the king was an absurd parody of the Professor.

All this, which takes me so long to describe, impressed itself upon me in a few seconds. Then we had very different things to think of, for an active drama was in progress. Two of the ape-men had seized one of the Indians out of the group and dragged him forward to the edge of the cliff. The king raised his hand as a signal. They caught the man by his leg and arm, and swung him three times backwards and forwards with tremendous violence. Then, with a frightful heave they shot the poor wretch over the precipice. With such force did they throw him that he curved high in the air before beginning to drop. As he vanished from sight, the whole assembly, except the guards, rushed forward to the edge of the precipice, and there was one long pause of absolute silence, broken by a mad yell of delight. They sprang about, tossing their long, hairy arms in the air and howling with exultation. Then they fell back from the edge, formed themselves

With a frightful heave, they shot the poor wretch over the precipice

and pressed a loaded rifle into the hands of each. But Summerlee was at the end of his strength. He could hardly totter. Already the ape-men were recovering from their panic. They were coming through the brushwood and threatening to cut us off. Challenger and I ran Summerlee along, one at each of his elbows, while Lord John covered our retreat, firing again and again as savage heads snarled at us out of the bushes. For a mile or more the chattering brutes were at our very heels. Then the pursuit slackened, for they learned our power and would no longer face that unerring rifle. When we had at last reached the camp, we looked back and found ourselves alone.

So it seemed to us; and yet we were mistaken. We had hardly closed the thornbush door of our zareba, clasped each other's hands, and thrown ourselves panting upon the ground beside our spring, when we heard a patter of feet and then a gentle, plaintive crying from outside our entrance. Lord Roxton rushed forward, rifle in hand, and threw it open. There, prostrate upon their faces, lay the little red figures of the four surviving Indians, trembling with fear of us and yet imploring our protection. With an expressive sweep of his hands one of them pointed to the woods around them, and indicated that they were full of danger. Then, darting forward, he threw his arms round Lord John's legs, and rested his face upon them.

"By George!" cried our peer, pulling at his moustache in great perplexity. "I say—what the deuce are we to do with these people? Get up, little chaps, and take your face off my boots."

(To Be Continued)

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