

# "THE GOOD BAD GIRL"

—BY— WINFRED VAN DUZEN

### Chapter 60

Back in the city, Mimi went to a quiet little up-town hotel until she could find the studio room she sought. And when she went out to search, after roaming about rather aimlessly, she discovered that she was on lower Madison avenue.

"Silly coming down here," she told herself. "And yet—"

She'd heard that Merle had a new place in the fashionable Hotel de Arts; his old studio, then, with its shabbiness and its memories, would be vacant. Mimi felt that she would like to work there.

The agent, however, declared that the room was rented. But he showed her one much like it on the same floor. It was around an ell in the building, with windows directly opposite those by which Merle once worked. The furniture was worn and the big room with a tiny alcove bedroom, dilapidated. But it was quiet and the price reasonable, so she paid a month's rent and moved in.

She plunged into work, and managed to do a great deal for a week or so. Then her energy began to lag. She'd find herself standing at the window, staring at the lowered shades across the court. She'd return impatiently to her easel and drive ahead for a time, only to catch herself back at the window.

"I'm afraid I'm rather lonely," she decided, and immediately realized that she was very lonely indeed. She missed Whites' whimsical companionship; she missed even Bassett's somewhat stealthy presence.

But most of all she missed something warmly human awaiting her somewhere in the years ahead. Hard work, crowned with whatever brilliant achievement, isn't altogether satisfying as the sum of life when you're only twenty-one!

Sometimes her thoughts turned to Perry, always to whirl away again with a sick sense of shame. Whatever fascination he once had held for her was gone like an evil mist. "People are as you see them!" Well, she hadn't seen Perry with her true self any more than she'd seen Harbeck. She hadn't dreamed true.

She brought in the Sunday newspapers one morning; glanced idly at

the pictures on the society page. One caught her attention; a cold, impetuous profile; scornful eyes.

"Why, it's Connie Duer! Of course her picture'd be here!" She followed the column; read a long and entertaining account of Miss Duer's many interests and activities. And the story, evidently referring to something printed the day before, ended with the statement that Miss Duer was to leave her native New York to reside in London immediately following her marriage, in the fall, to a titled Englishman!

"Oh! Oh—poor Merle! Why, if he cares for her—oh poor Merle!" It was all Mimi could think of for the remainder of the day; her distress for Merle. And it remained throughout the week that followed, haunting her thoughts.

It was toward evening of the following Sunday when she again stood at the window, staring at the shades across the court. The breeze lifted one; blew it back. She saw a light on the little table where she had drunk tea on her first day in New York. There was a movement along the light; a shadow crept along the wall.

With her hands pressed against her heart, Mimi turned, fled through the room; fled along the corridor around the turn of the ell. She was at the door again; it gave to her touch swung back.

"Merle!" He looked up, startled; she saw red rim over his face and fade, leaving him rather white. But he came forward, smiling.

"Why, little Red-head! I'd no idea." "Merle—dear Merle! I wanted to tell you how sorry I am!" She rushed on, not seeing his bewilderment. "I saw it in the paper. It's wretched! You deserve so much—the best! And she's going to marry his title—I know it's that—just his title!"

"What—I don't get it, child! Who's going to marry what title? My gee, what's the matter?"

"Why—why—oh, hadn't you heard? You didn't know, then? I'm so sorry."

Miss Duer! The paper said—"The blank astonishment in his face stopped her then; she stood blushing, watching him with her amber eyes. She flashed a glance toward the mantel; the photograph of Miss Duer still was there, but it had fallen down so the face lay sidewise, half concealed by papers and old canvases.

She whispered "Oh!" and started to move backward toward the door, struck suddenly by the odd chance of his being here. He had kept the studio then in spite of everything, all the changes.

"I must go now, Merle!"

But he came to her swiftly, locked his fingers around her arms. She hadn't seen his eyes smile so since almost their first meeting. Merle's blessed smile! Yet his lips were unsteady.

"You mean you thought all this time

that I—that Connie Duer—why, you baby! You darn, lovely baby! It was that, then! And I thought you didn't care! You do, Mimi! You do love me? Why, Mimi! You, Mimi!"

After a long time she told him what Harbeck had said. "You see he has done so much for me that I feel I owe it to him; that I owe some good work to him."

"But of course, darling! We'll work together! That won't prevent our having a home, like Alice and Tom—"

"Yes, Dearest—dearest! And Merle, would you—I want anything you want. But, somehow—this New York—it's hard to dream true here! I wonder if you'd like it somewhere; some place like Tranquillity, maybe—"

Then he had to kiss her all over again with a new kind of happiness. "Because you see, darling, I've been building a house—it's a little stone bungalow with an enormous studio. I've been watching it go up this summer; watching it and thinking of you! It's near a woody place, and a little river. Guess where? Tranquillity!"

"Will you be happy there? To leave New York, go back to Tranquillity, will you be happy, Mimi?"

"Yes, Merle, Oh, yes! We'll be happy together. By the silver river!"

THE END  
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## Religious Issue May Be A Dead One Now

Miss Julia's Defeat at Polls In Mecklenburg Reverses Fundamentalist Member

Raleigh.—Mecklenburg's failure to nominate its Joan of Arc, Miss Julia M. Alexander, after her defense of the faith before the 1925 general assembly, seems to settle the religious question for the next term, for the faith-savers have gone down nearly 100 percent where they have attacked or been attacked.

Mecklenburg was expected to stand by Miss Alexander. The papers declared during the campaign that she attacked Miss Carrie McLean and accused Miss McLean of being an "evolutionist." The issue was raised in numerous places, but it so happens that wherever there was a fight on holy ground, the holy people lost. It is not forgotten that Mr. Price, one of the Mecklenburg nominees, is a very strong fundamentalist, but he made war on nobody and nobody on him. The issue in Miss Alexander's contest was cleared. Miss McLean defeated her with the odium of evolution attaching to Miss McLean, and with the odor of sanctity surrounding Miss Alexander.

The fear of hectoring and brow-beating over the state is evaporating. There are fundamentalists aplenty to make trouble before the next session, but there are few who are disposed to do it. In the real contests the fundamentalists have gone down. This can be interpreted in no other way than that the issue is playing out. It is conceivable that representative Zeb Turlington, of Iredell, could be induced to desert that stern booster-kicker of evolution, Representative D. Scott Poole, of Hoke county. Mr. Turlington called the Poole bill "a fool bill" and supported it heartily. A few days later Tennessee passed one of them things and Mr. Turlington reminded the bad people what might be expected. But the bad people have been making gains and the good people losing out in the primaries. It is a very unpleasing prospect for the good people next year.

## One Auto For Every Six People In U. S.

The automobile has invaded every nook and corner of the globe and in such quantity that an owner is to be found for every 71st person. On the basis of 1,748,000,000 world population for 1925, this means that more than 24,000,000 persons are automobile owners.

These figures, announced by the commerce department, revealed also that the United States has the greatest number of automobiles and the highest ratio of such vehicles to population, with one to every six persons. Hawaii has one to every 11 and Canada one to 13.

In the lower ratios is found Afghanistan, with one to 1,200,000 persons; Hejaz, with only four cars, or one for every 225,000 Abyssinia, 1 to 133,333, and China, with one for every 31,871 inhabitants. The Solomon islands, with 151,000 persons, has only two automobiles, while Liberia has 54 or one for every 54,259.

In 19 of the 59 countries surveyed at least 90 per cent of the automobiles owned were of American manufacture, while in seven, American-made cars constituted at least 80 per cent. South American countries had the greatest proportion of American cars, while European countries showed a much lower ratio.

Raise: The extra money you get just before your appetites develop enough to absorb it.

Why shouldn't people have much to entertain them? It takes more to entertain a man when he's sober.

It's fine to work for the right kind of people—especially five or six of them call you dad.

## BATHING SUIT DANCES PROHIBITED IN ITALY

Genoa, Italy.—Dancing in bathing suits, a favorite beach sport in some parts of Italy, has been banned in resorts along the Italian Riviera by the prefect here.

He has issued strict orders, not only prohibiting dancing but threatening severe penalties for those who use abbreviated bathing costumes or

semi-transparent beach robes.

Correct this sentence: "Little Willie has been quiet for an hour," said the mother, "but I'm not worried."

There's no longer exposed brass on a fiver, but there's just as much behind the steering wheel.

The new premier of Sweden is a Prohibitionist. So that makes two countries run by the dries.

## DON'T—

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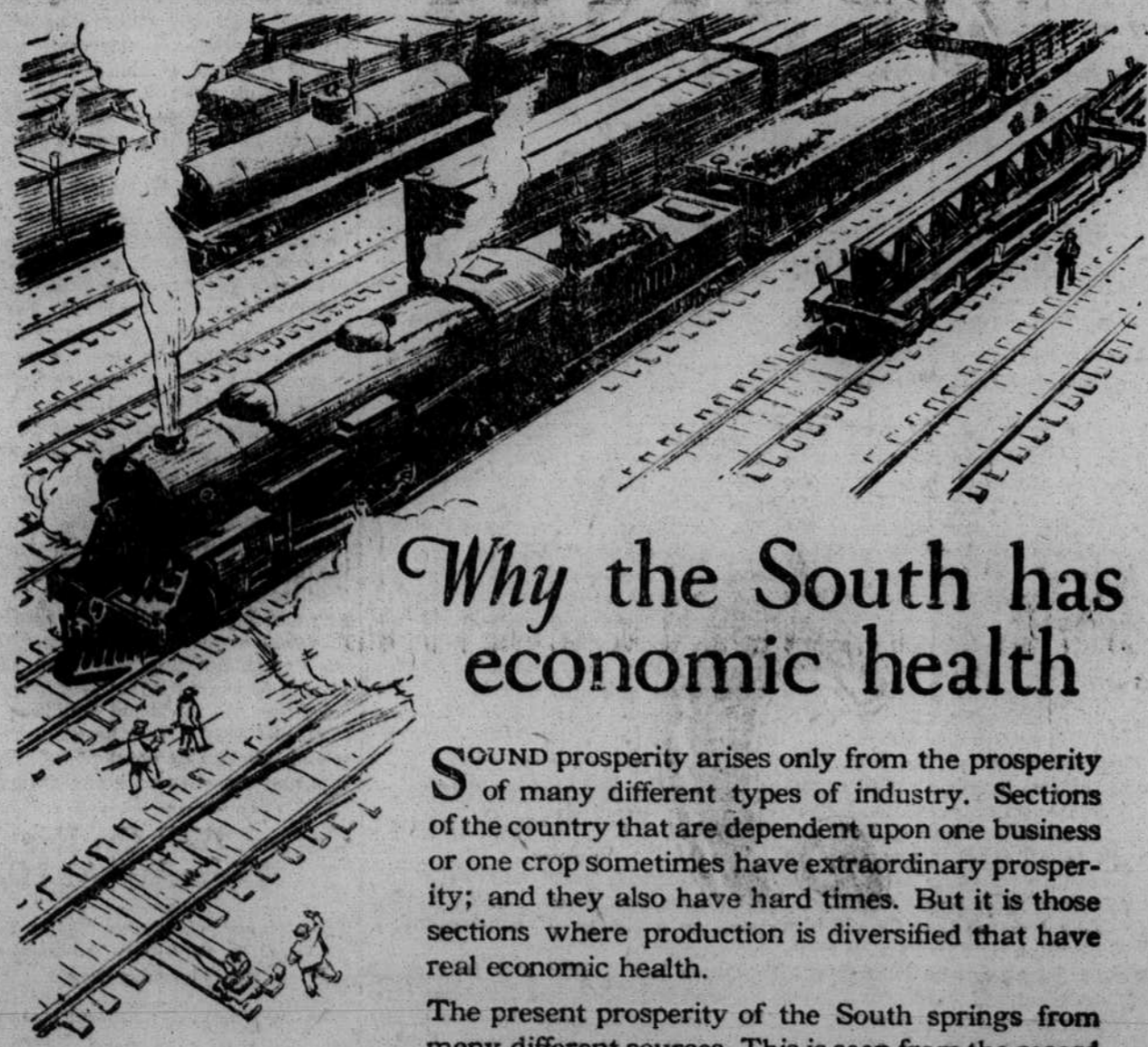
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—GOOD GLASSES PAY—



## Why the South has economic health

SOUND prosperity arises only from the prosperity of many different types of industry. Sections of the country that are dependent upon one business or one crop sometimes have extraordinary prosperity; and they also have hard times. But it is those sections where production is diversified that have real economic health.

The present prosperity of the South springs from many different sources. This is seen from the record of freight carried by the Southern. Last year this traffic was made up as follows:

Product	Per cent of total tonnage handled
Products of agriculture and animals	10.65
Coal	28.90
Clay, gravel, sand and stone	10.22
Other mine products and minerals	3.62
Forest products	16.80
Manufactured products and miscellaneous goods	24.03
Merchandise in less than carload shipments	5.78

Just as the diversification of Southern industry has brought the South economic health, so also the diversification of the Southern's traffic should tend to stabilize its revenues and make its securities attractive to investors in the South.

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## American Opportunity Enshrined in the Home

Its Influence on Our National Prosperity, Says Senator Overman, Has Been Greatly Assisted by Life Insurance

"The shrine of American opportunity is the Home. In no other country does home mean so much. In many lands no one counts but the adult male. But the perfect harmony of American Home and family is the inspiration and the driving force behind our country's pre-eminence. And the stabilizing influence back of the American Home is life insurance. It induces thrift, disperses debt and forefends every conceivable disaster." —Lee S. Overman.



Hon. Lee S. Overman  
of Salisbury,  
North Carolina, Honored Junior  
United States Senator

## Insurance is a Privilege

Thus do all public men endorse insurance. Yet most people carry too little of it—say they cannot "afford" more—talk as if insurance were an expense. Life insurance actually is a rare investment privilege, made

possible only by the co-operative protecting power of millions of dollars of other people's money—proving a safe depositor, with continual protection against loss of income.

## Keep the Money At Home

Your insurance investment comes nearest to pure co-operation when you put it in a safe, solid home company like the Pilot of Greensboro, which keeps the funds invested in home banks and home real estate loans, thus promoting home business and local prosperity. The Pilot Company wrote 25 per cent more business in 1924 than in 1923, whereas the average increase of all insurance business in the same period was 8 per cent. Building always for safety rather than for great volume, the Pilot goes steadily ahead. Old enough to be safe—young enough to be progressive.

The Pilot ideal is the greatest service to its policyholders, and so the Pilot writes the most complete personal protection known—not against death alone, but against loss of income from any cause—old age, accident or ill health—in any combination, to fit any case. Insure in the Pilot. Keep the money at home and be sure of prompt service and complete safety.



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