

"THE GOOD BAD GIRL"

—BY—

WINIFRED VAN DUZEN

Chapter 16

Minsi strolled in a field of violets with the Hart babies. There was a little river where a singing fish lived, and it all was very beautiful and happy.

But fire engines were coming with a terrible din of bells. She tried to gather up the children. They'd disappeared! And the field turned into a New York street.

"Clang! Clang! Clang!" Then she awakened, starting up in the dark. "Darn, old telephone! It spoiled my lovely dream!"

"Yes! Into the instrument. Minsi? Don't be frightened."

"Oh, Merle! What time is it?"

"Two o'clock. I'm sorry. Now, don't be frightened. Get dressed as soon as you can. I'm coming to take you to the hospital. Trixie is worse and wants to see you. They telephoned. It's unusual, but—will you be ready?"

"Merle! Is it the—the end?"

"I think so, dear. I'll come right away."

Poor Trixie! With her bitterness and her broken illusions and her insipid gleams of kindness, Trixie, with blue hand clutching the sheet—no, fight the black ghosts! Trixie had wandered somehow. A good girl. Just wandered.

Minsi threw on her clothes and the dream of the violet field tangled with the picture of Trixie wandering. Someone said something once . . . Oh yes, in the white church with the white tower where Tranquility gathered Sunday mornings.

"Who wandereth out of the way of understanding—" Trixie, wandering out of the way of understanding. With the black ghosts . . . Trixie . . .

Merle put his arm around her against the jolting of the taxi on the rough pavements of East Side streets. Far downtown they turned; tasted the musty tang of the East River.

Bellevue sprawled like a sulky monster behind its high walls. They were challenged at the gates; passed along when Merle spoke, quietly. "To your right," said the guard.

Not the big, main building with lights twinkling eerily. Minsi had heard in the hours before dawn life ran low; wondered how many spirits were passing from sick bodies there in the dark . . .

The little building toward the right; the one with the iron bars at the windows. Why were there bars at the windows as in a prison?

Suddenly a woman's scream pierced the air like a dagger, dragging behind it howls, moans, shrieks. An inferno of sounds.

"It's all right, Minsi. I'm here—"

Dear Merle! She clung to him as keys turned. More keys; gratings; bars. A white-clad interne, muttering "Quiet!" Warped old corridors; a ward at the back of the building.

There was a screen around a cot. Minsi didn't know that the screen meant death. A modicum of privacy granted the spark of life as it fluttered out. Then she was standing inside the screen, and Merle kept saying, "Steady, now. I'm here—"

Trixie seemed to be asleep. How little she looked and young. Little and wasted. And waxy in the shaded light, even her hair faded. Minsi thought

of a flower, wilted and dried, and wept silently.

Now Trixie was stirring; now she was opening her eyes. Minsi knelt with her arms hung across the too-smooth cot.

"Dam' tired, baby! Say, what you cryin' for? Aw, say—"

"Trixie! My poor Trixie!"

"Good—little—kid. Something gotta tell you—"

She seemed to drop asleep again and Merle watched. No, not yet. She was whispering:

"Best way out. Tired—no use—"

"Trixie—dear, you mean you did it purposely? You wanted to—you didn't want to go on?"

A shadow of the old sardonic amusement crossed the waxy face and left it dumb. "Baby—closer. Tired. Listen. I was like you once, I got me, New York. Merle? Tell her, Merle. She thinks maybe New York's a nice old house-out you can stroke. No, Tiger. Tiger with claws. They tear you. You watch out, baby! You hear? New York's a tiger with claws. God if I could go back!"

The interne came and laid his finger on the shrunken wrist. Merle whispered, "No difference now."

The mark has kindles before it drops into ashes! It flared in Trixie, lighted her eyes for an instant. She smiled and said, clearly, "Happy days, baby!"

Then Minsi kissed her, and was sobbing in Merle's arms.

Chapter 17

There were gloomy days for Minsi after Trixie's passing. The girls of the chorus, the ones that Trixie had danced and sung and quarreled and laughed with made up a sum and gave her a decent burial.

Minsi followed the casket to the cemetery; thrilled to the majesty of the promise, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." She went a little, but not for Trixie as she'd known her. Infinitely dreary; futile; dreary.

She planned to stay on in the little flat. It was cheap. Perhaps she could get another girl to go in with her. At the studio she worked feverishly. White was a hard taskmaster. Yet when he praised her efforts she felt a hearty triumph that she often mistook for happiness.

Late one afternoon when White was scrambling about on his scaffold and she was bending over her drawing board, the door opened and Perry came in. Even before he walked across the great, dim room—even before she saw his face clearly—she felt his attraction. Reaching out like a magnet; drawing her against her will.

He stood beside her meekly. His eyes were gray and disturbingly in-

lense, because of dark heavy lashes.

"Minsi," he said, "I've wanted to see you. You know why, I acted like a complete cad and I've been sorry every minute. I don't suppose you can forget. But won't you try? If there's anything I can do—or say!"

All the swagger gone. The faint air of disunion, the knowingness—all gone. His meekness. The one thing to make you forgive, whatever he didn't wish you to remember!

"Why it's all right, Perry. Of course it's all right, I suppose it was partly my fault. I'm sorry too. For what I did."

The tingle of his hand on your arm. The inclivity of his silence. A spell that held you. A spell like the warmth of thin, sparkling wine. Wine he'd given you. This Perry. The tiger? The tiger's claws?

I'm busy now, Perry. Some other time." He went, leaving the spell.

It lay upon you as you went out in the twilight. Turn down the avenue from Fifty-seventh street; walk a little; shake it off. But the spell—

Spring in the eye! Spring when you're mired. Pause at Fifth street. The stately glory of the Cathedral. Perhaps in there . . .

Pass the great doors fearfully lest someone discover that you're not a Catholic. But once inside—oh, the beauty! Uprushing, overwhelming—the beauty! The lofty grandeur; the calm! In the midst of the city's hurry and noise, the calm!

Why you could rest here; you could throw off the things that kept dragging you this way and that. Something perpetual in the calm. Not to be moved by the little affairs of men—the hurry and noise beating upon it.

Beating like shallow waves on the eternal hills.

Something to follow you, like a benediction . . .

She was rested and full of peace when she went uptown. The loneliness of the rooms failed to trouble her, she sat at the table in the kitchen over a pot of tea, dreaming.

The tap at the door would be the paper boy; she called "Come," lazily. The door swung back. It was Perry.

"Minsi—" She took a step forward. Then his arms were around her hungrily, fiercely, arching at her shoulders, breaking her waist. He was crushing kisses upon her eyes, her lips, her throat.

The magic of him; the temptation of him! Perry! He was gone! Why? Come and gone without a word? Oh yes. She'd cried "Go Perry! Go now!" Her cry still echoed . . .

He'd gone and taken what you had before he came. Quiet; sureness. Must be drifting. You'd without a home. Clean, cold New England wind. It would blow away the mists in your heart. The spell of Perry. Blow it away. Visit Tranquility tomorrow. Stay there, maybe . . .

On an impulse she went to the tele-

CANDIDATE FOR CONGRESS

I hereby announce myself a candidate to succeed myself in Congress from the Ninth Congressional District.

I take this occasion to thank the Democrats of Cleveland county for their loyal support in the past and hope to receive their support in the primary June 5.

A. L. BULWINKLE

phone and gave Merle's number. A woman voice answered. She recognized the crisp, clipped syllables for Miss Duer's, and hung up the receiver.

All alike! All playing the game you can't beat. Merle too. Asking her to marry him. Merle in love with Connie Duer asking her to marry him. Miss Duer and her money. All alike. Even Merle!

To Be Continued

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MANY CLEANSING POWDERS CONTAIN LYE; DANGEROUS

Lye, used as a household cleanser and washing powder, is a fatal poison and should be labeled such, says Hygeia. Congress is considering legislation to regulate the labeling and sale of lye and similar poisonous caustics.

Thirteen States have already passed such legislation, but there is need of national legislation to protect children and adults. Lye is not only a fatal poison, but will badly burn any skin with which it comes in contact.

CANCER MAY RECUR WITHIN THREE YEARS AFTER SURGERY

Cancer may recur any time within three years after removal of the growth. Therefore the patient should be examined by the physician regularly for the first three years, advises Gygeia. Any undue symptoms should be reported to him at once.

Early recurrences are not always accompanied by pain, but develop along line of the scar as nodules and in the axilla as enlarged glands. A general loss of strength and weight are further symptoms.

God give us men—men whose degree of humidity will not vary in public or private.

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SCHEDULES

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, Cramerton, 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, 12:10, 4:10, 8:10.

Cherryville to Gastonia—7:15, 10, 2, 6 P. M.

Charlotte to Rock Hill—8, 10:30, 4:15.

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

Bus leaves Spartanburg 6:15 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. 6 P. Asheville to Shelby—8, 9

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

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

Schedules Subject to change.

TRAIN TOPICS

BY ANTHONY & ANTHONY

TOWN TOPICS

"I'LL WAIT TILL THE PRICE COMES DOWN!"

"NOW IT'LL COST YOU MORE!"

WAITING until the price comes down is a waiting game that doesn't always pay dividends. We are advising the purchase of real estate now and we'll tell you why if you'll call.

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8 room two story residence on South LaFayette street, known as the Albert Putnam home place, fine location for residence or business, fronting Belmont Cotton Mill property 97 feet and depth of 170 feet on 20 foot alley, beautiful shade and our price is very reasonable at \$5,500.00, on terms of 1-3 cash, balance, one and two years.

GOOD BUY—

5 room house two blocks of square, water, bath, sewerage, new home, nice section and priced at \$3,150.00.

For \$900, terms 1-3 cash, balance 6 and 12 months we can sell a very desirable lot 50x125 feet in the Love property just off the Cleveland Springs Road, joins with the most desirable residential property in Shelby.

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PHONE 246

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WANTED

—POULTRY AND EGGS—

HERE ARE THE PRICES WE ARE PAYING THIS WEEK, DELIVER AT OUR PLANT.

HENS	24c
TURKEYS	25c
BROILERS (Colored)	38c
BROILERS (Leghorns)	33c
EGGS	27c

IDEAL ICE & FUEL COMPANY

SHELBY, N. C.

Fortunate youth

THE educational opportunities for the boys and girls of the South are keeping pace with the leadership of the South in the economic progress of the Nation. This is seen in the following facts:

In the last twelve years more than \$125,000,000 has been spent for the construction of new school buildings in the states of the South served by the Southern.

In 1900 there were less than 73,000 school teachers in the states of the South served by the Southern, and the appropriation for education amounted to only 90 cents per person living in these states. In 1922 the appropriation was \$6.85 per person, and the number of trained teachers had increased to 139,309.

In 1900 only 64.8 per cent of the children of school age in these states attended school, while the average for the nation as a whole was 72.4 per cent. But in 1922, the latest year for which complete figures are available, 81.4 per cent of the children in the states of the South served by the Southern attended school, while the average for the nation as a whole was 81.2 per cent.

The growth in the educational facilities of the South, as well as the number of children that can take advantage of them, is one of the fortunate and direct results of the prosperity that has come to the South.

The Southern Railway System has contributed to the prosperity of the South, as a tax-payer, as a large employer of men and women—and as the transportation agency which carries Southern commerce to and from world markets, regularly, dependably and economically.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

The Southern serves the South

