

The Concord Daily Tribune.

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RAILROAD SCHEDULE
In Effect June 28, 1925.
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No. 40 To New York 9:28 P. M.



THE FIRST AND THE LAST—I am the first, and I am the last; and besides me there is no God.

A PUBLIC PLAYGROUND FOR CONCORD.
The matter of providing a public playground for Concord has been presented to the aldermen and a committee from that body has been appointed to make inquiry into the advisability of establishing such a recreation place for the children of this city.

USE PENNY COLUMN—IT PAYS
I received your Stone Mountain half-dollar through the mail, which is a tribute to the honesty of the postal department.

SENATOR UNDERWOOD TO RETIRE.
Definite announcement from Senator Underwood that he will not be a candidate to succeed himself did not come as a surprise due to the fact that several weeks ago he intimated that he has had about enough of Washington life.

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Senator Underwood began his public career in the House of Representatives and after serving there for a number of years was elected to the Senate, where he served brilliantly.

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DOHENY'S ALIBI

Edward L. Doheny finally comes forward with his alibi. He says he contracted the oil leases with the United States government because he thought there would be war in the Pacific in 1921 and because naval men thought the government should have the fields in such position that they could furnish the products without delay.

Government counsel in the oil lease suits see the matter in another light. It was in 1922 that the leases for the oil preserves were signed, they pointed out, and the arms conference treaties had been signed before the control of the oil fields was transferred to the Interior Department, which traded them off to the oil companies.

Doheny no doubt wants to get out of the matter with as good grace as possible but he is not putting anything over on anybody. He wanted the oil fields first of all because he saw millions in them and his alibi has been shaken to pieces by the counsel engaged by the government to fight him in his campaign to keep the fields under his control.

TYPICAL WILL ROGERS LETTER

Sends \$100 Check as a Contribution to the Stone Mountain Memorial. Acknowledging a Stone Mountain Memorial half-dollar, sent him by The Atlanta Journal, Will Rogers, the funniest man in vaudeville and popular writer for The Journal and other leading newspapers, sends a letter as full of good humor as it is expressive of sincere appreciation.

WILL ROGERS

New Amsterdam Theater
June 19, 1925.

Dear Mr. Cohen:
I received your Stone Mountain half-dollar through the mail, which is a tribute to the honesty of the postal department.

Am enclosing a check for one hundred dollars to help pay lawyer fees in case of another "walk-out" of sculptors.

Good luck to a wonderful idea. Sincerely yours, WILL ROGERS.

COOLIDGE ON RELIGION.
I am profoundly convinced, however, that the American Nation sincerely wants from the church a continuance of its works on religion, humanity and moral leadership.

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DINNER STORIES

No Use For It.
"Blinks." "He claims he never uses profanity."
Jinks: "Well, why should he? He's a bachelor, has no car, never plays golf, doesn't work cross word puzzles, owns no radio set and doesn't make enough to have to make out an income tax report."

"Then this," asked the rejected suitor, "is absolutely final?"
"Quite!" was the calm reply. "Shall I return your letters?"
"Yes, please," answered the young man. "There's some very good material in them I can use."

Specialist: "If you saw a man with nothing on but the brim of a straw hat and with a cake of soap in his hand, jump over Niagara Falls—you wouldn't think he was crazy?"
Insurance Lawyer: "Certainly not. I would think he was going to take a bath."

Roth: "I hear Sam Heath wrecked his auto down the mill road last night. What was the cause of the accident?"
Graham: "Chickens!"

Roth: "Egosh there should be a law against letting chickens run in the road."
Graham: "These chickens were in the car."

Had the Goods on Him.
The gentleman farmer's fruit had been stolen and his only clue to the culprit was a fingerprint left on an unripe plum.

"Jake," said the farmer on meeting the employee he suspected, "some one robbed my garden the other night."
"Did they, sir?" replied Jake, innocently.

"Yes," the farmer continued sternly, "but the thief left his mark behind him."
"You don't say so?" said Jake, nervously.

"Yes, I do. You see this?"—and the farmer produced the enlarged reproduction.
Jake paled visibly.

"I see 'tain't no good denying it," he said. "I pinched the fruit all right enough, but how you got that impression of the seat of my corduroys I'm hanged if I know."

WITNESS IN FLOGGING CASE ADMITS HE TRADED OFF WIFE

Got Other Man's Daughter, the Solicitor Discovers.
Fayetteville, July 2.—The taking of testimony in the Skipper-Jackson flogging case was completed in Cumberland Superior court here today.

The testimony in Walter Jackson's defense took up the morning session and the afternoon was devoted to the state's rebuttal. Jackson's defense hinges on an affidavit sworn to by himself and members of his family and neighbors.

The purport of their testimony was that Jackson spent the entire afternoon of May 26 on his plantation in Robeson county, retired about 10:30 and did not leave the premises that night.

Bob Collins, a defense witness, was badly confused on cross-examination and finally admitted under Solicitor McNeill's and W. C. Dowling's questioning that he had recently traded off his wife for another man's daughter, John Locklear, Croatan, for the state, testified that the day following the whipping of Rudolph Willard, in Cumberland county, Jackson told him in his store in Bute that he had shot a man who jumped on his running board near Hope Mills and that he expected the Cumberland sheriff to come after him any moment. Jackson denied ever having any conversation with Locklear.



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CHAPTER XIV (Continued)

It was in the early afternoon that we started upon our journey. The young chief walked at our head as our guide, but refused indignantly to carry any burden. Behind him came the two surviving Indians with our scanty possessions upon their backs. We four white men walked in the rear with rifles loaded and ready. As we started there broke from the thick silent woods behind us a sudden great ululation of the ape-men, which may have been a cheer of triumph at our departure or a jeer of contempt at our flight.

Looking back we saw only the dense screen of trees, but that long drawn yell told us how many of our enemies lurked among them. We saw no sign of pursuit, however, and soon we had got into more open country and beyond their power.

As I tramped along, the rear-most of the four, I could not help smiling at the appearance of my three companions in front. Was this the luxurious Lord John Roxton who had sat that evening in the Albany amidst his Persian rugs and his pictures in the pink rags



The little red warriors hung upon the words of the speaker.

distance of the tinted lights? And was this the imposing Professor who had swelled behind the great desk in his massive study at Emmore Park? And, finally, could this be the austere and prim figure which had risen before the meeting at the Zoological Institute? No three tramps that one could have met in a Surrey lane could have looked more hopeless and bedraggled. We had, it is true, been only a week or so upon the top of the plateau, but all our spare clothing was in our camp below, and the one week had been a severe one upon us all, though least to me who had not to endure the handling of the ape-men. My three friends had all lost their hats, and had now bound handkerchiefs round their heads, their clothes hung in ribbons about them, and their unshaven grimy faces were hardly to be recognized.

Both Summerlee and Challenger were limping heavily, while I still dragged my feet from weakness after the shock of the morning, and my neck was as stiff as a board from the murderous grip that held it. We were indeed a sorry crew, and I did not wonder to see our Indian companions glance back at us occasionally with horror and amazement on their faces.

In the late afternoon we reached the margin of the lake, and as we emerged from the bush and saw the sheet of water stretching before us our native friends set up a shrill cry of joy and pointed eagerly in front of them. It was indeed a wonderful sight which lay before us. Sweeping over the glassy surface was a great flotilla of canoes coming straight for the shore upon which we stood. They were some miles out when we first saw them, but they shot forward with great swiftness, and were soon so near that the rowers could distinguish our persons. Instantly a thunderous shout of delight burst from them, and we saw them rise from their seats, waving their paddles and spears madly in the air.

Then bending to their work once more, they flew across the intervening water, beached their boats upon the sloping sand, and rushed up to us, prostrating themselves with loud cries of greeting before the young chief. Finally one of them, an elderly man, with a necklace and bracelet of great lustrous glass beads and the skin of some beautiful mottled amber-colored animal slung over his shoulders, ran forward and embraced most tenderly the youth whom we had saved. He then looked at us and asked some questions, after which he stepped up with much dignity and embraced us also each in turn. Then, at his order, the whole tribe lay down upon the ground before us in homage. Personally I felt shy and uncomfortable at this obsequious adoration, and I read the same feeling in the faces of Hoxton and Summerlee, but Challenger expanded like a flower in the sun.

"They may be undeveloped types," said he, stroking his beard and looking around at them, "but their deportment in the presence of their superiors might be a lesson to some of our more advanced

Europeans. Strange how correct are the instincts of the natural man!"
It was clear that the natives had come out upon the war-path, for every man carried his spear—a long bamboo tipped with bone—his bow and arrows, and some sort of club or stone battle-axe slung at his side. Their dark, angry glances at the woods from which we had come, and their frequent repetition of the word "Doda," made it clear enough that this was a rescue party who had set forth to save or revenge the old chief's son, for such we gathered that the youth must be. A council was now held by the whole tribe squatting in a circle, whilst we sat near on a slab of basalt and watched their proceedings. Two or three warriors spoke, and finally our young friend made a spirited harangue with such eloquent features and gestures that we could understand it all as clearly as if we had known his language.

"What is the use of returning?" he said. "Sooner or later the thing must be done. Your comrades have been murdered. What if I have returned safe? These others have been done to death. There is no safety for any of us. We are assembled now and ready." Then

he pointed to us. "These strange men are our friends. They are great fighters, and they hate the ape-men even as we do. They command," here he pointed up to heaven, "the thunder and the lightning. When shall we have such a chance again? Let us go forward, and either die now or live for the future in safety. How else shall we go back unshamed to our women?"

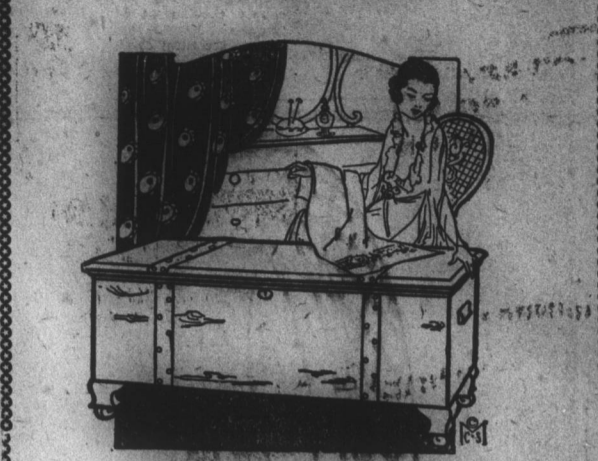
The little red warriors hung upon the words of the speaker, and when he had finished they burst into a roar of applause, waving their rude weapons in the air. The old chief stepped forward to us, and asked us some questions, pointing at the same time to the woods. Lord John made a sign to him that he should wait for an answer and then he turned to us.

"Well, it's up to you to say what you will do," said he; "for my part I have a score to settle with these monkey-folk, and if it ends by wiping them off the face of the earth I don't see that the earth need fret about it. I'm goin' with our little red pals and I mean to see them through the scrap. What do you say, young fellow?"

"Of course I will come."
"And you, Challenger?"
"I will assuredly co-operate."
"And you, Summerlee?"
"We seem to be drifting very far from the object of this expedition, Lord John. I assure you that I little thought when I left my professional chair in London that it was for the purpose of heading a raid of savages upon a colony of anthropoid apes."

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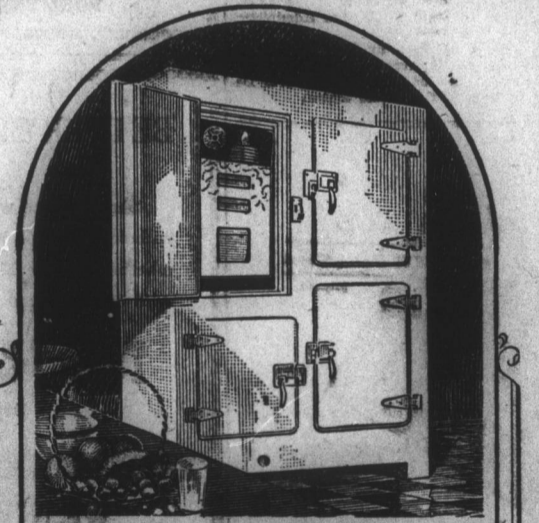
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