

Irish Hearts

By MOLLIE MALONE

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"IRISH HEARTS," with May McAvoy, in a Warner Bros. picturization of this novel.

SYNOPSIS

Emmett Murtough, a rollicking young man of Killanmaul, a village on the west coast of Ireland near Knockbotherum, hears the call of America. He is in love with Sheila Kildare, daughter of Old Tom Kildare, who let his farm go to a while he talked politics. As a result, she and Sheila visit the Killanmaul Fair and have their fates told by Mother O'Reilly who has long been famous for her prophecies.

CHAPTER TWO—Continued

Mother O'Reilly turned to the shelf behind her where good luck trinkets were kept. From amongst the lot she selected a silver ring and held it out to Sheila. It was round, rimmed with a silver band and transparent. Between two thin circles of glass was a shamrock, the four petals faintly pressed. "The good luck, darling, an' Mother O'Reilly herself promises ye it will bring ye happiness. Wear it always, darling, an' never lose it, for if ye do the impa, bad cess to them, will be climbing ye'r back to make trouble for ye." Sheila held it close to her breast, her eyes shining. "I'll never, never lose it," she cried in perfect faith. "An', acushla, now, just a shilling; not for the charm," the old fortune teller hastily added, "but because charms are no good to one unless there's a bit of silver passes the palms, as ye well know." Sheila opened her purse and placed the shilling in the old woman's hand. She got a sudden

CHAPTER TWO. ON For America!

The fair at Knockbotherum was a fortnight away and the Murtough was in his element. He had made his peace with Peter Harpigan, his maternal uncle and had won him over not only to the great adventure across the sea but had actually argued the old man, who was known throughout the Killanmaul country as a miserly one, into providing passage money to New York. The villagers were not particularly impressed with this, however. They did not attribute the gift so much to Emmett's powers of persuasion. "A lucky man is Peter," they said in the Widow O'Farrell's inn. "Sure an' the boy would amount to nothin' at all, at all, here in Killanmaul; save to get himself mixed up with too many girls for his own good. An' who can tell but that it might cost the old Harrigan a penny or two?" But Emmett gave no heed to these wisecracks who knew too much. Indeed, he walked on feathers, as the saying is, and his chin pointed high as he boasted to his comrades of what he would do in America and the riches that would be his. Listeners were few, however, for the Murtough was none too popular with the fellows of his own age; he was too much of a ladies' man to be taken seriously by those young stalwarts who braved the sea or who bent their backs over flourishing farms. Sheila Kildare was his best audience. For Sheila dreamed, too, and while she loved Killanmaul, and her love for it never was to end until her last breath, still her fresh imagination gluckered from the boastfulness of Emmett a hope near to her own heart. "Sheila, darling, it's a great man I'll be over there, where every tal-



It's a great man I'll be over there, where every fellow has his chance. grip upon her shoulder and she was lifted to her feet. "An' what are ye doing here? Flungin' my good money away on charms an' fortune-telling? Bad cess to ye, girl! Is it rich ye are to be having dealings with such old frauds as this?" "Father, don't ye hurt me!" "Hurt ye I will, Old Tom, hot with liquor, roared angrily. "What's that ye have? A locket? An' what will ye be doing with a locket? Give the old woman back her trinket an' get back ye'r money." "Father, it's good luck, it's a shamrock an' I must keep it all ways." "Give it back, I say!" "No, no!" Sheila wrangled herself from the old man's grasp and with a quick gesture dropped the precious charm into her bodice. Before she could get home and Sheila took his arm to guide his stumbling footsteps while he grumbled and scolded her for her extravagance. "An' did ye sell the pig, father?" she asked. "I did, indeed," he boasted proudly. "An' at a fine price." "An' where's the money," Sheila inquired. "What should I be answering questions concerning my money to ye, ye spendthrift," he retorted. Sheila sighed. The money was gone, she well knew. Old Tom was ever loose handed in a tavern when there were plenty of shillings in his pocket. And, perhaps a bit or two on the races had taken a share. The money was to have purchased the seedlings for the potato patch. Now they must wait and perhaps miss the best season for planting. Old Tom looked along and Sheila hung her head in shame, for there were many there at the Knockbotherum Fair from Killanmaul way and the gossip would be busy about Tom Kildare and his daughter tomorrow. As tears filled her pretty eyes, Sheila touched the precious locket hidden near her breast and murmured to herself: "I have the singing heart and nothing can ever hurt me now!"

low has his chance an' there are none to scold an' spurn the whole day through. Who could do anything at all here in Killanmaul; the dirty little village! An' with these people who look at ye as if ye were as familiar as the horse an' rig of Doctor Curraney, an' no more, just because they have seen ye about since the time ye was a small scut they think ye'll amount to nothing at all, at all. Why, down in Knockbotherum didn't they tell me about Tim O'Malley who went from there a dozen years ago an' now he's on the police force in New York an' he wears a uniform an' gets a tremendous salary every month. It's a politician he is, too." "Oh, Emmett, I do hope every thing turns out well," Sheila cried wistfully. "But it's such a long ways over there; miles an' miles, across the water, an' everybody'll be stranger to ye!" "Old Mother O'Reilly told me I'd do well among strangers," and then Emmett remembered the admonishment of the fortune teller. "An', Sheila, she said I should have a wife to hold me down an' to help make me successful." "Emmett!" "I'd be asking ye to go with me now, Sheila, darling, but I want to get started an' to have something to bring ye to when the time comes. An' will ye wait for me?" "An', how will I be knowing ye want me," Sheila answered. There was no coquetry in her voice. This girl looked on life gravely in spite of her joyous spirit, and the soil of the Killanmaul country gripped her through the generations of forefathers who had passed their lives there. "Ah, Sheila, ye know I've been wanting ye all these years," Emmett insisted. "Aye, but ye played fast and loose with many a girl, I've heard." "Well, I've done me bit of phandering," the Murtough admitted, and not without pride. "I'm wondering if I had been as easy as the other girls if ye would have asked me to have the ring." "Sure, now, Sheila, if a man stops by the roadside come night to chin with a broth of a girl is he the worst for it?" (To be continued)

to Secretary Jardine by the club members, and then he, in turn gave each boy and girl a small leader's gavel made from timbers recently taken out of the White House in the course of repairing it. This wood is more than 100 years old. It was put in after the war of 1812 when the White House was burned. The handles are made from a hickory tree which fell in a storm at Mt. Vernon. The gavels are to be retained always in the families of those who receive them. The gavel presented to Secretary Jardine was made from 50 varieties of wood, each typical of the commercial wood in a different State and in Alaska. The handle is of eucalyptus. The second souvenir, a rosebush from the agricultural greenhouses, will be sent to the home address of each club member, since it would be impossible to keep a plant alive under camp conditions. Forty states are now represented at the camp. There are 75 club girls, 72 club boys, 38 men and 32 women agents, representing the various states. Many of the delegates have driven all the way to the capital. One boy and one girl from the state of Washington with their adult leaders represent the most distant state. The second day in camp began with a bird tour for those who wished to go out at 5:30 a. m. Others preferred to take advantage of the chance for a swim in the municipal pools. The assembly in the auditorium was opened with "Old Folks at Home" sung by all the club members, and followed by a new song, "Dreaming," written especially for club girls by Fannie Buchanan. Mrs. Mabel Walker Wilbraund, assistant attorney general; the speaker of the day, said in addressing the club members, that this song impressed her deeply with the ideals for which club members stood. She then gave an inspiring talk on her conception of law, "not as something that hedges us about with barriers to things we want to do," but as the opportunity for greater liberty for everybody. "In order to perpetuate the liberties and opportunities that go with civilization, it has become necessary to cut off avenues of activities that would endanger the lives or rights of others—Law is like a signpost, warning you off undesirable roads." The leader's re-

sponsibility in a community with respect to law observance was emphasized. The morning educational tour included a visit to the Bureau of Home Economics and to the agricultural green houses. Of especial interest was the original navel orange tree from which the immense navel orange industry has been developed. Following the gavel ceremony in the afternoon, the club members visited Mount St. Alban's Cathedral, and saw the tombs of President Wilson and Admiral George Dewey. Large buses were provided for this trip and for going to Rock Creek park, to visit the Zoo and have a picnic supper. The evening was marked by a demonstration of the type of council meeting that is to be a part of club practice. The preceding evening council fire ceremonies were conducted by Niro Strongheart, a full blood Yakima Indian, who is helping establish the correct ceremonial and an understanding of its meaning among club members all over the country. Attired in full Indian costume, with the boys and girls seated in a ring about the camp fire, Mr. Strongheart again showed these leaders how the ceremonies should be conducted. Service and cooperation were the general themes of Thursday's and Friday's conferences for club members in the early afternoon. The delegations were grouped in 8 small units for discussion. A camp daily newspaper is being maintained. One boy or girl at each session is responsible for turning in a news story so that interesting camp incidents will be reported promptly. Saturday's plans include an address by Dr. W. M. Mann of the Smithson-

ian Institution, a visit to the office of exhibits of the department, and a trip to Mount Vernon. In the afternoon there will be a tree planting ceremony on the department grounds, presided over by Col. Greeley, chief of the Forest Service of the department, after a visit to the Navy Yard will end in a boat trip on the Potomac with supper on the boat. On Sunday each club member will have an opportunity to attend the church he or she prefers, and in the afternoon to see Arlington farm and Arlington cemetery. A wreath ceremony at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier will be conducted by the Hon.

Hanford MacNider, Assistant Secretary of War. PERSONAL MENTION Mrs. Mary V. rd and Mrs. T. D. Warren, of New Bern, were shoppers in the city yesterday. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Farrior, Miss Alison Farrior, and Mrs. Marshall Ragan, are spending they day with relatives at Rose Hill.

Mr. Clarence Daniels, manager of the Merit Shoe Co., is spending the day in Oriental. Misses Frances and Sallie Lawrence of Norfolk, Va., are visiting their aunt, Miss Sallie Hicks. Mr. and Mrs. William D. Alford, of Tampa, Fla., will arrive today to visit Mrs. C. H. Burroughs on North George street.

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ANNOUNCING

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Gavel Of White House Timber Is Presented To Aaron Peelle

(Special To The News)

WASHINGTON, June 18—Two interesting souvenirs of their visit to Washington were presented on Friday, June 17, to the members of the National 4-H Club Camp who are spending a week in tents on the grounds of the United States Department of Agriculture. Aaron Peelle of Pikeville, Wayne County was among those who received the gavel. At a brief ceremony in the afternoon a large gavel was presented