

new peaks of Speed, power and safety



What Hudson Did "Demonstration Week"

In addition to hundreds of new records for speed, power, acceleration, hill-climbing and inter-city reliability runs, during a nationwide "Demonstration Week", the Hudson Super-Six contributed these brilliant new marks in the local arena of motor supremacy:

Continuing a Second Week of Demonstrations

HUDSON Super-Six E. B. ROHRER, Mt. Joy, Pa.

The man who thought a buggy was good enough

IN THE old days, a solid, conservative citizen might sniff and tell you he didn't read advertising.

He didn't think so much of the horseless carriage, either. The telephone was newfangled, and an insult to the United States mails.

As for radio, aeroplanes, wireless photography—if they had been born then, he probably would have thought them a bit immoral.

But he's changed. He's been educated. His point of view has been made broader and more modern. He has been civilized—by the automobile, the telephone, radio, advertising.

Every single one has opened up new paths for him, taught him new things. Advertising, especially. Advertising tells him the newest things to wear, the best things to eat. Advertising tells his wife how to make a home up to date and attractive. Advertising tells him the prices to pay for things he buys, saves him from the old-fashioned ways of doing business—helps him live well, keeps him modern.

Advertising can help you. The advertisements in this paper are here to tell you many things that make life more comfortable, more interesting, happier. Read them faithfully. They'll keep you abreast of the times. They'll prevent you from becoming the type of old foggy—who—sniff—doesn't read advertising.

Mount Joy Bulletin

Advertising is the key to modernity

WHY NOT USE GAS?

It's Inexpensive, Economic and Instantaneous

We supply Clark Jewel, The New Process and The Chambers Gas Ranges. Also Rex Water Heaters, both Instantaneous and Storage.

Full Line of Other Gas Appliances

DONEGAL GAS COMPANY MOUNT JOY, PENNA.

OWL-LAFFS



O. W. L. (On With Laughter)

Last week one of our young farmers from Milton Grove came to town and told me he plowed their Charleston field yesterday. I asked him what he meant by their Charleston field and he replied: "Hay, hay!"

Bill thought his gas was getting low; He struck a match; the tank let go—

Bill sailed three miles right in the air, Three miles on a pint is pretty fair.

Well, I'm glad that's off my mind, but, I sure do feel poetic so here goes for another.

Mary had a little lamb, You've heard it oft before— And then she passed her plate again, And had a little more.

Save your antique eggs and tomatoes, I'll quit.

Advice to the Local Wives: If at first you don't succeed, shoot, shoot again.

A few days ago when a "certain man" returned from a trip his wife asked him: "Did you bring home a remembrance of the trip?" He said: "Yes, I brought home a towel, a bath rug, a thermos bottle, a rocker, and a twin bed." His wife replied: "Evidently you took a room at a hotel." And he answered, "No, I tried it, but I couldn't get away with it.

One of my closest friends is Scotch.

There is only one thing better than presence of mind in an accident; and that one thing is absence of body.

A stranger went into "Lees" and after partaking of a meal asked, "How much is my bill?" Lee said, "What did you have?" And the stranger replied, "I don't know." Lee told him hash was a quarter.

When it was time to retire the first night of his trip the porter asked "Joe" Hershey how he would like to sleep, head first or feet first. Joe looked puzzled and then replied: "If it's all the same to you, I'll sleep all at the same time."

I feel another poetic streak coming. Hold everything.

I got an aunt in Africa, I got an aunt in Spain, I got an aunt in Jersey, And I got an aunt in Maine; I got 'em here, I got 'em there, I got 'em thick as hives, An' this is all I'm thankful for— They ain't my wives.

"Spook" Snyder came into the office and said he found a position that he would like, "Hoddy" Mamma asked him what it was and Spook replied: "I'd like to be stable boy on a merry-go-round."

I refuse to argue. There is no doubt about it. A groundhog is a sausage.

We have a farmer out at the Back Run that is so absent minded that the other morning he hitched his wife to a plow and kissed his horse good-bye.

A salesman entered the office a few days ago and ask our clerk if she files her nails. She said, "No, after cutting them, I throw them away."

Have you heard the Four Wheel Brake song? No, Here it is, "For We'll Break the News to Mother."

One of our school teachers said to a pupil, "Use 'discomforture in a sentence." The pupil, "Discomforture am like a blanket."

A chap asked "Dick" Heisey if he knew "Felix." Dick asked: "Felix who." The chap answered, "Felix Cited."

Someone ask "Charley" Roth what it was a sign of, when your nose itches. Charley said it was a sign that you were to have company. Mr. Someone asked what it was a sign of when your head itches and Charley replied, "Your company has arrived."

"Don't raise a racket" said the burglar as he held up the tennis players.

I was talking to Paul Hershey who is a member of the graduating class this year, and I asked him what college he would like to go to after he finishes school, "Oh," he said, "I'd like to go to a barber college." I asked him why, and he replied: "Because then I could cut all my classes.

While driving through the country last week I came upon a young artist painting a picture of a running

RUPTURE SHIELD EXPERT HERE

E. J. Meinhardi, of Chicago, the well known expert will personally be at the Brunswick Hotel, Lancaster, Pa. on Monday and Tuesday May 23rd and 24th, from 10:00 A. M. to 5:00 P. M. daily. Mr. Meinhardi says:

"The Vacuum Shield" will not only retain the Rupture perfectly but contracts the opening in 10 days on the average case—usually giving instantaneous relief without standing all strain regardless of the size or location of the Rupture.

CAUTION—Do not expose yourself to the danger of wearing old-style trusses with understraps. These trusses usually place the pad on the lump and not on the rupture opening. This often causes strangulation which usually necessitates an immediate surgical operation or results in sudden death.

"The Vacuum Shield" has no understraps, it is perfectly sanitary and practically indestructible and should be worn while bathing.

Only gentlemen are invited to call at this time as a special visit will be made here later for women and children.

NOTICE: Please do not write and ask to be fitted by mail as this is impossible. I send out no literature as every case must be seen personally; therefore, I visit this section every year—giving demonstrations without charge, or will be pleased to fit you if desired. Please note the above dates and hours carefully and always insist on seeing me personally.—E. J. MEINHARDI, HOME OFFICE, 1551 N. CRAWFORD AVE., CHICAGO.

P. S. FRAUD WARNING. Beware of impostors who imitate my notices and claim to represent me. I have no representatives and send no literature.

May 18-1t-pd

EARLY GRASS COSTLY FEED, EXPERTS SAY

Strange as it may seem, the ration that most dairymen figure costs them nothing is likely to prove the most expensive feed they could buy for their cows. Experts point to this fact in warning owners against turning their cows out on pasture too early in the season.

There are two reasons. Early grazing more often than not causes heavy damage to the pasture itself, and it is sure to result in a serious loss of milk unless a regular grain ration is continued along with grass.

It is natural that dairymen should seldom think about pasture as an item of expense. It is a time-honored practice to turn cows out early in the season and keep them out late. Early spring grass looks tempting, palatable and plentiful, and surely it is not economy to let free food lie idle.

But the truth is, pastures in early spring have not attained a growth that will stand constant grazing. The young grass shoots are tender; close cropping, and the trampling of hoofs crushes and kills the roots. It is estimated that dairymen who permit cattle to graze on new spring grass may lose at least one-third of the value of the pasture for the entire year.

Yet, as experts point out, loss of milk is even more important. Cows enter the pasture season after a winter on a liberal ration of grain. The change from this to pasture grass, which, though bulky, is from one-half to three-quarters water, is not going to keep up the milk flow beyond a very short period.

The real object of summer feeding is to build and maintain health and condition so that cows can enter the fall season in the best possible condition, and maintain maximum milk flow in the winter months when milk prices are highest. Upon the way cows are fed in the summer depends their condition in fall and winter.

Spring and early summer grass is literally a tonic, which may stimulate milk yield for a brief time, but which can't take the place of body-building feeds. Early grass is largely water, and a cow cannot eat enough of it to keep up both condition and milk flow.

The best dairy authorities urge feeders to keep their cows in the barn, on a full grain ration, at least a month longer than is customary. The slight extra investment for grain will be more than repaid in fall and winter milk checks.

For Sale in Florida A fine home with all conveniences, such as light, heat and bath. Property is in excellent condition and nicely located. Possession April 1st. This is a corner property on Mt. Joy town site. Price, \$5,550.00. Call or phone Jno. E. Schroll, 41R2, Mt. Joy.

Improve Dairy Barn Now is the season to look over the dairy stable and see what improvements or changes can be made that will lessen labor or increase the comfort of the cows. Less labor decreases costs and greater cow comfort increases yields and profits.

I walked into Hauer's store last Saturday and while waiting for a clerk to get my order I overheard a Lady ask Joe Moore where steel wool comes from. Joe refused to admit that he was beaten so he answered, "They get steel wool off the sheep on the Iron Mountains of course."

While talking to that same artist that I met in the country, a few jokes ago, I asked him to see some of his pictures. He showed me one of a lace handkerchief hanging on a clothes-line. I ask him the title of that one and he said, "After the Bawl is Over."

A WISE OWL

Peachey Gets a Promotion

By H. IRVING KING

(Copyright.)

PEACHEY WALTON had officiated behind the gilded wire of the cashier's desk in Roberts & Co.'s restaurant for five years. Her real "front name" was Mary Ellen; but they called her Peachey because of her peachblow complexion, which she retained unimpaired in spite of the fact that she had seen twenty-five years which she acknowledged—and two more which she ignored in the reckoning. Peachey was a wonder at figures; you could swear to all her accounts without checking them up—except her account of her age. She was efficient and well aware of her efficiency; good looking and well aware of her good looks; popular with the customers and proud of her popularity. She could give correct change for a two-dollar bill, exchange receipts with an old customer and sit on a young man inclined to "get fresh" at one and the same time. Her wages were fair; she supported her widowed mother and made her indolent younger brother work—the latter no small job.

Roberts had long ago died out of the firm of Roberts & Co.; and "Co."—whose other name was Perkins—was sole proprietor of the establishment, which boasted of giving the best cup of coffee for five cents that could be purchased for that modest sum on Manhattan Island—to say nothing of Staten Island, Long Island and the Bronx. Mr. Perkins was getting along in years, but none of his employees ever thought of his ever retiring. Roberts & Co. without Perkins was simply a thing impossible to imagine. Then one day a great, big bomb fell into the establishment and blew up all ancient traditions. Mr. Perkins announced that he had sold out to a man named Thomas Carlingford.

The employees were all in a flutter. The restaurant of Roberts & Co. was an institution and a conservative one; and those who patronized it regarded any change in it as little short of sacrilege. They were all sure they were going to hate the new proprietor, who would probably be brimming over with innovations.

Thomas Carlingford appeared. He was a man in his late thirties. They had expected an older man. The changes he made were few and unimportant. Things jogged along as usual. In a month the regular customers were calling the new proprietor Tom. The cashier's department was the only one over which Tom exercised a painstaking and even nagging supervision. He was constantly hovering around Peachey's gilded cage and made her stay behind every afternoon, when the night cashier came on, and go over her accounts with him. He never called her Peachey, as the others did, but Miss Walton, and treated her with a formality somewhat marked. Peachey thought he might be "splendid" if he only were not so fussy. She wondered whether he suspected her of dishonesty that he was always keeping an eye on her.

Then one day when Tom and Peachey were in the proprietor's little office going over the accounts, he took what Peachey considered an unparadonable liberty. "Miss Walton," said he, "I must request that you will cease chatting with the young men patrons of this establishment when they go to pay their bills."

"My," said Peachey in surprise and not a little resentment. "I don't chat with them. They are regular customers—were here long before you appeared on the scene—and we just exchange a few pleasantries with each other. I don't see where the harm is."

"Well," replied Tom, frowning, "I don't like it. Let us go on with the accounts."

Peachey felt like telling Tom that he could keep his old job—she would have no more of it. But there was the mother to be considered and brother Bob was out of a job again.

There were tears in Peachey's eyes by the time she reached her own door—and then a smile broke over the face of Peachey. "Oh golly," she said half aloud; "I wonder if I've hit it! If I have—oh, joy!" And she went into the house, astonishing her mother by breaking into song.

The more she thought of the matter the surer she was that she was right in her surmises, and entered the restaurant in an extremely cheerful state of mind the next morning. But her faith in her own prescience was badly shaken when Tom, in a solemn manner, called her into his office, and after fidgeting a little, said: "Miss Walton, I have decided to get a new cashier."

Peachey looked at him hard. He seemed to be terribly embarrassed. "Why, what's the matter with me?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing," stammered Tom, "only, you see—that is, I have another position in mind for you."

"Really? What is the pay? What is it?"

"As to the pay," said Tom, "there is no salary attached; but—but—oh, confound it! Can't you see? Haven't you understood? I want you to be my wife."

"And the reason you raised such a row about my talking with the young men customers was because—"

"Because I was jealous, I guess," replied Tom sheepishly.

"I guessed right, then," cried Peachey, and began to laugh. But Tom caught her in his arms and smothered her laughter with kisses.

Want a Nice Business On account of ill health of the owner, I now have the fine brick property, confectionery and cigar and tobacco store of the late Harry E. Klugh, on East Main St., Mount Joy for sale. House has all conveniences and will give possessor any time. Call, phone or write J. E. Schroll, Mt. Joy, Pa.

The Bulletin is always prompt in the delivery of all printing.

White Diarrhea Tablets advertisement with image of a person and text: 'We've Found What Prevents WHITE DIARRHEA...'

JOHNSON'S WAX Electric Floor Polisher advertisement with image of a woman and text: 'RENT this ELECTRIC FLOOR POLISHER for \$2.00 a DAY...'

A. H. BAKER'S 133 E. King St. advertisement with image of a sewing machine and text: 'Rotary Sewing Machines...'

Donegal Mill Hatchery advertisement with text: 'Donegal Mill Hatchery Custom Hatching...'

Phares E. Wolgemuth advertisement with text: 'Phares E. Wolgemuth Bell 140R6...'

Parker Fountain Pens advertisement with text: 'GIFT SHOP Parker Fountain Pens...'

Milady Shoppe advertisement with text: 'WE SPECIALIZE in all styles of LADIES' and CHILDREN'S HAIR DRESSING...'