Carlisle Indians-Villa Nova Football Game

Southern Pennsylvania will have one of the greatest treats this year in the Carlisle Indian-Villa Nova event just announced to be played at the Island Park Grounds at Harrisburg, on Wednesday, October 2, that will be afforded any section of the country.

Of greatest interest, possibly, will be the appearance in football togs of Jim Thorpe, hailed by Kings and Emperors as the greatest athlete the world has ever seen, in a game which will bring to the front an exhibition of the marvelous performances of this wonderful man. Thorpe, during the few months just passed, not only won the highest Olympic honors ever bestowed upon a human being, by a score that almost paralyzed foreign observers, but lately upon his return to America, without practice, and for the most part in the midst of a driving rain, on the Celtic Park Grounds, in New York, when he was far from being in the best of health, easily won America's championship as the greatest athlete in the country with a score over-topping Martin Sheridan's by nearly 100 points.

The Indians and the Villa-Nova players have not met for a season. Before that, their games for a dozen years have been marked probably by closer scores than any other high class football team. Scores like 5-0 and 6-0 have been the general order and spectators have been kept on the qui vive generally until the last moment of the game.

This year in the opinion of all observers, Carlisle's redskins will have the greatest football team that America has ever developed. It is a sure thing that instead of having one or two strong candidates for All-America selection, the Indians will have at least five players who will demand the closest attention in the selection of an All-American team. Powell, hailed by many as the greatest fullback ever developed, will play at Harrisburg.

The Indian-VillaNova game will begin shortly after 3 p. m. Admission tickets will be 50 cents and reserved seats 25 cents. The reserved seat sale will open simultaneously at 1 p. m. on Saturday, Sept. 28, in Harrisburg, Carlisle, York, Lebanon, Lancaster, Mechanicsburg, Shippensburg and Chambersburg. The main box office will be located at Gorgas' Drug Store, Third St., Harrisburg, where it is possible, if arrangements can be made, the famous Thorpe trophies presented by the Czar of Russia and the King of Sweden, will be exhibited.

The Indian-Villa Nova event will be the country's first big game under the new rules, and coaches from the east and west will be in Harrisburg by the hundreds to witness a stiff tryout for the rules which are expected to help the game materially.

Advertise in the Mt. Joy Bulletin.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Estate of Anna Guhl, late of Mt Joy Township, deceased.

Letters of administration on the estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted thereto are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them without delay for settlement to the undersigned, residing in Florin, Pa.

JOHN F. GUHL,
Administrator.

Coyle & Keller, Attorneys.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

Estate of Christian Seitz, late of Rapho township, deceased.

Letters testamentary on said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted thereto are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them without delay for settlement to the undersigned, residing at Mount Joy, Pa.

EZRA NEY,
Executor

Coyle & Keller, Attorneys.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Estate of Joseph Welfly, late of East Donegal Township, Lancaster Co., Pa.

Letters of administration on said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted thereto are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them without delay for settlement to the undersgned.

LILLIE WELFLY,

W. U. Hensel, Atty. Administratrix. Sept. 11-6t.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

On Saturday, Sept. 28, 1912

at 2 p. m., at R. V. Fegley's store at Mount Joy, by virtue of an order of Redmond Conyngham, Esq., Referee in Bankruptcy, the undersigned Trustee of R. V. Fegley, will sell at public sale the entire stock and fixtures of the jewelry store of the bankrupt.

C. H. ZELLER,
Bankruptcy of R. V.

BRING MEMORY OF THE PAST

Humanity Inspired by Songs of Birds and Noises of the Cricket and the Katydid.

Country Life in America says a carefully trained ear and mind are indispensable to enable one to detect and to discriminate readily from the general insect medley any particular species of musician.

As with birds and their songs, much of the charm and pleasure to be gotten from insect music depends on the emotional coloring associated with it. We are enraptured with the notes of the pewee in spring, or the earliest piping of the frogs, not because these sounds in themselves possess any intrinsic sweetness, but because they recall endearing memories of many happy, hopeful springtimes. They are always the harbingers of another verdant season. Their plaintive notes add to our minds an emotional warmth and sunshine. They awaken for us an inner, subjective springtime.

In a similar way the crickets and katydids gladden and inspire us with their music in proportion as their notes have become associated in our minds with the emotional coloring of past memories.

Life's Turning Points.

It is impossible to make a distinction between the course of our lives and the course of our thoughts. But both are subject to change, sudden and unexpected. There are turning points in our characters no less than in our career, and often the two are so closely related that they cannot be considered apart. It is worth while sometimes to trace back to their source our ideas and impressions, our new lines of thought. So much we owe to training, so much to elected study and chosen companionship, so much to the lessons and experiences of the life we are leading. But if you glance back you may see that what has most deeply moved you, what has most sharply deflected your way of regarding life, was something entirely unlooked for.—Anna Woodward.

Knew His Name.

Pat, who was being summoned for beating his wife, tried hard to put all the blame upon his mother-in-law, and was chided by the bench for his lack of gallantry.

"Why should it always be the fashion for a man to malign his mother-in-law?" the magistrate remarked. "Is chivalry quite dead among us? I knew a man once who never spoke an unkind word to his mother-in-law, never blamed her in the least for his quarrels with his wife, and never had the bad taste to complain about her to other people."

Pat stared open-mouthed as he listened to the recital of the domestic paragon's virtues. Then he said:

"Oh, yes, I've heard of that fellow before. His name was Adam."

Thoughts to Live Up To.

No trouble dies so soon as one that is patiently borne.—Secker.

Love should be absolute love, faith is in fullness or naught!—Browning.

Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness; altogether past calculation its powers of endurance.—Carlisle.

A word is dead
When it is said,
Some say.
I say it just
Begins to live
That day.

Every right action and true thought sets the seal of its beauty on person and face; every wrong action and foul thought its seal of distortion.—Ruskin.

Thought He Had Qualified.

Merchant—"Aren't you the boy who was in here a week ago?" Applicant—"Yes, sir." Merchant—"I thought so. And didn't I tell you then that I wanted an older boy?" Applicant—"Yes, sir; that's why I'm here now."—Boston Transcript.

Read the Mt. Joy B[illegible]

HIS WAYS AND MEANS

Chauffeur Is Caught by an Heiress.

By CATHERINE COOPE.

When the smash came, Jimmy Constable was totally unprepared for it. There had been no warning that his stocks would crash down and leave him with less ready capital than he had possessed when he began to speculate. But the certain knowledge that stocks ascend as readily, kept Jimmy from mental worry.

"In the meantime—I must live." Jimmy cast a rueful glance at his big, healthy frame and sighed. After that he donned his slightly worn thinking cap and sat down to ponder ways and means. In the end, he decided to maintain his right to a pleasurable existence as well as a money-making one.

Jimmy Constable had but one hobby, and that was a big one. He loved his great, speedy touring car almost as well as most men love their wives. Jimmy had not, fortunately for the moment, acquired one of the latter. It would have worried him to know that a girl would have to share with him his present more or less precarious fortunes.

He sold every prized bit of costly antique furniture with which his bachelor home was filled to overflowing, but retained his touring car

Jimmy gazed with a lover's eyes at the polished brasses, the olive green coat and the great cozy cushions.

"You will be my home—till—" Jimmy paused with speculative eyes, "well, until stocks take a boost." He cast a last look at the home in which the auction cards were still hanging in the windows, cranked his engine and throbbed off toward the green fields of the country.

On the wide veranda of a spacious mountain hotel, Madge Lambert raised a dainty hand to her mouth to stifle a yawn.

"I am unutterably bored," she told herself by way of excuse. She gazed out over the magnificent perspective

"Then Consider Yourself Engaged."

of mountains and lakes, then heaved a sigh of discontent. "If I had only brought my runabout I could have gloried in those distant roads. It positively maddens me to see them trailing off like golden ribbons through hills and dales and I can't so much as walk on them." Madge petulantly bemoaned the lack of her motor.

While she gazed at the golden band that was the motor road over the mountains a speck appeared, moving steadily nearer. Out of sight, then in again, Madge watched it suddenly spring into the very near perspective. It stopped then and the girl on the veranda lost all sense of ennui.

An exceptionally good-looking chauffeur had stepped from the car and was preparing a camp-fire. Madge Lambert shivered in the cool mountain air and realized that the fire looked cozy. She watched the man heat something in a swinging pail, then stretch himself out to enjoy his lunch.

Madge envied the man his complete happiness, contentment, and, more than all, she longed for the joy which the possession of that motor gave him.

"He can see every inch of this glorious country," she lamented.

When he had finished his meal the chauffeur got up, opened the door of the car and there amidst the great soft cushions proceeded to find infinite comfort for a nap.

Madge breathed a sigh of exhaustion. She had concentrated with so much interest on the man that she felt a relief when he succumbed to the arms of Morpheus. Stifling a second yawn she arose and decided upon a stroll. Her willing feet led her in the direction of the sleeping chauffeur. She would inspect that beautiful car at closer range and, most probably, without being seen.

When she drew near the spot where he had elected to camp Madge felt strangely excited. The little harbingers of an adventure were singing in her ears.

"I do not see how he has escaped being caught by an heiress like myself," exclaimed Madge mentally upon seeing the handsome head of the sleeping man. "He is far too good-looking to be roaming about near s[illegible]"

She became bolder at sight of those tightly closed eyes and the steady rise and fall of the big chest, and drew near enough to the great car to read the notice that was tacked on the back of the car.

Madge caught her breath in a little gasp of delight. "He is a chauffeur for people to drive about the country," she exclaimed aloud. "I shall engage him for my very own self," she decided, while a smile lit up her eyes and curled her lips into adorable lines.

Then Jimmy Constable opened his eyes. He jumped to his feet.

"Oh!" gasped Madge, and much to her annoyance she felt the color sweep into her cheeks. Then recovering slightly from her surprise, "I want to know if I can engage you for the summer?" She spoke breathlessly as if fearful that this prize would be snatched from her grasp.

Jimmy Constable smiled. His first patron was indeed anxious to hire him. He looked for a moment into the eyes so eagerly awaiting his answer and his own face took on a dull red. Would it be safe, under his present financial difficulties, to be long in the presence of this magnetic, bewitching girl?

"You are not engaged, are you?" demanded Madge.

"No-no," he answered quickly, "no, I am not engaged." He smiled again and Madge bit her lip to keep from making a retort to his answer. Instead she said with what she considered great dignity:

"Then consider yourself engaged to me—for the summer."

It was at that moment that Jimmy Constable let his teeth come together with a determination to recoup every dollar of his lost fortune and to supplement two more words to Madge Lambert's last sentence.

There was no more ennui for the two that summer. Madge did not raise a hand to her yawning lips and Jimmy Constable was kept alive by the electric presence of his first and last patron.

He tried very hard to conceal all trace of Jimmy Constable and remain only the hired chauffeur of Madge Lambert. It was not an easy task when the roads trailed behind them through arches of trees and the lake lay peacefully beside them; or when the slim moonbeams stole out and shone on the girl in the seat beside him. For Madge had insisted upon sharing the driver's seat and learning all there was to be learned about motoring and country roads. Also she insisted upon her chauffeur sharing the picnic lunches that she prepared.

"How foolish it would be," she reasoned with herself, "for me to sit on one fallen tree and my chauffeur on another and each eat a lonesome meal. Especially when—" But Madge had finished her sentence only in her inner dreamings. "I will never love any one else," she frankly admitted in the silence of her room, and if her eyes were wistful they were not unhappy.

It was when the harvest moon was shining over a bronze-red landscape that they took the momentous drive. Jimmy had been silent with a sense of inner radiance shining in his eyes ever since he had stopped for his mail, and Madge had felt his joy and wondered at it. In some subtle way, the chauffeur had vanished and Jimmy Constable had taken his place.

At the brow of a big hill and for no other apparent reason than that of giving his faithful engine a breathing space after the ascent, Jimmy stopped the car.

Madge looked at him as if in wonderment at his action. Her eyes, there in the moonlight, were unguarded, and Jimmy leaned nearer and with a swift, unexpected movement swept her into his arms.

"Madge, dear," he cried, unsteadily, "I am Jimmy Constable, millionaire again, and I love you." He drew a sharp breath and tightened his arms about the girl who had smiled up at him.

Delivered Farewell Sermon

Elder Samuel R. Zug of Elizabethtown, formerly of Mastersonville, who recently resigned as elder in charge because of his advanced age and his contemplated removal to Palmyra, Sunday morning delivered his farewell sermon to the congregation in the Brethren church at Elizabethtown. The[ere] was a large attendance, and [the] service was an impressive one. [In th]e fall of 1885 Elder Z[ug] was placed in charge of the old Chiques congregation, (of which Elizabethtown was then a part) and when Elizabethtown was organized as a separate congregation in 1902, he was retained as elder in charge, and has served the congregation [ever] for a period of twenty-[five ye]ars.

[Rea]d the Mt. Joy Bulletin.

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SOME BIRDS ARE FASTIDIOUS

Bathing in Clean, Cold Water Keeps Them in Health and Is One of Their Summer Joys.

"Polly have bath! Polly have bath!" The reiterated cry from a large green parrot, who stood in a tin basin full of water ecstatically flapping his scarlet wings.

Few persons who keep bird pets know how to prevent them wrom languishing in the summer heat. Little do they imagine that big and small birds alike are simply longing with all their tiny hearts for a cold bath. Their owners, it is true, supply their small prisons with water in little glass vases; but these are for drinking purposes—not for the luxury of a restoring and indiscriminate splash.

No; let those who really love their feathered friends provide little swimming baths for the birds. They must, of course, vary according to the bird's size. Whereas a pudding basin would accommodate a canary, a parrot would require something more commodious.

Then place the bird in his cage where he can gambol unmolested. In the back yard, on the lawn, or on the scullery floor are equally good positions. Anyone who knows anything of birds knows that, although inarticulate, they appreciate comfort.

Many a man resembles a dog in the manger because he wants to have a finger in the pie simply to prevent others from eating it.

CORDELIA

Harry Albright is confined to his home by illness.

Dr. B. B. Smith, after visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Smith, has returned to Philadelphia.

Mrs. Fanny Hall and Mrs. Laura Kise attended the C. E. convention at Elizabethtown, being delegates from the local society.

The official board will meet in the church this evening. It will be the last meeting of the conference year, and it is desirous that all reports be made in full.

Prof. C. H. Gordinier, of the Millersville State Normal school, will speak in the U. B. church on Sunday evening under the auspices of the Anti-Saloon League. A male quartet will sing.