

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. 39 To New York 10:25 A. M.
 No. 34 To New York 4:43 P. M.
 No. 46 To Danville 7:10 P. M.
 No. 12 To Richmond 8:15 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. 83 To New Orleans 8:25 A. M.
 No. 11 To Charlotte 8:05 A. M.
 No. 135 To Atlanta 8:25 P. M.
 No. 37 To New Orleans 10:45 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 thoughts memorized will prove a precious heritage in later years.
REFUGE FROM CALAMITY—Yea, in the shadow of thy wings I will make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast.—Psalm 57:1.

OFFERS MORAL SUPPORT FOR PEACE.
 In his Independence Day Address President Coolidge paid fitting tribute to George Washington, but he made that message go further than a mere tribute. He made it a solemn promise of "moral support" at least, by the United States for world peace. The President said it was fitting to discuss world peace because Washington "insisted on the observance of peace," and "had an abiding faith in honesty of nations as of men," and "cherished no resentments, harbored no hatreds, forgave his enemies."
 Before there can be peace, however, the President rightly proclaimed, there must be trust between nations. "If," the President said, "the people of the Old World are mutually distrustful of each other let them enter into mutual covenants for their mutual security, and when such covenants have been made let them be solemnly observed, no matter what the sacrifice. They have settled the far more difficult problems of reparations, they are in process of funding their debt to us. Why can they not agree on permanent terms of peace and fully re-establish international faith and credit?"
 If differences nevertheless occur, "let them be resolved in the future by methods of arbitration and by the forms of judicial determination." Such covenants "would always have the moral support of our Government," with the end in view of "peace with justice."
 "Methods of arbitration," such as suggested by the President are made possible by the League of Nations and the World Court. Successive Presidents have given favor to the latter plan of arbitration but so far the matter has gone no further.
 President Coolidge is right in offering the moral support of this government to world peace, but he should not stop there. He should see that this support is such as will stir other nations to action.

SHOWDOWN IS NEEDED.
 Mr. Buckner, who as a federal officer in New York has been trying to check rum-runners and bootleggers, says people should "vote as they drink." He is exactly right. The New York World says Mr. Buckner in his statement "pleads for honesty and not hypocrisy in this prohibition question," and that covers the case. The World thinks "it is notorious that many who vote dry drink wet. This perpetual throwing of a smoke screen over real sentiment in regard to the law is one of the things which have brought on the grotesque situation which exists today."
 "Mr. Buckner calls for a show-down. The law should be repealed, he says, or it should be enforced. This is sound sense. If we could have an end of hypocrisy, and get the wets into their camp and the dries in theirs, and know which was which, we might be in a fair way to know what the real sentiment of the country is in regard to the most troublesome law the American Nation ever passed."
 Many people feel that the dries are in majority, and for that reason they talk prohibition. This is particularly true of politicians. They are afraid to come out against prohibition, yet they are do-

ing worse by defending and patronizing the bootlegger. If there could be a real show-down, as Mr. Buckner suggests, then something could be done about the law.

THE COTTON GAMBLE IS ON.
 The 1925 cotton gamble is on. The government has started its crop forecasts and prices are to be juggled as they always are. The first forecast calls for a crop of more than 14,000,000 bales and it is no sooner announced than cotton breaks \$2.50 a bale. The government experts do the best they can, no doubt, but they cannot be accurate, certainly not at this time of the year. Too many things can happen between now and ginning time to allow any certainty to exist as to the outcome of the crop.
 These forecasts are useless to the cotton grower because of their uncertainty. There may be a big decrease in the next forecast, and then an increase in the following one. It has always been so, and the gambler is the man who profits.

TODAY'S EVENTS.
Monday, July 6, 1925.
 Centenary of the birth of Randolph Rogers, celebrated American sculptor.
 King George and Queen Mary today observe their 32nd wedding anniversary.
 The second Summer School of Religious Drama will be opened today at Auburn Theological Seminary, Auburn, N. Y.
 Calgary, Alta., today will inaugurate a stampee and jubilee carnival in celebration of the semi-centennial of the establishment of the old fort there in 1875.
 A thousand librarians from all parts of the United States and Canada will be guests of Seattle this week, when the American Library Association holds its 47th annual convention in that city.

Curriculum For All Children.
 Indianapolis, Ind., July 4.—For the first time in educational history, said Joy Elmer Morgan, editor of the Journal of the National Education Association, in an address Thursday night before the association's convention, "a curriculum is being built broad enough to meet the need of all the children of all the people and varied to meet the needs of the individual child."
 "The old curriculum," Mr. Morgan said, "was handed down by the school superintendent, but the new curriculum is being built by all the school forces working in democratic co-operation. The old curriculum was made for adults; the new curriculum is being made for children. The old curriculum furnished the child's education; the new curriculum begins the child's education. The old curriculum calls for mastery of facts; the new curriculum for mastery of life."
 Mr. Morgan declared that society should draft into its teaching army its most talented men and women. "A nation," he added, "which allows its most gifted workers to spend their time upon its material resources and puts incapable in charge of its intellectual and moral resources is crucifying itself upon a cross of gold, for we need our best minds and our biggest hearts for the schools."
 Ella Victoria Dobbs, associate professor of industrial arts of the University of Missouri, told the association that the functions of the "teaching groups" in interpreting the schools to the public, are in duty bound to make clear "to the public, the investors," the reasons for the changes of procedure in teaching methods so that they will insure confidence and support in their work.
 Lawn tennis and football have become the most popular sports of Portugal.

DINNER STORIES

The young mother was bathing her baby, when a neighbor's girl came into the room carrying a doll, and stood watching the operation for some time. Dolly was the worse for wear, being minus an arm and a leg. "How long have you had your baby?" she said to the mother.
 "Three months," said the proud young mother.
 "My, but you have kept her nice," replied the child with an envious sigh.

Little Willie: "I wish I was you, Mr. Selfmade."
 Mr. Selfmade (who has come to dinner): "And why, Willie?"
 Willie: "Because you don't get your ears pulled for eating with your knife."

Willie, did you put your nickel in the contribution box in Sunday school today?"
 "No, mother. I sat Eddie Lake, the preacher's son, if I could keep it 'n' spend it for candy, and he gave me permission."

Just His Luck.
 A negro was offered a job feeding sharks.
 "Nav, sah, boss, me and sharks ain't friends."
 "Why, boy, sharks don't eat black meat."
 "Ah, know, but it's just had luck to meet wid one da's blind."

Charitable.
 "Here's fifty cents," coaxed the little brother's big sister's beau. "Now tell me what Mabel says about me when I'm not here."
 "Huh," snorted the little brother. "I wouldn't call you all that just for only fifty cents!"

"Oh, Mr. Flimflam," breathed the enthusiastic young girl, "you do tell the most comical anecdotes of your experiences! Why don't you write them up, and sell them to the funny papers?"
 "That's where I get them," admitted young Flimflam. "It ain't very likely they'd buy them back."

Not Guaranteed.
 The customer having coughed loudly, to signify his impatience, at last attracted the shopkeeper's attention.
 "I want a mouse-trap," he said rather sharply. "A good one, and please be quick for I want to catch a train."
 The shopkeeper eyed him coldly.
 "I regret sir," he said, "that my mouse-traps are not guaranteed to catch trains."

Funnies Advised for Neurotics.
 If you want a sound mind and a robust figure, tickle your funny bone. To tickle your funny bone, read newspaper comics and jokes.
 Dr. Frederick W. Seward, neurologist of Goshen, N. Y., urged this formula in an address at the annual convention of the American Institute of Homeopathy in New York this week.
 "Liberal sprinkling of our newspapers with comic strips and joke columns is decidedly beneficial from a health standpoint."
 The famed office worker on his way home can forget his weariness and get real relaxation from the comedy depicted by the cartoonist, Dr. Seward said.
 He advised neurotics to subscribe to comic magazines and newspapers.

Pou Will Not Retire.
 Raleigh, July 4.—Congressman Edward W. Pou, against whom many races have been run, will not retire from the fourth district next year as has been so often predicted and his presence in Wake county yesterday showed him to be the young Ed Pou that he has been 20 years.

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CHAPTER XIV (Continued)

Summerlee had lain down and slept upon the sand, but we others roamed round the edge of the water, seeking to learn something more of this strange country. Twice we found pits of blue clay, such as we had already seen in the swamp of the pterodactyls. These were old volcanic vents, and for some reason excited the greatest interest in Lord John. What attracted Challenger, on the other hand, was a bubbling, gurgling mad geyser, where some strange gas formed great bursting bubbles upon the surface. He thrust a hollow reed into it and cried out with delight like a schoolboy when he was able, on touching it with a lighted match, to cause a sharp explosion and a blue flame at the far end of the tube. Still more pleased was he when, inverting a leathern pouch over the end of the reed, and so filling it with the gas, he was able to send it soaring up into the air.

"An inflammable gas, and one markedly lighter than the atmosphere. I should say beyond doubt that it contained a considerable proportion of free hydrogen. The resources of G. E. C. are not yet exhausted, my young friend. I may yet show you how a great mind molds all Nature to its use." He swelled with some secret purpose, but would say no more.

There was nothing which we could see upon the shore which seemed to me so wonderful as the great sheet of water before us. Our numbers and our noise had frightened all living creatures away, and save for a few pterodactyls, which soared round high above our heads while they waited for the carrion, all was still around the camp. But it was different out upon the rose-tinted waters of the central lake. It boiled and heaved with strange life. Great slate-colored backs and high serrated dorsal fins shot up with a fringe of silver, and then rolled down into the depths again. The sand-banks far out were spotted with uncouth crawling forms, huge turtles, strange saurians, and one great flat creature like a writhing, palpitating mat of black greasy leather, which flopped its way slowly to the lake. Here and there high serpent heads projected out of the water, cutting swiftly through it with a little collar of foam in front, and a long, swirling wake behind, rising and falling in graceful, swan like undulations as they went. It was not until one of these creatures wriggled on to a sand-bank, within a few hundred yards of us, and exposed a barrel-shaped body and huge flippers behind the long serpent neck, that Challenger and Summerlee, who had joined us, broke out into their duct of wonder and admiration.

"Plesiosaurs! A fresh-water plesiosaurs!" cried Summerlee. "That I should have lived to see such a sight! We are blessed, my dear Challenger, above all zoologists since the world began!"

It was not until the night had fallen, and the fires of our savage

allies glowed red in the shadows, that our two men of science could be dragged away from the fascinations of that primeval lake. Even in the darkness as we lay upon the strand, we heard from time to time the snort and plunge of the huge creatures who lived therein.

At earliest dawn our camp was astir and an hour later we had started upon our memorable expedition. Often in my dreams have I thought that I might live to be a war correspondent. In what wilder one could I have conceived the nature of the campaign which it should be my lot to report! Here then is my first despatch from a field of battle:

Our numbers had been reinforced during the night by a fresh batch of natives from the caves, and we may have been four or five hundred strong when we made our advance. A fringe of scouts was thrown out in front and behind them the whole force in a solid column made their way up the long slope of the bush country until we were near the edge of the forest. Here they spread out into a long straggling line of warriors and bowmen, Nootka and Chinook, and took their position upon the right flank, while Challenger and I were on the left. It was a host

of the stone age that we were accompanying to battle—

Then in a moment came the panic and the collapse. Screaming and howling, the great creatures rushed away in all directions through the brushwood, while our allies yelled in their savage delight, following swiftly after their flying enemies. All the feuds of countless generations, all the hatreds and cruelties of their narrow history, all the memories of ill-usage and persecution were to be purged that day. At last man was to be supreme and the man-beast to find forever his allotted place. Fly as they would the fugitives were too slow to escape from the



active savages, and from every side in the tangled woods we heard the exultant yells, the twanging of bows, and the crash and thud as ape-men were brought down from their hiding-places in the trees.

I was following the others, when I found that Lord John and Challenger had come across to join us.

"It's over," said Lord John. "I think we can leave the tidying up to them. Perhaps the less we see of it the better we shall sleep."
 Challenger's eyes were shining with the lust of slaughter.
 "We have been privileged," he cried, strutting about like a gamecock, "to be present at one of the typical decisive battles of history—the battles which determined the fate of the world. What, my friends, is the conquest of one nation by another? It is meaningless. Each produces the same result. But these fierce fights, when in the dawn of the ages the cave-dwellers held their own against the tiger folk, or the elephants first found that they had a master, those were the first conquests—big, victorious conquests. By this conquest here of the ape-men, we have won a new era of dominion even such a conquest. Now upon this plain the future must ever be for man."
 (To be continued.)

Just Out New Victor Records For July
 RED SEAL RECORDS

Number	Size	Title
1000	10"	Ranchito Viejo (Out on My Little Old Ranch (A Marriage) In Spanish—Armand Crabbe.
1082	10"	La Cancion del Ovidio—Junto al puente de la Pena (The Song of Forgetfulness—At the Bridge Crossing) (Berrano) In Spanish—Armand Crabbe.
3085	10"	Nocturne (Boulanger) (Piano accompaniment) Violin Solo—Jacsa Heifetz.
1080	10"	The Gentle Maiden (Scott) 2. Cortege (Boulanger) (Piano accompaniment) Violin Solo—Jacsa Heifetz.
1002	10"	Miniature Viennese March (Marche Miniature Viennoise) (F. Kreisler) (with piano) Violin and 'Cello—Fritz Kreisler-Hugo Kreisler.
6504	12"	Syncope (F. Kreisler) (with piano) Violin and 'Cello—Fritz Kreisler-Hugo Kreisler.
6400	12"	La Colondrina (The Swallow) (Mexican Folk Song) In Spanish—Margarete Matzenauer.
6505	12"	Preguntales a las Estrellas (Go Ask the High Stars Glemming) (Mexican Folk Song) In Spanish—Margarete Matzenauer.
1002	10"	Moonlight and Roses (Black-Morel)—John McCormack.
6504	12"	The Sweetest Call (Troon-Morrow)—John McCormack.
6400	12"	Polonaise in E Major, Part 1 (Liszt) Piano Solo—Sergei Rachmaninoff.
6505	12"	Polonaise in E Major, Part 2 Piano Solo—Sergei Rachmaninoff.
45403	10"	Lohengrin—Prelude, Part 1 (Wagner)—Stokowski and Philadelphia Orchestra.
19657	10"	Lohengrin—Prelude, Part 2 (Wagner)—Stokowski and Philadelphia Orchestra.
19670	10"	Dance Macabre, Part 1 (Dance of Death) (Saint-Saens)—Stokowski and Philadelphia Orchestra.
19670	10"	Dance Macabre, Part 2 (Dance of Death) (Saint-Saens)—Stokowski and Philadelphia Orchestra.
19600	10"	CONCERT SONGS AND INSTRUMENTAL RECORDS
19657	10"	Dreams (La Munt-Van Alstyne)—Lambert Murphy.
19670	10"	Our Little Dream of Love (Hampson-Gordon)—Lambert Murphy.
19657	10"	Over the Hills (Logan)—Victor Salon Orchestra.
19670	10"	The Mystery of Night (Nenni-G. Deani)—Victor Salon Or.
19670	10"	Polonaise (Polonaise-Elgie) (Noskowski)—Polish National Orchestra.
19600	10"	The Postillon—Mazurka (S. Nawyowski)—Polish National Orchestra.
35757	12"	The Emblem of Freedom—March (Goldman)—Goldman Band.
19654	10"	Military Spirit—March (Lindemann)—Goldman Band.
19657	12"	Gems from "The Student Prince in Heidelberg"—Victor Light Opera Company.
19654	10"	Student's Marching Song, 2 "Golden Days" 3 "Serenade" 4 "Deep in My Heart" 5 "Drinking Song" 6 "Gems from 'The Love Song'—Victor Light Opera Co.—1 "Yes or No" 2 "Only a Dream" 3 "He Writes a Song" 4 "Love Song (Remember Me)." 5 "Swanee Butterfly"—George Price.
19654	10"	Isn't She the Sweetest Thing?—George Price.
19657	10"	Everything is Hotsy Totsy Now, Ukulele and Jazz effects by Billy ("Uke") Carpenter—Gene Austin.
19657	10"	Yes Sir, That's My Baby, Ukulele and Jazz effects by Billy ("Uke") Carpenter—Gene Austin.
19667	10"	He Sure Can Play the Harmonica, with Violin, Guitar and Ukulele—Vernon Halhart.
19667	10"	Ain't You Coming Out Tonight?—Vernon Halhart.
19667	10"	Rock-a-Bye Baby (from "The Music Box Revue")—Grace Moore.
19667	10"	If Love Were All—Lewis James.
19667	10"	Let it Rain, with Ukulele and Piano—Gene Austin.
19667	10"	What a Life, with Ukulele—Gene Austin.
19667	10"	Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen (negro spiritual)—Marian Anderson.
19667	10"	My Lord, What a Mornin' (negro spiritual)—Marian Anderson.

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