

# THEY NEVER KNEW

by TOM SIMS  
NEA FICTION 1926 NEA SERVICE

### OPENING

Located in the darkest part of Africa is a tribe of savage savages who are awful people. Besides walking backwards so they can see where they were, their chief is named "Umpah" after one of the horns in the orchestra.

Chief Umpah's son is named "Tiddlebun." Due to bad environment, Tiddlebun plays on the piano.

When the chief hears of this he is heart-broken. In a trembling voice he says, "I should have sent Tiddlebun to boarding school."

This, however, while very interesting, has nothing to do with the present story, which is about something else.

In the story in hand, JIMPSON WEED marries PEARL HANDLE and they start on their honeymoon. PEARL'S old man objects to the match and tries to shoot JIMP.

The honeymooners are in GREENWICH VILLAGE. The lights go out. A shot shoots. The lights come on. A tall stranger has been killed dead than everything.

### PLEASE, NOW CHAPTER XII

Could the author please be pardoned for recalling the end of the previous chapter?

You see, there are so many worries—Jimmy had the whooping cough last night—Johnny cried because he threw the ink well at the cook and missed her—and really, we mustn't let the turmoil make us forget the thread of this thrilling story.

As the chapter concluded, Jimp and Pearl were in a terrible predicament. Someone had shot and killed someone. Naturally, the cops suspected Jimp, our Jimp.

"Who killed this guy?" screamed the chief of police of New York.

"I didn't," said Jimp. "I ain't killed nobody all day long."

"You wouldn't lie to me, young fellow?" asked the chief, his gimlet eyes boring into Jimp.

Before our Jimp could answer, our Pearl hopped upon a table. "I shot the bum," giggled she. "And I'll kill any man who does what he did." She was defiant.

"What did the bum do?" questioned the chief. Accustomed as he was to dealing with criminals, he knew Pearl was not a girl to kill men simply for the thrill of the killing.

"He offered me a drink of synthetic gin," Pearl's voice was calm. She knew she was in the right.

"Very well," said the chief. "The fellow needed killing." And saying which he departed.

The following day Jimp and Pearl awoke, as was their custom.

"Let's go to Coney Island," suggested Jimp, stretching himself.

"Let's go, laughed Pearl, stretching herself.

The Hindus have a quaint way of saying, "There's no fool like an old fool because the young ones haven't had enough experience."

Climbing out of the subway, which is about fifty feet up in the air at this point, the young husband and his laughing bride pushed their way through the gay crowds of sloppy looking people.

"Let's eat some hot dogs and go riding on a roller coaster," snickered Jimp, who had never done it before.

"Let's go riding on the roller coaster first, and then consume some hot dogs," smiled Pearl.

It was a timely suggestion. Hot dogs cost ten cents each. Even though they had a million dollars, Pearl didn't intend throwing away any of their dimes.

Leaving the roller coaster, Jimp and Pearl started for the beach. It was a funny story and they should see many humorous sights upon the beach at Coney Island.

"Halt!" cried a voice behind them. It was stern and forbidding.

"What do you mean halt?" asked Jimp, turning around and seeing a Western Union messenger boy, and also a Postal messenger boy—because this story is fair to both sides.

"We said 'halt' because we have telegrams for you," smiled the two messenger boys. "We've been hunting you all day long."

Hastily, Jimp opened the telegrams. He frowned as he read the contents.

"Heek," exclaimed he, because the word "hell" isn't being used in this great novel.

"More trouble, Jimp?" asked his trusting young wife.

"Yes," responded her darling husband. "Scads of trouble. Here we are at Coney Island having a big time, and then we get a couple of wires like this."

"What do they say?" questioned the girl. She was his wife and wanted her share of their mutual troubles.

"Read them yourself," said Jimp, sitting down in the sand. It was quite evident that the wires held bad news.

Pearl grasped one of the wires and read aloud. "This is a nice mess," said the wire. "Stop comma you are still in New York stop you are a couple of swell guys you are stop this is chapter twelve stop don't you ever look at the scenario stop in

chapter twelve you are supposed to be lost in Mammoth Cave stop." The wire was signed by the author.

"What'll we do now?" asked Pearl. "Orders is orders," said Jimp.

Stalagmites and stalactites stalagmited and stalactited from below and from above.

Cautiously, Jimp and Pearl crept along the narrow passage. They were lost in Mammoth Cave.

"How many lucifers have you?" asked Pearl.

"What's a lucifer?" asked Jimp.

"Lucifers are matches in eight letters."

"Well, why didn't you say so. I haven't any more. I haven't a single lucifer left."

"Not another lucifer?"

"No, not another lucifer."

The darkness closed in upon the two poor unfortunates lost in Mammoth Cave. It was so black a lump of coal would have shone like a street lamp.

"Anyway," said Pearl, "we can eat. You have the lunch consisting of fried chicken, hot biscuits, coffee, cake and ice cream which they fixed for us at the Cave City Hotel."

"No," said Jimp. "I haven't the lunch."

"Why haven't you the lunch?"

"The guide carried it with him when he fell into that big hole and broke his neck," sobbed Jimp.

This, indeed, was terrible. It was almost dinner time. Jimp and Pearl hadn't eaten a thing since lunch, except a few barbecue sandwiches, and some popcorn, and some pretzels, and two steaks.

That's all the unfortunates had eaten since noon. And here it was almost dinner. The situation was serious, very serious.

No food. No matches. No guide. That was the situation in a nutshell, and in Mammoth Cave.

The mouth of the cave buzzed with activity. "Jimp and Pearl are in there, lost!" exclaimed excited spectators.

Guide after guide had searched for them. But not one Jimp or one Pearl could be found.

They were lost, good and lost.

"We must do something," said Pearl. "I can't die. I dropped my compact some place. I can't be found dead with my nose shiny."

Jimp understood this. He knew how the neighbors back in Omeomy, Ohio, would talk if it got out that his Pearl had been found dead in Mammoth Cave with her nose shiny.

But what could the poor husband do? Grabbing a stalagmite he snapped it off. Using it as a hammer Jimp quickly broke off one of the beautiful stalactites.

He set to work, rubbing the stalagmite against the stalactites. Soon there was a fine dust around his feet. He couldn't see it in the darkness, but he could feel it.

"Here," said he to Pearl, handing her some of the powder. "Put this upon your shiny nose."

Pearl did so. "Ah," sighed she, "Now I can die. Jimp, you have indeed been a great comfort in my last hours."

Stretching out upon the cold damp ground, Pearl and Jimp crossed their arms and awaited death.

(Don't worry, reader. Monday's another day. Jimp and Pearl don't die. Get Monday's paper and see how they are saved by nothing less than a miracle.)

(To Be Continued)

### According to the Prospectus

Irate guest: "Look here, the rain is simply pouring into my room."

Summer Hotel Proprietor: "Absolutely according to our prospectus, sir. Running water in every room."

### "ACHED & ACHED"

Lady Says Her Back "Hurt Night and Day"—Least Noise Upset Her. Better After Taking Cardui.

Winfield, Texas.—"My back hurt night and day," says Mrs. C. L. Eason, of R. F. D. 1, this place. "I ached and ached until I could hardly go. I felt weak and did not feel like doing anything. My work was a great burden to me. I just hated to do up the dishes, even. I was no-account and extremely nervous."

"My mother had taken Cardui and she thought it would do me good, so she told me to take it. My husband got me a bottle and I began on it. I began to improve at once. It was such a help that I continued it until after the baby's birth."

"I took eight bottles and I can certainly say that it helped me. It is a fine tonic. It built me up and seemed to strengthen me. I grew less nervous and began to sleep better."

"I can certainly recommend Cardui to expectant mothers, for to me it was a wonderful help. ... In every way I felt better after taking it and I think it is a splendid medicine."

Cardui is purely vegetable, and contains no harmful drugs.

For sale everywhere. NC-162

**CARDUI**  
THE WOMAN'S TONIC

### Double Springs News Personal Happenings

(Special to The Star)

The Senior B. Y. P. U. with Miss Sybil Hamrick as the efficient president, is doing very fine work. Fred E. Green is the general director of the B. Y. P. U. The Seniors had charge of the closing program Sunday evening which was a very fine one.

Miss Ozelle Gardner is the very successful leader of the Sunbeam Band.

We are sorry to note that Irene Brooks the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Brooks is indisposed. We hope she will soon be entirely well.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Wilson and children of Gastonia, visited his sisters

Mrs. John Blanton, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Bridges and baby daughter, Polly, were guests at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Bridges, Sunday.

Harry Gardner, the little grandson of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Gardner, has been ill for several days.

Mrs. Herman Washburn and little daughter, Mildred, of Shelby, were Sunday guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Green.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Washburn, of Shelby, and Mrs. Washburn's mother, Mrs. Lucas, of Godwin, N. C., were guests of Rev. and Mrs. D. G. Washburn Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Grady Brooks of Asheville, visited relatives in this community recently.

Miss Sybil Hamrick had as her guests for the week-end, Miss Mary C. Thompson, of Forest City; Mr. Al-

fred Witherspoon, of Forest City; Mr. Doran Pace, of Hendersonville; Miss Fannie Featherstone, of Gastonia; and Mr. Clarence Baker, of Gastonia.

Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Washburn carried their baby, Eugene, back to the baby hospital at Saluda Sunday. Then friends will be glad to know that he was pronounced almost well by the physician. His trouble having entirely cleared up since his last examination.

She is doing well at last reports.

D. P. Washburn had the misfortune some way the horse stuck a stick in its thigh and contracted blood poisoning.

### Speed With Safety

Dearborn Weekly.

Fast driving in an automobile is not necessarily dangerous. Slow driving causes as many serious accidents. A good driver, who attends strictly to driving, may run at a snail's pace with less danger to himself and others than he who crawls along at fifteen or twenty miles an hour and ignores the common courtesies and rules of the road. A judge in one of Michigan's most congested cities has said that

autoists should be permitted to go from thirty to forty-five miles an hour on through highways. He believes many accidents are the result of congestion caused by slow drivers. Eventually we shall have roads for slow drivers. Then it will be unlawful for a slow driver to crawl along a high speed road. The automobile has become a necessity and as part of our business must be speeded up to synchronize with modern industry.

It was but natural that the statement of the dry law administrators at Charlotte should draw a Sharpe reply from Washington.

Probably election frauds are responsible for the noise in Illinois.

### A Remedy for Piles

Ask your Druggist (whom you know) what he knows about PAZO OINTMENT as a Remedy for Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. 60c.

THE MICHELIN TIGER-GRIP TREAD IS THE BEST NON-SKID TREAD EVER DEvised FOR ANY TIRE COME SEE IT !!

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

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### "Today is yesterday's pupil"



"I find most motorists today using 'Standard'—the gas that gave them good service yesterday. Folks kinda like to learn from experience—so as to know every time they step on the button, there will be sure response shooting the old car right along—silent certain power to make every grade—day in and day out—no trouble—no worry.

"That's why so many experienced motorists tell me they always stick to 'Standard' Gasoline. They learned years ago that it's always dependable. They know, too, that it's obtainable everywhere."

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