

Irish Hearts

By MOLLIE MALONE

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SYNOPSIS

Emmett Martough, a roistering young man of Elinburgh, a village in the east coast of Ireland, hears the call of America. He is in love with Sheila Kildare, daughter of Old Tom Kildare, who had let his farm go to ruin while he talked politics to the villagers. The fair at Knockbotheram—a few miles away—has begun and an old fortune teller is one of the chief attractions to the country folk.

CHAPTER I—Continued

"Th'ould wick do still be bringin' luck to th' childer," they would whisper as they made their way on, and the sentimental wife and mother would clutch the arm of her lord and master a bit more firmly as the vision of his fine youthful figure would loom for the moment out of memory's past.

"'Tis a wife ye need for good ballast, Emmett Martough," the old fortune teller said, the while she shuffled the cards upon the table in front of her. She gazed frankly into the blue eyes, squinting now in a frown and he listened. "Ye've a gift for gab and a gift for the makin' o' friends of strangers, but 'tis a wife ye need, a good girl an' none o' these tawdry baggage with flighty heads."

"An' ye think I would do well away?" he asked.

"Ye might an' yet again ye mightn't. But there's a voyage in the cards for ye an' it'll be soon. But ye'll have to stand on yer own, me lad. 'Tis little the fables did give ye.—It may be ye were

born on a dark night an' the fairies forgot ye."

"I need no fairies," the Martough cried impatiently. "I'll do with me good right arm as the brisla that are in me own head here!"

"An' so ye may, lad, an' so ye may, but 'tis a good wife that'll help ye, come the days when yer stubbornness is on ye."

A good wife, thought Emmett as he strolled toward the racing course where soon the speediest horses of the countryside would contest. That would be Sheila. But there must be no marriage now; later on after he had made good in America, then would he send for her, if he needed her at all. Were there not women in America; hadn't he seen the pictures of them in the illustrated magazines printed in London and which occasional travelers had left at Mrs. O'Farrell's inn? Beautiful they were in their fine clothes. Who could tell, perhaps, there was one of them just waiting for his coming over there in America where every man had an even chance to become rich and powerful.

Emmett attended every day of the week of the fair. Few shillings he had in his pocket for entertainment, but the hustle and bustle matched his restlessness. Here was life, he thought, and if this were life what would it be over where all his dreams were centered.

The day at the Knockbotheram Fair was the one holiday in the year for Sheila Kildare. There were a thousand things to see; the prize cattle and pigs, and the wonderful display of homespun clothes and of needlework submitted for prizes by the wives of the countryside. Sheila gave herself over to the excitement completely. Nothing was too trivial to see and to acclaim over. Old Tom Kildare was more interested in the stock exhibit than anything else. He prided himself that he knew good horseflesh and he for jumpers, with heads by the side, would try races for the Squire when he was young. And many were the

fine fields he best, too, he would boast. Left to herself Sheila visited the booths alone; sometimes joining in with a group of gay girls from Elinburgh. May and four abreast, him, in arms they would skip along the main thoroughfare of the fair grounds returning smiles for smiles with the young blades who passed.

Milk and egg pennies had been saved on the shelf above the fireplace at the Kildare cottage for months before fair time. This treasure was now Sheila's to spend for what she willed; for bright ribbons and a piece of silk or a pair of stockings and, yes, even a pair of bright garters, which she tucked away in her bag that no one might ever see! Sheila had shopped alone and she was sitting away before the booths waiting for Old Tom when she came to Mother O'Reilly's tent.

"Tell yer fortune, pretty miss," the old woman pleaded. "Only a childer, an' 'tis a few fortune ye have, an' I can see with my own eyes," she tempted. Sheila hesitated. A hand touched her shoulder.

"Go on, Sheila. She told mine an' she says it's a voyage I'm to take and soon. 'Tis on me way to America I'll be before many days," Emmett Martough boasted.

"America! Oh, Emmett, not right away," she cried.

"The old hag says 'tis to be soon, didn't you, Mother," Emmett asked of the fortune teller. The old woman nodded.

"But I said 'tis a good wife ye'll be needin'," the old woman added, "an' ye'll never do better than her I'm thinkin', if ye can win her, lad."

Sheila blushed.

"'Tis my own an' only sweet heart she is," said Emmett.

"Go on, ye gabbler you," Sheila laughed as she gave him a playful push. "I'll have me fortune told an' I'm sure there's a handsome man than you awaitin' for me."

"'Tis cried as she sat down opposite Mother O'Reilly.

"'Tis a merry heart ye have," began the fortune teller as she laid out the cards, "an' a brave one. The fairies were good to ye an' they gave ye the gifts for happiness in yer life."

"Go way, Emmett Martough," Sheila cried as he lingered near.

"I'll have no one hearin' me fortune but meself. Go an' find Dad, for 'tis gold home we must be with half the night to, drive the way. Will ye ride home with us, Emmett?"

"No, 'tis stayin' in Knockbotheram I am tonight," he said as he turned. "I suppose 'I'll find the old man down near the stock pen!"

"Or maybe he's after havin' a glass," put in Sheila. "I haven't seen him for the hours now."

"Ah, me dear, an' 'tis a fine life ye'll be havin'. There'll be up an' down an' the worries an' all, just as there is for everybody. But the fairies have been good to ye an' there's happiness waitin' at the end. Do ye just be brave an' ye'll win against all the troubles that'll come to ye. Ye have the singing heart, an' sheila, an' them with the singing heart is never afraid of devil or baste."

"An' will I have true love," Sheila asked.

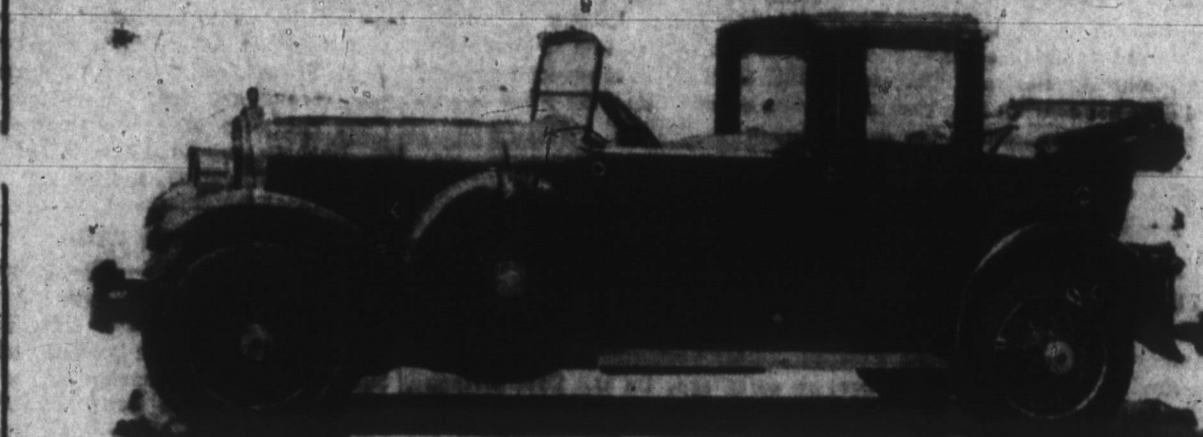
"Sure, an' that's always a girl's question! Ye will, ye will; but don't pick too easy an' don't take the word of every easy speaking devil ye meet, dear. There's many an' many that'll want to kiss yer pretty lips an' look into yer eyes for the love light there, but he warned an' don't take the first that pops the question to ye."

"But if my heart is already given?"

"Ah, an' what girl of yer age, a bare eighteen I take it, knows her own heart! Be off with ye! Ye've plenty an' plenty time to change yer mind, an' sheila, during."

(To be continued)

THE VOGUE OF THE TOWN CABRIOLET



A type of body having a decidedly metropolitan air which is enjoying a distinct vogue for town use among motorists of discriminating taste, is the town cabriolet, in which is embodied rare dignity and an unerring good taste. The Cadillac town cabriolet shown above, exemplifying this style, is fitted with a beautiful five-passenger body by Bruhn with collapsible leather rear quarter. With this rear quarter erected or closed, the car possesses an elegant grace and harmony of line that few other body types can approach.

too tiny to stand the high cost of living. And the French peasants from Savoie province ceased to come into the lovely lake city to shop and to consult Geneva's skilled corps of doctors and surgeons. Result—financial distress for Geneva, a general deadening of the city's activities, and an absence of people in the streets which gave the town an abandoned, silent and mournful aspect.

But the league and other international activities have brought men and women back from all quarters of the earth. Things are looking up for Geneva. The civic association which was created to develop the general interests of the city in stilling nightly and things are happening. The international automobile salon just held was a success. With some twenty American cars shown, people came here from all parts of Switzerland and many districts in France. This was followed by a great musical festival which brought to the Geneva opera house some of the most famous operatic troupes of Europe as well as celebrated orchestras. Later will come an international dog show and a horse show. The flower festivals in the summer are being made bigger and better every year and draw thousands of people from outside.

There are, as a matter of fact, two Genevas. One is the city of the foreigners where interests center around the League of Nations and other international organizations. The other is the Geneva of the Genevans. And it is almost a case of "never the twain shall meet." There are exceptions of course, but the rule is strong that the foreign residents go their way and the Genevans theirs, socially speaking. The foreigner goes in for golf and tennis, dinners and dancing, but the Genevans are keen particularly on two things. One is music and the other is public lectures.

A patriotic Genevans will walk five miles to listen to a good orchestra or a smart oratorical society. He will go without his dinner to hear a good lecture. Every night three are lectures in Geneva's halls on subjects of religion, psychology, philosophy, history and the arts and sciences generally.

There is a saying that if you sit long enough before the Grand cafe on the boulevards at Paris you will see everybody in the world for everybody will one day of another walk in front of you. Well, if you live long enough in Geneva it will be the same story. People come here from all lands to see the league, from Tibet to Timbuctoo and from Canada to Cape-town.

Kings and princes, statesmen and demagogues, wise men and cranks—all flow steadily to Geneva, to see the "palace" of the League of Nations, which is not a palace at all, but a former hotel, partially adapted for the business-like daily work of the league, its commissions, and its conferences. Geneva is the great meeting place of the representatives of governments and peoples. It is the international forum where men have freedom of speech and find an international atmosphere which is unfeeling by national boundaries and a burning national spirit. Forty thousand Americans visited Geneva last year. More are expected this year.

Geneva, "world capital" seems to have definitely broken into the world news. A fair way of judging this is to note that the number of newspapermen permanently assigned to follow League doing its steadily increasing. Since Germany joined the league the number of foreign correspondents far out number their foreign colleagues. They are on the job all the time disciplined, faithful to their task and efficient. The American newspaper correspondents are second in number, despite the fact that their country is not a member of the league.

TEACHERS REGISTERING GREENVILLE, June 16.—(A)—Teachers are holding in here for the summer school at East Carolina. The dining room is being run by Teachers College.

too tiny to stand the high cost of living. And the French peasants from Savoie province ceased to come into the lovely lake city to shop and to consult Geneva's skilled corps of doctors and surgeons. Result—financial distress for Geneva, a general deadening of the city's activities, and an absence of people in the streets which gave the town an abandoned, silent and mournful aspect.

regular members of the teaching staff. A. D. Frank who has been away on a leave of absence will be back in the history department for the summer school.

and W. Johnson; single J. Gilson. The eight other teams who went down in defeat before these champions; who chalked up a slew of ringers, aver that the champions shall not be allowed to remain champion for more than one day.

Results of the doubles tournament:
Round
Charles Edwards and Ed Evans, defeated Jack Gilson and J. Herring, defeated McKenny and John Pate, defeated Frances Batson and L. Ramsey.

Semi-Finals
Marvin Howell and Lester Edwards defeated Lacy Rich and Rupert Pate.

Finals
Milton McKenny and J. Pate defeated M. Howell and L. Edwards.

Finals
C. H. Edwards and Ed Evans defeated M. McKenny and J. Pate. C. H. Smith and W. Johnson de-

BARNYARD GOLF CHAMPS NAMED

C. Smith and W. Johnson Taken Doubles and J. Gilson Singles

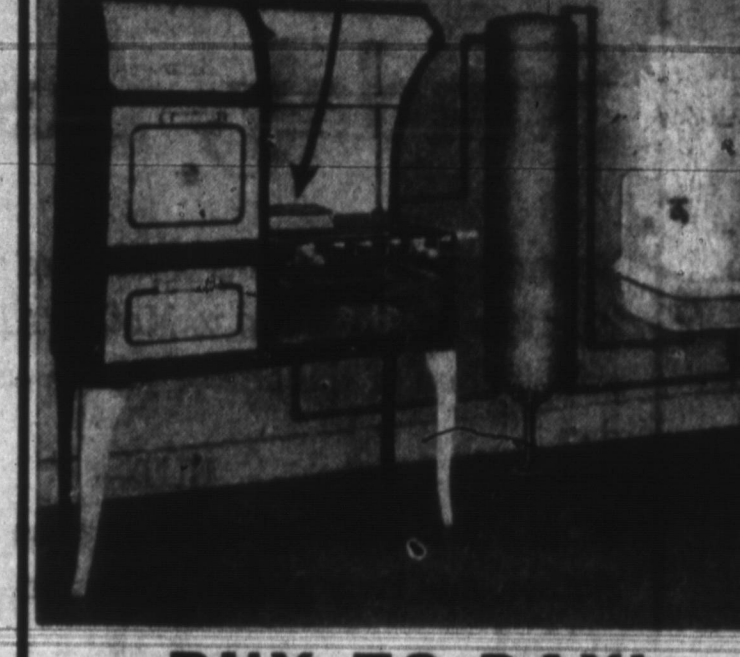
Ladies and Gentlemen: We have the honor this morning to present at barnyard golf champions of Goldsboro, so decided at a tournament held yesterday afternoon at the William street ground; doubles Charles Smith

JOHN MARTIN'S HAPPY FIRESIDE



The Quizz Wizzes

FANCY Ferdie fondly fingered five and forty frisky figs.
Did Fancy Ferdie fondly, finger five and forty frisky figs!
If Fancy Ferdie fondly fingered five and forty frisky figs,
Where are the five and forty frisky figs Fancy Ferdie fondly fingered!



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ated C. H. Edwards and Ed Evans for 'championship.
Results of singles tournament:
Round 1
J. Herring defeated L. Sherard.
L. Edwards defeated N. Pearce.
L. Rich defeated C. Reaves.
J. Gilson—bye.
Semi-Finals
J. Gilson defeated J. Herring.
L. Edwards defeated L. Rich.
Finals
J. Gilson defeated L. Edwards for 'championship.

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Geneva—"World Capital"

GENEVA, June 17.—(A)—Calvin's city is sticking out its chest since it has come to be blazoned forth as the "World Capital" and it is trying to justify the name.
Of course, Geneva, like many other cities thinks it has always been the most important in the wide, wide world and really didn't need the league of nations and the fifty odd other international organizations which

have their headquarters here to prove its greatness. It's light has shone since the pre-historic days when its people, fearing the wild beasts, lived in huts set on wooden pillars in the middle of Lake Lemana.
Twenty thousand French residents fled from Geneva after the war when the French exchange crashed down and they found their incomes for