

# Crime Slumps But Liquor Cases Hold Own

## Decrease Is Noted During Past Few Mos.

### Liquor Cases Lead Rowan County Court Docket By Wide Margin, Summary Reveals

Despite the depression, hard times and general unemployment crime has been on the decrease in Rowan county during the past few months. At any rate this is the indication from the records of the Rowan County Court, as will be seen from the following summary:

Month	Number of Cases
February (1933)	109
January (1933)	114
December (1932)	133
November (1932)	117
October (1932)	176
September (1932)	166
August (1932)	162
July (1932)	117

The largest percentage of cases coming before Judge J. Allan Dunn appear to be prohibition law violations, traffic violations, larceny and assault cases. In January, the liquor cases, as usual led the docket. Out of 114 cases on Solicitor Charles Price's docket 46 cases arose out of prohibition law violations. Larceny and receiving cases were second in number, being 17. Assault cases were twelve in number. In February, the liquor cases were 36 in number; larceny cases 20 and traffic violations 17. For the month of February the following cases were docketed:

Liquor law violations	36
Larceny and receiving	20
Motor law violations	17
Assault with deadly weapons	7
Assault	7
Illegal train riding	4
Bad check	2
Injury to public property	2
Prison escape	2
Carry concealed weapons	2
Highway robbery	2
Reckless driving	2
Bigamy	1
Assault on female	1
Simple assault	1
Hit and run driving	1
Attempt to burn city jail	1
Violation city ordinance	1
Burglary	1
Aiding and abetting	1
Trespass	1
Total cases	109

me up and not to ruin his life?" "Something like it," O'Hara's voice sounded thick and unnatural. "Something like it." He caught his breath on a hard sound before he broke out savagely: "He told me you were his mistress."

Barbara stared down at the gray ash on the end of her cigarette.

His mistress Jerry's mistress she wanted to laugh, and she wanted to cry. It was a lie. Thank God, it was not the truth, and yet—it might so very nearly have been.

But it was a lie all the same—thank God!

The gray ash fell, and she looked up into O'Hara's face.

"Well—what did you say?" she asked. She was confident of what he had said; most likely he had kicked Jerry downstairs—poor dear Jerry!

"I told him I should do what I have done. I told him I should come straight to you and tell you."

"Oh!" For a moment she felt paralyzed; then, then, meant that Dennis believed it—believed it!

She drew her hand from his and stood up.

"Why have you come to me?" she asked slowly. "Do you want me to swear with my hand on the Bible that I am a spotless saint?"

"No—no."

"Would you believe me if I did swear it?"

Dennis fell back from her with a smothered groan.

"My God, I don't know. Men don't lie about such things."

Barbara's white lips formed a question.

"Do they generally talk about such things?"

He came back to her, his face white, his eyes tragic.

"It sounded like the truth. I'm no saint, but you and that man—my God, Barbara—if it's true—"

"You mean—you believe that it is?"

He made no answer, and she said in a voice that was only so very still because it was so unutterably tragic: "Very well, then, go on believing it."

Like a woman in a dream she heard Dennis trying to explain, to excuse himself, to defend himself.

"I knew the kind of life you lead. You always knock about with men. I've always heard—it was Pauline who defended you—allways; she would never hear a word."

Barbara's stiff lips smiled. "Ah—Pauline!" The thought of Pauline was like a gentle hand laid on a terrible wound in her heart, and yet its very gentleness was agony. And Dennis blundered on, his sheer honesty and distress making every word an insult.

And Barbara laughed, a harsh, steely laugh that was like a knife-cut in the tragedy of the room.

"You seem to have had an entertaining night, altogether. Did you sit up till the small hours of the morning tearing me to pieces?" She caught her breath harshly. "Fine gentlemen, both of you—and you both pretend to love me."

Dennis said fiercely: "I did love you—God knows I did love you."

Already in the past! "I did love you," not "I do!"

She saw his hand go out to

## Vice-President John N. Garner



Vice-President John N. Garner of Texas, president of the Senate in the Roosevelt administration, is expected to play an important part as contact man between the White House and the legislative halls of the capitol while the party is getting organized for important legislation to be passed during the next year.

her, then fall again to his side. "He swore it! He said he'd been here with you alone, night after night—is that the truth?"

"Yes."

She heard him sob as he turned away, and there was a tragic silence. Then he came back once more.

"That's nothing—" and she knew that he was trying to convince himself rather than to apologize to her for his suspicions—"it's nothing, I know, nowadays. Girls often go to men's flats—don't they? It isn't what I should like Pauline to do—"

Barbara turned away. "Pauline!"

"—But she's different from you," he went on hoarsely. "She's heard such a sheltered life, and you—"

Then suddenly he was gripping her arms with frenzied hands. "Tell me—tell me the truth if you've never told it to me before. Tell me!"

Barbara closed her eyes and swayed in his grasp. She knew she had to speak, to say the word he prayed to hear, and in a moment she would be in his arms again, her head on his shoulder—the divine resting place—and yet—

"I'm so wonderfully happy that I want to share my happiness with you . . . my best friend. Barbara darling . . ."

Poor little Pauline! Poor little loyal Pauline who believed in her and loved her even though she had betrayed that love and belief.

And then came a pressing thought besieging her, deafening her, and refusing to be silenced. "Now is your chance. To do a decent thing—to make up for all the shabbiness of your life. Let this man go—send him back to his wife and to the life that is by rights."

"God, oh God," Barbara whispered. She tried to beat down that whispering voice, tried not to hear it. Then she felt Dennis' face against her shoulder, pressed to it as if he were an unhappy boy, and felt his arms folding her closer, closer. Barbara—if you ever loved me . . . oh, my dear one."

She tore herself free. She stood back against the table, panting a little, white to the lips.

"It's true," she said. "It's true—she would be in his arms again, her head on his shoulder—"

true, true!"

It seemed such a long time since he had spoken those words—she was sure that a whole lifetime had come and gone since she tore herself from Dennis O'Hara's arms, and waited for him to speak. She had not moved her eyes from him—she knew it might be the last time she would ever see him, and she wanted to remember him faithfully—the obstinate chin and sensitive mouth—behind him—and that was all.

Then presently she found herself kneeling by the fire and wondering hopelessly why she could not cry. She could have kept him, but she had let him go. Why?

"Because I'm a damned fool," she told herself with shaking lips. But she knew it was not; she knew it was because of a child she had once held in her arms for a little while that she had not found it possible to injure a child of Pauline's.

Mellish came to the door.

"Did you call me?" she asked.

"Bring me some brandy, will you? I'm so cold."

"There's a nice fire, too," Mrs. Mellish said.

"Yes," Barbara agreed. "Bring the brandy to my bedroom, please. I'm going out."

"Ghastly! Ghastly!" she thought and hunted for rouge.

Mrs. Mellish brought the brandy. The honest eyes—the brown hair, and the broad shoulders against which her head had rested for the only happy moments she had ever known.

Barbara smiled a little and held out her hand.

Although she knew it was all over she felt that she must make one last appeal to him—an appeal which she knew would be disregarded.

"In spite of everything—I'm the same woman I was last night, Dennis," she said.

Afterward she wondered if he really heard—or if she really spoke.

She heard him cross the little hall, open the front door, and shut it again.

"I'm all right. I shan't be in to lunch."

Out in the street she hailed a taxicab and gave the address of a flat, off Park Avenue.

"If only I didn't have to go on living," Barbara thought; then she laughed as she wondered whether Pauline would ask her to be god-mother to Dennis's son.

The taxi stopped, and she got out and paid the fare; then, without hesitating, she walked into the entrance of the flats. A porter came forward.

"Can you tell me which flat is Mr. Stark's?" Barbara asked.

"The second floor, madam—I'll take you up in the lift."

"Thank you. I'll walk. I'm not in a hurry."

She went slowly up the stone stairs. Douglas would be surprised to see her, or wouldn't he? It didn't matter much either way—probably he wouldn't be up.

She rang the bell and waited. After a moment her husband's manservant came to the door.

Barbara said, "Good-morning, Richards—is Mr. Stark in?"

"Yes, madam—just going out."

"I'll go in. You need not announce me."

She walked across the hall with unflinching step and into the sitting room. It smelled of spirits and cigar smoke and was overheated. A man stood by the sideboard emptying a tumbler.

Barbara said, "Good-morning, Douglas."

"God Almighty!"

Douglas Stark was a good-looking man, a little puffy under the eyes, and a little red in the complexion.

"What do you want?" he demanded gruffly, to hide his emotion.

"Only to say that—if you—if you like—I'll come back—no, no—as he moved toward her.

"Wait. It's on condition we go

### The Other Man

By Ruby M. Ayers

Fifteenth Installment

"From Jerry?" She looked surprised, and the sudden relief sent the color rushing back headlong to her white face. "What did he want with you? I haven't seen him for some time."

"He came to talk about you."

"About me?" She shrugged her shoulders. "Was he very melodramatic? Did he beg of you to give

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