

# SYLVIA SIDNEY

## Mary Burns Fugitive

Paramount Picture



### SYNOPSIS

Mary Burns, pretty owner of a roadside restaurant, doesn't know that her lover, Don Wilson, is a notorious desperado wanted by the Department of Justice. When Don calls on her, Mary's place is surrounded by G-men and a gun battle ensues. Don escapes but Mary is caught burning stolen bonds that he was carrying. Sentenced to fifteen years in prison, she is offered a pardon for information about Wilson. Unable, on account of her innocence, to give the desired information, she stays behind the bars. Goldie Gordon, her prison cellmate, has a plan of escape. Mary threatens to squeal if Goldie doesn't take her along. They make their bold get-away with the help of Goldie's pals.

### CHAPTER V

**EXTRA** Wilson Moll Escapes Prison! "What's the difference?" Don was enthusiastic. "She's out—that's all I care about. Poor kid, she's probably hungry and ducking her own shadow... going insane looking for me. I'd give a million dollars if I knew how to get to her."

the Mercy Hospital," answered Mary excitedly as she closed the door and tossed her coat on the bed. "I start work tonight—on the nine o'clock shift."  
"You must be nuts!" Goldie's voice was harsh and strident. "You'll be picked up before day-light."  
"But we're broke and hungry. I had to take a chance, Goldie."  
"There's only one thing you had to do, and you haven't done it," snapped the other hatefully.  
"I told you again and again I didn't know where Wilson was!" Mary's voice rose defiantly. And if I did I wouldn't go to him if we starved!"  
"Don't give me any of that con!" Goldie was furious. "Why do you think I let you make the break with me? It's time you did something for me now! Wilson's rolling in dough—big dough, and there's nobody he'd rather give it to than you."  
"I'd rather die..."

mation in the right underground channels. Sooner or later it will reach Wilson." He paused again and looked at her steadily. "As an escaped convict, no one will respect that you are working with us."  
"I understand, sir," answered Goldie humbly. "I'm willing to do anything to get my parole."  
"My!... but you're jumpy!" exclaimed Jennie, a nurse at Mercy Hospital. As she entered the kitchen Mary Burns had started so violently that she had dropped a plate.  
"You can clean that up later," the sour-faced old maid continued in a grating, harsh, nerve-jangling voice, as Mary bent down to pick up the pieces of crockery. "My patient wants some more of your coffee right away."  
Mary poured a cup of her special brew from the steaming percolator and spread a napkin on a tray.  
"I'm expecting a phone call—from the booth in the hall. Could you take it up to him for me? Room 1422."  
"I'd be glad to."  
"Don't say anything to him. It makes him cranky. He just seems to hate the sound of women's voices," continued Jennie as she glanced at her wrist watch. "I think his operation left him a little peculiar."  
Barton Powell, explorer and scientist, a man of about thirty-two, was sitting up in bed, smoking a pipe and listening to the radio when Mary entered 1422. His eyes were tightly bandaged but he sniffed the aroma of coffee and turned quickly, his hands groping toward the tray. Mary picked up the cup and placed it in his fingers.  
"Smells like coffee! Looks like coffee—I hope," he mused. Then, taking a sip and sighing with satisfaction. "It is coffee." He took another sip and felt of the girl's hand. "You're not my nurse," he said. Then, when she did not answer, he demanded: "Who are you?"  
"Your nurse told me not to talk..." explained Mary in a soft voice.  
"Why?"  
"She said," Mary answered reluctantly, "you didn't like the sound of women's voices."  
Instead of being offended, Powell laughed merrily.  
"She got it all wrong," he chuckled. "What I don't like—is the sound of her voice. It's not exactly soothing. Yours... is."  
"More coffee?" Mary was embarrassed.  
"If I ever get married, it'll be to a woman who makes coffee like this," answered Powell as he took another swallow.  
Mary was momentarily startled, then burst out laughing.  
"Why are you laughing?" he asked.  
"I'm sorry. I laughed because I'm the woman who made the coffee."  
"Are you? Well, you're the world's champion coffee maker and I'm the world's champion coffee drinker. How do you do? He extended a groping hand. "My name's Powell. Barton Powell."  
"I know," Mary took his hand timidly. Your nurse told me all about you... how you were an explorer, and how a gun burst in your face."  
"What's your name?"  
"M... Alice Brown," stammered Mary. "I work in the kitchen. I must go back. The superintendent wouldn't like my being here."  
"Will you bring some more coffee later? I'll fix the superintendent."  
"Yes, sir. If you want me to," she replied picking up the tray.  
"You're a nice girl," smiled Powell, patting her hand.  
(To be continued)



"Since Mary Burns will not go to Wilson at this time," Harper said, "we must make Wilson come to her... by tipping off the underworld that she is hiding in New York and waiting for him to contact her."

"How'd she do it?" demanded Spike, looking over his shoulder.  
"What's the difference?" Don was enthusiastic. "She's out—that's all I care about. Poor kid, she's probably hungry and ducking her own shadow... going insane looking for me. I'd give a million dollars if I knew how to get to her."  
"She sure had plenty of moxie, tracking out."  
"Mary couldn't break out of a bird cage," answered Wilson, looking at him with withering contempt. "The escape's strictly a phoney. They framed it... for my benefit."  
"You're crazy!" Spike couldn't believe it.  
"Don't you get it? They let her out because they know nothing can keep us from each other. That's how they figure to catch me... But they won't," he laughed cruelly. "I'll beat them to the punch."  
"Pass! Here she comes," Harper, he government agent, said these words as he ducked into a dingy hall where two other G-men were sitting around a table littered with ear phones and dictaphone machines. Quickly they slipped on the phones and listened intently to a conversation which was taking place in another part of the cheap rooming house.  
"Where have you been?" Goldie's voice came over the wires.  
"I found a job in the kitchen of

"Well, I wouldn't! I'm through sneakin' along alleys—hiding in rat holes—eatin' this garbage." With a gesture of disgust she swept the food which she had prepared for Mary and herself off the table. "... When all the time we could be livin' like human beings!"  
"You and all the law can't make a crook out of me," said Mary, lifting her chin bravely.  
"You double-crossing little heel—after all I've done for you!" exploded Goldie. With vicious force she slapped Mary across the face, then stormed out of the room and down the hall.  
Making sure that Mary was not following her, she walked quickly to the door of the G room. The officers had taken off their ear-phones by the time she arrived and were looking at each other with perplexity.  
"You heard," Goldie said, after she had nodded to them familiarly. "What do you want me to do now?"  
"I'm afraid in your zeal you've overplayed your part," answered Harper sternly. "You've probably made Burns suspicious." He thought for a moment, then continued slowly. "Since Burns will not go to Wilson at this time... we must make Wilson come to her... by tipping off the underworld that she is hiding in New York and waiting for him to contact her. Miss Gordon, this is an order. You are to plant this infor-

He displayed the point of a projectile imbedded in the vertebrae of an extinct bison.  
The site, which he said was the oldest "archeological complex yet found in North America," was due north of Fort Collins, Colo., a mile and a half from the Wyoming line.  
**Covey of Quail Smash**  
**Glass to Enter Cottage**  
Ashtabula, Ohio.—Vier H. Snider, Ashtabula insurance man, had a slick little mystery on his hands for a few minutes.  
Informed that the glass in the front door of his lake cottage had been smashed, supposedly by burglars, he found upon arrival not a single track in the surrounding blanket of snow.  
As he entered the cottage, a whirl of wings startled him.  
A covey of quail smashed through another window to escape and Snider called a glazier.  
**Family Regains Greatly Prized Heirloom Clock**  
Bayens, Ohio.—A wooden clock, 130 years old, has been returned to the S. E. Haughton family, of Windham, after an absence of 65 years.  
The clock, owned by Samuel Haughton, was bought for \$40.  
A prized possession, the old clock was the virtual household shrine of the Haughton family until 1871, when through circumstances unknown, it disappeared. The wooden heirloom was returned to the third generation of the family by a jeweler.

### FIVE-DAY WEEK IS SPREADING IN U. S.

#### South and West Slowest in Cutting Hours.

New York.—The five-day week has become widely prevalent in American business establishments. It applies somewhat more frequently to factory workers than to clerical employees. This information is brought out in a nationwide investigation by the national industrial conference board. The survey covered 2,452 business establishments in manufacturing, mining, transportation and communication, wholesale and retail trade, finance and public utilities. Employers repre-

sented by these companies amounts to more than 4,500,000.

Wage earners in 1,404 companies with 2,787,000 employees are on the five-day week. These companies constitute 57 per cent of the total number covered in the survey. A five-day week for clerical employees is reported by 1,110 companies, or 45 per cent of the total.

Of the companies employing fewer than 100 persons, 48 per cent have a five-day week for wage earners. The percentage increases as size of establishment increases and the largest proportion, 71 per cent, is found in companies with 5,000 to 9,999 employees.

The proportion, however, drops to 49 per cent with respect to companies employing more than 10,000 persons. The same general situation is found

in the case of the five-day week for clerical employees.

The proportion of companies having a five-day week for wage earners differs between industries. In manufacturing the largest proportion, 78 per cent, was reported by electrical manufacturing and textiles. In three additional industries, automobiles, chemicals and clothing, two-thirds or more of the companies reported this policy.

### MRS. SMITH IN NORFOLK

Mrs. R. W. Smith returned Monday from a visit to her daughter, Mrs. M. S. Elliott, who is a patient at the Protestant Hospital, in Norfolk, Va. Mrs. Elliott's condition is reported as satisfactory and she will probably be able to leave the hospital early next week.



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## Price or Quality - WHICH?

When you buy a suit of clothes, do you get the cheapest suit you can find, regardless of material, fit and style?  
When you buy an automobile, do you get the cheapest thing on the yard, regardless of whether the thing will run or not?  
Would you buy a blind and lame mule because it cost a few dollars less?  
The answer to all three questions is NO!  
Yet many farmers buy their Fertilizer just that way, to save a few cents per acre and entrusting a whole year's work to a bag of guano bought at a price.



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### ART TO DEPICT U. S. HISTORY IN MUSEUM

#### Paintings, Maps and Sculptures Being Prepared.

Washington.—Paintings, miniature sculptures and maps depicting outstanding events connected with the activities of the Interior department are being prepared for the museum of the new Interior department building to be completed next December.  
Recently Secretary Ickes announced that artists, sculptors and cartographers were at work in a field laboratory at Morristown, N. J., assembling material.  
All branches and divisions of the Interior department are co-operating with the national parks service in developing the museum. Because of the widespread activities of these bureaus, their portrayal necessarily will tell in a large measure the history and growth of the country.  
The story of the early pioneers in their struggle with the Indians and the forces of nature, the gradual development of the country in mining, geology and human relations will be graphically depicted. Some of the bureaus to be portrayed are the Indian bureau, reclamation, national parks service, geological survey, bureau of mines and the grazing division.  
The paintings illustrating the hardships of the men and women who blazed the trail across the continent, will be hung above the cases containing the sculptured exhibits. Among

### Clue to Earlier Men Is Found in Excavations

Washington.—Evidence that men lived in America soon after the glacial period has been dug up by the Smithsonian Institution. Further studies are planned this year in the hope that more evidence may be unearthed.  
Dr. Frank H. H. Roberts of the American bureau of ethnology said that stone implements dug up in Colorado had been associated with an extinct form of bison believed to have lived from 10,000 to 15,000 years ago.  
"We have hopes of finding definite traces of the types of habitation which these people had and also of finding skeletal remains of the people themselves," he said.  
"For the first time we have a site which gives clear indications that man was on this continent shortly after the close of the glacial period. How soon after he arrived, we are as yet unable to say."

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