

THEY NEVER KNEW

by TOM SIMS
NEA FICTION 1926 NEA SERVICE

FOR LATE ARRIVALS

(Fictitious cognomens, cities, streets, sidewalks and whiskers are used in this story to avoid possible identification.)

Well, JIMPSON WEED and PEARL HANDLE live in OMEOMY, Ohio, just for example. JIMP, who is the son of MR. and MRS. WEED, (his father and mother) marries PEARL, who is the daughter of MR. and MRS. HANDLE, (her father and mother). The WEEDS set forth upon their HONEYMOON, planning to tour THE UNITED STATES, which is the place discovered by CHRISTOFO COLUMBO, the explorer. COLUMBO died quite a while ago, so doesn't enter into this remarkable novel at all.

THE STORY itself, revolves around and around, and up until today it hasn't been such a fine story. Beginning today, however, or possibly Wednesday or some following day, the story improves.

HERE'S SOME MORE CHAPTER VII.

The author pauses here for an instant to brood that heart-rending predicament in which Jimp and Pearl found themselves at the close of the previous chapter.

Only those readers who have stood upon the top of a burning building in Atlantic City and felt the intense heat singe their eyebrows as the walls of the doomed structure shuddered beneath them—only those can realize the plight of our Jimp and our Pearl. "Weep! Weep! Weep!" wept the weeping wife of Jimpson Weed as the searing tongues of flame licked higher and higher.

"We are licked," cried Jimp, when a flame licked his hand.

A gasp of horror came floating up from the surging throngs upon the

would inconvenience her. When the time came to shoot Jimp she would notify her father. But now she must see New York.

When the situation was explained to Jimp, he fell in with it readily enough. He, too, would enjoy seeing New York.

"It's settled then," cried the lovely girl. "We'll spend the rest of our honeymoon in that evil city."

Hand in hand they set forth for the railroad station. It was about a mile from their present hotel, but they skipped several blocks, shortening the distance by half.

"When is the next train north?" asked Jimp at the ticket window.

"In about three hours," informed the ticket vendor.

"Does it stop at New York?" asked Jimp.

"Yes," said the ticket vendor. "It stops there several minutes."

"I'll take two nice tickets, if you please."

Back to the hotel went Jimp and Pearl to pack their belongings. Four more hours and they would be on their way safe.

But four hours of 300 minutes. Or, is four hours 240 minutes? Peppets are so scarce. Anyway, it's a lot of minutes.

The news of the hotel fire had spread rapidly. It had reached Omeomy, Ohio. Detective Gumshoe had learned of Pearl's whereabouts.

"This case," said Gum, as he smoked his famous pipe, "calls for clever manipulation. It demands strategy."

So detective Gum consulted his wife who also was a detective.

She was a detective, but a woman detective. Gum, himself, was a man detective.

Little suspecting this, Pearl gaily packed her few belongings which were scattered about the hotel room. Jimp was pacing the lobby while wait-

she. Jimp, though married only a few days, was nobody's fool. In fact, one might say that though married he was nobody's fool.

"My dear," said he, "let me introduce central. She came to help me get my phone number."

"That's a lie!" shouted Pearl. "That's a lie!" shouted she.

"That's a lie!" laughed Detective Gum and Mr. Handle, dancing about in enormous glee.

"Of course, it's a lie," screamed Pearl. "It's a darn lie."

"Of course, it's a darn lie," laughed Detective Gum and Mr. Handle, slapping each other on the back.

"Jimp," cried Pearl, snatching her husband's hand. "Get away from that woman." With a mighty yank she jerked him out of the booth. And she was just in time. Because then the chapter ended.

(To Be Continued)

PRODUCING MORE WITH LESS LABOR

Farm Production Goes Up In Spite Of Fewer People On the Farm—Better Machinery

In the twenty years, 1900 to 1920, the population of the United States increased almost 40 per cent, while the number of persons engaged in agriculture increased 4 per cent.

During this period the—
Production of wheat increased 53 per cent.

Production of corn increased 35 per cent.

Production of cotton increased 41 per cent.

Production of cattle increased 37 per cent.

Production of hogs increased 67 per cent.

What is the explanation?

For one thing, the value of farm implements and machinery increased almost 400 per cent during this period. Further, our farmers applied new methods to cultivate; proper treatment of soil, selection of seed, rotation of crops, scientific breeding and feeding.

The United States is producing more per man today than any other nation in the world.

Agriculture is specifically cited here, but what is true of agriculture is true, in even a greater degree, of manufacturing and mining and transportation.

We could present startling statistics, but they would bore the reader, and anyway, the facts are all about us.

I have been interested the last few weeks in observing the application of modern methods to ditch digging. Four miles of water pipes were laid out my way and I don't think there were three hand picks used on the whole job. The digging was done by a steel belt to which were attached small scoops. As the dirt was lifted it was moved to the side of the road.

As the pipe was laid, another man followed with a contrivance which scraped the dirt back into the trench. Most of the men employed on this job came to work in automobiles. Instead of the dirty ragged clothes, once associated with ditch diggers, they wore khaki shirts and breeches, and leather puttees.

They were a clean-shaven, upstanding lot of men. I could not avoid contrasting them, with the type of labor employed in this work twenty years ago.

Recently I have read "The Genius of American Business" by Julius Barnes, former president of the United States chamber of commerce.

Barnes says: "It is of great significance and promise that, although the total accumulation of national wealth of the world after forty centuries of productive effort amounted to only \$100,000,000,000 in 1782, when this republic was founded, there has gone on in the 140 years of national existence since, such intensified conversion of natural resources to human possession and use that the national wealth of this republic alone now equals: \$300,000,000,000.

"If the corn crop today were to be raised by the methods of 1856 it would have required 150,000,000 working days. Improved machinery has reduced the time to 43,000,000 working days, a vast economy in releasing manual labor to other industries producing other articles for human service.

"The first reaper was invented and used in 1830. If we were required to raise our present wheat crop by the methods of 1830 it would take 130,000,000 days of labor. Improved machinery has reduced the time required to 7,000,000 days."

We are not all millionaires in this country yet, we will never all be so rich that we can travel the high seas in private yachts. I'm not sure that would be desirable—there wouldn't be room. So many of us now own automobiles that we are running into each other each other.

However, if we are willing to go forward in an orderly way, avoiding disastrous shortcuts, we can, perhaps, within the lives of many now living, arrive at a state of economic well-being that will make us as happy as we ever intended to be.—Imperial Type Metal Magazine.

FIRST PAPER MANUFACTURER IN SOUTH DIES IN GEORGIA

Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 16.—Jefferson Howard Land, 84, the first manufacturer of paper in the south, was buried late today near his home at Austell, Ga. He died yesterday.

Mr. Land's first mill for making paper was burned during the civil war by Sherman's army in the march to the sea. The ruins of a later mill, built more than 50 years ago, are still to be seen on Soap creek, near Marietta.

The first issue of the Atlanta Constitution, the Atlanta Journal, the Sunny South, and the Marietta Record are believed to have been printed on paper turned out by the Land mill.

Mr. Land was the first man in the south to make paper twine. For this process he built his own machines.

A widow and three generations of descendants survive.

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

We have purchased the Cleveland Springs Service Station on Highway No. 20 between Shelby and Cleveland Springs. Stop on your way for gas, oil, accessories, repairs and washing and greasing, drinks, etc.

Courteous and Prompt Service.

A. N. and G. A. DRY, Proprietors.

Cleveland Springs Service Station.

INTER-CAROLINA MOTOR BUS CO.

Shelby to Charlotte—7, 9, 11, 1, 3, 5, 7:30.—Charlotte to Shelby—8, 10, 12, 2, 4, 6.

Kings Mountain to Charlotte—7:30, 9:30, 11:30, 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 8:30. Direct connection made in Kings Mountain for Spartanburg and Greenville in the morning—One hour layover in afternoons.

Bessemer City to Charlotte—7:45, 9:45, 11:45, 1:45, 3:45, 5:45, 8:45.

Gastonia to Charlotte, leaves every hour on the hour, from 7 A. M. to 8 P. M. Connection made there for Rock Hill, S. C.; Spartanburg, Greenville, Crumpton, Lincolnton and Cherryville, York and Clover, S. C.

Gastonia to Shelby—On the odd hours, making connections for Rutherfordton, Hendersonville, Asheville and Statesville.

Gastonia to Cherryville—8:30, 10:30, 12:30, 2:30, 4:30, 6:30.

Cherryville to Gastonia—7:15, 9:15, 11:15, 1:15, 3:15, 5:15.

Rock Hill to Charlotte—10:30, 1:30, 4:15.

Buss leaves Spartanburg 6:45 P. M. Connections at Kings Mountain, Charlotte.

Telephones: Charlotte 2671, Gastonia 1051, Shelby 450 Shelby to Rutherfordton—8 A. M. and 1 P. M. Rutherfordton to Shelby—9:40 A. M. & 2:15 P. M.

Shelby to Asheville—10:00 A. M., 12, 2, 4, 6 P. M. Asheville to Shelby—8, 9 & 11 A. M., & 2, 4, 6 P. M.

Shelby—7:20 A. M., 10 A. M., 1 P. M., 4:30 P. M.

Lincolnton—8:30 A. M., 11 A. M., 3:00 P. M., 6:30 P. M.

Schedules Subject to Change.

MID-SUMMER EXCURSION TO VIRGINIA

VIA Southern Railway System.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1926

ROUND TRIP FARE FROM SHELBY

RICHMOND	NORFOLK	VIRGINIA BEACH
\$9.00	\$10.00	\$10.50

Tickets good going all regular trains to junction point, thence special train and regular train 12, Thursday, August 19th. Final limit good to return on all regular trains (except 37 and 38) up to and including train 11 leaving Richmond 10:20 p. m. and train 36 leaving Norfolk 7:00 p. m., Monday, August 23, 1926.

Tickets good in Pullman sleeping cars, parlor cars and day coaches.

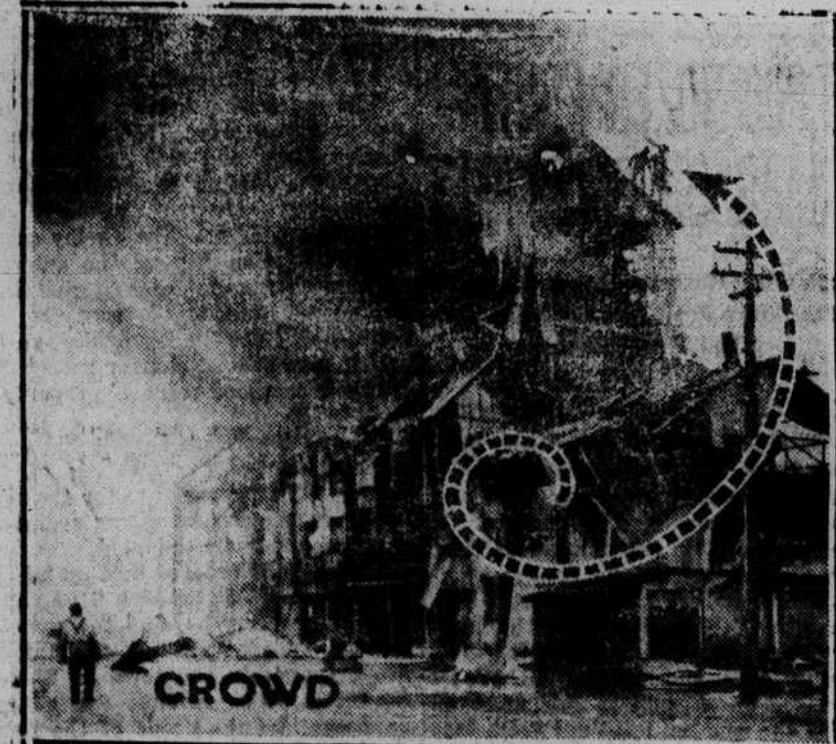
No baggage checked. No stop-overs.

Through sleeping cars and day coaches.

Last excursion of the season to Virginia seashore resorts.

For further information and sleeping car reservations call on any Southern Railway Agent.

A. H. MORGAN, Agent R. H. GRAHAM, D. P. A. Shelby, N. C. Charlotte, N. C.



ground. Women screamed and fainted. Strong men covered their eyes.

Even the fire chief, accustomed as the hard-hearted old devil was to such gruesome sights—even he stood spell-bound in his tracks and uniform.

This was no common tragedy. It was an uncommon tragedy. Oh, it was tragic as everything.

Two humans were burning alive. One was Pearl, a lovely young bride from whose innocent features the blood had yet to be erased. The other was Jimp, the charming millionaire.

"Weep! Weep! Weep!" wept the sweet darling. She was crying like an Irish potato in a barrel of onions.

The tears trickling down her cheeks soaked her dress and filled her shoes. This, and this alone, protected her from the flames which by now surrounded and obscured her delicate form.

Jimp took her in his arms. "We are saved! We are saved! We are saved!" whispered he into her ear three times.

It was true, practically. Pearl's tears had drenched the roof of the burning hotel.

"Saved! Saved! Saved!" laughed she hysterically.

But no! It was not to be. When Pearl quit crying the heat from below dried her tears.

"Ory, cry again!" screamed Jimp. But Pearl could not cry.

Desperate situations demand desperate measures. Taking his bride into his arms again, Jimp said to her, said he, "I'll poke you in the eye, you big slob."

Forthwith the lovely maiden burst into tears again. Trickle, trickle, trickle, went the tears down the side of the burning hotel.

The fire was extinguished. So they were saved.

There was quite a bit of talk around Atlantic City about making Pearl chief of the fire department.

The girl gave out, however, that she would refuse the offer. She said her husband, Jimp Weed, didn't want her to work until their honeymoon was over.

Then, too, Pearl realized the notoriety gained by extinguishing the hotel fire would be her undoing. Her father would learn where she was and speedily hasten thither to shoot her dear husband.

Such action on the part of her father

ing for his darling wife.

"Three hours," said Jimp, glancing at his watch. "Three more hours and we'll be safely on our way again."

"Could you tell me the time?" crooned a lovely voice at his elbow. Its vibrant tones resounded through the cold marble lobby of the hotel and sent a thrill of exultation through all who heard. Jimp failed to recognize Mrs. Gumshoe, the woman detective, in such a disguise.

"I beg your pardon?" stammered our Jimp.

"Could you tell me the time, please?" smiled the woman detective. "I had it written on a piece of paper, but I lost the paper."

"It's half-past," giggled our Jimp. "Come, let us seek a more secluded spot. You are a stranger here, are you not?"

"I am a stranger everywhere," practically sobbed the woman detective when they were alone in a phone booth.

"Poor little wonderful girl," sympathized Jimp, and his voice was like a downy caress.

"I am a stranger everywhere and to everyone, except here with you and to you," sighed the woman detective, who was a darn fast worker.

"I'm so sorry," soothed our Jimp, closing the door of the phone booth, the blame scoundrel.

Two figures emerged from behind one marble column each, and stood gazing at the phone booth, chuckling. Who were they? One was Detective Gum. The other was Mr. Handle, Pearl's father.

"He's trapped," whispered Gum. "Go get Pearl."

Pearl, as it happened, had finished her packing, and now she stepped out of the elevator into the lobby.

"Father!" she exclaimed upon seeing her old man. "What brings you here?"

"Jimp's over there in that phone booth making love to another woman," said the villain, broaching the subject at once.

"He is not so," snapped Pearl, incredulous as well as astounded.

But the sweet young thing's composure was aroused. Crossing the lobby she flung open the door to the booth.

There stood the only blamed husband she had. He was clasped in the arms of the woman detective.

"What does this mean?" shrieked

DR. DAVID M. MORRISON
Optometrist.
EYE SPECIALIST

Telephone 585

Eyes examined, glasses fitted, lenses made and duplicated.

Luremont-- On Lake Lure

In Chimney Rock Mountains

TO BE

"AMERICA'S GREATEST SCENIC PLAYGROUND."

Let that soak in!!

Can you go amiss in investing in

AMERICA'S GREATEST SCENIC PLAYGROUND?

—SEE—

C. L. T. FISHER — PHONE 535

Central Hotel Lobby,
Shelby, N. C.

Sale Of MILLINERY STOCK

The undersigned Assignee will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash the stock of Millinery, Dresses, Notions, etc., of Mrs. F. N. Wood of Shelby, N. C., on Tuesday August 17th, 1926 at 12:30 p. m. The Assignee reserves the right to accept or reject any and all bids.

The Assignee will be in Shelby on the morning of the 17th and this stock can be inspected at that time. This is a clean and well assorted stock and inventories a little more than \$1,600.00. Signed: W. C. Boggs, Assignee, Credit Interchange & Adjustment Bureau, Inc., 407 Wilder Building, Charlotte, N. C.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

"Calm contemplation is the high road to the development of character, if you read the signs aright."

We have succeeded in developing service that approaches perfection in point of equipment and conduct.

PALMER FUNERAL HOME

OPEN ALL THE TIME.

—TELEPHONE 61—

The THOROUGHbred fuel and just as fast

Esso

THE CUSTOM BUILT MOTOR FUEL
COSTS 5 CENTS MORE - WORTH IT

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (N.J.)