

THEY NEVER KNEW

TOM SIMS

START HERE TODAY
(The names and addresses of all persons in this story are fictitious. Any gifts for them such as cigars, pipes, chewing or smoking tobacco, hats (size seven) or any little thing you have which you would like to send them, should be mailed directly to the author.)

PEARL HANDLE married JIMSON WEED in the quaint little village of OMEOMY, Ohio, because she loved him.

PEARLS father objects to the shooting point. **DETECTIVE GUMSHOE** and **HIS WIFE** also take an active part in trying to break up the lovely dream. Overcoming all, however, **PEARL** and **JIMP** gaily tour a country known as **THE UNITED STATES** on their honeymoon.

The first eight chapters of the story are not very good. But from the ninth chapter onward, it's a knockout.

NOW GO AHEAD
CHAPTER IX

Let us consume a few of our golden moments in recalling the conclusion of the previous chapter, and Jimp's sad plight.

Here, right before the eyes of his new wife, he was being mistaken for a fish trying to escape from the aquarium.

"This is outrageous," said Jimp. "Permit me to pass. I am a visitor here at the aquarium and not one of your blasted old minnows."

The aquarium guard examined Jimp closely. Then, looking him straight in the eye, he spoke: "Who says you are not a fish?"

"I say he isn't a fish," snapped Pearl.

"And you are you?" questioned the guard.

"I am his wife, Pearl," answered Pearl.

"You mean to say he married you?"

"Yes, he married me."

"Then," said the guard, "that proves he's a fish."

Loudly protesting his innocence, Jimp was torn from the arms of his bride and thrown into the tank with the seals.

Heart-broken, Pearl left the aquarium. She was through with New York, through forever. The cruel city had taken her only husband from her side.

She would take the subway and go to Brooklyn. So she took the subway for Brooklyn, but it carried her to Times Square.

"Oh, well," reasoned she, as she leaned against the Times building and conversed with Al, the news dealer there. "I might as well see the city alone."

"Perhaps," suggested Al, "you would enjoy reading a paper from Omeomy, Ohio? I have a fresh one."

Seating herself on the curb with a fire plug to lean back against, Pearl brought forth her chewing gum. Selecting a large piece which she had found under a table at Atlantic City, she prepared to read.

Her eye caught the following on the society page:

"Mr. and Mrs. Jimson Weed (Pearl Handle) are spending part of their honeymoon in New York where Mrs. Weed is buying tons and tons of delightful 'frock' frocks."

Now she would have to do it. She couldn't go back on the folks at home. But how would she buy tons and tons of frocks? "Sixteen frocks make one pound," she began to figure. She had only about \$900,000 with her. Oh, if the paper had only said dresses. Dresses are much cheaper than frocks.

Take a dress that would sell for around fifteen smackers and call it a frock and you can get fifty smackers for it.

Anyway, she was glad the Omeomy struggle hadn't said "pattern dresses." They cost even more than frocks.

You take a dress that would sell for around thirty smackers. You have only one like it, or, if you have a few dozen you get out only one at a time—then you call it a "pattern dress" and it sells for gangers of smackers, being even more valuable than a frock.

"No sooner suggested than considered," was our Pearl's motto. So she headed for Fifth Avenue, so called because the prices on things have been raised five times.

It was Pearl's first time on Fifth Avenue. "I'll consult with a con," reasoned she. Pearl knew the police force at home and he was a nice fellow.

"Where should I do my shopping?" asked Pearl of a rotund cop who stood in the middle of the street waving at people.

"Have you ever tried the 'Gigantic Tent & Awning Co.?' asked the cop, whose feet were too large for his shoes.

As the words left his ruddy lips Pearl kicked him in the eye and fled quickly down the street.

The scene was exhilarating. Nude, Nude, Nude & Nudes fashion shows always distracted thousands of women.

Practically perfectly formed and informed models would appear suddenly from behind a huge fan. Each and every one were adorned in creations. Some of these creations were chic.

Some were exquisite. Many were delightful. All were marvelous.

Among the audience most of the fashionables of New York squatted upon their chairs, spellbound.

Mrs. Joyces was there. Her husband had made a fortune selling nickel-plated can openers for wedding presents. So Mrs. Joyces certainly was there.

Another notable among those present was Mrs. Isaac Fitzpatrick, of the Isaac Fitzpatrick. Mrs. Dre's husband had made his millions by keeping quiet about how he had made his millions.

So she certainly was there. The lady was in a fine humor. All of her chins were extremely happy.

Every one of her 300 pounds radiated joy supreme. Only that day she had realized the great advantage of her avoidpoups.

When she weighed on the scales at the drug store she got her penny's worth. In fact, she got as much weighing for one penny as many of her friends did for three. So she was exuberant.

A model hopped from behind the great fan and trickled down the aisle, a wisp of beauty. Her slim young body was adorned in a silky scrap of mosquito netting dyed pale blue.

Petite red shoes squeezed her corns. Upon her haircut she wore a saucy green lid resembling a discouraged frying pan.

"Oh!" exclaimed our Pearl, "I must have that." So she purchased the outfit. She purchased it and many more.

Hours later she left the store all tattered out. She was happy. She was broke, but her handbag held hundreds of new dresses.

Alone in the big city, our Pearl busied herself about the room in the Pennsylvania Hotel. The new dresses amused her for a while.

Then she thought of Jimp. Poor Jimp. Where was her Jimp at? Was he still at the aquarium? Was he with the seals? Or had they placed him in the turtle tank?

Really, she should do something about her husband. But how could she? Thoughtless, as usual, she had spent all their money on clothes.

She thought for fully thirty seconds. It made her heart ache. It made her head ache, the thinking did.

The phone rang 472 different times. But it wasn't Jimp. It was only New York hoodluggers wanting to know if she needed a few gallons for dinner.

Driven to desperation she had an idea. The calendar on the wall said "Thursday." Quickly, Pearl snatched off two leaves, making the calendar read, "Saturday."

Her idea was to take a bath. Perhaps it would refresh her so she could think clearly.

Disrobing, she stood admiring her supple grace before the mirror. Then, humming a little tune, she entered the bath room and closed the door.

The noise of the water filling the tub drowned soft footsteps in the hall. Someone entered her room.

Pearl, gaily chasing the soap about the bath tub, was startled to hear the bolt in the bath room door click.

Springing out of the tub, she tried the door. It was locked from the outside. She was a prisoner.

Her first impulse was to scream. But that would never do. If she screamed someone might hear her.

Wrenching the towel rack from the wall, she pried at the door. It gave a little. Pearl threw her weight against it.

The door burst open. Pearl fell into her room. Luckily, there were a few more paragraphs to the chapter.

The room was empty, deserted except for Pearl in person and nothing else. But her clothes were gone. Someone had stolen every stitch, even the sheets off the bed.

So there stood Pearl, our Pearl. She was alone in the big city, penniless, hungry, disgusted and disrobed.

(To Be Continued)

Alexander School Opens 27th Season

(Special to The Star)

The Alexander schools, Inc. formerly the Round Hill academy, opened last Tuesday morning at ten o'clock for the 27th session. A large number of friends and students were present to hear the opening address delivered by Dr. J. W. O'Hara, of Asheville, superintendent of the mountain system of schools, followed by a splendid talk by the Rev. Mr. D. J. Hunt, of Meadsville, first principal of the Round Hill academy. Following the close of the opening session, the Round Hill academy-Alexander schools, Inc. alumni association, was perfected by the large number of alumni present, Mr. Murrell L. Johnson, acting as chairman, and Dr. O'Hara being the speaker. The purpose of the association being to "work for and advertise the Alexander schools, Inc."

The following officers were elected for the year ending next June: M. L. Johnson, president, Union Mills; J. W. Morgan, vice president, Forest City; Miss Daisy Johnson, secretary, Union Mills; Miss Bertha Whiteside, treasurer, Rutherfordton, R. The following were appointed to serve on the ways and means committee: Misses Lillian Logan, Iton, and Grace Cle-

Tips On Use Of Your Telephone

Mrs. Smith, Head Operator Says Common Misuse Is Not To Speak Directly In Mouthpiece

"Very few people know how to use a telephone correctly," according to Mrs. Smith, head operator at the Central office. "Most of them think of the instrument as something that can be treated in almost any way, but a few rules should be observed if one wishes to secure the most efficient service."

"One of these, very common, but which is violated very often, is that of speaking directly into the transmitter. Many people have a habit of looking off into the distance without the least regard for the fact that it is necessary to direct the voice so that the maximum sound will carry into the instrument."

Another hint from the operator admonishes subscribers to keep their voices low, and their mouth close to the telephone. Much better service is secured than if one shouts from a distance.

Mrs. Smith also stated that an astonishing number of people were unable to pronounce the numbers cor-

Triplets Are Born To Granite Falls Couple

Hickory, Aug. 18.—The family of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Starnes, of Granite Falls, Route One, was doubled last night when triplets were born to them. The babies, two girls and a boy, appear to be normal and healthy and tip the scales at ten pounds. The girls weigh three pounds each and the boy weighs four. There are three other children in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Starnes.

Low Prices Halt Peach Movement

Large Quantity Not To Be Picked In Sandhills Because of Prevailing Prices

A total of approximately 2,115 carloads of peaches were shipped from the Sandhills section of the State up to Saturday, the Division of Markets of the State Department of Agriculture reports, and there are still more than 400 carloads yet on the trees that probably will not even be picked, as the present low prices do not make it worth while to harvest the remaining peaches and prepare them for shipment.

Friday and Saturday it was possible to buy the very best peaches at the orchards for 25 cents a bushel, and seconds and culls could be obtained for as little as ten cents a bushel.

Not more than 75 cars will be shipped this week, as prices still are very low and the cream of the crop has already been moved. Only a sudden rise in prices would increase shipments now. The principal shipments this week will be from the Mount Airy section, where the crop is later.

The excessively low prices were caused by the fact that the Georgia, Tennessee, North Carolina and Arkansas crops ripened at about the same time, with shipments from all these sections reaching the principle markets about the same time, with the result that the market was glutted and prices dropped to the bottom. As many as 600 carloads of peaches reached a single market in a single day.

Declares Young Girls Drink Openly On Train

Hendersville.—Episodes of young girls drinking—not in the secret of their own boudoirs—but in the glaring openness of a train coach, was cited here by Evangelist Fant in a sermon in the big tent on the Flat Rock-Greenville highway, in drawing a comparison of the development of evil practices through modern living.

Neglect of children by parents was blamed by the "railroad" evangelist for this growth of evil and he urged the resurrection of the family altar and prayer as an antidote.

The Fant revival is growing in interest, each night finding the big tent packed to capacity.

If you want to be invited back, be a good listener.

Girl Dead, Youth Is Out On \$2,500 Bond

Morganton, Aug. 18.—Miss Mary Pascal, of Valdese, died at midnight last night of injuries received in an automobile wreck just west of Glen Alpine after midnight on Monday night. Reginald Wiseman, driver of the car in which four young people were out on a ride, returning from Asheville, was held in jail Tuesday but released under \$2,500 bonds to appear at a hearing to be held later. The Pascal girl, still in her teens, belonged to a good Waldensian family. She will be buried at Valdese Thursday morning.

Lutheran Church of The Ascension
Sunday school at ten o'clock. Those not in Sunday school, somewhere, are missing a real necessity for soul-health. We want to help you to help others.

Morning worship, eleven o'clock, subject, "May the Deaf Hear?"
Evening worship, 8 o'clock, subject "The Coming of Better Days."
Strangers come only once: after that they are friends.

And please remember the place is not the S. LaFayette school building, but the Central building, on West Marion street.

FOR INSTANCE: IN NEW YORK 1/4 OF ALL THE INNER TUBES USED ARE MICHELINS — SOMETHING MORE THAN WORDS DID THAT!

SHELBY HARDWARE CO.
SHELBY, N. C.
MICHELIN TIRES - 36% MORE MILES

Genuine Victor Records

28c EACH. \$1.00
4 FOR

W. A. PENDLETON
"THE MUSIC SHOP."

DR. DAVID M. MORRISON
Optometrist.
EYE SPECIALIST
Telephone 585
Eyes examined, glasses fitted, lenses made and duplicated.

CANNON TOWELS

Buying Cannon Towels direct from mill in immense quantities for the spot cash enables us to sell you better values for less money.

Millions of women have learned about the remarkable values offered in the famous Cannon Towels—

THEY ABSORB QUICKLY—
WEAR WELL—
COST LESS—

200 Dozen nice size Turkish Towels in white, pink and blue plaids, SPECIAL 10c

—200 DOZEN BARBER TOWELS—
Red border, soft finish—Special price to barbers in quantity lots.

—TURKISH TOWELS 15c—
A better quality, a larger size, lily white and pure white. Special 15c

—TURKISH TOWELS 19c—
100 Dozen extra large Turkish towels, White only 19c

—TURKISH TOWELS—
This is our leader and a real 39c value—Double warp size 22x45 inches wide—Note the size—SPECIAL FOR THIS WEEK—
4 TOWELS FOR \$1.00

—LARGE BATH TOWELS 39c—
Double warp Cannon Special, 65c grade—Couldn't want a better. 39c each, 3 for \$1.00

—BIG SPECIAL 10c—
1000 yards 38-inch unbleached Satine Cloth, soft and fine for sheets, pillow cases quilt linings, etc. This week's leader at 10c

—SILK HOSE—
7 numbers in Ladies Silk Hose—All the new light shades. Prices 19c, 25c, 35c, 39c, 49c, 75c and \$1.00
Known the county over as leaders in Ladies Silk Hose.

Wray-Hudson Co.
"WHERE PRICES SATISFY."

The E. A. Huss Farm AT AUCTION

THURSDAY, AUGUST 26TH
BEGINS 2:00 P. M.

Better known as the Judge Hoke Home Place located 3 miles East of Lincolnton, 1 mile south of Goodsonville, on road leading from Goodsonville to Gastonia and High Shoals.

100 acre farm cut in two 50 acre tracts, with home and complete set of out buildings on one tract, also a well that has never weakened during the dry weather. 200 fine peach trees. 1 mile from school and churches. This farm has been divided so both tracts have running water and sufficient timber for wood. This farm is in a very high state of cultivation, lies exceptionally well and every foot tillable. Come look the place over and be with us on SALE DAY.

— CASH PRIZES — — BAND CONCERT —

TERMS:—10 Per Cent Cash Day Of Sale, 15 Per Cent January 1st, 1927. Very Easy Terms On Balance.

E. A. HUSS, OWNER
R. R. MADRON, AUCTIONEER
OF STATESVILLE, N. C.