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HARRISBURG
THE STATE CAPITAL
AND RETURN
Sunday, Sept. 19

The Magnificent Capitol Building will be open on this date at Harrisburg, and at Elizabethtown an opportunity will be given to visit the commodious and beautiful Masonic Homes.

SPECIAL TRAIN LEAVES
Eastern Standard Time
Mount Joy 8:50 A. M.
Stopping at principal stations between Paoli and Mount Joy
Returning leaves Harrisburg 7:15 P. M., Elizabethtown 7:40 P. M. and Lancaster 8:05 P. M. Tickets on sale two days preceding excursion.

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The Rexall Store
MOUNT JOY, PENNA.

In Spite of Prejudice
By RUBY DOUGLAS

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PROBABLY if Will Hamilton's father and mother had not died and left him a battered old homestead just before he became engaged to Elizabeth Morton, they would have been happy.

Elizabeth had a hobby which was both absorbing and practical. She made marionettes, wrote little plays in which to cast them and built the stages and equipment. Then, for a percentage of receipts, she gave entertainments in her own and adjoining villages. She was more than ordinarily clever at this work and the character she managed to express in molding the features of the puppets bespoke a future for her genius if she would but pursue it seriously.

At home she had only the use of her own room for her work. There was a large family and she could not usurp their rights.

Elizabeth and Will Hamilton had been village children together, high school comrades. Later on there seemed to be no necessity for declaring their love. It was a sort of take-for-granted thing and they were both happy, being young and busy.

But when within two years Will's parents were taken away, and he found himself the sole occupant of an old-fashioned, gloomy homestead, he began to feel the need of Elizabeth.

He spoke to her and they became really engaged. In their newly acknowledged relationship they found much joy—for a time. And then, when serious discussion of marriage ensued, there came the disagreements. Will could not quite see why a girl would not be happy coming into his old house. How could he know of her dreams of a far, far different nest, a home in which she could continue her work, surround herself with all the things she felt she needed, and, at the same time, be all that he needed, sweetheart, wife, homemaker?

One tiny disagreement led to another. They were growing far apart, and at last they had decided that they were not meant for each other. At least, this is what they told each other.

Will, being the sort of man who had never made a serious study of human beings, much less women, finally had taken Elizabeth at her word and had seized the golden opportunity in his field, that of real estate, to go South. Before going he had disposed of the old house that had been the original home of contention, and it was torn down by housewreckers.

Weeks passed. Elizabeth was lonely. Will, even though he had met success in southern ventures, could not fill the vacancy left in his life by the passing of Elizabeth. He was about to decide on a bold plan.

A letter from one of his friends back in the home town put the final decision on his tentative venture. The letter merely remarked that Elizabeth was looking a trifle pale, wistful, he thought.

Nothing had so stimulated Will since he went South. This carelessly dropped bit of information about the girl, he loved gave him hope. He went about with all his energy trying to get enough material and workmen to put up a lovely bungalow in the new city by the sea.

Everything in the way of lumber and building mediums had been contracted for, so great was the rush to this wonderful spot. And Will found himself telegraphing to a big firm of housewreckers who he knew in a city near his home town. He asked them to send him, specifically, doors, windows, a couple of mantelpieces—anything they could at once.

In a very short time he had built a home as nearly like the one he had fancied Elizabeth wanted as it was possible for a mere man to reproduce from fragmentary remarks.

When he was ready he wired to Elizabeth: "I have a home for us—a new one with a studio for my girl. Will she come?"

Her reply was merely: "Yes—will write."

But instead of her going down to the resort state, Will went back home to be married, and when they entered their new home together the first thing that caught the eye of the bride was a familiar mantelpiece.

"Why—Will!" she cried.

"Yes, dear. Let me tell you about it. It is a romance, indeed. I could get no materials here of any sort, so I sent back to a housewrecking firm and asked them to send me what they could to help out with the building of this home. To my wonderful surprise there were several bits that had been taken from my own old home. The people I sold it to had it torn down by a wrecker, and he, in turn, sells it where he can. It is like a fairy tale that the doors and mantelpieces of the very home you didn't like, but which I loved out of childhood association, should have been picked out to send here for our new house. Do you mind?"

Elizabeth tried to tell him that she had never dreamed of anything so charming as the home he had built for her.

"And I shall love it all the more because it will seem a part of you—the boy I have always loved."

"It is compromise, by Fate, of our silly misunderstandings, dear."

An English scientist has invented apparatus to recover fuel oil from water pumped into a ship for ballast.

OWL-LAFFS

BY O. W. L.
(On With Laughter)

Fellows I want you to give "Art" Hendrix plenty of room on the highways. He's sporting a new chevy.

Well they tell me the man at the top is usually the man who had the habit of going to the bottom of things.

An argument between two kids back at school. One said: "My father has so much money he lights his cigars with \$10 bills." Second kid: "Hum, that's nothing; our whole damn family bathes in gold dust."

One of our local butchers, 'tis said, has at last discovered the missing link. The cat had it.

"Get away from me you two faced thing!" said the Edison disc to the victor record.

Prof. Bair said to one of the boys at the end of the first week of school: "Young man I take pleasure in giving you 81 in mathematics."

The boy said: "Make it 100 sir, and thoroughly enjoy yourself."

You must admit that Pennsylvania is a land of opportunity, says one of our business men. A man who came here broke a few years ago, at present owes nearly everybody.

DE EXAMPLE SET
No one's makin' speeches
"Cept' de honey bee.
De principles he teaches
Sounds right sensible to me,
He says: "Keep lookin' foh de sweets
Dat's growin' everywhere;
An' of some no—'count weeds you meets
Pass on an' don't you care."

As he comes a-bringin'
De goods 'um 'roun' de farm,
He says: "A little singin'
Ain' gwinter do no harm."
I tel's you lots of us would get
Mo' joy 'um life if we
Kep' follerin' de example set
By Mistah Honey Bee.

One of our town ladies told me that holding a husband isn't very easy. I asked her if she ever tried bouncing them up and down on her knee.

A man at Florin tells me that most of the new ideas nowadays are simply old ones dug up.

She: "While your asking papa for my hand I'll play something lively on the piano."
He: "I'd rather you didn't dearest. You know some people can't keep their feet still when they hear lively music."

I asked one of the little fellows in the Third Grade how he likes school. He said: "Closed."

Fred Baker is telling a mighty good story on the inexperienced drug clerk who treated a sneezing patient. If you want a good laugh, call Fred on the phone.

They tell me that a million germs live on the head of a pin. In my estimation that is certainly a strange diet.

One of our local physicians told a certain resident: "I am very sorry to say Mr. Man that your wife's mind is completely gone. The man replied: "I'm not at all surprised. She's been giving me a piece of it every day for the last fifteen years."

A merger nowadays means that fewer men will divide the profits.

IN THE SUBWAY
I fe't her breath upon my cheek;
(Her lips were ruby red).
I felt her breath upon my cheek;
O'ercome with bliss I couldn't speak;
I hoped that it would last a week.
And then she spoke, "You great big geek,
Get off my foot," she said.

A man at Landisville boarded the trolley with a basket of eggs on his way to Mt. Joy. Some fellow sat on the eggs and the owner replied: "My God, it's a pity those she's weren't as strong as the eggs."

The younger generation should be taught to close the doors, thinks "Hoddy"; there's no hope for the older.

"My man, you are making a frightful racket with that soup."
"It ain't me, lady, it's de acoustics of dis soup plate what's bad."

Mother, I simply haven't the heart to fry these eggs. They look up at me so piteously out of their sad yellow eyes.

Mrs. Newlywed (in tears)—"Boo hoo! I don't believe you love me no more."
Hubby—"Certainly I do. Didn't I kiss your aunt?"

A young girl at Florin who has a

Smiling Mary's Smiles
By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

(Copyright)

HARRY was undoubtedly harassed. Going away from home so much as he was compelled to left his mother alone far too much. Of late he had observed in her an increased depression of mind that worried him tremendously.

"Mother, if you would only get out among people a little. Surely it does you no end of harm to refuse to see anyone and to draw so entirely within your own shell—it makes me miserable to think of you all alone here while I am away."

Mrs. Walker smiled wanly. "You know I've never been the same since we lost your father. All these fifteen years I have had no interest in anything. Life has just been an utter void. You see, my dear, you never lost anyone you loved so devotedly—it is difficult for anyone to feel as I do."

It was not until he was rushing through one of those great department stores in New York, in search of the elusive embroidery counter, that the girl who was to help him out of his troubles leaped into vision.

To Harry it seemed as if Mary Mander's smile lit up the entire world, to say nothing of the department store. She radiated wholesome joy.

Mary was one of the store employees, and was there to hold out a helping hand, as it were, to perplexed shoppers.

Harry was one of them. He knew no more about embroidery silk and cushion tops than Mary perhaps knew of the prices of galvanized tin, but he was determined to get something bright and cheery for his mother to work on.

When he had finished with his purchases he got up courage to ask this girl if there was a chance in the world that she would try acting as a cheery companion to his mother.

"I've been a wee bit tired of this work for some time," said Mary, "and would love to be a companion—if you think I could lift some of the gloom."

"I think," said Harry, "that you could lift a three-ton truck with that smile of yours."

That evening when Harry got home he told his mother about the young lady whom he had asked to stay with them for a month. He made up quite a wonderful yarn for a truthful man.

"Miss Mander is an orphan friend of Wetheral and he has asked me if you would mind having her here while she visits New York. You don't mind, do you, mother?"

Mrs. Walker was anything but pleased, but tried valiantly not to let Harry know how she felt.

But Mary swept everything before her with a ready smile. In spite of liking for her, Big love is sometimes born on just such a fleeting moment. Mrs. Walker went in and kissed the smiling face before putting out her own light that night.

Next morning Mary brought her breakfast in to her and perched herself on the bed.

"I sneaked into the kitchen," said Mary, "and took the tray by sheer force from Bridget." She laughed. "And now we can have a nice chat and I'll have another cup of coffee."

When Harry came in to kiss his mother before going on his long western trip he stood unbelieveingly on the threshold. His mother was smiling and on her shoulders was flung a softly colorful scarf that she had always refused to wear because it didn't tone with her hoods.

"We're having a lovely time," said Mary.

"I see you are," laughed Harry. "There's no slightest doubt."

And when he had gone his mother looked fondly after him. "Poor boy, he's had an awful time trying to make me cheerful, but then you young people don't know what it is really to suffer. It's easy enough to smile and be happy when you have your loved ones with you, but—"

"My dear," said Mary very softly, and for one fleeting moment the whole depths of tragedy through which she had fought her way lay revealed in her eyes. "I lost every one I held dear in the earthquake in Japan. The dear mother who bore me, the father who worked so hard that we might have all that we wanted, and two fine brothers. I came home—alone, penniless."

Mrs. Walker drew the fair head against her breast and stroked it tenderly. "You poor, dear child—how have you ever managed to smile—to live through it?"

"I had to," said Mary softly, "because God gave me a life to make the most I could of, and I'm not—well, I wasn't born a coward, and I'm not going to die one."

"Mary Mander," laughed Mrs. Walker through her own tears, "it has taken you to teach me what a selfish, wicked person I've been all these years—but—just watch me from now on. Now smile, darling!" she tilted Mary's head up—"and this afternoon you and I will go to some shops and get a lot of cheery clothes and go on a regular bust to all the good shows, and when Harry returns he will quite naturally think I have gone mad. But somehow I think he knows already that he was putting the one thing I needed into my life—a daughter."

tail sweet heart says there is nothing like rising to the occasion, when he stoops to kiss her.

A man, like a tack, will only go as far as his head will let him.

"I take my sleepin' raw," said the cowboy to the tenderfoot who offered him a pair of pajamas.

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Children's 3/4 Length Socks	23c	Ladies' Princess Slips, all Shades	63c
Children's Unionalls	88c	Men's \$1.00 Work Shirts	69c
Men's, Ladies' and Children's Wool Bathing Suits	\$2.88	Men's Work Trousers	\$1.29
Children's Rayon Silk and Broadcloth Dresses, sizes 7 to 14	\$1.95	Ladies' Crepe Gowns	98c
Boys' Wash Suits	77c	Men's Palm Beach Suits	\$5.95
Boys' Crash Pants	48c	Boys' Two-Pant Suits	\$3.88
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