

"THE GOOD BAD GIRL"

—BY— WINFRED VAN DUZEN

Chapter 54

Merle Lengel held his exhibition in February. His pictures were hung in a gallery on Park Avenue and Mimi longed to attend. Yet something held her back; something like a curious shrink from a meeting with Merle.

She heard his work talked about by White's friends and nearly all of them acclaimed his genius. She understood that many of his paintings had been sold, and wondered if he would give up the shabby studio on Madison Avenue now for something more in keeping with his new standing in the art world, and his new prosperity.

It was on the last day of the exhibition that she visited the gallery. She went early in the morning, thinking to avoid an encounter with the artist.

The big rooms were empty and she wandered about with keen enjoyment. She was fascinated by the subjects and rather astonished by their masterful handling. In a nook she came upon woodland scenes somehow familiar; one showed a clearing among trees where the light was yellow above a river. And far away, among the trunks of white birch was the striped awning of a tent.

"Why—it couldn't be!" She thought. "It just couldn't be! But it's all here; all here before me! The woods outside Tranquillity! There's the river bank where I saw Trixie that day through the pine needles; there's the knoll where I sat and watched the artist in his corduroys and flannel shirt with the easel over his shoulder. Merle! And I never guessed it; never guessed the tent in the clearing was his!"

"I wanted to go there that day. Why didn't I? Together in the solitude we might have won back the old understanding..."

Yet Merle hadn't told her he was going to Tranquillity; he hadn't written as he promised. Was it because she feared she might come there that she might find his camp? Was he avoiding a meeting with her?

"But why did he go there? So near my home—and there are other places for an artist. He was interested in Tranquillity; he liked the name so. I don't understand..."

She was turning to leave when she felt him beside her. His success hadn't altered his appearance, at least; he was the same old carelessly groomed, boyish figure, with the whimsical smile.

"He stood holding the hand she had offered in greeting and smiling at the picture. 'Do you like it, Mimi? A lovely place by the silver river. I am going back again when the leaves are green.'"

Not a word about Tranquillity! "He doesn't want me to know," she thought, and talked about the beauty of his work; told how glad she was for him. She caught a look of eagerness in his eyes as she glanced up unexpectedly, and something else that she couldn't explain.

"I'd say it was sadness, if I didn't know that he couldn't be sad now when he has his success. How firm his chin is, almost stubborn! And there's a little band of gray over his temple. That has come since I saw him last..."

She touched the band of gray and drew back her hand, flushing. Mimi saw again the expression she couldn't explain, waited breathlessly for him to say the words she felt were upon his lips. But he hesitated, smiled, and declared he was getting old.

She said, "Merle, there's something I'd like to have you know. I've talked to you so much, told you so many things. It's about Perry. I've been earning, you see; doing commercial work and a little posing. I've discharged my debt. I've sent him the money he spent for me. I sort of wanted you to know..."

"That's fine, Mimi. My gee, that's fine! Nice of you to tell me!" Friendly interest in his smile and it hurt her somehow. She didn't know quite what she had expected him to say—what she wanted him to say. Later she was sorry she had told him. What reason had she for thinking he would care because she was free of obligation to Perry? She blushed with resentment for what she saw as her own blundering.

He thanked her rather formally for the visit and that hurt, too. In the old days he'd have taken her presence for granted...

The next time she saw him she was standing at the curb waiting to cross Fifth Avenue. A resplendent limousine moved past slowly; Connie Duer lolled on the cushions holding a cigarette, Merle beside her. He bowed with his friendly smile, but Miss Duer only stared.

Chapter 55

On a bleak morning of early Spring, Mimi set out for the publishing house with a bundle of fashion drawings. Her thoughts, as usual, were busy with her work; she pushed into

the subway and stood in the crowded vestibule.

Everybody was poring over newspapers; she wondered idly what new thing had happened to excite such rather shocked interest. Two young women, sharing a front page, kept ejaculating; one of them said, "Well, it's what they gotta expect girls like that one!"

Then the folded page fell back and Mimi saw parts of headlines: "Woman slain; robbed... brutally beaten..."

The train halted at Forty-second street and the crowd poured out. She found a seat, picked up a newspaper that someone had abandoned, and began to read the account of the murder.

Out of the first paragraph a name jumped at her; it seemed to rear itself and grow wider and blacker until it filled her vision. Nita Mori!

"No, No! Oh, no!" The words roared in her brain; she tried to say them, to deny what was printed on the page that waved as if blown in a wind. But her lips were numb; the words wouldn't be formed. And her teeth knocked together.

The train stopped at the Pennsylvania station; she found herself wandering about the platform, carrying the newspaper. It was unfolded, and it kept brushing against people, tearing at the edges.

She gathered it up, shielded it carefully in her arms. Then she was on another train; she saw the corner of West End Avenue; she was in the apartment—in the bedroom with the door locked.

She spread the crumpled paper on the bed; went over the story slowly, dragging her fingers along the lines as she read.

"It's true, then, I'm not dreaming. She was murdered last night. Nita! They called her a 'Broadway Butterfly' and say her wings were broken. Nita, killed last night! And I'm reading about it, and yet I can't understand, somehow..."

She worked again through the columns whispering the words. When the colored maid who cared for Nita's apartment arrived early in the morning, the place was in disorder. Every drawer had been turned inside out; clothes were strewn about and things broken. It looked as if a maniac had been running at large.

And in the bedroom the maid had found the "Mori woman, a familiar figure in the gay night life of the city," lying upon the bed with a silk stocking bound tightly over her mouth. The room reeked with chloroform.

The woman had not given up her life without a struggle; rings had been bruised and battered; fingers with such force as to leave them broken; there was a long gash across the temple.

Mimi thought of the yellow faced man, remembered the look in his eyes when he saw the emerald on her throat and came stealing forward. Luck had saved her then, but Nita had no such protector.

"It might have been me! They might have found me lying like that the morning after he came here! Someone like him—some man prowling in the night—found out about her jewels. She'd bought a great many, 'salting something away,' she said. Perhaps Jimmy... he might have been drinking and angry..."

She went down to the street, forcing herself to seem calm, and bought noon editions. They carried longer stories with more details; pictures of Nita were spread over the pages. Some of them printed what purported to be the life tale of the murdered girl, though Mimi saw that none of it corresponded with what Nita had told her; one paper showed a blurred picture of a man over the label, "Peter Mori."

As Mimi read on, she sensed a new turn in the story's unfolding and her horror turned to panic. Reporters and police had dug up the record of the slain girl's intimates. Bill's name was mentioned, but it had been ascertained that Mrs. Mori had broken with him for a mysterious "Jimmy" were printed. Police regarded of utmost import-

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—GOOD GLASSES PAY—

ance the story they hoped soon to obtain from a former close friend of the slain butterfly, a young woman who had been seen with her constant by as they both fluttered under the white lights. Broadway characters were of the impression that the two had quarreled. Police wished to ask the young woman why.

She would be easily found, it was said, since she was everywhere conspicuous by reason of her extraordinary red hair!

To Be Continued.
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Science says that, of all sounds, a baby's cry has the greatest carrying power. And dad is the carrier.

Trying to impart knowledge to the fellow who knows it all is wasted energy because he can't absorb it.

Vote for Spurgeon Spurling for Solicitor Saturday, July 3. A man reared here in Cleveland and a Christian gentleman and man worthy of your support.

Pleasant Grove Items Of Community Interest

(Special to The Star.)

The crops are looking fine in this community since the rain which fell about a week ago.

Mr. Lowell Barnett of Shelby delivered a fine sermon at Pleasant Grove Sunday night, his subject being "Jesus Christ and Him Crucified". Miss America Hendrick spent Sunday with Misses Lallage and Wray Hoyle.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Morris Williams a fine son.

Miss Marie Costner visited Misses Valiree and Vetus Costner Sunday afternoon.

Miss Fula Williams spent Sunday with her cousin Miss Lena Williams. Mr. Clem Costner and family spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Clem Kendrick of near Shelby.

Misses Dovelina Glascoe and Ruby Wright spent Sunday with Misses Lovetta and Virginia Hoyle.

Mrs. Yates Costner and little daughter Corinne were visitors in the community the past week.

Miss Vertie Glascoe spent Sunday with Misses Larue and Eudora Hoyle. Misses Velus and Lucy Mae Cost-

ner spent Wednesday night with Mr. and Mrs. Grady Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Grigg and little daughter Aileen spent Sunday with Mrs. Grigg's parents Mr. and Mrs. Kim Williams.

Little Miss Norma Canipe of Shelby spent last week with her grandmother, Mrs. W. P. Costner.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Vertis Williams a fine son, Jack.

Mr. and Mrs. Loyd Hamrick of

Fallston spent Sunday with Mr. Hamrick's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson Hamrick.

The B. Y. P. U. is progressing nicely at Pleasant Grove they met Sunday night and elected new officers, as follows: President, Miss America Hendrick; vice president, Miss Lena Williams; secretary Mr. Dewrel Glascoe.

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Hot days are coming! Escape sizzling kitchens and wood or coal drudgery. Six famous cooks recommend the Perfection for cool cooking. Here's what they say.

"THE food gets all the heat—the kitchen none," says Miss Rosa Michaelis, New Orleans cooking expert. "In the Perfection burner," she explains, "the heat is confined directly to the bottom of the cooking pot. That means cool cooking!"

Mrs. Belle DeGraf, the San Francisco authority, suggests Perfection "top stove" cooking for hot summer days.

Least Time, Least Heat

"When I fried chicken, glazed sweet potatoes and boiled pineapple pudding," she relates, "I used only the top of the Perfection. The food cooked quickly and efficiently—and of course, the shorter the cooking time, the cooler the kitchen." That means cool cooking.

"Yes, and remember," adds Mrs. Kate B. Vaughn, famous Los Angeles Home Economist, "the least fire in your stove through the day, the cooler the kitchen. With Perfections no time is lost in heat generation because cooking begins with the touch of a match to the wick."

No Hot Extra Work

"Then, too, the Perfection saves a world of extra work," says Mrs. Sarah Tyson Rorer, pioneer cooking specialist of Philadelphia, "no wood or coal to carry in nor ashes to carry out."

At Battle Creek College of Home Economics, the nutrition expert, Margaret Allen Hall, speaks of still another "no extra work" point.

"The Perfection," says Miss Hall, "is easily moved from one room to another. Move it to the summer kitchen, out on the back porch—wherever it's coolest. You don't need to bake yourself while cooking meals."

Cool to Work With

The "single row" arrangement of Perfection burners gives you another advantage. Miss Lucy G. Allen of the Boston School of Cookery notices this. "With the Perfection," she makes clear, "there is no reaching across hot flames as with a gas or coal range. You stay away from the direct heat, yourself."

You can escape all those things that make summer cooking the most unpleasant of hot tasks. Your dealer will show you the Perfection today—from the one-burner model at \$6.75 to the five-burner range at \$120. Six famous cooks tested this stove thoroughly and now pronounce it ideal for hot weather. "Buy a Perfection," they say, "be cool!"

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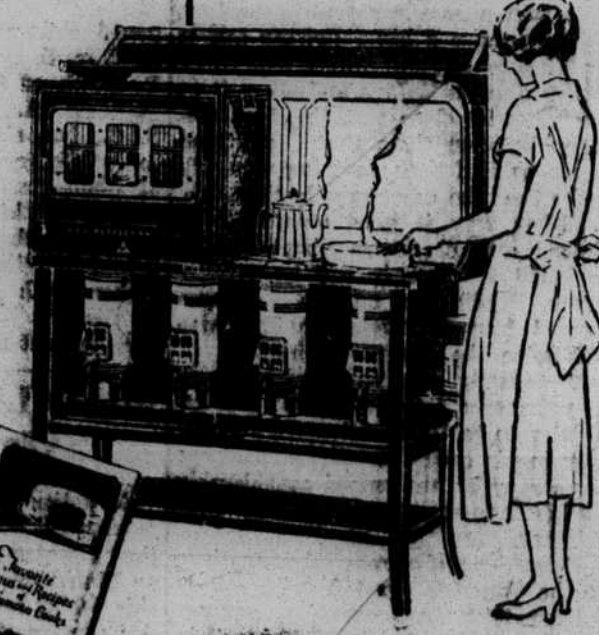
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In the Kitchen with 6 Famous Cooks



EASY MEALS FOR HOT WEATHER

(Editor's Note: This is one article in an unusual cooking series contributed to this paper by six famous cooks.)

Where is the woman who enjoys cooking hearty meals in hot weather? We doubt if such a woman exists. She may cook big meals because some members of her family who toil hard demand them, but certainly not because she herself derives any real pleasure from hot weather cooking.

With a little planning and forethought, however, many of the discomforts of cooking in hot weather can be avoided. For instance, as Miss Rosa Michaelis, New Orleans domestic science specialist, points out, an oil stove is much easier to work with than a coal or wood range.

"It is much more convenient," she says. "It needs no flues," and hence may be taken to the coolest part of the house easily, as it is not very heavy.

Just a Little Planning The woman who gets her kitchen work done early in the morning, and most of her food prepared, continues Miss Michaelis, "is the coolest cook. She just needs to do a little simple planning."

"The fewer roasts and baked dishes in the summer, the cooler the kitchen. I recommend uncooked desserts mostly, too. Fruits are all one needs during the hot weather."

In the summer time Miss Michaelis does as much of her cooking as possible on the top of the stove, using only as many burners as are absolutely necessary.

"If a woman feels she has to bake," Miss Michaelis says, "she should not use her oven every day in the week during hot weather, but have enough to last several days or a week."

A dinner which Miss Michaelis recommends as particularly easy to prepare in hot weather is all cooked in one pot. It conserves utensils, time and fuel.

A Dinner in One Kettle

To prepare it, take a soup pot filled with enough water to cover three pounds of lettuce leaves, Season with salt. After the soup has boiled for an hour, lower the flame and let it simmer for another half an hour. Add one bunch of carrots, a bunch of turnips and a pound of potatoes, and cook for another half hour.

When ready, take out carrots. Dice and sprinkle with chopped parsley. Take out turnips and mash with butter, adding a teaspoon of sugar if desired. Serve potatoes mashed. Take out meat and fry with onions, or serve with a tomato sauce.

Add a Salad and Dessert

Now with a salad, dessert, and beverage, one has a complete meal, including soup, and all cooked on one flame!

For salad, Miss Michaelis suggests pearl onions, on lettuce leaves, covered with French dressing. Fruit makes a good dessert to accompany this easy meal.

Another Easy Meal

Mrs. Sarah Tyson Rorer, the famous Philadelphia cooking expert, gives the menu for a simple meal which takes but a few minutes to prepare. It's a vegetable dinner. Mrs. Rorer gives proportions for serving four.

Ditched cabbage
Chili sauce
Canned sweet potatoes
Panned apples
Watermelon

"Go to the kitchen at 11 o'clock, if dinner is to be served at 12," says Mrs. Rorer. "If you use oil, your stove is ready for immediate use. Light two burners, and put on two saucepans half full of water. Cover, and turn to full heat."

Wash five medium sized sweet potatoes. Chop fine one small hard head of cabbage. The water is now boiling in both pans. Put the potatoes in one and cover. Add a teaspoon of salt to the other, and put in the cabbage. Turn flame down and cook cabbage uncovered for half an hour.

Since three tart apples in a baking dish. Add half a cup of sugar, and partly cover with water. Light oven burner, and after three minutes put apple on upper rack, covering the dish.

To Candy the Sweet The sweet potatoes are now tender. Drain, peel and slice them in halves. Place in shallow baking pan, adding two tablespoons of butter, four or five short bits of water. Put pan in oven under the apples.

Put four tablespoons of cooking fat in a shallow frying pan over one burner. Drain cabbage and return to saucepan. Add a tablespoon of butter, three of vinegar, half a teaspoon of salt, and a dash of pepper. Cover to keep warm.

Fry the squash and drain on brown paper. Turn the sweet potatoes. Take out the apples. Dish the squash. Dish the cabbage and sweet potatoes. Turn out all the burners.

"This is a very simple meal to prepare," Mrs. Rorer concludes. "And, even though you do use the oven, it is for such a short time that the kitchen does not become excessively heated."

If you take the advice of famous cooks, you will keep your summer cooking as simple as possible. It doesn't pay to work too hard in the kitchen in hot weather.