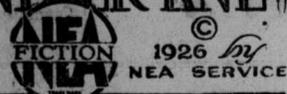


THEY NEVER KNEW



TOM SIMS

MAIN ENTRANCE

Consternation reigned for forty days and forty nights, without even any time off for lunch.

And, why shouldn't it? Just wait until you hear exactly what it was that happened.

Bill Whimpiddle went fishing one Saturday afternoon, which was payday. About dark his wife got worried. She went to find Bill.

And there he was. Bill was sitting on the bank of the creek with a big string of fish and perfectly sober.

Mrs. Whimpiddle was so surprised she dropped dead. Bill is in jail charged with "shock with intent to kill."

This, however, has nothing to do with our present story. In "They Never Knew" two people, one a man, the other a woman, marry.

To be perfectly frank, JIMPSON WEED marries PEARL HANDLE. Three other characters are PEARL'S FATHER, and Mr. and Mrs. GUMSHOE.

It's the latter three vs. the former two.

NOW LET'S TRY IT CHAPTER XXII

We must refer to the conclusion of the previous chapter.

Jim was chasing Pearl's father around and around the north pole. Both were mad. Both got hot.

They got so hot they melted the ice. They fell into the water. Pearl and Mr. and Mrs. Detective Gumshoe, who were watching the chase, also fell into the water.

The five were swimming around with no possible aid in sight. "Grab hold of the north pole," Jimp yelled to his lovely wife. She did so.

Presently old man Handle swam up and grabbed the pole.

Detective and Mrs. Gumshoe were clinging to the other end. The five-unfortunates were safe for the time being.

The water was fairly warm, the temperature having been raised for miles around when old man Handle and Jimp fell through the ice.

"Be still," warned Jimp, making a face at Pearl's father. The old man was trying to crawl on top of the floating pole. This was making it roll over and over.

"I won't be still," shouted the old man, still riled.

"You'll be still or I'll poke you in the eye," claimed Jimp.

"Pearl," yelled the old man. "Do you hear how your husband talks to me?" You run right home and bring father his pistol. Tell mother it's under the pillow.

"I can't," said Pearl, the darling. "I can't get away right now."

This infuriated the old gent beyond measure. To him it was a clear case of disobedience on the part of his favorite daughter.

He gritted his teeth and slung epithets across the pole at Jimp. His son-in-law's only increased his anger. He started gnawing the north pole, biting out big chunks.

This gave Jimp a fine idea. He dived under the pole, coming up on the side with his infuriated antagonist. Grasping the old man by the legs, Jimp directed the gnawing.

In a very few minutes Handle had gnawed the north pole into a fine canoe. They all climbed into the canoe and started paddling.

They were safe, temporarily. The old man quieted down and felt much better except for a few gnawing pains.

The arctic regions are desolate wastes of snow and ice swept by chilly winds. They are thinly populated by Eskimos, polar bears and seals, and that's about all.

This great mass of ice and snow kept from tumbling down into the sea by a circle drawn across the map in black ink. This circle is called the Arctic Circle.

The Eskimos live upon frozen fish, blubber, whale oil and selling souvenirs to explorers. Their autos are sleds drawn by dogs. In this they have an advantage. When you are out riding and hungry, you can't drink your dog. But an Eskimo can eat a dog.

Perhaps the greatest advantage of living in the arctic regions, and which all Eskimo reiters boast of constantly, is the length of the days and nights.

Their days are six months long. Their nights are of an equal length. When an Eskimo gets a day off from work he has time to sleep.

The boss gives one of them a week's vacation, it means the boss has to work for a week.

An Eskimo who has a date with a girl stays until along about midnight. She has been with her for a week. After a few such dates the two are fairly well acquainted.

Women never have to work in their ages. Take one who is 60 years old. "How old are you?" asks a fellow. She tells him. "I've seen you before," smiles the blushing

north pole. He wasn't such a good mariner.

"Better head south," suggested Pearl.

"Which way is that?" asked her husband, looking about him.

"Doesn't matter," laughed her husband, looking about him.

"Doesn't matter," laughed the darling girl, who was amused even in the face of danger. "Every way is south here."

Jimp paddled along in silence. Mr. Handle sat in the bow of the boat. He was content for the once. During his gnawing he had happened across a nail which someone had used for fastening a "No Parking" sign upon the north pole. The old man sat and chewed upon this nail.

Detective and Mrs. Gum sat in the center of the boat. Even in this hour of distress they conversed in whispers. They were trying to think up a new plot by which Pearl and Jimp could be separated.

The dear girl sat behind them. She was the life of the party. Now and then she sang snatches of popular songs. Between times she made gay remarks to Jimp.

Things had gone along thusly for several hours when Jimp suddenly ceased paddling. "I see a sail!" he cried.

"A sail?" cried Mrs. Gumshoe. "A sail?" screamed Pearl. Leap overboard the two women swam hastily in the direction in which Jimp had pointed.

Jimp paddled fast as he could. When the canoe reached the ship, the women were already aboard and disappointed.

"I thought you said 'sail,'" greeted Pearl. "That's what I thought," added Mrs. Gumshoe. The joke was on them.

But it was no time for joking. The captain wants to see you," grinned a sailor who had on heavy boots, a red sash about his middle, and a huge knife between his teeth.

They entered the captain's cabin. "What are you doing aboard my ship?" cried the demon, throwing a skull at Jimp. It was a pirate ship. That was easily seen.

"Take them out," yelled the captain. "Throw the women in irons. Make the men walk the plank." He took a drink, as the chapter ended.

(To be continued)

GASTONIA MAN IS DEAD OF INJURIES

Gastonia, Sept. 17.—Sam Ballard 62, died in a local hospital today following injuries received yesterday afternoon when a lumber truck he was driving was hit by a C. and N. W. passenger train on a local grade crossing.

ONE CHECK FLASHER MEETS WATERLOO

Dapper Young Man Who Operated Here Last Week Has Not Been Apprehended Yet

While the dapper young man who operated in Shelby, flashing checks on local merchants has not been apprehended as yet, one bold flasher who has been plying his trade in a similar fashion in Western Carolina has been caught in Wadesboro where he is being tried, according to the Statesville Landmark. The resourceful operator who was caught a few days ago passed under the names W. J. Johnson, W. J. Jackson, J. S. Johnson, T. J. Johnson, L. A. Davis and J. A. McDonald. At Statesville, Johnson or Davis had a number of victims, including Efrid, Belk's, Gilmer's, James E. Tharpe's cash and carry store and Polk Gray Drug store. The total amount of his worthless checks passed out to the above merchants is figured at between \$125 and \$150. This is said to be the same man who has operated at Asheville, Mooresville, Monroe, Charlotte and Wadesboro. Mr. Forrest Eskridge, cashier of the First National bank says it appears to be the same man who tried checks on the First National bank of Shelby, when he was operating in Asheville, but he failed to get by with his shrewd scheme.

The young man who operated in Shelby last week, passing worthless checks to several merchants when he would buy a small amount of merchandise, write a check for a larger amount and ask for the difference in cash, may still be working his trade in other places. Instead of signing his name Cleveland Gardner, he signed Cleveland B. Walker, and drew checks on the First National bank, Charlotte. He made a small deposit at the First National bank then immediately checked out a large part of it. Mr. Eskridge became suspicious and telephoned the Charlotte bank on which he was drawing checks and drafts and found out that no such name was on the books of the bank. Immediately Mr. Eskridge found the young man, asked him to withdraw his account, turn in his check and deposit book and also notified the merchants to whom he had given checks that they were worthless. He did not get by with the bank on any of his crooked transactions and would have been apprehended by the merchants who he had crooked, except for the fact that he fled the town on a bus.

Check flashing now seems to be a popular past-time with crooks in North Carolina just now and merchants would do well to verify the genuineness of all checks offered to them by strangers.

THE ONE-TWO COW MAN

(By Wm. Lineberger, Shelby Banker and Creamery Head.)

The other day while showing the Gaston county farmers over Cleveland county, they wanted to know where were those great herds of dairy cattle, fine barns, silos and pastures they had heard of over here. We went over a great area and don't believe we saw a cow while out—but of all the cotton, corn, cane etc., we saw it. These folks from Gaston wanted to know some way they could help the one, two and three cow man, and right there is where we come in. We told them that there were not any large herds of cows in Cleveland, but most every farmer had one or more and that about 2000 of these farmers sent their cream to the creamery. The creamery not only takes care of the large herd but the one cow as well. By operating cream routes the cream is gathered up and down the roads at each farmer's house, at a minimum cost and brought to the creamery, made into butter, sold and the farmer is paid from the returns less the expense of operating the routes, creamery, etc. So there you are, and the farmer receives more for his cream in this way than any other. The volume of business the creamery does, makes this possible and all this comes about from the co-operation of the one cow man and the man who has several cows.

Business has grown slowly in Cleveland, but it has grown and will continue to grow, as it is a safe, sound, sure, business, it gives a cash return the year round. Out farmers receive around \$15,000 a month for butter fat, through the creameries, and if they continue adding a few good cows each year this amount will be increased greatly and the farm dairy business will prosper as never before. We urge our farmers to grow feed stuff, lots of it. Buy a few good cows each year and get rid of the poor ones.

Now that dairy farming is assuming its rightful place of importance on North Carolina farms, extension workers are devoting more attention to the kind of cattle being used.

An Unusual OPPORTUNITY

To buy at your own prices one or more valuable farms in a fine agricultural and industrial section of progressive Cleveland County which is distinguished for its successful agriculture, splendid schools, good roads and general progress in all lines of industry.

The misfortune of others furnish to you wonderful chances to make big profits by purchasing these lands which must be sold even if they do not bring their real value. The estate must be settled without delay.

By virtue of that certain Deed of Assignment for the benefit of his creditors executed and delivered to the undersigned by S. S. Mauney and his wife, dated July 22nd, 1926, and registered in the office of the Register of Deeds of Cleveland County, North Carolina, in Book TTT at page 78 et sequitur, we will sell to the highest bidder at public auction, at the front door of the COURT HOUSE IN SHELBY, NORTH CAROLINA, at 1 o'clock, P. M., on MONDAY, OCTOBER 4th, 1926 all those certain tracts or parcels of land situate in Township Number 5 in Cleveland County N. C. and bounded and described as follows:

First Tract: Known as the "PLONK FARM" situate about four miles from the Town of Cherryville, and bounded as follows: Beginning at a stone (formerly a pine) near the road in James Bailey's line and runs thence South 43 East 33.50 chains to a stone; thence North 47 East 47 chains to a stone; thence North 43 West 33.50 chains to a stone; thence South 47 West 47 chains to the beginning corner, containing 158 3-4 acres, more or less. Among the improvements on this farm are a five room residence, barn and granary.

Second Tract: Known as the "MAUNEY HOME," situate 3 1-2 miles southwest of the Town of Cherryville, and bounded as follows: Beginning at a Blackoak, James Neill's corner, near his house, and runs thence with his line South 57 1-2 West 36 poles to a stake, his corner; thence with another of his lines South 3 West 36 1-2 poles to a stake, his corner; thence with another of his lines South 87 East 64 1-2 poles to a stake, another of his corners; thence with Warlick's line South 44 West 77 1-2 poles to a Pine stump, S. S. Mauney's own corner; thence South 42 1-2 East 60 poles to a stake; thence South 45 West 16 poles to a stake, Warlick's corner; thence North 45 West 109 poles to a stake, Plonk's corner; thence the same course 133 1-2 poles to a rock, his other corner; thence a new line North 3 West 51 poles to a stake at the Creek; thence South 88 East 36 1-2 poles to a Whiteoak near the Creek on the south side; thence up the Creek North 57 East 21 1-2 poles to a Birch on the bank of the Creek; thence South 77 East 75 poles to a rock on the old line; thence with it South 35 East 28 1-2 poles to the beginning, containing 105 acres, more or less, save and except six (6) acres which has been sold and conveyed to James Beatty. Among

the improvements on this farm are a seven room residence, barn, cow-barn, two granaries and a wagon shed.

Third Tract: Known as the "SELLERS PLACE," adjoining the tract next above described, and bounded as follows: Beginning at a Pine Stump, David Mauney's corner, and runs thence with P. H. Warlick's line S. 89 1-2 E. 47 1-4 poles to two Post-oaks in the field; thence a new line S. 17 W. 41 poles to a stake on David Mauney's line; thence with his line N. 43 W. 55 poles to the beginning, containing five and seven eighths (5 7-8) acres, more or less.

Fourth Tract: Known as the "David Mauney Place," situated two miles from the Town of Cherryville and bounded as follows: Beginning at a Birch, S. S. Mauney and J. S. Mauney's corner, and runs thence S. 57 W. 21 1-2 poles to a Whiteoak; thence N. 88 W. 57 poles to a stone; thence S. 3 E. 52 poles to a stone; thence S. 43 W. 28 poles to a stone, W. A. Mauney's corner on Plonk's line; thence N. 24 W. 31 poles to a stone pile; thence N. 12 W. 50 poles to a Birch; thence N. 35 E. 16 poles to a rock; thence N. 82 E. 15 poles to a rock; thence N. 4 W. 54 poles to a Blackoak; thence West 20 poles to stones in road; thence N. 27 W. 51 1-2 poles to a W. oak; thence N. 24 W. 53 poles to a rock-pile; thence N. 11 W. 55 1-2 poles to stones; thence N. 88 E. 82 poles to a Pine stump; thence S. 3 E. 51 1-2 poles to stones; thence S. 87 E. 96 poles to stones; thence S. 8 W. 163 poles to the beginning, containing 153 acres, more or less. Among the improvements on this farm are a three room residence, barn and granary.

These sales will be made as nearly as possible according to the rules governing judicial sales of land and the bids will be reported to the Clerk of the Superior Court of Cleveland and Gaston Counties and will stand open twenty days for better bids.

Terms of Sale: One fourth of the purchase price to be paid in cash on date of sale (or otherwise secured to the satisfaction of the Assignees) and the balance in two equal installments on a credit of six and twelve months, deferred payments to bear interest till paid, with the privilege to the purchasers to pay all cash at any time, title reserved until the entire price is paid but possession will be given to the purchasers at the end of the current crop year, or possibly at an earlier date.

REMEMBER THE TIME AND PLACE, viz: at the Court House Door in Shelby, North Carolina, at 1 O'Clock, P. M., on MONDAY, OCTOBER 4th., 1926. Please inform your neighbors and friends of these sales, and do not fail to attend them even if you do not now think that you want to buy any of these lands. We fear they will not bring their real value. You may miss a real bargain if you do not attend these sales. September 1st., 1926. 66

W. T. Love and J. White Ware

ASSIGNEES OF

S. S. Mauney

"The Man Nobody Knows"

JESUS AS A HUMAN BEING--- and the greatest business man who ever lived! in

"THE MAN NOBODY KNOWS"



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Paints a graphic, active picture of the most influential person of his time, or any other. This powerful, reverent story is alive with thrills and will give everyone a clearer idea of a character hitherto largely obscured by sentimental distortions and pedantic sacharrin.

THE FIRST INSTALLMENT WILL APPEAR NEXT MONDAY IN

The Cleveland Star

EVERY - OTHER - DAY

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