

MT. JOY BULLETIN
 MOUNT JOY, PA.
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 The date of the expiration of your subscription follows your name on the label. We do not send receipts for subscription money received. Whenever you remit, see that you are given proper credit. We credit all subscribers on the first of each month.
 All correspondents must have their communications reach this office not later than Monday. Telephone news of importance between that time and 12 o'clock noon Wednesday. Changes for advertisements must positively reach this office not later than Monday night. New advertisements inserted if copy reaches us Tuesday night. Advertising rates on application.
 The subscription lists of the Landville Vigil, the Florin News and the Mount Joy Star and News, were merged with that of the Mount Joy Bulletin. The circulation of the paper's circulation about double that of the ordinary weekly.

EDITORIAL

THANKS TO THE TEACHERS
 A debt of gratitude is due the public school teachers who through an arduous school year have given the best energy of their nature to the problem of instructing the youth of our community. It is a job that calls for much self sacrifice, for unceasing diligence, and it involves nervous strain.

ADVERTISING LOWERS COSTS
 Newspaper advertising in America costs \$25,000,000 last year, a gain of \$15,000,000 over the previous year.

It has been argued that advertising is so much waste, so much added unnecessarily to the cost of the articles sold. In one sense, it is true; if the sales could be made without it, the prices could be just that much less to the consumer.

But the world buys only on information. It travels because it knows where to go, what it can see, how much it will cost. It builds because it reads how other people build and live and enjoy. It dresses in new fabrics because these come to its reading eyes. It is many times cheaper to get all this information by reading than in any other way. The world would settle down into a jumble of ignorance, unkempt, leave-me-alone provincial units, but for what it reads in the advertising columns.

PATRIOTISM

Holidays like Memorial day are commonly used as times for teaching patriotism. We are shown the superb example of the soldiers' sacrifice, and told to display a like spirit.

But there is no special reason to think that we are called on for patriotic service of that kind only on Memorial Day. We are asked for patriotic service constantly, and the way to give it is to try our best to make a better country.

There are many ways to do that. Voting at all primaries and elections is one. Reading and studying the newspapers, to find out what parties and candidates will give the best service, is a good way. Sending children to school just as long as we possibly can, so they will make good citizens, is an excellent way. Obeying the laws of the land is a good method of patriotism. We do not have to go to France or the Philippines to show patriotism. It can be manifested just as well right here in Mt. Joy.

CAPTAIN CHARLES LINDBERGH

A tall, loose-jointed, raw-boned youngster, his sheer daring and stark nonchalance made him the "choice" over the older and probably better aviators from the very first. They had elaborate equipment, a flock of mechanics, complicated plans and elaborate organizations. Lindbergh had no more plans, equipment or organization than a chicken hawk. Not Captain Lindbergh. He ran his own show. A man and a compass and a bottle of water, a sandwich or two and his own confidence, and he was on his way to win. And he won.

His face on the front page of a thousand newspapers has been the magnet for genuine and devoted interest. His smile, his figure, his youth, his record, his confidence, his very airplane had won their way into everybody's heart. He was of a moment, the country's kid. God bless him, he might be a fool, but he was a gorgeous fool, and everybody loves him.

It is more than Captain Lindbergh's adventure and triumph; it is the spirit of man uncovered to reveal a hidden beauty and strength which for all the futilities remains a perpetual hope.

COMING OUT OF THE MUD

One of the chief benefits the farmer derives from rainy good roads is that of being able to move his farm products to market quickly, cheaply and without inconvenience. The farmer's crops are his stock in trade. If he can market them without delay when the price is up, he is the gainer; if, because of bad roads, he is unable to get his products to market until after the price has declined, he loses.

In the old days when roads were good only in good weather, the farmer could do little satisfactory marketing. He was forced to take a chance on getting his products to the buyer on a rising market.

of expense, by protecting the old base with a waterproof wearing surface. This farm land is made available for use, which would otherwise be isolated due to distance from schools and markets and prohibitive cost of building standard types of state highway pavements.

The modern tractor and road machinery plus the water proofing qualities of asphalt are enabling hundreds of communities to come out of the mud.
 Good roads are probably next in importance to newspapers in unifying our people.

TAX REDUCTION DEPENDS ON MANAGEMENT

Objectives of taxpayers' associations, as revealed by a survey of the United States by the National Industrial Conference Board, may be distinguished as (a) the prevention of current extravagances in appropriations of public funds or instances of faulty financing, and (b) general improvement of the system of taxation.

Miller McClintock, Director of Municipal Research of Harvard University, whose work takes him all over the country, and who has a large acquaintance with city halls, makes some interesting statements on the workings of government in the Cambridge, Massachusetts, Tribune of April 23. Mr. McClintock claims that the type of government depends more upon the kind of men who are administering it than upon superficial changes in the form itself. He points out that no government is as bad as its opponents try to make out, and none so good as its proponents claim. The public gets the kind of government that it has the interest and intelligence to demand.

Mr. McClintock likened government to business and said that industry is no longer made up of only Capital and Labor. A new group has come into industry known as the Management group which performs duties for both Capital and Labor. These duties have become more and more a profession. Had it not been so, industry would never have reached its present state.

Stockholders (owners) rarely exercise any discretion at all, he declared, and asks, "Does that not teach us something about government as well?" Municipal government after all, isn't a matter of politics, he continued, but a matter of complicated business. Business is having a substantial effect upon government.

Just as the management of the modern industry is a thing separate and apart from mere ownership, so must management of public affairs become a thing apart from mere politics if government is to be most efficient and taxes reduced to a minimum.

RHEEMS

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. King and children, of Lansdowne, spent last Sunday at the home of Mrs. Susan G. Heisey, at Rheems.

The Rheems base ball nine crossed bats with the Bainbridge nine on Bainbridge grounds with a score of 7 to 5, in favor of the Rheems nine.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Bard and son, James, of Bethlehem, spent the week end at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Bard, at Rheems.

Church of the Brethren held their regular morning services at their Rheems church last Sunday after Sunday School with a large attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Heisey, Mr. and Mrs. Roy G. Heisey, of Rheems, spent last Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Gible, at Silver Spring.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Kraybill and daughters, Jean and Evelyn, of Rheems, attended the High School commencement at New Holland last Friday evening.

Phares W. Heisey, Miss Laura Espenshade, Elmer R. Kraybill, LeRoy Leedom, Victor Shank and Robert B. Kready, of Rheems, spent Memorial Day at Philadelphia at Shibe Park where they witnessed two games of ball.

The Mennonite congregation held their semi-annual commencement services at Mount Joy last Sunday morning. The following aged members participated: Martin Brubaker, of Mount Joy, aged 91 years; H. H. Bard, aged 85 years, from Rheems.

Harry Heisey, Robert Kready, Jacob Floyd and Luther Grove, of Rheems, spent Ascension Thursday touring through the following counties: Lancaster, Dauphin, Perry, Juniata, Snyder, Union, Lycoming and Northumberland, passing thru a hail storm near Williamsport, where they were able to shovel the large hail stones.

The third meeting of the four hundred club was held at the home of Miss Lillie Zeager, at Rheems, Wednesday evening with all members in attendance but one, after transacting important business, Miss Fannie Ruth Heisey, president, called upon Miss Lillie Zeager, who responded with an interesting recitation, followed with music by all the members singing Miss Forbes, the captain, delivered a short address, commending the members for the interest manifested in the work.

A Cleveland man has invented a device that controls traffic signals by sound and by the mere shriek of the fire engine's siren will change signals and halt all vehicles.

A railroad will be built in Albania by the men of Albania below the age of fifty years. They will work six days in the year for the state. Albania is the only nation in Europe without a railroad.

MAYTOWN

Miss Minnie Sterner spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Amanda Sterner.

Miss Louise Ulrich, of Elizabethtown, spent Sunday with Miss Lillian Sload.

Miss Dorothy Mayer is visiting Mr. and Mrs. George Irwin, at Asbury Park, New Jersey.

Miss Grace Albright, of Lancaster, spent the week-end with her sister, Mrs. Joseph Heugerson.

Mr. and Mrs. Paris Shelly, of Mt. Joy, visited Misses Annie and Mildred Garber, Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Frysinger, of Mt. Joy, spent Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. George Sload.

Samuel Johnston, of Hershey, spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James F. Johnston.

Miss Helen Barnhart, of Harrisburg, spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Barnhart.

D. A. Workman, a member of the Soldiers' Home, Virginia, is visiting his daughter, Mrs. George Huntzberger.

Rev. P. H. R. Mullen, of Swissvale, Pa., a former pastor of this place, spent several days with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Brandt and Miss Annie Lichtenberger, of Lancaster, visited Mr. and Mrs. James Johnston, Sunday.

Luther Straley and Miss Martha Epley, of Gettysburg, spent the week-end with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Straley.

Mr. and Mrs. George Shillow, of Columbia; Mrs. Henry Frank, Miss Verna Peck and Miss Hetty Hicks, of town, spent Sunday at Caledonia Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Kline Henderson, of Lancaster; Mrs. Barbara Welchans, Miss Gertrude McCowan and Lewis Henderson, of Coatesville, visited friends here Sunday.

Memorial Day was observed at this place Monday afternoon, beginning at 5 o'clock, with a parade, led by chief marshal, Amos Shenk, with the American Legion of Marietta; soldiers and sailors of the world war; veterans of Civil and Spanish-American wars; fraternal organizations and Sunday school children. Services were held in the Union cemetery. Prayer was given by Rev. C. A. Faust; flag drill, by girls and songs by school children.

cornet duet, by Frank and Carl Shenk; address, by Harold J. Budd of Franklin and Marshall college, Lancaster. After the exercises the parade moved to the Square and dismissed. Music was furnished by a local band.

SALUNGA

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fackler, on Wednesday evening, the mothers and daughters of the Salunga M. E. Sunday School were given a banquet by the men of the school. Those present were: Mrs. John Peifer, Mr. and Mrs. Levi Peifer, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Myers, Miss Gladys Myers, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Eby, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Kendig, Betty Jane Kendig, Mr. and Mrs. John Kendig, Mrs. Phares Sethman, Mrs. Harry Stehman, Mr. and Mrs. N. N. Baer, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Peifer, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Myers and daughters, Katherine, Mildred and Edith, Mr. and Mrs. William Fackler, Mary Fackler, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Spahr, Mrs. Jacob Minnich and daughter, Miss Klem Sue Fackler, Miss Heimes, Mr. and Mrs. Owen Hardy and son, Nelson; Esther Kendig, Anna Fackler, Margaret Schaeffer, Mary Kendig, Anna Hall, Ellen Nissley, Eleanor Fackler, Daniel Fackler, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Peifer, Marshall Cooper, George Shenk, William Fackler, Jr., Mrs. Q. O. Reitzel and daughter, Joan.

Not Just What She Wanted
 They had been married for over two years and were beginning to miss the bliss and ecstasy of their courtship.

"John," she sighed, "you have changed so. Don't you remember that once you used to say such sweet things to me? Often you would sing snatches of popular love songs, but now you never do."

Her husband looked up from his paper.
 "Oh, is that so?" he cried. "Then how about this?"

He stood up and sang loudly:
 "I don't care what you used to be, I know what you are today!"—*Montreal Star.*

Wasps That Eat Metal
 An insect known as the steel wood wasp can do considerable damage to lead.

A piece of pine wood infested with larvae of this wasp had been used as a core on which to roll some sheet lead. When, on reaching maturity, they attempted to escape, they cut through the lead instead of traveling lengthwise through the wood.

Each sheet of metal was one-tenth of an inch thick, and the insects penetrated 15 thicknesses of lead before escaping.

Information
 Mother was asking her son about the fine points of hockey. Question after question she asked him, and he answered glibly, for like all youths, he was well versed in sports at least.

The small youngster was listening wide-eyed to all these questions. Finally she said in amazement: "Why do you ask brother all these questions? You're older than he is and you must know more than he does. Besides I thought you knew everything anyway!"—*Springfield Union.*

Tune in on Far Program
 Are you listening in on the farm and garden programs of WPSG broadcasting station at Pennsylvania State College each Monday evening at 8 o'clock? Tune in on the latest information.

The Nicely Bobbed "Barbara Bobs"
 By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

(Copyright.)

HENRY VYNER rumbled his fair hair in vain. No hint of an inspiration came to his brain—it seemed temporarily drained of all plots and he was under contract to the Argus to turn out another mystery story before another sun had set over his article window.

Henry began to wish he had taken up brick laying as a profession. Perhaps it tired the muscles but certainly there would be none of that devastating brain fog that besets the overworked writer of fiction. And, not least in consideration, there would be the regular weekly check of goodly proportions coming in to help pay for having old suits pressed and shabby hats rebobbed.

Then, out of that fog-bound intellect Henry found himself looking at a girl's face—a face so contorted by the frantic effort she was making to find a vital spot in her throat with a pair of ghastly sharp scissors that Henry wasn't sure whether or not she was even good-looking. The face was reflected in a small mirror that hung in the light of a window for the purpose of assisting the daily shave.

Henry took a swift survey of the windows of the flats opposite and yes—there in the window just across the court he could see the girl in her awful effort to stab herself successfully with those murderous scissors.

Would he be in time?
 Henry sprinted down the stairs, dashed to the apartment door round the corner, flung himself up the four flights of stairs and rang the bell with a loud peal that might have awakened the fire brigade itself.

He stood waiting then with his heart pounding.

He breathed a sigh of relief, for within the apartment he heard foot-steps approaching the door. And to Henry's now vivid imagination he fancied the footsteps dragged as if the girl were uncertain as to whether she would answer the summons or continue her determination to end it all.

Henry braced himself as he heard the door being opened. The girl night, in her fevered, unstrung state of mind attempt to bury those blades in his own flesh by mistake.

She opened the door and stood gazing wide-eyed at her imperious door-bell ringer. Certainly she looked distraught and she still clutched the scissors in her right hand while with the other she endeavored to push back the half head of long hair that hung across her shoulder.

"What is it?" Is the house on fire or something?" she swiftly inquired of the troubled looking young man at her door.

"No—er—nothing like that—I simply thought you were trying to do away with yourself with those scissors. I saw you from my window making such frantic efforts to find your jugular vein or whatever vein it is that runs through the throat that—I dashed across to save you." Henry stood gazing at the girl who now—with her face set into normal lines gave him a great sense of pleasure.

"Me—why that's the very last thing in the world I'd think of doing. It's a pretty jolly old world to be alive and kicking in, I think." Then she burst into laughter so merry that Henry was forced to join her.

"Then why the awful efforts with those?" he indicated the scissors.

She stopped laughing long enough to answer him. "I was merely bobbing my hair or rather trying to, and I have made pretty much of a mess of it—I've been hacking away trying to see the back of my head for nearly half an hour. I loathe going to hair-dressers—that's the reason I've put up with long hair when nearly the entire world is bobbed."

Henry gazed at the hair in question and a smile grew in his eyes. "You certainly are making rather a mess of it—looks a bit choppy—I have a hunch I could improve on your work so you would be at least presentable."

Joyce stood doubtfully gazing at Henry, needing his proffered assistance, badly and realizing in her heart that since he had made such a frantic effort to save the life of a complete stranger—he must be a right sort of chap. Besides, Joyce had a queer little feeling that she would grow to like Henry Vyner—his eyes were so blue and honest and mirthful.

She opened the door wider and Henry stepped inside her dainty little flat. Once inside they looked at each other and burst into laughter. Certainly they presented a funny picture.

If there is one emotion that sends two persons straightway into the bonds of friendship it's wholesome laughter, and Joyce and Henry assuredly entered by that door.

"And now to work," said Henry taking the great scissors from her hands, "you can't go about half shorn any longer. Sit in that chair in a good light, and if you are satisfied with the job I give you your going to sign a contract to let me do it all ways. In the meantime I have found an idea for a story which I shall call 'Barbara Bobs,' and when I've sent it away this afternoon you must meet me and have dinner—somewhere."

"If you bob me nicely—I will," Joyce smiled sweetly up at Henry.

"You will be bobbed more than nicely," said Henry, and knew that the little God of Inspiration had come to him in love.

Better Grab This
 If there is any one who wants a good paying business in this section, here it is. A large limestone quarry with house, barn, crusher, horse, trucks, all tools, etc., now in operation to be sold. Possession any time. Don't fool around if you are interested. Call phone or write Jno. E. Schroll, Mt. Joy. Phone 41R2.

There are between fifty and seventy-five thousand deaf children in the United States.



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CLARENCE SCHOCK, Mount Joy
 PHONE 29

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