

"THE GOOD BAD GIRL"

The Story Of New York— And A Girl.

—By—
Winifred Van Duzen

Chapter 28.
Mimi felt as if she were imprisoned in a sort of squirrel cage.

It was a gilded cage, fitted with luxury, colorful as a rainbow and fragrant with flowers. Ardent, "I-love-you" roses brought freshly to her each day, Perry's roses.

She grew to dislike them; ever to fear them. For to her they were symbols of what was in his heart. They stood for her day of reckoning.

Round and round the squirrel cage. Never getting anywhere, never changing. She'd awaken middle forenoon. Have a perfumed bath, an alcohol rub. Coffee and toast on a silver tray. Sit in the sunny window till luncheon time.

Once she picked up a pencil, found some rough paper, tried to draw. But it was no good. Something had gone out of her hand of her heart.

Once she went to the telephone and gave Merle's number. But she hung up the receiver before there was an answer. That was no good either.

"He is coming back and I must listen to him then. Oh yes, I must listen. I'm living here in his home, spending his money. All those things I bought—his money. All those things I bought—links in the chain that binds me. I'm forging the chain myself. Destiny is drawing close.

Nita would come in the afternoon, and they'd taxi uptown to the liveliest of the tea dances. Soon they became familiar figures on Broadway among the stage people, society folks, the unexplained persons who regularly patronize those places.

Mimi with her haunted eyes her hair curling points of fire, her slim grace, and her beautiful clothes was a marked personality and a favorite.

Waiters led her to the most conspicuous tables; orchestra leaders played her favorite tunes; gigolos circled about, demanding her dances.

At first she was adverse to dancing with the sleek haired, slender-waisted, blue-collared young men to whom she had not been introduced. She sent one away with a chilly shake of the head.

"Oh, he's only a gig," Nita explained. "That's what he's here for—to dance with women whose escorts are missing. Professional dancers, you know. Management employs them. Mostly they work in shows and do this on the side. Go on, dance with him. He's one swell hooper or he couldn't hold the job."

Mimi discovered directly that Nita was right. However light or totally missing the gigs might be on head work they were finished scholars from the ankles down. Under their willing tutelage she picked up a series of intricate steps and became proficient in the Charleston.

Once the producer of a famous "girly" show approached her and made overtures. He was willing to give her a chance in a special number; he had the right dancing partner for her. The money he offered took her breath away.

But she refused him. Despite all her experiences, despite what she considered her outlaw life, something of Tranquility clung to her. She could not go on the stage. Not even to forestall the reckoning with Perry.

"That has been forced on me," she thought fatalistically. "That was written in my life long ago."

Sometimes over the shaded lights she caught sight of the Yellow Faced Man. He stared at her intensely, but made no attempt to approach her. Nor did he appear to recognize Nita, although Mimi felt that her friend was sharply conscious of his presence.

Occasionally unaccompanied men, seeing Mimi would summon the head waiter. He'd shake his head; a bank-note would change hands slyly. Then the head waiter would come to the girls with a great show of diffidence and present a card.

"The gentleman would like to join Madames."

It was always Nita who gave permission. Mimi found such chance acquaintances obvious, clumsy as Luck in his gambols. But Nita managed to see that they paid the bill before they left and gave a great many orders besides.

One such person, having commanded a bottle of wine, found that he was obliged to catch a train before the cork was pulled.

"Drink heavy, girls" he called over a retreating shoulder!

But he hardly was out of sight before Nita beckoned the waiter.

"How much was that stuff?" she inquired.

"Twenty dollars, Madame."

"All right. Take it back and get the money. You keep half for your self and we'll take the rest."

When two bills were turned over to her she passed one across the table to Mimi and pocketed the other.

"Why Nita, I don't want to take it. It seems awful somehow—"

"Don't be silly. You can use a little bit of cash. Me? Say, kid, really don't you think it was Jimmy—I don't know. Sometimes I think

Mimi was startled. For a second all the arrogance, the hard, swaggering pretense went out of her friend's eyes. It was like a veil drawn aside. And behind it was the "waiting look."

Chapter 29
Mimi spent her five dollars for crayons and drawing paper. She could have ordered them and charged the bill to Perry, but something held her back.

"It's my own," she told herself. "My drawing, my painting—all mine. He'll never touch it. No matter what happens. I'll keep it separate some way. Keep it clean. Oh, what am I saying?"

She felt a queer contempt for herself. "I'm disloyal. Just plain ungrateful. He's done so much for me; saved my life. Why I have everything I've wanted as long as I can remember. Sitting on top of the world. I can look down on New York at last. New York at my feet. Wealth does that; puts New York at your feet. I must try to feel differently. It's my duty to be loyal to Perry—to be grateful."

She took the drawing things home and spread them out in the sunshine. But there was no spirit in her fingers; her work was flat.

Toward evening she began to make a new set of marks. The crayon seemed to move on its own volition; she watched it idly. In the early twilight a face looked at her from the sheet. Laughing eyes wide apart; a mop of tousled curls.

"Merle!" she whispered with a catch in her throat. "Oh no—oh no—"

She was bewildered with wonder of it. Her fingers had drawn a picture of Merle while her mind raced in the squirrel-cage of another man's building. How could that happen? Her knowledge of technique told her the work was good. A few outlines, a bit of impressionistic shading. A likeness true to life. It was as if Merle were there before her.

A longing seized her, compelling as a physical presence. To see Merle; hear him speak. . . . She would go to him, tell him everything. He'd believe what she said; she'd make him believe!

She hid her drawing behind some books; rushed to change her dress. Then she was called to the telephone. It was Nita, oddly excited.

"Mimi, you've got to come over tonight. Jimmy has a friend from out of town. He's a live guy, a banker from Detroit. Throw on something flossy and hurry."

"But I can't. You'll have to get someone else. I've a thing to do—something important!"

"Oh you can't throw me down! The other women I know—Jimmy said someone with class. You're the only one can hold up your end. He'll be furious. Don't make it hard for me, dear. Things aren't so good." She was crying.

"Well, all right. But listen, Nita. None of your bootleg for me. That's all. Will it do?"

"I suppose so. Jimmy won't like it. Hurry though."

The squirrel cage; the weary round. Getting her nowhere. "Destiny closing in—"

She put on a gown of dove gray, trimmed with a big snar of cut steel, across the bodice. On an impulse she broke the stems of some roses and pinned them to her waist. They made a vivid splash of color against the cloudy chiffon.

She ran the comb the wrong way through her hair; it fluffed out and framed her face in brilliance.

So a vivid figure went forth to meet Jimmy, who proved to be much like Bill, and the banker from Detroit. Introduced at "Wallie," he was a fatish person with a heavy purple chin. As the evening grew old and boisterous Mimi wondered what his idea of class might be.

He had drunk steadily and attained a state of mellow limpness; she thought of a stuffed sack as he leered toward her in a shaded corner.

"Guess maybe you're wonderin' who lil ol' Wallie is, sweetie? Here," he fumbled at his clothes. "Lil ol' Wallie's business card."

She took what he handed her. "Why, it's a fifty dollar bill!" she gasped.

"Sure. Lil ol' Wallie's card. See?"

He pointed to the name of a Detroit bank engraved on the face of the note. "S me. Clever, what? Lil ol' Wallie's clever. C'mon, sweetie, what you doin' way over there by yourself? 'S me; believe in bein' sociable."

She moved beyond his pawing hands and held out the note, but he waved it away.

"Keep it. Wallie treat'm right. Y'sir, nobody'n say't Wallie don't treat'm right. 'S yours."

She tried to lay the money on his fat knee and he thrust it at her. She had an impulse to tear it across and fling it at the purple chin and controlled herself only when she caught Nita's terrific gaze. The man sank into a brief, alcoholic doze finally. Then she tucked it between the cushions of the divan.

At midnight she announced that she must go. There was a general protest; she saw Jimmy glare at Nita. She pleaded her recent illness, however, and donned her wraps.

"I'll just slip out and leave you three," she said lightly. "I live around the corner, only a step."

But Wallie was not to be dropped so easily. He was on his feet, groping with his coat.

"Lil ol' Wallie goin' too. Betcha. Nobody'n say Wallie's no gen'man, drunk 'r sober. 'S me."

"For Lord's sake keep him good natured," Nita whispered. "There'll be hell to pay with Jimmy. Please—I'm on the edge!"

So they left for the apartment on Washington Square. Mimi twisting away from the reaching hands.

To Be Continued
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The Romance Of Wilkes

Charlotte News
In no county in the State, perhaps, has the educational progress of North Carolina been more conspicuously emphasized than in Wilkes, a county that a few years ago was notorious for its backwardness in every respect, but one which today stands well to the fore and especially in its educational attainments.

The Wilkes Journal recently gave some informative facts relating to what has been accomplished in that county and it reads like the thrilling romances to those who are interested in seeing one important county of the State set its face toward the morning, throw off the shackles of illiteracy and abasement and spread its wings for flight.

These are some of the facts about the educational progress made in Wilkes by The Journal:

In 1900 the school enrollment in Wilkes was 6,233 in 1925 it was 19,280.

In 1900 the average daily attendance was 2,312; in 1925 the figure had grown to 7,622.

Value of school property from \$6,508 to \$427,835.

Frame and brick schoolhouses from 64 to 144.

Districts with no house from 63 to none.

Schools with desks, from 14 to 133. Teachers employed from 130 to 610.

Monthly salary of teachers, from \$20 to \$85.

Length of school term in Wilkes, from 13 to 25 weeks.

Schools with assistant teachers, from 3 to 86.

Schools teaching high school subjects, from 3 to 29.

Medals for seven years' perfect attendance, from 0 to 22

Charlotte News
The civic clubs of Gastonia, Shelby, Lincolnton, Clover, Kings Mountain and a few other communities around here ought to get together once in a while in a big community gathering, say at Cleveland Springs, Linwood college or any other central meeting place, purely for the joy of meeting each other and getting better acquainted.

The stunt could be put over with very little expense or trouble and the resultant good would be worth far more than any amount of trouble or expense. We are sadly lacking in that sort of civic friendliness in this part of the state. To the great mass of our folks, Shelby and Lincolnton, for instance, are stranger-towns. We know something about Charlotte and

Asheville folks but we know very little about York, or Kings Mountain. We are all located right here within a radius of 25 or 30 miles of each other and we ought to know each other better.

Take the triangular cities, Greensboro, Winston-Salem and High Point—they are in a sense, rivals in trade and business, but the warmest sort of cordiality exists among the three. They have these get-together meetings ever so often and they result in real good. This week, for instance, there is a joint meeting of all the Kiwanis clubs of all the towns and cities in that section, covering two or three counties, at Greensboro College for Women.

Cities and communities are like individuals—the more they mix, the better they know each other and the mutual benefits are always profitable.

ASHEVILLE SEES MAN WITH LONGEST BEARD
Asheville—S. G. Brinkley, who claims to have the longest beard in the world, is visiting his nephew, J. A. Brinkley, of 227 Broadway.

His beard is now five feet and four inches long but while out on the street no one would suspect that tucked in the bosom of his shirt was such a wonderful fine long beard.

Mr. Brinkley claims never to have used tobacco in any form and to never have been drunk, and while he is 75 years old he is in general good health.

Mr. Brinkley has had this long beard for about 35 years and during this time has traveled with a number of big circuses, wild west shows, also a number of carnival companies. He is also a good entertainer, and has taught in 22 public schools.

A Riff warrior made 70 miles afoot in one night. Did it alone too, with no Spanish troops in front to set the pace.

THE BIBLE, THE BEST OF CLASSICS

There is a classic, the best the world has ever seen, the noblest that has ever honored and dignified the language of mortals. If we look into its antiquity, we discover a title to our veneration unrivaled in the history of literature. If we have respect to its evidence, they are found in the testimony of miracle and prophecy; in the ministry of man, of nature, and of angels, yea, even of "God manifest in the flesh," of "God blessed forever."

If we consider its authenticity, no other pages have survived the lapse of time, that can be compared with it. If we examine its authority, for it speaks as never man spake, we discover, that it came from heaven, in vision and prophecy, under the sanction of Him, who is Creator of all things, and the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

If we reflect on its truths, they are lovely and spotless, sublime and holy as God himself, unchangeable as his nature, durable as his righteous dominion, and versatile as the moral condition of mankind. If we regard the value of its treasures, we must estimate them, not like the relics of classic antiquity, by the perishable glory and beauty, virtue and happiness, of this world, but by the enduring perfection and supreme felicity of an eternal kingdom.

If we inquire, who are the men, that have recorded its truth, vindicated its rights, and illustrated the excellence of its scheme, from the depth of ages and from the living world, from the populous continent and the isles of the sea, comes forth the answer; the patriarch and the prophet, the evangelist and the martyr.

If we look abroad through the world

of men, the victims of folly or vice, the prey of cruelty, of injuries and in this temporal state, the great and the humble, the rich and the poor, the powerful and the weak, the learned and the ignorant reply, as with one voice, that humility and resignation, purity, order, and peace, faith, hope, and charity, are its blessings upon earth.

And if, raising our eyes from time to eternity, from the world of mortals to the world of just men made perfect, from the visible creation, marvelous, beautiful, and glorious as it is, to the invisible creation of angels and seraph, from the footstool of God to the throne of God himself, we ask, what are the blessings that flow from this single volume, let the question be answered by the pen of the evangelist, the harp of the prophet, and the records of the book of life.

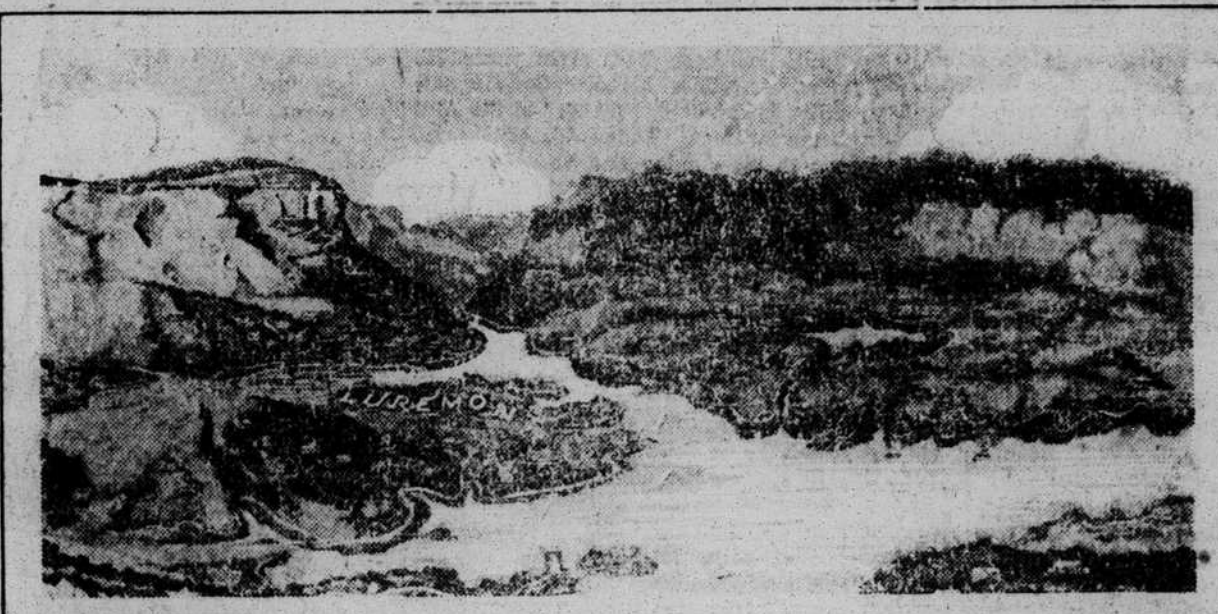
Such is the best classic the world has ever admitted; such, the noblest that man has ever adopted as a guide.

3-YEAR-OLD NEGRESS HABITUALLY SMOKER
Kinston, May 24.—Hope Radkins, three, smokes a pipe. Nothing so mild as a cigarette for her. She is the youngest smoker in this section, perhaps in the country, and is the only child of a negro couple living in the eastern part of this city.

Persons who saw the child toddling down the street near her parent's home yesterday investigated and discovered she had been "at it" since shortly before her second birthday. An uncle passed his pipe to Hope one day. He was diabolically mischievous. Instead of gasping and eringing, the girl took readily to the pipe and begged to keep it.

And those who are worrying now about where to go the summer would be happier if they'd go to work.

THE Big Hit of 1926 is LAKE LURE



Carolina People Have Invested Heavily

Several hundred prominent citizens of North and South Carolina are investors in Lake Lure. They have put in more than a million dollars. First they bought the company's securities. Now these same investors are buying lakeside home sites. In the preliminary sale of Luremont on Lake Lure, leading up to Opening Day, June 15, numbers of these investors have selected beautiful home sites—enough in Charlotte, for instance, so that there will be a Charlotte settlement on Lake Lure's shores before another year has passed.



LAKE Lure is the "Big Hit" of 1926 in The Land of the Sky, the great Summer Playground of the South. Lake Lure becomes its largest and most central attraction. The South is rapidly buying up Luremont, its first lakeside residential park. But only the vanguard of the visitors has arrived. The big rush will come after June 1. The opening Day at Luremont is set for June 15. This gives our near neighbors—residents of Carolinas—only 19 days more of advantage in choice of locations at the original prices.

The average cost of a homesite at Luremont is low—too low, compared with what is being paid in resort areas far less attractive, because Luremont has so many non-duplicatable advantages—lake frontage—lakeview—frontage on State Highway N. C. 20—all city utilities—plus central situation in a \$6,000,000 development.

There can be no question as to prices and values going up. The thing to do is to "cinch" one or more of the choice sites before all are gone—Only 1000 acres can be made ready this year.

Consult district office and arrange an early trip to Luremont via Lake Lure lines.

Chimney Rock Mountains, Inc.

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- Sidney A. Gayle District Manager Phone 2816 Guilford Hotel Bldg., 805 N. Main Street Greensboro, N. C.
- C. E. Hedge District Manager Phone 24 805 N. Main Street Hendersonville, N. C.
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