

SYLVIA SIDNEY

Mary Burns, Fugitive

By Wallace West—Novelized from the Walter Wanger-Paramount Picture of the same name.



CHAPTER I

WISH you'd learn my wife how to make coffee like this, Mary. The old farmer slid off his stool and wiped his mouth with the back of one hand. "Her'n tastes like it was made in a rubber boot."

"If I did," smiled the pretty proprietress of the "Coffee Cup," "I'd lose your business."

"Reckon that's so," muttered the farmer as he furtively admired the girl's sparkling eyes, soft brown hair and trim figure. "Guess I'll take another cup before I light out."

"I'll take another cup, too," said a woman tourist who, with her husband, had stopped at the attractive little roadside stand. "It's delicious."

As Mary Burns came back from the kitchen with the two steaming, fragrant cups, she encountered Willie, a buck-toothed yokel from the village, who had entered the "Coffee Cup" and was busily engaged in standing first on one embarrassed foot and then on the other.

"Say, Mary," he began hesitantly, "you heard about the church social tonight?"

"Heard about it? Kate and I," she nodded toward the kitchen, "have been busy all morning making sandwiches."

"Well, er, will you go with me?"

"Willie — I'd love to go — but I've got another date?"

"I'll bet it's that football playing feller you're always talkin' about," Willie's voice was wistful.

"That's the feller." She smiled at him, unable to hide her joy.

"Looks like I'll have to go over to the Swede's... and ask Hilda," said Willie after he had ordered a barbecue sandwich and eaten it in two bites.

"Now Hilda's a very nice girl," teased Mary as she picked up her hat and turned toward the door. "She won the milking championship this year..."

"I know," wailed Willie, "but this is a dance."

"Sorry I can't go," said the girl as she hurried out. "Have an errand to do. See you later."

"Hello, Steve," she called as she approached a service station several hundred yards down the road. "I'm expecting a visitor some time today..."

"Yeh," chuckled the attendant. "An' from the looks of you, it'll be that young man in the roadster. If I see him coming I'll hit that tire rim," he nodded to one hanging from a wire close by. "That'll give you time to fix up a bit."

Meantime, two young men in a shiny new roadster were leisurely following the winding road which led to the "Coffee Pot." One was Don Wilson, former star quarterback of one of the Middle West's greatest colleges. He was well dressed and personable and, in a dreamily sentimental mood, sat listening to the car radio, which was playing "I'm in the Mood for Love."

Joe Romero, who was driving, became annoyed at the music and snapped it off.

"Haven't you ever been in love, Joe?" asked Wilson.

"I've had some very unpleasant experiences with the ladies," the other grunted cynically.

"It's your own fault," laughed his companion. "You pick the wrong kind. Wait till you see Mary. She's the sweetest..."

"Tell me a lot of things like that," she purred.

"Can you stand a shock?" he asked as he put his hand in his pocket and brought it out holding two railroad tickets.

"What are they for?" Her eyes opened wide.

"Railroad tickets—to Canada—where we're going to spend our honeymoon. Or did I forget to tell you we are going to be married?"

"Oh—Don!" Mary was embarrassed and confused.

"We're getting married tonight—by the first minister we can find. I have to be in Canada by tomorrow night. It means a lot of money—what I've been working for all along—for you!"

"But there are so many things a girl has to have," she cried desperately, knowing that she ought to have more time for such a serious step.

"And what about the 'Coffee Pot'?"

"I'll buy the things for you," he laughed gaily. "And give the stand to Kate. Now get on your things and come along. The car's at the service station."

"But..."

"Do you trust me?" Don folded her tightly in his arms and kissed her with each question. "Do you love me?"

"Do you believe I love you? Then it's settled!"



"Don, you're the craziest man I ever met," she said. "I guess that's why I love you so."

"... and the loveliest—and the most adorable," mimicked Joe. "Say—with all the beautiful dolls on Broadway, you have to fall for a hill-billy that lives a hundred miles from no-place. And—what's worse—you even plan to marry her!"

"You see, you know nothing about love," Don was hurt. "Well, anyway, here we are. Pull in at the gas station. Fill her up and put in a couple of new spark plugs."

"Where'll you be?" asked Joe as they stopped beside the pump.

"Down at the 'Coffee Cup.' I won't be long. Wait for me and—keep an eye on that suitcase in the rumble seat."

Mary was waiting in the dusk outside of her sandwich shop when she saw Don approaching, for Steve, the station attendant, had struck the rim, somewhat to Joe's surprise and annoyance.

The girl flew into her lover's arms and snuggled there contentedly.

"Miss me?" he asked at last.

"Um-hum." She kissed him tenderly.

"It's been a long time. A lifetime," he said soberly. "But coming back is worth it. Mary, you're the loveliest thing I've ever seen."

"Don, you're the craziest man I ever met," she sighed at last. "I guess that's why I love you so. And this is the craziest thing I ever heard of! That's why... that's why I'm not going to let you go away tonight... alone."

"You darling!"

He started to kiss her again, but at that moment Joe Romero's voice reached them from the direction of the filling station.

"Don! Don!" the Italian was shouting as he ran down the path.

Wilson forgot Mary in an instant. The romantic lover suddenly became like a rattler, waiting to strike. He sprang forward, every muscle tense. The girl stared, bewildered at the change.

"Don! Don!" panted Joe as he dashed up. "They trailed us! I told you we shouldn't have come here!"

"Shut up!" snapped Wilson as he jerked open the door of the "Coffee Pot" and shoved Mary and Joe inside. "Close the door!"

No sooner were they inside than a big touring car came tearing up. A flock of G-Men, armed with rifles, tommy guns, and gas guns, jumped out, while another officer trained a spotlight on the sandwich shop.

(To be continued)

Real Indian



The Comanche war bonnet and ceremonial shield, displayed by Essie Lee Haynes, are from the collection of Steve Krom, of Dallas. Authentic, made by tribal feather-work experts half a century ago, these and other items of Mr. Krom's collection will be displayed at the Texas Centennial Exposition next summer.

Queer Malady Throws Doves Into Tailspin

Knoxville, Tenn.—An unusual malady which causes the birds to "go into a spin and fall to the ground" has been afflicting doves here.

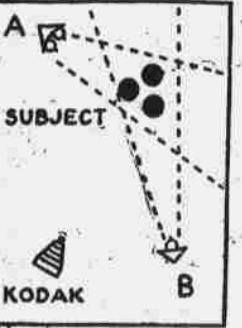
Lee McClain, nurseryman who grows seed for doves, said the cause of the birds' strange behavior had not been determined and that it is the first of its kind he has seen.

"A dove will be flying around normally when suddenly it goes into a spiu and falls to the ground dead," McClain said.

He said the bird usually had a lump in its throat and its jaw appeared to be locked.

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

DON'T FORGET THE BABY



Pictures like this never lose interest.

It isn't necessary to check back over vital statistics or do any research work to know that thousands of new babies made their debut into this world during the past few months. In fact, a lot of babies were born yesterday.

How many parents have taken snapshots of their new arrivals? The chances are that the majority have been so busy watching the antics of the little rascals that they have completely overlooked the fact that babies have a habit of growing up and changing right before parents' fond eyes without their seeing the change—in size, disposition, looks or actions.

Cute things the baby may do today may be completely forgotten by him tomorrow. A snapshot would preserve that little baby gesture for years to come. Of course you want many so-called "record" pictures of the youngster but for the most part make an effort to snap the baby when he is doing something.

Sooner or later he will discover that he has toes to play with. Snap a picture of him when his tiny little hands have a "strangle hold" on his chubby foot. You will cherish that picture in years to come.

In a baby's life there is the first time for everything. There's his first smile; the first time he reaches out his little arms to be taken from his crib; the first time he pulls himself up to the side of a chair and then his first step. By all means don't fail to get a picture of his first excursion to his "high chair" to join the family for his first meal at the table.

Make it a practice, or better yet, a duty to have your camera loaded at all times and ready for action. At

least be prepared to make one day a week a picture taking day and then watch for that picture making opportunity.

A picture such as the one above is quite simple to make with the aid of three Photoflood bulbs providing you have a camera with an f.6.3 or faster lens.

Place an ordinary floor lamp about three feet to the back and to the left of your subject as shown in diagram above. Floor lamp "B" should be placed as shown in the diagram about five feet away with both shades tilted upward so as to throw the light directly on your subject. You should have two Photoflood bulbs in lamp "A" and in lamp "B."

Set the diaphragm at f.6.3 and shutter speed at 1/25 of a second. Focus the camera properly, turn on your Photoflood bulbs, snap the picture—and there you are.

If you have a box camera or one with a slower lens you can make a flashlight picture with the aid of a Photoflash bulb. With a Photoflash bulb you will need but the one lamp. Place your camera on a table or some solid object and set it for "time." Within arm's length and at your side, place a floor lamp with the shade removed. Remove the home light bulb and replace with the Photoflash bulb. Now—open the shutter of your camera, switch on the current for the Photoflash bulb, which will give a vivid, instantaneous flash of light. Immediately after the flash close the shutter of your camera.

You will get a lot of fun out of taking pictures of your baby and in years to come these pictures will prove to be a real treasure chest of memories. Start today.

JOHN VAN GUILDER

Timely Questions On Farm Answered

Question: What fertilizer should be used when sowing lespedeza?

Answer: Experiments show less than 1,000 pounds increase in hay yield an acre from the use of fertilizer alone and between 1,000 and 2,000 pounds from lime, with and without fertilizer. From these results, it would seem that it would not pay to use any fertilizer with this crop except that when the seed are drilled in, a small amount of superphosphate, basic slag or ground limestone may be mixed with the seed.

Question: How much feed will it take to produce a two-pound broiler?

Answer: Under ordinary conditions it will take between seven and seven and one-half pounds of feed per bird to bring them to the two-pound weight. This will vary somewhat according to the vigor and vitality of the birds in reference to their ability to utilize feeds. The management of the birds during the fattening period will affect the feed requirements. An intensive fattening period will also make a difference in the amount of feed necessary. The figures will, however, bring the average bird to the two-pound weight under ordinary farm conditions.

Question: What is the smallest number of cows that is profitable for the farm dairy?

Answer: While it is not profitable to keep more cows than can be fed largely on home-grown feeds, it

is also not profitable to keep less than five cows. The returns from two or three cows will not justify the expense of the simple equipment needed in handling the product from such a herd and the cost of delivery will be practically double that from herds averaging five to ten cows. Begin the dairy project with not less than five cows and increase the number as the production of feed on the farm will warrant.

USE SCO-CO Fertilizer

Locally Made For Local Conditions

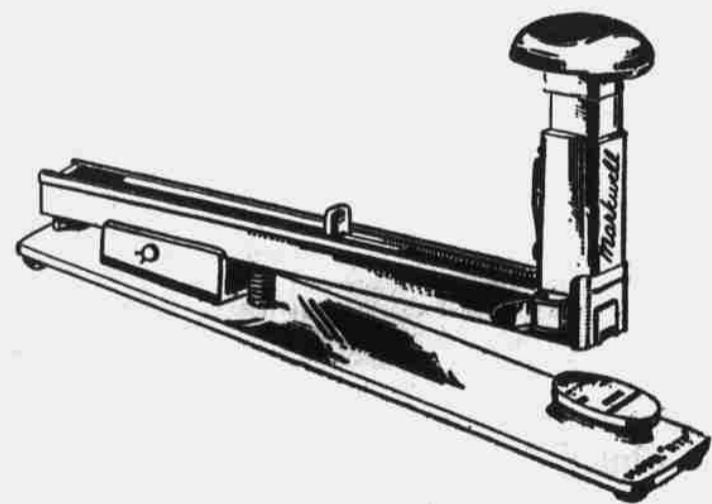
The Southern Cotton Oil Co.

Hertford, N. C.

COTTONSEED MEAL and HULLS
SOY BEAN MEAL — PEANUT MEAL

Try The New Amazing Markwell Fastener

It Staples, Pins or Tacks



Prices from \$1.75 up

FULLY GUARANTEED

For Sale At

THE PERQUIMANS WEEKLY
Hertford, N. C.