

"THE GOOD BAD GIRL"

—BY—
WINIFRED VAN DUZEN

Chapter 32

But Mimi did not telephone Merle as she had intended. She felt, suddenly, that there was no use dragging him in.

"He is too clean," she thought. "He'd only be soiled in this mess with Wallie. No, I can't talk with Merle now. I'll think out something first. Then I'll go and see him. He'll surely understand."

There was a pattering; something cold and wet pressed against her cheek. Luck was standing with his forepaws braced against her shoulder, whimpering.

Mimi hugged him, laughing and crying a little. "You darling dog-person! I thought I hadn't a friend! I've neglected you, but I didn't mean to, dear. We'll go out now; we'll take a walk and think it out."

The nurse protested, but Mimi dressed and led the white collie down the stairs. She turned fearfully into a side street, wishing to avoid a chance encounter with Nita.

The curb was lined with cars. Inadvertently she had come by the garage where Perry kept his roadster. He'd asked her to use it. "A run into the country," he'd said.

With a flutter of excitement she went through the wide doors, skirting pools of oil and gasoline. A mechanic nodded when she asked for the car.

"Wait here, miss; I'll back it out for you."

He explained one or two tricks in the driving mechanism, and she slipped behind the wheel. The roadster glided through traffic as easily, gracefully, as a fish swimming downstream, the first lights of evening sliding backward over the long, gray hood.

Mimi felt the heart-throb of the engine on the wheel under her palms and thrilled to the sure knowledge of power. Luck curled up on the seat beside her; she settled back.

"This is freedom," she chattered to the dog. "This is freedom, Lucky, dearest!"

At Seventy-second street she swung westward to the Drive, then north, into the wind. She was happier than she had been for weeks.

"We could run away, old boy," she rambled on. "We could start out some evening like this and ride and ride. Up to Albany, west to anywhere! Some place they'd never find us. None of them. We could just forget them all."

"Forget the women with the 'waiting lock'! Forget Perry. When he comes I wouldn't be there. Cheat, destiny, forget Merle. That would be the best way. Forget Merle and Connie Duer."

Far up Broadway she stopped for cross traffic. A male youth, standing on the curb, regarded her with a killing glance, finally raised his hat and stonned forward.

"Haven't I met you?" he began, and fell back in disorder as Luck bared his fangs.

Mimi laughed and waved mockingly as the cop set the "Go" signal and she moved ahead.

Yorkers. She turned into a side street, headed the car down a country road. The Hart bungalow was just ahead. She ran by the big yard slowly. The windows were lighted and the shades drawn. She could see Alice and Tom. Someone else was there. Two others. Merle perhaps. Probably Connie Duer. Jealously stabbed her like a poisoned blade.

She jerked about sharply, teeth set. "I didn't think I'd mind so!" she was thinking. "I'll never come this way again. He had no right—"

Then Luck yelped and threw himself against her as the car jarred on a bank. She jammed down the emergency but the back wheel slid over the brink and the great bulk began to settle, listing tipsily.

Mimi sprang out and looked it over. There was only a shallow ditch at the side of the road. It was a perilous position, however, for a jar might crumble the bank and send the heavy car turning turtle down the side.

"Dumb-bell," she told herself. "Guess you'll watch the road next time. If there is a next time. Have to wait till someone comes along—"

But she soon realized that there was small chance of anyone coming before morning. The road was off the main line of travel and the Hart bungalow the only house within sight.

"I could walk back there," she thought. "And telephone for a wrecker. But—oh, no! Perry's car! How could I explain? Merle would think—and Connie Duer—"

She felt again the fierce stab of jealousy. "No, that's what got me into trouble in the first place, that feeling. I mustn't mind so. What right have I? After all he was kind to me. Perhaps he was fair."

But a spirit of recklessness took possession of her. "I'll do it myself," she cried. "I'll get the car out. Take a chance! What do I care?"

"Why, nothing worse can happen to me than has happened already. Maybe the police are looking for me now!

I'll gamble with destiny. Come on, Destiny—I'll play!"

Chapter 33

After her high moment of bravado, Mimi sensibly set about gathering field stones and forcing them under the wheel that swung clear of the bank. She felt important and irresponsible and exulted in the feeling, even though she knew it to be childish and false.

"You, back there—you Connie Duer—" raged her thoughts. "You wouldn't dare do this. You'd call someone to help you! You're too cold; afraid and cold—"

She felt superior to Connie Dues for once. She had a sneaking wish that Merle might see her walk up to danger and slip in the face.

"Oh that's silly!" She laughed and called Luck.

"No use your getting hurt," she told him, making him lie down out of the way. She bent over; kissed his ears.

Then she climbed back behind the wheel; listened to the motor. It was singing smoothly, with a pleasant throaty rumble.

"I've got you to help me—you darn old beautiful thing! Come on now, engine—it's up to you—"

She opened the throttle and the back wheel slipped alarmingly as she shifted gears. "Now!" she cried.

Gravel flew. There was a noise like shallow breakers as the bank collapsed. But the wheel tore through loosened earth, caught at the track. The long car tipped, righted itself, as the engine roared. Then it seemed to make a tremendous effort and shot down the road.

Mimi stopped it, heady with triumph, and Luck came bounding over the side, lapping her face and hands.

"I did it, old fellow!" she kept telling him. "Why I did it, old dog-person! I never thought—why, maybe—"

They drove on, under the stars, through little towns, past little homes lighted windows. People lived behind the lighted windows. Contented people.

"I never believed I could do that, back there," Mimi thought over and over. "Perhaps I have something. Some courage. I might do something; pull out of other things. What it be fair? I owe Perry so much. . . . I must find a way . . ."

It was nearly morning when she ran into the garage. She led the white collie home and moved his cushion to the floor beside her bed.

"Life is so mixed up, Luck," she told him. "So terribly mixed up!"

After the first night ride in the country there began for Mimi a curious life.

It was a life oddly like that of the Mimi for whom she was named. An existence of blank days and vivid, exciting nights.

Throughout those days she rested behind lowered shades, sleeping as she had not slept; since she left Tranquility. Toward evening, Luck would put his small, white forepaws on the bed and nuzzle her awake. Within an hour she would be leading him toward the garage; threading uptown traffic in Perry's car; striking out for the open country.

Throughout the long night hours she listened to the song of the engine; watched lights dropped back and back toward the city; thrilled to the rush of Spring winds against her face.

And always she kept thinking; planning her way out.

She'd heard no more of Wallie; gradually she lost her fear of possible consequences of that sordid contact.

Thinking, planning . . . "There is a way," she would tell herself. "I've only to find it. Now I know I have some courage. I couldn't have pulled the car over the bank if I hadn't. There a way that will be fair to Perry; fair to me, too—"

She had said she never would pass the Hart home again. But she did. It grew to be sort of ceremony; the high spot in the night run.

She would drive into the country road and park in the shadow of trees across the road from the bungalow.

Then she'd watch Alice upstairs in the nursery on the south side of the house. She would peer at the children kneeling for their evening prayer; almost she could hear the sleepy rattle "Now I lay me—"

She would see Alice tuck them in and kiss them, then come down to Tom, reading beside the table in the living room. He'd place a chair for his wife; sometimes he'd kiss her.

"They don't seem to mind because marriage hasn't kept pace with progress," Mimi would think, as she'd start her motor softly. "Their love hasn't been worn out by 'legal fetters.'"

"That's because they dream true. Perry is wrong. His theory is wrong. He doesn't dream true!"

She wondered what happens, in Perry's sort of mating when there are children.

"Even if you can take a chance with your own life," she decided, "you can't jeopardize another life. Not your child's. You can wreck your own if you wish. But you haven't the right to wreck your baby's. You can't bring your child into a world already wrecked for him—"

Perry didn't like children. Perry would lose interest in the woman he loved if children came. He was like that.

To Be Continued

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A middle class atmosphere has advantages. It isn't saturated with the smoke of those smelly cigarettes. Evidently the critics have been unjust to those birds in Washington. One has laid an egg worth \$750.

New Marker Over Grave Of Allens

Inscription Charging "Judicial Murder" Finally Has Been Removed

Mount Airy—The release of Sida Allen and Westly Edwards from the Virginia penitentiary by the Governor of Virginia recalled very vividly the Hillsville tragedy of 1912 when the so-called Allen clan shot up the court at Hillsville, Va., and from which Floyd Allen and his son Claude paid the supreme penalty in March, 1913. It also recalled the inscription which members or friends of the Allen family had placed on the tombstone in Virginia a few miles above the state line on the Fancy Gap road leading from this city to Hillsville, Va. This inscription read "Sacred to the memory of Claude Allen and his father who were judicially murdered in the Virginia penitentiary March 28, 1913, by order of the Governor of Virginia over the protest of 100,000 citizens of the state of Virginia." The inscription has stood through years with occasional talk of official action to have it changed. Last week a representative of a Roanoke marble yard visited the little burying ground and removed the marble slab with its offensive inscription and in its place put a new marble slab on the granite base. The new slab bears the simple inscription: "In memory of Floyd and Claude Allen, born 1857, born 1889, died March 28, 1913. Asleep in Jesus."

Preacher Advocates Flogging For Some

Says Such Should Be Given Robbers, Bootleggers, Wife-Beaters And Others

Boston, May 28.—Flogging for youthful robbers, patrons of bootleggers, wife-beaters and sinners against children is recommended by Rev. William Harman Van Alen. The famous clergyman does not believe bobbed hair is responsible for the fine crime as represented by bobbed haired girl bandits.

Dr. Van Allen believes in the case of young bandits that flogging would be much more beneficial than to imprison them with older, more hardened criminals.

He is against capital punishment because the sentence cannot be rescinded in case of discovery of new evidence after execution of sentence. He favors placing under restraint any person possessed of homicidal tendencies, even though in prison, rather than to be free to attack innocent persons.

Dr. Van Allen denounced emotional women who show warm interest in criminal who are clearly unworthy of

Time For Cutting Grasses In County

The best time to cut grasses is as soon as they are well headed. The millets and Johnson grass should be cut as soon as the heads begin to show from the root, but it is best for winter grains to stand until the seed is in the milk stage. Legumes like cowpeas and soy beans, in which the seed is an important part of the forage, should not be cut until the earliest pods begin to mature, but perennial legumes, such as alfalfa and the clovers, may be cut as soon as they are well in bloom. The best hay made from any crop is always that which is made the most quickly and with the least exposure to the sun and air. Too much exposure to the sun bleaches the hay, making it less attractive when placed on the market and also less palatable and less digestible.

County Agent,
ALVIN HARDIN.

Vale Young People Win School Honors

Lincoln Times. Erwin White of Vale, Route 1 who has been a ministerial student at Rutherford College is at the home of his father, Mr. Ed White for the summer.

George Hood, who graduated at Rutherford College last week is at home with his parents at Vale. Mr. Hood while in college won two gold medals, one last year for the best debate and another this year for the best declamation.

Miss Sadie Weaver of Bessemer City is spending the week end with Miss Effie Jonas of Vale.

Mr. Charlie Parker and family, Mr. H. F. Jonas and family and Mr. and Mrs. Z. B. Couble have gone to the mountains this week. They expect to visit Chimney Rock, Blowing Rock, Boone, Table Rock and Asheville before returning home.

He's a normal kid if he could swear the book didn't mention the things referred to in the examination questions. Dealers are wonderful. They can drive a car 5,000 miles in demonstrating it and not dent it enough to keep it from being "new."

Correct this sentence: "I paid a big price to see the show," said he, "but I'll confess it was Totten."

FOR COUNTY SOLICITOR



Chas. A. Burrus

The subject of this sketch was born in a North Carolina Methodist parsonage, and was raised in as many sections of Western North Carolina as the vicissitudes of a Methodist preacher's life demand. He had had all the good times and the hard times that the son of the average country preacher and circuit rider has experienced.

Having been tutored in various public schools of his native state, he entered Trinity College (now Duke University) in September, 1910, and was graduated from that institution in June, 1914, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. For five years thereafter he was engaged in public school teaching in North Carolina and Virginia. In the meantime he studied law and obtained his license to practice in this state in August, 1919, since which time he has been located in Shelby as the associate of Hon. O. Max Gardner in his law office.

His father, Rev. Andrew Jackson Burrus, served the Shelby circuit and the Cliffside circuit for several years, during which time he preached in all sections of Cleveland and Rutherford counties.

Mr. Burrus has been active in church and Sunday School affairs since coming to Shelby; has taken a keen interest in all movements for civic betterment in the community; and has served as secretary of the Shelby Kiwanis Club, of which he is a charter member since its organization in May, 1922.

As solicitor for the Recorder's Court of Cleveland County during his tenure of same, he has discharged the duties of that trying office with a degree of fairness, impartiality, fearlessness, and conformity to his oath that has made for him a host of friends—both among the bar and the laity. In a recent interview he said: "I have never hounded or needlessly abused any victim of circumstances so unfortunate as to become entangled in the meshes of the law, nor have I hesitated to vigorously prosecute the flagrant violator; but have always endeavored to do my duty according to my oath and governed by my conscience." If re-elected, he promises to continue this practice; and upon this record of service he asks the support of the voters of Cleveland County at the polls on June 5.

(Political Advertisement.)

GIVES ENDORSEMENT TO TENT REVIVAL

Rev. C. J. Woodson Asks Attendance, Prayer and Co-operation, Hoping For Old Time Revival.

To Editor of The Star.

My heart's desire and prayer to God is that it may be a great meeting—great in power, great in permanent results; and I can conceive of no reason why it should not be if all who profess to be followers of our blessed Lord will do their duty. Duty is the sublimest word in the Christian's vocabulary, and God forbid that it should be said of any of us when the meeting closes "Ye knew your duty and ye did it not."

It is certainly our duty to attend the meetings and get others to do so. If we want people saved we must put them within reach of the Gospel, which is the power of God unto the salvation of every one who believeth. "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."

We must not only attend the meetings, but work and pray for its success. We must endeavor to realize our individual obligations and responsibilities, and the importance of coming up to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

There are three things absolutely essential to the success of a revival meeting, and this is what they are: Earnest prayer, a firm reliance on the promised aid of the Holy Spirit, and personal conversation with the unsaved. "Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver." The best way to get people interested in themselves is to show them that we are interested in them.

"Whoso winneth souls is wise," "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

I hope we will not make the fatal mistake of looking to the preacher rather than to God for results. Brother Wall is a good preacher, but he cannot save any one. Paul, with all his magic and learning, could not save any one. Apollous, with all of his eloquence, could not save any one. The salvation of souls is the exclusive prerogative of the Divine Spirit. My understanding is that God the Father conceived the plan of redemption, Christ executed it, and the Spirit applies it. So each person of the Godhead has his separate and distinct office to perform. Let us not think of the Holy Spirit as a mere influence, or emanation from God, the Father, or God the Son, but as the third person of the adorable trinity.

And I will now call your prayerful attention to a few appropriate passages of Scripture which I pray may be firmly impressed upon your minds and hearts during the progress of this meeting. "It is the Spirit that quickeneth." "Paul may plant and Apollous water, but God giveth the increase." "It is not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." And yet we are co-workers with God, because in His infinite wisdom and condescension he has seen fit to accomplish his purposes of grace through human instrumentality. I devoted ten years of my life to evangelistic work, and I can say that I have never known a meeting to fail of good results when the people of God were earnest and importunate in their prayers and supplication for the presence and power of the Holy Spirit. There never has been a genuine revival of religion which did not originate in the hearts of God's people and come down from heaven in answer to prayer.

Let us all pray for a revival of the old time religion, which alone can stand the test of time and eternity. I want us to have a meeting that will stir Shelby from center to circumference. We all need an awakening, to be aroused from our spiritual lethargy—if we would fight the good fight of faith and lay hold on eternal life. So far as religious activity is concerned, we are all like the man whose little boy was asked if his father was a Christian, and he said in reply: "I guess he is, but he hasn't worked much at it lately." All for the tent.

C. J. WOODSON.

Those who drive fastest to save time en route just have more to kill when they get there.

Woman's intuition is wonderful, but in the case of a stenographer it doesn't always agree with the dictionary.

The word "banged" refers to the ancient method of lessening crime. "Hung" is the word that describes the state of the jury.

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Coming To The Webb Theatre Thursday And Friday.

STATE DOES LESS IN SCHOOL WORK

North Carolina Did More For Education 11 Years Ago, Declares Warren

News and Observer

"The State of North Carolina as a state is not doing as much for education now as it did 11 years ago," declared Judge B. Warren, Secretary of the North Carolina Education Association, commenting on the current issue of State School Funds.

Mr. Warren pointed out that the appropriation by the legislature for 1913 was \$1,457,646. The appropriation of the legislature for the maintenance of the public schools for 1925 was \$3,757,500.

"This is an apparent increase of a little over 2 1/2 times the 1913 appropriation," declared Mr. Warren. "This, however, does not take into consideration a number of important items which go into the maintenance of the schools. In the first place, the term is 80 percent longer now than it was 12 years ago. In the second place, there are 73 per cent more children enrolled now than in 1913. A third important item must be taken into consideration in considering the monetary increase in the difference in the value of a dollar. National organizations, the accuracy of whose investigation is not questioned, made comparison of the value of a dollar now and in 1913. Taking 1913 as the basis and the dollar worth 100 cents, these organizations have found that it takes \$1.71 now to buy what \$1.00 would buy in 1913. This represents a decrease in the purchasing power of a dollar of 58 percent."

"It will be seen, therefore, that the increase in 1925 over 1913 is not even sufficient to take care of the decrease in the value of a dollar, he added. Taking the 1913 appropriations as the basis, the state would have found it necessary to have increased this appropriation 80 percent in order to pay for the lengthened school term, 73 percent in order to take care of the larger number of children and 58 percent in order to take care of the decrease in the value of a dollar, said Mr. Warren.

"On this basis the state," he pointed out, "in order to merely hold its own in helping educate the children

of North Carolina, would have had to appropriate \$1,166,168 to help bear its part of the expense of a lengthened term; it would have taken \$1,064,081 in order to take care of the normal increase in the number of children in the public schools, and it would have had to appropriate \$845,434 to take care of the decrease in the purchasing power of the dollar. In other words, the state of North Carolina, in order to keep its appropriation to the public schools on a par with those of 1913, should have spent this year \$1,533,329 for the maintenance of the public schools.

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Donate Old Cotton Planter To Museum

The first contribution to the agricultural museum now being started at State College is an ancient cotton planter used in Chowan county, according to authentic records, back in 1868. The implement was donated by M. W. Smith, of Tyner, and in sending it to Dean I. O. Schaub, Mr. Smith states that one old gentleman in his community knew it to be used during that year.

The machine is built to be drawn by one mule or horse and apparently home-made throughout with the exception of the iron bolts used in holding it together. The seed container is an old keg bolted between two side beams and the seed are dropped through auger holes bored in the center circumference. A small wooden peg fashioned like a small bull tongue plow is in front for opening the furrow while the seed are covered with a roller made from the trunk of a tree. This roller is about 14 inches in diameter and was evidently smoothed with a hand axe or adz.

On each end of the keg are small pieces of timber placed there to give the seed the necessary jolt as the keg turns over, thus forcing them through the auger holes.

The planter has attracted considerable attention among students and faculty members. At the present time it is in charge of D. S. Weaver of the department of agricultural engineering. Later it will be placed in a suitable hall with other contributions and will become the nucleus of an agricultural museum which Dean Schaub hopes to assemble at the college.

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