

# INTERESTING HAPPENINGS IN MOUNT OLIVE AND COMMUNITY

## SOCIETY

Rev. W. M. Baker has been at Wallace the past week holding a meeting

for the pastor of the Presbyterian church there. Ralph Warren is back home after an appendicitis operation in the Goldsboro Hospital. Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Davis returned yesterday to their home in Greensboro after a

visit in the home of Mrs. J. A. Enslin.

### We Stand Rebuked!

The writer of the letter in Saturday's Goldsboro News by "The Sign Painter" seems to feel that some body has been dreadfully unkind. His point is well taken, too. It is a hateful trait that causes anyone to pass over the lovely things and pounce eagerly upon something he can criticize. For instance, we should not like to be addressed generally sloppy and careless of a hole in the back part of our stocking when we did not know the hole was there. But if some person with kindly intention should sincerely compliment our general get-up and then intimate that something was wrong in the ear and should be attended to, we should thank him and try to locate the trouble. And we would either sew up that hole or change our stocking!

Something ago in these columns we complimented a certain sign erected by the Goldsboro Chamber of Commerce, mentioning particularly the idea of hospitality conveyed by it. Then we asked somebody point out something that was wrong. We hoped that some citizen of Goldsboro would have noticed the error in spelling and

would call attention to it definitely, for criticism from the homefolks is to be expected and is taken kindly. After a day or two The News remarked editorially that reprinting was the crying need of all the signboards. It was only after waiting for days and days for an indicated someone was interested and passing and re-passing the disturbing sign that we pointed out the thing we thought needed attention. For some reason the editor of The News saw fit to publish our comments in the form of a letter—perhaps in order to get them read.

Why then the Mount Olive folks are "let up" over this thing while Goldsboro is undisturbed. It is because the Goldsboro people, including that very nice gentleman, the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, live on the other side behind this signboard and have not seen it. If they enjoyed coming to Mount Olive as much as we do going to Goldsboro and would travel that road as often, we bet the offending error would be changed within the week. They are like President Wilson was about his face.

Remember his famous limerick? It goes like this:  
For beauty we are not a star;  
There are others handsomer far.  
But our face, we don't mind it,  
For we are behind it,  
It's the folks who're in front get the jar.

### Mrs. Clyde Flowers Hostess

The members of the West End Bridge Club spent the hours from four until six-thirty o'clock Friday, afternoon most delightfully with Mrs. Clyde Flowers at her home on West Main Street.

Gladiolus in bright shades were massed in the living room and in the center of the polished table in the dining room and several wall vases held clusters of the same popular flowers. Centering each of the card tables was a pretty green basket filled with flame-colored nasturtiums and tied on each handle was a bow of green tulle. The season of the great national holiday was acknowledged in red-white-and-blue tallees attached to small silk flags.

Mrs. Clarence Britt won for high score prize a vase of violet bath-powder, and the consolation, a kitchen utility set, went to Mrs. Louis Sherman.

Mrs. R. C. Korngay and Miss Mackie Flowers assisted the hostess in serving iced tea and sandwiches before the game, and ice cream, cake and salted nuts at the conclusion.

singer of considerable note, and will doubtless render valuable assistance to the pastor and the choir.

### MOUNT OLIVE FOLKS CELEBRATE FOURTH

Among the Mount Olive folks, celebrating the Fourth elsewhere were Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Flowers, Mrs. Mackie Flowers, J. M. Brose, Mrs. M. C. S. Cherry, Miss Frances Cherry, Miss Ernestine Flowers, Miss Starkey Moore, Henry and James Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wooten, Mrs. Beattie Wooten, Mrs. Robert Holmes, Miss Eva L. Flowers, Mr. and Mrs. George Summerlin, Misses Elizabeth and Pattie Summerlin, Fred Mintz, Jr., Finlayson Lee, Mrs. W. B. Wheeler and Miss Katherine Wheeler, at Wrightsville Beach; Mr. and Mrs. James Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith, Raymond Flowers and Joe Sam O'Berry, J. D. Andrews, Misses Mildred Andrews and Keron Butts, at Morehead; Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Oliver, Wooten Oliver, Jr., Misses Mary Adams and Diana Oliver, at Swansboro; and L. G. Giddie and William Ricks, at White Lake.

### PRISONERS STILL AT LARGE

RALEIGH, July 8.—(AP)—Ed Kirkland and Raymond Kennedy, prisoners who escaped from Caledonian prison farm Friday, were still at large tonight, state prison officials reported, though search for the men continued.

## KELLY HEADS NEW CONCERN

J. E. Kelly is President of Mount Olive's Newest Enterprise

At a meeting of the stockholders of the Northeast State Company held Friday night, J. E. Kelly was elected president of the concern, I. F. Witherington, vice-president, J. J. Whitehurst, secretary and treasurer, and B. S. Minton, general manager. The new enterprise is a corporation located in Mount Olive for the manufacture of hardwood staves and has a weekly capacity of about fifty thousand. The timber used is gum, oak and ash; a large supply of which is available in the vicinity of Mount Olive, especially in Goshen Swamp. Instead of being air-dried in the old way, this company's staves are put through a dry kiln and shipped out within forty-eight hours. The plant is located in South Mount Olive on the lot adjoining Warron's Gin. The stockholders are J. E. Kelly, I. F. Witherington, J. J. Whitehurst, S. S. Minton, E. J. Pope and H. M. Cox.

READ WANT ADS RESULTS



WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR. Bobby Doyle, framed by Dapper Don Wilkes and his gang and sentenced to prison for the murder of a young girl, is aided to escape from jail by his father, Beebe Barrett. Beebe is assisted by Johnny the Hop, a dope fiend, who hides Bob in a secret room in his apartment. The day after Bobby's return, Dapper Don Wilkes visits his apartment by an over-dressed woman. This woman demands money to help Mike, one of the gang, who is laid up with a gunshot wound. Don departs, but finally gives Beebe the money. He has been giving Beebe money, telling her that it is due Bobby, and is evidently in love with her. He suggests that Johnny is hiding Bobby, and tells Inspector Wilmot and Bill Myers, assigned to the case, to watch the dope fiend. Bill does not follow him all day. Meanwhile Beebe visits Bobby, but just before she leaves him the detective arrests Johnny. You go on with the story.

### CHAPTER IX.

He had protested helplessly on his way to headquarters, but Bill had shut him up by holding a gun to his head. "What have I done? Just tell me what I've done!" "You'll find out soon enough. And shut your mouth meanwhile." There came over Johnny's heart a nameless dread. Bitterly, he wished now that he had taken a larger shot of the drug that last time. If this were off, before they were through with him—! Bill Myers, never relaxing his grip, from Johnny's arm, guided him into Inspector Wilmot's office. The inspector was out, but Kelley and Tommy, two plain clothes men were sitting there looking through the newspapers. They glanced up expectantly at the sight of Bill. "Sweating" Johnny The detective pushed Johnny into a chair, stared at him for a long time

mind. Split it out—tell us where Doyle is, and I'll throw you out of here. Give us one bit of argument, and you know what happens! Johnny's fingers twitched together. His voice was a dry rasp of agony. "Bill, for God's sake, have a heart. Doyle and his girl are the only two friends I got. Don't make me cross 'em!"

Johnny squealed. He saw the hard mouth and cool eyes of Bill Myers, and his pleading died away. Bill leaned forward. "Your ten seconds is almost up. Tommy, you can take him—"

"No! No! Don't touch me!" Johnny screamed suddenly. "Oh my God! I'm squealing!" He rocked himself forward, and buried his head in his hands. In a hoarse, scarcely audible tone, he said: "He's—he's hiding up at my house."

"You're a rotten little liar!" Bill said. "I was up there today. Listen, kid, if you don't come clean, God help you—that's all!" "I tell you he's up at my house. There's a panel behind the bed, he's in the attic." "But Myers got up. He laughed, lifted his arm above his head. "Get out of here, you squealer!" he said in another tone. He turned to the others. "Get out the car, Kelley. Take Dorris, Schwartz, Gromberg and Dick Brown. On the button—this is a big night!" Johnny the Hop crawled like a dying man through the doorway, and found himself on the street. He stood there in a kind of daze, brushed his hand over his eyes once or twice, muttered to himself. Then, all at once, his shoulders went down as if in final surrender. He felt in his pockets for money, then jumped into



The detective pushed Johnny into a chair and stared at him for a long time

with a sour smirk. Then he barked suddenly: "Doyle is in this town laying up somewhere, and you know where that place is!" "I don't," Johnny muttered. "What makes you think I'd know?" "Because of the run around you gave me today. Because of a lot of other things I'm not telling you, smart boy."

"I was only doing that for fun," Johnny said. "Yeh! Well, that's all the fun you're going to have," Kelley, the youngest of the detectives snapped. "Where's Doyle, Johnny?" Bill Myers demanded. Johnny repeated, but there was a whine of fear in his voice.

Bill turned, nodded to the other two. Johnny's nerves jumped. He sat on the edge of his chair, gripping it, wishing they'd let him go, they'd give up trying. But at Bill's nod, Kelley turned off the light. The room was plunged into instant blackness at the click of the switch. Out of the darkness came Johnny's frightened voice, like the voice of a scared child: "What are you going to do? Bill—you ain't going to beat me up?"

Bill's voice was level and hard. "We ain't going to do nothing, kid, but sit here in the dark and tell you a little story. We don't have to beat you up, Johnny. We're going to tell you a little story about the morgue. Ever been there? The little low, damp building down by the river, where the poor rats who have died inside these walls are taken? Ever been there, Johnny?"

"Caught With the Goods" He did not answer, but they heard his low, sibilant intake of breath. He was fighting hard to keep his nerves from jumping.

"You got a bad habit," Bill went on in his leisurely way, as if he had all the time in the world. "It's going to be tough, when you don't get any more of the stuff. They tell me the rats in bed—like a big, strong but hand had grabbed your insides in awful grip and was squeezing. I've heard them yell. It don't sound pretty."

"Bill, for God's sake, put on the light. I ain't done nothing!" "Lots of fellows with your trouble, Johnny, have croaked right in here. I've seen 'em later right over in that little dead house I was telling you about. Now then, Johnny, you're going to tell us what you know, or we're going to lock you up here without anything—get that?—without anything that you gotta have."

There was a sudden exclamation from Kelley: "Bill, he's chewing something." Bill had leapt forward, grabbed Johnny the Hop, while the other detective switched on the light. In another instant, Bill had Bobby Doyle's most recent letter to Beebe in his fingers. His turned triumphantly upon Johnny, whose face had turned the color of asparagus. "So you don't know anything, huh?" he said. "Now then, I'll give you ten seconds to make up your mind. If you don't come clean, God help you—that's all!"

a nearby cab, and gave the address of Beebe Barrett's apartment. He scarcely knew what was making him go there now. But somehow he had to tell her, he had to admit the truth. It wouldn't square things, but it was the only thing he could do.

An Accusation But when he opened the door of Beebe's place, and saw her wild eyes, saw Mary standing close at her side, and Don Wilkes with them, he knew ahead of time that he was in for a rough time. There wasn't time yet for the police to have arrested Bobby. But he saw accusation on every face.

The Beebe burst out: "Oh, Johnny, you didn't squeal—you couldn't have done that!" "I did. I had to. It's what I came here to tell you."

There was a short laugh from Don. "Yeh, you did! You come here to tell us that! If I hadn't figured out why you were going there, you'd have kept your mouth shut!"

Johnny's voice was like a wail of despair. "Oh, God—they'll take him again—I'll never see him again—Johnny, how could you?" "They were going to lock me up—take the stuff away from me, I couldn't stand it, Beebe."

"Oh, if I'd had your chance, I could have died for him!" she said hysterically. Dapper Don nodded consolingly. "It's a pity you allowed the little rat to know all he did. Why didn't you tell me instead?"

"I did tell you, I did!" she cried, though she scarcely seemed to know what it was she was saying. For one moment the spark seemed to return to Johnny's lifeless eyes. "Told him what?" he asked. "I told him you had Bobby hidden, but I didn't tell him where."

"You told him that!" "But she did not answer. She clung to Mary now, in her anguish, and Mary almost in collapse, with sobs shaking her voice, faltered: "Beebe, Beebe, what are we going to do?" "I don't know. All I know is I can't stay here, I'm going..." "Going? Where?" Don Wilkes asked. "I don't know. To police headquarters—to him. I've got to be there. Oh, I'm half out of my mind. Will you come with me, Mary?"

# An advertisement for MAVIS as ZANE GREY

## famous writer of Western stories— might write it . . .

In the dull yellow glow of a smoky lamp sat the Sheriff and his deputies. It was hot in that room, and still, save for the occasional click of a bottle of Mavis being opened, and a throaty gurgling as the Rangers gulped the cold, delicious drink.

Suddenly the door burst open, and framed in the doorway crouched the Rider of the Purple Sage, sworn enemy of the sheriff. "Tho' I wouldn't have the nerve to come outen them hills—didn't yoh?" he growled, his guns menacing the now tense rangers. "I near went crazy, sittin' and thinkin' about the smooth chocolate flavor of Mavis—I ain't had none for months."

A tigerish spring, and the Rider seized the half-full case of Mavis, and leaped out into the night. Swearing over their loss, the Rangers followed—only to see a shadow disappearing down the road, and to hear the clatter of hoofbeats, the clinking of Mavis bottles, as the desperado, with his load of chocolate-flavored goodness, spurred away under the glittering Arizona stars . . . . .



MAVIS is ready-to-serve—like a chocolate milk-shake in a bottle. Pure—Pasteurized. No preservatives. It's delicious! But don't forget that Mavis is so wholesome and body-building that it is served as a supplementary food to children in public school lunchrooms. Try this thirst treat today. Take a carton of Mavis on your week-end auto trips. Sold at grocery stores, bottled drink stands, industrial cafeterias and lunchrooms.

MAVIS BOTTLING CO., of Goldsboro

WEST WALNUT STREET

# Drink MAVIS

## Chocolate flavor at its delicious best!

