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**Do You Believe In Signs?**

If you do you are a judicious advertiser and a good business man. Judicious advertising Always Pays and especially when you advertise in a paper that is read by everybody in its territory.

This newspaper reaches the eye of everybody who might be a possible buyer in this section.

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BULLETIN ADS PAY

### SADDLEKICK

**AN IDEAL GIFT FOR BOY OR GIRL**

Better than a bicycle for mounting children. Has high back, shock absorber, roller bearings, rubber tires, steel frame, adjustable saddle. Ride either sitting or standing. One size for all ages 6 to 15 years.

**FREE**

SALESMEN'S tickets across the State. Our Special Advertising Price \$2.50 Cash \$3.00 in C. O. D. or P. R. If you will call Home SADDLEKICK Company, Order NOW or write for FREE Coupon.

**ADVANCE MFG. CO.**  
82 Dock Street St. Louis, Mo.  
Nov. 14-6t

The Bulletin contains more local and up-to-the-minute news than any weekly in this section. Compare it and convince yourself. It costs only \$1.50 a year.

Read the Bulletin.  
Advertise in the Mt. Joy Bulletin  
If you want to succeed—Advertise

**COURT PROCLAMATION**

Whereas, the Hon. Charles L. Landis, President, and Hon. Aaron B. Hassler, Associate Law Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in and for the county of Lancaster and Assistant and Justices of the Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in and for the County of Lancaster, have issued their precept to me directed, requiring me, among other things, to make public proclamation throughout my bailiwick, that a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, also a Court of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace and Jail Delivery, will commence in the Court House, in the City of Lancaster, in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania,

**ON THE THIRD MONDAY IN NOVEMBER (the 19th), 1923**

in pursuance of which precept public notice is hereby given to the Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Lancaster, in said county, and all the Justices of the Peace, the Coroner and Constables of the said City and County of Lancaster, that they be then and there, in their own proper persons, with their rolls, records and examinations, and liquidations, and their other remembrances, to do those things which to their offices appertain in their behalf to be done and to all those who will prosecute against the prisoners who are or then shall be in the jail of the said County of Lancaster, to be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Dated at Lancaster, Pa., the 18th day of October, A. D. 1923.

C. F. HOMSHER, Sheriff.

Read the Bulletin.  
If you want to succeed—Advertise

### AN ORDERLY HOUSE

By MARGUERITE BUFFUM

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

ANNE Trevor was tired. She had scrubbed and cleaned her little house until it shone with a new splendor. Two freshly baked apple pies were on the pantry shelf, and beside them was Bob's favorite spice cake with its thick white frosting.

Upstairs the rooms were spotless and inviting with their crisp, white curtains and beautiful linen.

Anne loved the cleanliness of her house, yet she resented being tired. "Bob is so peevish lately, too," she whispered to herself.

She glanced at the clock, and, noting that it was nearly time for him to be home, moved slowly to the stove and started taking the dinner up. She carried the baked ham that she had prepared so carefully to the dining room and placed it before his plate.

"I'll bet he won't even say it's nice," she said, then paused to stare blankly at Bob as he stood in the doorway.

"Am I as bad as that, Anne?"

Anne, overtired and nervous, suddenly burst into tears.

"If you wouldn't slave so, Anne, and go out more—"

"You don't understand, Bob. You always said you liked a well-ordered house, and when I have it orderly you find fault."

Finally came the day when Bob had brutally told her she was losing her good looks. After he left, Anne hurried to the mirror. The reflection there assured her that she was still pretty. But it was true that her face was losing its bloom. It hurt so much to have Bob say a thing like that.

Anne thought of the time when he used to say, "My pretty little wife," as he held her close. She wondered, vaguely if he would ever say it again.

What had made him change so?

The work of the house had to be done.

Anne's troubled gaze turned to the street and the fast-moving stream of automobiles. The flash of an orange scarf caught her attention. The wearer was June Evans, and she was earnestly talking to the man beside her.

Suddenly he turned and looked toward the house. It was Bob! Ordinarily Anne might have been curious, but not jealous. But somehow, to her tortured mind, June's gay scarf seemed to wave defiance at her; and her vivid coloring, untouched, Anne knew, by any makeup, recalled Bob's stinging remark of the morning.

There suddenly came to her the desire to tell somebody her troubles, somebody who might help her straighten out the tangled threads. She thought of Mary Brene. Mary was six years Anne's senior, and had always been a close friend. It was to Mary that she had first confided her great love for Bob.

"And how can we ever be happy?" finished Anne, as she sat before Mary Brene's open fire.

"Anne," said Mary, "you've allowed your house to absorb you. Do you remember the day I called, two weeks ago? When I got up from my chair you stopped to straighten it before you came with me to the door. You didn't think I saw you. I was dying to tear that set, immaculate room to pieces.

"You've taken a broom and dustpan and mop and driven comfort and happiness right out of your home. You've denied Bob the companionship he's entitled to, and then wondered at his being silent and irritable. He's disappointed, Anne, and disillusioned. And," Mary's voice became more gentle, "you've been to blame."

Anne hurried home, convinced that she had been losing sight of the greater things of life in pursuit of things less worth while. Mary had not spared her, yet she felt no resentment in her heart. She had been taught a much-needed lesson—a lesson she knew would help her many times in the future.

Bob greeted her as she opened the door. "I had to come home early, Anne," he said. "I kept remembering your face when I said what I did this morning. Will you forgive me? I thought perhaps I might persuade you from working so hard."

"You don't need to persuade me any more, Bob. I'm beginning to realize that I've been the one at fault. I'm going to do differently—that is, if you don't mind having things less elaborate."

Bob looked at her wonderingly. He did not quite understand her sudden change of attitude, but he didn't stop to ask questions. A wave of gladness thrilled him.

"Of course I don't mind, dear. If it will only bring me back a happy, contented Anne."

He pointed to a large package upon the table. "There's a surprise for you. June Evans helped me select it."

Anne unfolded the wrappings and lifted out an evening wrap of soft gray with a wide fur collar.

"It's lovely, Bob! Why, it must have cost—"

Then stopped as he held up a forbidding hand. She softly stroked the lining of the shimmering coral satin.

Bob drew her toward him and looked into the happy, flushed face.

"My pretty little wife," said Bob, as he held her close.

**His Dilemma.**

Jail Visitor—Didn't you have money enough to pay the fine?

Motorist—Yes, but I couldn't spare it. The car needs new tires and re-tying.

**Marietta has its first woman official.** Mrs. McCloskey was elected a school director last week.

**FOR SALE—A 1918 Cadillac Touring Car in good condition and recently painted.** E. L. Nissly & Sons, Lancaster, Pa. July 25-4t

**LEARN SHORT STORY-WRITING BY MAIL—Complete training by famous author for persons with an ordinary education.** Any age. Write G. A. Cook, 945 Pa. Ave., Washington, D. C. Free circular. sept. 12-4t

### GOING TOO FAR

By ELEANOR K. BACON

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

THE Geoffrey Wintons stood on the deck of a channel steamer and watched the white cliffs of Dover meet into the sky line.

Mrs. Winston threw back her fur cape impatiently, and at the same moment Geoffrey turned up his coat collar and shivered.

"Oh, there it goes!" cried Mrs. Winton suddenly. She made a frantic clutch at Geoffrey's hat as, dislodged by a puff of wind, it skidded past her. With her usual efficiency she recaptured it with a well-timed movement.

"Goodness, Geoffrey! I believe you would lose your head if it were not fastened on," she declared. And, indeed, Geoffrey's chief characteristic, with the exception of his absent-mindedness, seemed to be his talent for dropping his belongings.

"It isn't a bit rough today," she said presently. "We are going to have a fine crossing."

The floor heaved under them, and Geoffrey turned a shade paler.

"I think I'll sit down, Martha," he said a trifle uncertainly. He steered a divided course toward his steamer chair. A copy of Birrell's "Obitua Dicta" fell from his pocket, and Mrs. Winton mechanically put it into his hands, tucked him up in his steamer rug, and handed him an apple from a capacious bag on her arm.

"I brought this because you always like an apple between meals," she remarked solitiously. "I'll go down now and see where Helen is. You feel all right, don't you, Goo-goo?"

Geoffrey wished his wife would not call him, Goo-goo, even in strictest privacy. He had begged her earnestly and affectionately to drop it, but with the directness that distinguished all her words and acts she told him it was a tribute to the imperishable infant in him, and she could not give it up.

"You are an infant in so many ways, Geoffrey," she used to say, with a sigh. "Especially, at times you seem fitted for nothing more advanced than bibs and a perambulator. And if you don't try to overcome your overwhelming absent-mindedness I'm truly afraid that some day you will go too far. Why, you are as irresponsible as the proverbial newborn babe. I don't know what you would do without me to look after you!"

When she disappeared he sighed and was about to open his book when, drifting across his vision, came his daughter, Helen and "That Young Idiot." The young man so classified in Geoffrey's mind, to an impartial eye, could and did give pleasure. He was rather short and slight, with blue eyes at present brimming with devotion, and a smile that could charm an all-day sucker away from the greediest child. Geoffrey would have been the first to yield to it if he had not so fiercely resented its effect on his cherished and only child.

The two absorbed young persons stopped directly in front of Geoffrey.

On the face of Helen's lover four letters shone as if emblazoned in celestial light.

"Young Idiot!" Geoffrey silently exploded, returning to his book with an impaired interest.

Half an hour slipped away. He finished the chapter, "Cambridge and the Foes," and, looking down, became aware of the ragged apple core in his hand.

After a moment or two of inertia, his legs began to agitate the steamer rug, at first ineffectually, then more and more violently.

Struggling heroically, he at last disengaged himself, and rose unsteadily to his feet. He was very, very dizzy, with a sort of Ducky-Daddies feeling that the sky was about to fall at his feet. He gazed wistfully toward Helen's unflinching back. No thought of a seaisick parent disturbed her mind as she inclined an exquisitely modeled little ear to her lover's litany.

Geoffrey leaned over his chair and basted himself with mysterious little jerkings of the steamer rug. Very carefully he put the apple core in his empty seat. He changed its position several times each time becoming more dissatisfied with the result. Finally he threw the rug over it, only half concealing it, and began an unsteady toe dance toward the rail.

His zigzag route led him away from his daughter's vicinity, so that when he leaned on the rail he was still unobserved.

A moment's pause, then, with almost unbelievable grace and dexterity, Geoffrey hurried himself over the rail.

Twenty minutes later Geoffrey and "That Young Idiot" were lying on deck, wrapped in blankets and solititude. Geoffrey opened his eyes. Martha's face, white and strained from suppressed emotion, bent over him. Helen was tucking the rug around his feet.

Geoffrey turned his head and his eyes met the blue, friendly gaze of his life preserver, whose persuasive smile instantly shone upon him.

Geoffrey's face twitched. Then he smiled warmly back, and two shining and beautiful words took form in his mind. "My son."

**Dog Finds Treasure Chest.**

A dog digging on a plantation near Courtland, Ala., uncovered an old chest containing a large number of gold and silver coins dating from 1700 to 1800. The discovery ends a long search for treasure, which a local legend says was buried in the neighborhood by a faithful slave during the Civil war.—Capper's Weekly.

**MOUNT JOY MARKETS**

The following prices are paid today by our local merchants:

Eggs ..... 61-68c  
Butter ..... 40c  
Lard ..... 13c  
Wheat ..... \$1.05  
Corn ..... \$1.10

Just what you need for this kind of weather. A pair of Army Gloves for 35c and 48c at Laskewitz's. It

### WANTED

20 MEN and 20 GIRLS

STEADY EMPLOYMENT AND PLEASANT WORKING CONDITIONS. APPLY

Nissly Swiss Choc. Co. Inc.  
FLORIN, PA.

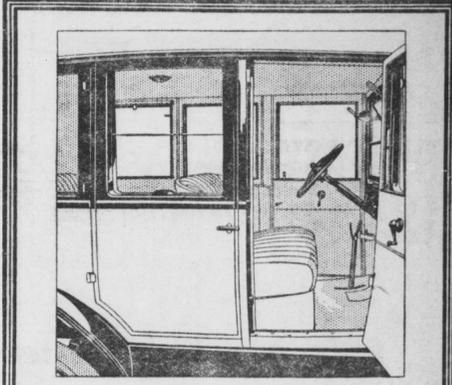
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I always have on hand anything in the line of SMOKED MEATS, HAM, DRIED BEEF, BOLOGNA, LARD, ETC. Also Fresh Beef, Veal, Pork, Mutton

H. H. KRALL  
West Main St., MOUNT JOY.



### Four-Door Sedan Interior Features

A cozy, attractive interior has been achieved in the Ford Four-Door Sedan. Broadcloth upholstery, soft brown with a slightly darker stripe, harmonizes with the lighter shade in the head lining.

Ornamental interior fittings are finished in nickel.

Doors are made of one solid sheet of heavy aluminum, very light and strong.

\$685

F. O. B. Detroit  
This car can be obtained through the Ford Weekly Purchase Plan.



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H. S. NEWCOMER, Authorized Agent  
Mount Joy, Penna.

### Army and Navy Goods

I have just recently added to my large stock, a complete line of ARMY and NAVY GOODS, which I will sell at astonishingly low prices. The line comprises many things in wearing apparel, and just what the hunter or working man can use at this season of the year at very low prices.

- Men's O. D. Trousers . . . \$2.48
- Leggings, per pair . . . . . 39c
- Army Gloves . . . . . 35 and 48c
- Army Raincoats . . . . . \$3.75

### H. LASKEWITZ

Open Evenings  
East Main Street, Mount Joy, Pa.

### REWARD

A REWARD OF \$100.00

Will be paid for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who feloniously broke into St. Luke's Church, between four and seven o'clock P. M., Sunday, November 11th, and destroyed property with the evident intention of stealing.

THOS. J. BROWN

### Chiropractic Is Not Ki-ro-quack-tic

As some so-called educated people would have you believe, but it is the most sensible health science known, excepting none. I can prove it to you as I have proven it to those who had been skeptical before taking chiropractic spinal adjustment.

Yours for Health,

### J. S. KUHN, D. C.

HOURS: 7:00 TO 9:00 P. M. AND BY APPOINTMENT  
Bell Telephone No. 76R2  
High and Mount Joy Streets MOUNT JOY, PENNA.

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By a Lancaster Newspaper

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A Hiemenz-Built Home.
- PACKARD SINGLE EIGHT - \$ 3,895.00  
Sold and Displayed by Motor Company of Lancaster.
- PEERLESS, 7-Passenger - \$ 2,950.00  
Sold and Displayed by G. S. Burkholder, 701 Columbia Ave.
- FRANKLIN, 5-Passenger, Touring - \$ 2,075.00  
Sold and Displayed by De Pugh Motor Co., 324 N. Queen St.
- JORDAN, 6-Cylinder, 5-Passenger - \$ 1,850.00  
Sold and Displayed by Jordan Sales & Service Co., 250 N. Prince St.  
B. F. Kauffman, Prop.
- HUDSON COACH, Super Six - \$ 1,490.00  
Sold and Displayed by D. Wilbur Ranck, 308 E. King St.
- BUICK, 4-Wheel Brake, 5-Passenger \$ 1,415.00  
Sold and Displayed by Chambers Motor Co., Prince and Orange Sts.
- JEWETT, 5-Passenger, 6-Cylinder - \$ 1,195.00  
Sold and Displayed by Paige Motor Car Co. of Lancaster.
- CLEVELAND, 5-Pass., 6-Cyl., Tour. \$ 1,145.00  
Sold and displayed by Penn Automobile Co., 105-7 North Prince Street.
- STUDEBAKER LIGHT 6, 5-Passenger \$ 1,130.00  
Sold and Displayed by H. M. Vondersmith, 38 So. Queen St.
- MAXWELL SPORT MODEL - \$ 1,060.00  
Sold and Displayed by G. S. Burkholder, 701 Columbia Ave.
- OAKLAND, 4-W. Brake, Disc Wheels \$ 1,050.00  
Sold and Displayed by Buckwalter-Sweigart, Inc., Lemon & Mary Sts.
- OVERLAND TOURING CAR - \$ 565.00  
Sold and Displayed by Johnson-Brinkman Motor Co., 104-6-8 N. Prince St.
- OVERLAND TOURING CAR - \$ 565.00  
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- CHEVROLET TOURING - \$ 565.95  
Sold and Displayed by J. F. Longenecker, Cor. Duke & King Sts.
- CHEVROLET TOURING - \$ 565.95  
Sold and Displayed by J. F. Longenecker, Cor. Duke & King Sts.
- STAR TOURING CAR - \$ 512.60  
Sold and Displayed by Colonial Motor Co., 32 E. Chestnut St.
- 3—Victor Victrolas valued at \$150 Each \$ 450.00  
Sold by Kirk Johnson & Co.
- 1—Brunswick Phonograph valued at - \$ 115.00  
Sold by Reiffnyder & Sons.
- 1—Victor Victrola valued at - \$ 115.00  
Sold by H. B. Herr & Co.
- 1—Victor, model 9, valued at - \$ 75.00  
Sold by H. B. Herr & Co.
- 4—Portable Victor Victrolas, \$50 Each \$ 200.00  
Sold by Kirk Johnson & Co.

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Without obligating myself in any way please send me full details of your \$35,000.00 Help Yourself Club.

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