

"THE GOOD BAD GIRL"

The Story Of New York—
And A Girl.

—By—
Winifred Van Duzen

Chapter 43

It was one morning after Mimi had led Luck down the hill toward the river and he had romped in drifts of frost-tinted leaves that White began to talk of holding an exhibition of her work.

"Cornell's asking about you," he explained. "If he is interested, we'd better make it informal; just invite a few I know."

"Trouble is, child that you repeat yourself too much. Run to paradox. That frivolous little cottage among the hollyhocks under the forbidding crag ready to topple over and crush it! And the harlot watching children in the park. Contrasts may be overdone. Still they're striking; and you have freedom of technique. There's fear beneath your subjects, rather."

"How's the commercial work coming on?"

Mimi's eyes shone. "You've no idea what it means to me!"

She was turning out drawings and occasional paintings for two firms now. One was a publishing house that used her depictions of gowns and other feminine togethery in fashion magazines. The other wanted pretty girl pictures to advertise cosmetics. She had secured the work through White and the size of the first checks astonished her. They represented it seemed, so much for so little effort.

She needed new clothes. She had seen Bassett eyeing her shabbiness and knew it would soon mean another order from Harbeck. So she cashed her checks and started out with the idea of breaking the monotony of dark blue. But she found, unexpectedly, that she liked the dresses she had been wearing and accordingly bought others like them, paying for them happily.

Then she began to meet the household bills. And finally she refused the weekly allowance handed her by the maid. Harbeck knew about this, of course; yet she waited in vain for him to mention it.

And in a little box hidden under the handkerchiefs in a dresser drawer was a roll of bank-notes. A thin roll, but growing. One day she would exchange it for a moneyorder, made out to Perry.

She had not seen him since the evening in the studio. The evening when he said "Eleven months now!" and she had clung to him and whispered against his lips "I'll never forget—my dear—my dear—"

He had not telephoned or made any attempt to break the barrier her promise to Harbeck had raised between them. Once each week she received a sheaf of roses. Red roses.

When she was beginning to think herself forgotten by everybody she had met in the city excepting Harbeck and White, she was surprised by a visit from Merle. He came in casually, laughing at her astonishment.

"I happened to see one of your pictures," he said. "The one of Trixie. That's art, Red-head. You made her live!"

"And I heard wonderful things about your work, Merle. The ship you used to talk about—its riding anchor, isn't it? I'm so very glad. How happy you must be!"

"Well—life is a compromise, Mimi. You have something—give up something else. Alice and the children ask about often. Would you care to see them again?"

She said she would set a time, tentatively, but felt, some way, that it meant nothing. Merle didn't want her to go, she thought; he didn't want her in his life. He seemed to feel toward her something as she felt toward Perry.

Queer notion, that was. Could it be that she attracted Merle as Perry did her? But that wasn't reasonable. Merle was too sure, too firm, to be held by physical appeal. Merle than she was, of course.

He was thinking of going abroad in a few months, he told her. He wanted to study in Paris. So, once again, he left her with the ache of loneliness in her heart.

Still she felt more certain of herself after having seen him, almost as if he had given her some of his strength. She determined to rearrange her affairs, put them on a different basis in so far as she might.

With this in mind she called to see Harbeck and found him exactly as she had left him on her last visit, brooding like the Buddha in the gloom of his library.

"I wanted to ask you to let Bassett go," she began. "You surely know by this time that I don't need to be watched. I'll do the work. It will save expense. I want to get out of debt; to pay what I owe you and—and others."

He refused, however. "You are doing well with your painting. Keep to one thing. That's why women fall, usually. They go into business or careers and hamper themselves with housework or odds and ends of dress-making. That's female 'reasoning,'" he finished with disgust.

She was going away when he called at her back, "Cornell's woman—girl you wanted to put in a wimpie—turned on the gas last night."

"Oh—terrible! Is she—dead? Why?" Cornell's tired of her. No, she's all right. She'll go on knocking around.

"You're heartless—and he's a beast!" she flung at him, and slammed the door.

Chapter 47

The envelope was addressed to "Miss Mimi Marsh" in a singular hand, with the letters covering most the entire square. She wondered what child had made those outrageous scratches, and opened it with a giggle.

It held a note from Cornell. Cornell, who made such pictures—and wrote like that! There was the drama of contrast for you? She was so astonished that she read what he had to say twice before she caught the significance.

He began, "Memorable Creature," and then, in conventional language asked her to call. He offered no explanation.

Mimi laughed and tossed the note aside. She had heard a great deal about the man's eccentricity. And this seemed erratic enough. He'd seen her only once; she never dreamed he'd remember her.

But she thought of Cornell's note again as she worked. She had her full share of feminine curiosity; besides her vanity was touched. "Memorable Creature" was extravagant. Yet the artist probably wouldn't address every girl that way.

And finally she set out for Stuyvesant Square.

Cornell roared a welcome, shaking his tawn mane. He sprawled at a table, like a medieval baron, drinking an iced concoction from a tall glass.

She soon saw that he had drunk a great deal of the concoction and judged that he intended to go on drinking it indefinitely. He bawled something she didn't understand at a soft-footed Filipino, who responded by placing a similar tall glass on the table before her.

"Now!" boomed her host and she waited to find why she was there. But he launched into a long and entertaining account of an adventure in Mesopotamia, washing up recollections on the tide of his high-balls, and became more unintelligible as he went along.

"How could any woman expect to hold his interest?" Mimi thought. "Even the girl in geranium velvet! He is a great genius but not quite—well, human. He looks exactly like a lion. Sounds like one, too."

She was preparing to leave when he got around to the object of his invitation. He was going to do a painting for a famous connoisseur. It would be "Dame Fate," and he proposed to make her beautiful, for once. Mimi's hair . . . he favored bright hair. He preferred his model a trifle taller, but her slenderness was delightful. Were her eyes always yellow? He'd had an impression they were green. He'd remembered something like green fire—

"I wore a green shawl," she explained. "It's a great honor—your asking me to pose. But I couldn't. I'm sure Mr. Harbeck wouldn't like it."

"Harbeck!" he thundered. "I know him! You're the type I need. I've seen White's 'Rhodops.' You'll have to help me. You owe it to art!"

"But—I've never posed for anyone but Mr. White. I wouldn't like to go through it all again."

His laughter rolled and reverberated. "So that's it! You're an artist yourself, my girl. You know too much about it for nonsense. Hah! I'll tell Harbeck that one—"

Why, Mimi wondered, was she always doing something, taking some attitude that afterwards made her feel small and cheap? Was here hopelessly what Perry called the "peasant mind" Harbeck hadn't liked the phrase; yet men like this Cornell made you think of it.

Because she resented seeing herself that way she said, quickly, "I will pose. If you can take me so it won't interfere with my own work I'll pose for your 'Fate!'"

That was how it happened that she went to Cornell's studio early one Sunday morning. It was her only free day and the artist, apparently, didn't care when he worked.

He preceded her to the third floor and she was thrilled by the sight of his work-room. It was not cluttered like White's; yet it held exciting objects—things he had picked up in his travels through queer countries.

A single canvas was in place under the white north light, removed, rather, from the model stand.

He pointed out the dressing room, told her to take her time. With a feeling of misgiving Mimi went in and closed the door.

To Be Continued

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Birthday Dinner For Mrs. Greene Is Held

(Special to The Star.)

On Sunday June 13, 1926 Mrs. Jacob Greene, was given a birthday by her children all of whom were present except two, Mr. Charles T. Greene, of Camden, S. C., and Mrs. George T. Blanton of Miami, Fla. Those present were namely Mr. and Mrs. Victor Greene and daughter Aletia, Mr. and Mrs. Devona Greene and little daughter Virginia Doris, from Gastonia.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McGee and little daughter Lamarie; Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Adams, and little daughter, Betty Jean, of Rock Hill, S. C., Mr. and Mrs. Ray Greene and son Ray Randle of Earl. One of Mrs. Greene's brothers Mr. Lee Rippy of Gaffney, S. C. was also present, accompanied by his niece Mrs. Morris Mitchell, and daughter Frances. Others present were Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Randall of near Earl, who are the father and mother of Mrs. Ray Greene. They all brought well filled baskets and the dinner was served out in the yard under the beautiful shade trees.

The birthday cake, which was presented by Mrs. Victor Greene, was especially lovely. It was white covered with yellow rosebuds, with pink candle holders and yellow candles. The word "mother" was inscribed across the top in yellow letters. Mrs. Greene, received a number of useful as well as very pretty presents.

It was a very enjoyable day, and one that will be long remembered by all of those present.

NEW GASOLINE HAS

COMBINATION QUALITY

R. C. Holmes, president of The Texas company, announces that a new gasoline, on which the company's engineers have been working for several years, has been placed on the market.

The new gasoline is the result of a vast amount of experimenting by chemists and refinery experts who aimed to produce a pure gasoline, containing no chemicals, which would have exceptional anti-knock qualities for smoother engine action, and at the same time have the higher volatility which would insure complete vaporization in the engine manifold, better cylinder distribution and less crankcase dilution.

The Texas company has succeeded in turning its entire production into a grade of gasoline with a combination of good qualities never before attained.

The new process is called the H-I.

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain deed of trust bearing date of July 20, 1920, and now of record in the office of the register of deeds, for Cleveland county, N. C., in Mortgage Book 104, page 266, et seq., and executed by J. F. Jenkins and wife Avalona Jenkins to Andrew D. Christian and O. M. Mull, trustee, to secure an indebtedness of twenty thousand dollars (\$20,000), default in payment having been made, and having been requested by the holder of said indebtedness to foreclose, we, as trustees, will sell at public auction for cash, to the highest bidder, at the court house door in the town of Shelby, North Carolina, at 12 o'clock noon on Saturday, July 24, 1926, the following described real estate, encumbered by said deeds of trust, in order to secure funds with which to satisfy said indebtedness, to-wit: The following real estate lying and being in No. 4 township, situate just east of the town of Grover on both sides of the National highway, and beginning at a stone in the state line between North Carolina and South Carolina, where same is crossed by old road, the same being the southwest corner of the B. O. Jenkins home tract, and runs thence with said state line east 97.25 chains to a stone in said state line, formerly a chestnut, thence north 49 1-2 west 10 chains to a stone; thence N. 55 E. 23.25 chains to a double line in S. Rollins corner, thence with A. S. Rollins N. 10 W. 9 chains to a stone, A. S. Rollins corner; thence with A. S. Rollins line N. 45 W. 7 chains to a stake, M. L. Bookout's corner; thence with his line S. 48 W. 25.50 chains to a stake in old line, Bookout's corner; thence with the old line and line of M. L. Bookout's land N. 40 1-2 W. 53 chains to a hickory, old corner of J. F. Jenkins home place; thence S. 51 1-2 W. 21.20 chains to a pine, southeast corner of Sheppard land; thence with line of same N. 44 W. 20.86 chains to an iron stake in the right of way of the Southern railroad and 50 feet from the center of its track; thence with the right of way of the Southern railroad S. 75 1-2 W. 5 chains; thence S. 67 1-2 W. 3 chains; S. 51 1-2 W. 3 S. 51 1-2 W. 12.50 chains to a stake in said right of way of the Southern railroad; thence leaving said right of way and running S. 29 3-4 E. 2.92 chains to a stake, new corner, Agency S. 60 1-4 W. 4.20 chains to a stake of stone; thence S. 29 3-4 E. 4.00 chains to a stake or stone; thence S. 60 1-4 W. 7.40 chains to a stake in old road; thence with old road as it meanders (York road) S. 85 E. 8.80 chains to a stake in center of York road; thence with said road S. 70 E. 4.30 chains to cross roads; thence with another road and with the line of the O. D. Jenkins tract S. 37 W. 11.25 chains to a stake in said road; thence S. 15 W. 6.00 chains to a stake in said road; thence S. 20 E. 10 chains to a stake in the N. C. and S. C. state line, the beginning corner; 447 1-4 acres, more or less, excepting Shiloh church lot, the same being all of four certain tracts of adjoining land conveyed to J. F. Jenkins by (1) B. O. Jenkins, (2) J. H. Quinn and O. M. Mull, commissioners, (3) W. H. Whisman and wife, (4) W. H. Sheppard and wife, (5) Andrew D. Christian, O. M. Mull, Trustee.

mes-Manley process; for a large part of which Mr. Holmes, formerly manager of the refining department, is responsible. It is claimed that the new product entirely solves the gasoline problem for the motorist. It not only prevents the fouling of spark plugs, but, because of its higher volatility, gives better, more even cylinder distribution resulting in easier starting, smoother and much better engine performance, and a decided gasoline economy. The new gasoline is said to contain no chemicals of any kind, and needs none.

Doubtless the best efficiency test is the fact that brides, graduations and the second income tax payment happen in the same month.

(Continued from page six)

SOCIAL

her friends by the score. Mr. Morgan is one of Shelby's most splendid young business men. A young man of strong points and is popular with all classes. After the wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Morgan will be at home with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Morgan, who are one of Shelby's most prominent and influential families. Among the out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Morgan and Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Morgan, of Gaffney, S. C. and Mr. Stephenson of Virginia.

Correct this sentence: "I'm so glad my older sister is tired of that frock," said she, "now I'll get it."

NORTH CAROLINA POPULAR EXCURSION TO WASHINGTON, D. C. VIA SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM JUNE 25, 1926.

Three whole days and three nights in Washington. Round trip fare from Shelby, N. C. \$12.00. Leave Blacksburg 7:08 P. M. June 25. Arrive Washington 8:35 A. M., June 26. Tickets on sale June 25, good to return on all regular trains (Except 37 and 38) so as to reach original starting point prior to midnight June 29, 1926.

BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL GAMES
Washington Senators vs. Philadelphia Athletics, June 26 and 27.

See Walter Johnson, Eddie Rommel, Sam Gray, Lefty Grove and other great stars in action. Fine time to visit the Nation's Capitol, the many public buildings, Arlington National Cemetery, Etc. Make your sleeping car reservations early. For further information call on any Southern Railway agent or address:

A. H. MORGAN, Agent, Shelby, N. C. R. H. GRAHAM, D. P. A., Charlotte, N. C.

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6. For any motor from which the driver demands extra power and performance.

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Why does ESSO do away with all motor knocks; why does it literally unlock all the latent power of your motor, make your car perform in traffic, on the hills, and over the long country roads in a manner so superior that there are no previous performance standards by which to judge it?

The answer is not difficult to find. It is because ESSO is not an experiment; not a chance product. On the contrary, ESSO has been developed out of the long refining experience of the Standard Oil Company (N. J.), and has been especially designed to give just this sort of super performance.

But the proof of what ESSO is really rests in your hands.

Test it today. Test it in any way you want. Start clean with a tankful of ESSO. Watch traffic melt away as you beat the whistle. Start cold on the longest, toughest hill you know. Watch ESSO pick up speed, go sailing over the crest in record time—clean ahead of the rest of the field. That's exhilaration, that's power, that's speed,—that's ESSO.

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