

It's Painting Time

SYLVIA SIDNEY

Mary Burns, Fugitive

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



SYNOPSIS

Mary Burns, pretty owner of a roadside restaurant, doesn't know that her lover, Don Wilson, is a noted desperado wanted by the Department of Justice. When Don calls on her, G-Men surround her place and during a stirring gun battle, Wilson escapes. Mary is caught burning the stolen bonds that he was carrying. Sentenced to three years in prison, she breaks jail with Goldie Gordon, her cellmate. Unknown to Mary, Goldie is working under cover with Harper, a Government agent, in the hope of getting information about Wilson. Meanwhile, Mary gets a job in a hospital and meets Dr. Powell, who falls in love with her. Wilson finds out Mary's hiding place and sends one of his gangsters, Spike, to pick her up. Mary makes her escape through a back window and when Spike decides to retaliate against Goldie, he is killed by G-Men hiding in the room next door.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE hospital corridor was deserted when Mary entered it late that night in search of a place of refuge. For a while she wandered aimlessly, furtive—afraid—hopeless. Then she headed for Barton Powell's room.

The explorer, his eyes still bandaged, was asleep when she entered

which must drive her back into hiding, toward the man she would have to leave—perhaps forever. With anguished rage she crushed the paper in her hands and sobbed.

"Allice! It's you!" cried the sick man.

Mary realized the inevitable. She must get away at once before anyone in the hospital recognized her and called the police. She moved slowly over to Powell for a last farewell. His hand found her's. She bent over and kissed it, tears in her eyes.

Then, with a sudden impulse she took a coin in her hands, stared at it for a moment, then kissed him full on the lips. It was a kiss of passion and farewell. With a gasp she turned and fled from the room.

For a moment she stood in the country as she up the same money she had saved in Salt Lake City then walking without a care. But always she felt that Don Wilson and the G-Men were on her trail; as indeed they were, for she did little to cover her tracks and could have been picked up by

the organ music swelled. "You've never been out of my thoughts a minute... even when the coppers were blasting at me and the whole world was cheering... for them to drill me." She made an involuntary move away from him but he mistook its meaning and spoke faster. "We'll move out with the crowd. Take it easy and put a smile on that pretty little mug of yours. There's a car outside."

The intuition of the hunted caused him to turn suddenly at that moment. Framed in the church door was G-Man Harper and two of his assistants.

"You're under arrest, Wilson," shouted Harper, leveling his gun. "O. K., copper," replied Wilson, his voice calm. "But when I fall," he whipped his hand inside his coat and brought it out holding a handgrenade. "This explodes! Go ahead and shoot—you're half-way to Heaven now!"

There was instant consternation in the church. The G-Men saw what Don was holding and did not dare fire. The congregation surged back and forth in panic.

"Wait a minute," shouted Wilson. "The congregation is coming out with me. Get started, but take it easy if you don't want to be blown to bits." Then to Mary he added, "Walk by my side... every step of the way."

And so the procession started while Harper and his men looked on helplessly. Fear of the bomb and the sheer force of his personality, kept the people herded around Wilson until he and Mary reached their car, started it and roared away with the G-Men, released from their paralysis, in hot pursuit.

Don headed for the mountains and drove like mad while Mary crouched beside him, too terrified to speak. His enemies followed close behind and as soon as the city limits were reached, opened up with their machine guns. One of the bullets nicked Wilson in the shoulder. He merely shoved Mary to the floor and kept on, driving with one arm.

For an hour the race went on, then the gangster's car began to spit and lose speed on the steep grade. It was only a matter of minutes before he would be overhauled. His face black with rage, Don crouched under the hall of bullets from the rear and drove madly on. Then his eyes lighted with triumph. Ahead loomed a wooden bridge. He crossed it, skidded to a halt, took one of the grenades and tossed it into the middle of the span. The bridge vanished in that thunderous explosion, and the G-Men were barely able to stop their car before diving into the stream.

"Well kid," said Wilson, when they came to a crossroads some fifteen minutes later. "This road to the right circles back to the city. That's where you're going. They'll never think of you doubling back." He reached into his trousers pocket and brought out a roll of bills. Blood from his wounded shoulder began to stain them crimson. "Take this," he said. "Get on a train tonight for Detroit. Cross over to Toronto. There's a hide-out—Ajax Hotel. Stay it after me—quick—Ajax Hotel..."

"Ajax Hotel," whispered Mary in an awed voice. "Goodbye, sweetheart." Suddenly he was no longer the gangster, but the ardent and sincere lover. "Don't forget! Ajax Hotel! Get in! And if you're not there next week I'll come after you again."

(To be continued)



"You're under arrest, Wilson," shouted Harper, leveling his gun.

She closed the door softly behind her, then went to the bed and gazed down at the man she loved. Her hand barely touched his hair but she did not dare waken him. Instead she sat down quietly in the chair by the bed and stared straight ahead, mentally reviewing the scene she had just left.

For hours she sat there. The room grew cold and she drew Powell's dressing gown about her shoulders. Finally, huddled in the chair, she dropped off to sleep.

She was awakened by the rustle of a newspaper as it was shoved under the door. For one bewildered moment she stared around, wondering where she was. Then she saw the sleeping man and smiled. Finally her attention went to the door, where the front page of the newspaper fairly screamed at her:

"MARY BURNS FLEES AS WILSON MOBSTER SLAIN."

Side by side were the pictures of Mary Burns, Fugitive, Don Wilson, Public Enemy Number One; and the dead Spike.

The paper rattled in Mary's hands and she stifled a sob.

"Nurse!" called Powell, awaking at the sound.

Mary looked from the paper,

the federal agents at any time.

Finally she found work as a dishwasher in a railroad restaurant in Salt Lake City. For a while she stayed in her dingy boarding house room every moment when not at work. But the monotony soon drove her almost mad. Buying a heavy veil as a disguise, she finally began going frequently to a little church around the corner.

It was while she was praying during the third Sunday service which she had attended that Don Wilson walked into the church and sat down beside her. When the prayer was ended Mary lifted her head, opened her eyes and stared straight at the man who had been her lover. He was disguised as a railroad conductor but she recognized him at once. Terror came into her eyes. She was about to scream when he clapped his hand over her mouth.

"Keep your voice down," he said tensely under his breath. "I'll do all the talking. I had to come to you. It's been driving me mad to think what you've gone through... without dough... without me..."

His voice was strangely emotional and his eyes were filled with a great love for Mary. Desperately frightened, the girl did not dare move for fear that he might kill her.

"You're mine," he rushed on as

To Tell Poultrymen Of Spring Culling

Realizing that poultrymen will soon begin culling their laying flocks, Roy S. Dearstyn, head of the poultry department at State College, will give farmers timely suggestions on this subject in a radio talk Friday.

Infertile orms are found in every flock, and if they are allowed to stay, the poultryman is in a good position to lose much of the profit which he might make from his healthy, vigorous chickens. Since many of these birds are suffering from diseases which might be spread to other members of the flock, it is not only wise, but necessary, to cull them from the flock.

Spring pullets will soon begin laying, and it is important that the poultryman keep a close check on the egg production of individual birds. Cull out those which seem to be unproductive.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY HOSTESS TO YOUNG WOMAN'S CIRCLE

The Winfall-Cedar Grove Adult Missionary Society entertained the Young Woman's Circle at the church Tuesday evening, with Mrs. W. G. Hollowell and Mrs. W. F. Morgan as hostesses.

The Adult Society rendered a very enjoyable program, after which the hostesses served delicious candies and fruit to the following guests: Mrs. A. R. Winslow, Jr., Mrs. Walter Humphlett, Mrs. Jesse Stanton, Mrs. Raymond Stanton, Misses Lucille Long, Alma Leggett, Gladys Ward, Addie White, Myrtle Umphlett, Hazel Pike, Elizabeth White, Pattie Dimmette, Lucille White, Mrs. J. L. DeLaney, Mrs. E. N. Miller, Mrs. J. Roach, Mrs. J. V. Roach, Mrs. J. W. Dimmette, Mrs. W. W. Trueblood, Mrs. David Trueblood, Mrs. W. G. Hollowell, Mrs. A. R. Winslow, Sr., Mrs. Haywood Proctor, Mrs. J. L. Nixon, Mrs. D. P. Stallings, Mrs. Claude White, Mrs. W. F. Morgan,

Mrs. James Lee, Mrs. E. J. Hendrix, Mrs. Jim Lowe, Mrs. J. H. Baker, Mrs. Joel Hollowell, and Miss Mamie Stallings.

WINFALL NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Hollowell, Misses Lucille Long and Alma Leggett motored to Edenton on Friday evening, and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Earnhardt.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Baker, Miss Dona White, A. White and Miss Audrey Umphlett motored to Norfolk, Va., Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Winslow and Mrs. A. R. Winslow, Sr., visited in Elizabeth City Sunday.

Mrs. Lula Lane, Mr. and Mrs. Rex Jones and children spent Sunday as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Lane.

Mrs. J. L. Nixon was in Elizabeth City Monday on business.

Mrs. Hal Wilson, of Elizabeth City, was the week-end guest of Mrs. Earl Jackson.

Mrs. Effie Miller, Misses Margaret

Boyer, Frances Rogerson and Gladys Ward spent Thursday and Friday in Washington, D. C.

Misses Jessie Baker and Lucille White spent Friday in Elizabeth City.

Mrs. Sallie Lurnage, of Chocowinity, spent Saturday with Mrs. W. J. Stanton.

Mrs. W. G. Hollowell spent Monday in Norfolk, Va.

Miss Minnie Umphlett was the week-end guest of Miss Tessie Elliott, at Chapanoke.

Miss Marjorie Stallings spent the week-end in Hertford.

Wilbur Stallings, of Millville, N. J., spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Stallings.

Mrs. Annie Hollowell and daughters, Elizabeth and Annie B., spent Sunday with Mrs. Will Corprew, near Edenton.

Bride-to-Be Honored At Bridge Party

Miss Louise Gaither, whose marriage to R. B. Albertson, of Portsmouth, Va., will take place on Saturday, was honored at a delightful bridge party given by Mrs. Durwood Reed at her home in Hertford on Thursday night.

The rooms were charmingly decorated with spring flowers and four tables were arranged. Mrs. J. E. Winslow was the winner of the top score prize and the honoree was presented with an attractive gift. A salad course was served.

Those present, in addition to the guest of honor, were Mesdames H. A. Whitley, J. E. Winslow, H. G. Winslow, T. B. Sumner, Trim Wilson, C. A. Davenport, J. L. Tucker, R. N. Hines, T. P. Brinn, W. H. Hardcastle, B. G. Lewis, of Concord, W. H. Pitt, C. R. Holmes, G. R. Tucker, Charles Skinner, and Misses Mae Wood Winslow and Mary Helene Newby.

BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Barefoot, of Four Oaks, announce the birth of a daughter, Elizabeth White, on Thursday, April 2, 1936.

The little girl, who is called "Betsy," is a granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. A. White, of Hertford.

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