

# M. T. GARVIN & CO.

Next Door to the Court House  
LANCASTER, PA.

## A Great Two Day Sale Friday & Saturday at Garvin's

Ushering out the month of June with two stirring days of Value-Giving, Seldom Equalled. We planned this event with the thought in mind "to Give You an Opportunity to Buy Summer Needs at Remarkable Savings" and "Give Us an Opportunity to End up the Month of June with Greater Sales Volume than Last Year."

So come and buy as much as your needs will allow, as the old saying "the more you buy the more you save" holds true in this sale.

### HALF PRICE SALE OF COATS

Regular \$24.50 Coats at \$12.25  
Regular \$39.50 Coats at \$19.75  
Regular \$49.50 Coats at \$24.75

### HALF PRICE SALE OF DRESSES

Regular \$15.95 Dresses at \$7.98  
Regular \$24.05 Dresses at \$12.25

### HALF PRICE SALE OF MILLINERY

Regular \$15.95 Dresses at \$7.98  
Regular \$24.50 Dresses at \$12.25

Women's and Misses' Ensembles at \$2.00  
Girls' and Misses' \$1.50 and \$1.95 Knickers at \$1  
Women's Joann Sandals at \$3.45 (Reg. \$6.85 Val)  
262 Pairs of Children's Regular \$2.45 and \$2.85 Low Shoes at \$1.85

Women's and Misses' Dolly Madison Blonde and Light Color Pumps at \$5.85  
Children's 59c Voile Dresses at 38c (Sizes 1 to 5 yrs)

Women's \$1.25 Humming Bird Silk Hose at 89c  
Children's Gordon Half Hose at 25c  
Men's \$1.50 Work Pants at 94c  
Men's 50c Hose at 33c  
Men's \$1 Union Suits, 63c (Black and White mixed)  
Women's \$1.95 Rayon Undies at \$1.39  
Children's 79c Rayon Bloomer Suits at 2 for \$1.29  
Boys' B. V. D. Union Suits at 67c  
Women's 47c Extra Size Union Suits 2 for 79c  
Women's 69c Rayon Suits at 46c  
Women's Rayon Undies at 63c  
Women's Dress Slips at 85c (Broadcloth and Non-Cling Materials)

Women's Silk Undies at \$1.89  
Women's \$3 Girdles and Combinations at \$1.50  
Box of 15 Bath Torpedoes and Bath Powder with Puff at 79c

Vivaudou French Imp Toilet Soap, Reg. 10c cake, 5c  
\$1 Wahl Eversharp Pencils at 60c  
\$1 Suntan Pearl Necklaces at 50c  
\$1 Shoe Bags at 69c  
5c Basting Cotton 3 Spools for 11c  
\$1 Kleinfert's Brassiere Shields at 69c

Boys' \$10 Blazers at \$7.95  
Special Lot of Boys' Sport Blouses at 79c  
Boys' Genuine Palm Beach Golf Pants at \$1.95

\$1.95 Rayon Bed Spreads at \$1.39  
21c Toweling 5 yards for 73c  
98c Bath Mats at 49c  
79c Oilcloth Table Covers at 49c  
\$6.98 Linen Covers at \$4.98  
Maderia Linens at Half Price  
Hand Embroidered Bridge Sets at 50c  
Turkish Towels at 10c  
85c Tub Silks at 69c Yard  
Natural Colored Pongee at 35c Yard  
39c Chintz Prints at 29c Yard  
75c Dress Linens at 39c Yard  
Lingerie Crepes at 19c Yard  
Stamped Bedroom and Dining Room Sets at 79c  
Stamped Pillow Cases at 69c  
Ruffled Curtains with Tie Backs at 39c Pair  
Terry Cloth and Cretonne at 50c Yard

### SPECIAL PRICES ON GRASS RUGS

#### DELTOX RUGS

Regular \$9.95 size 9x12 Rugs at \$7.50  
Regular \$8.95 size 8x12 Rugs at \$6.50  
Regular \$8.95 size 6x12 Rugs at \$6.50  
Regular \$6.95 size 6x9 Rugs at \$5.50  
Regular \$3.95 size 4.6x7.6 Rugs at \$3.75  
Regular \$1.95 size 36x63 inch Rugs at \$1.50  
Regular \$1.39 size 27x54 inch Rugs at 98c

#### IMPORTED GRASS RUGS

Regular \$4.95 size 9x12 Rugs at \$4  
Regular \$3.95 size 8x12 Rugs at \$3  
Regular \$3.95 size 6x12 Rugs at \$3  
Regular \$2.95 size 6x9 Rugs at \$2.20  
Regular \$1.95 size 4x7 Rugs at \$1.50  
Regular 95c size 36x63 Rugs at 75c  
Regular 59c size 27x54 inch Rugs at 45c

#### DELTOX BY THE YARD

Regular 79c Quality 27 inches wide at 55c  
Regular 98c Quality 36 inches wide at 75c  
Regular \$1.49 Quality 54 inches wide at \$1.20  
Regular \$1.95 Quality 72 inches wide at \$1.50

### Specials in Garvin's Downstairs Store

200 Women's and Misses' New Silk Dresses at \$2.77

Children's and Misses' Pumps and Oxfords at \$1.50  
Table of Women's Low Shoes at 89c Pair  
Women's Lisle Hose 19c or 2 Pcs 35c (Slightly Irregular)  
Men's Union Suits at 45c or 2 for 75c  
Fancy Dimities at 19c yard

## BANDIT KIDNAPS A SALUNGA MAN

(From page 1)

about one o'clock, after visiting his lady friend here. As he was about to drive his car into the garage near the house, he saw a figure leap from behind the door of the garage, and run for his car. He attempted to speed away but the motor of his car choked and the bandit jumped on the running board of his car beside him, pressed a revolver against his head and told him to quietly move over. Newcomer recognized the holdup man as the one who shot at him a week previously.

Newcomer thought discretion the better part of valor, and handed over the wheel to the bandit. The highwayman then sped south on the Lancaster-Harrisburg road, meanwhile keeping the revolver in one hand.

"How much money do you have with you tonight?" he asked.

Newcomer replied, "Just a little."  
"Are you the boy who sells stocks?" the bandit asked angrily.

Told that he had mistaken Newcomer for his brother, the bandit hastily stopped the car, pulled out a hardkerchief, sprinkled a sweet-smelling fluid on it, and while holding it against Newcomer's nose told him to keep quiet "or I'll load you full of lead."

When Newcomer awoke, his car was standing on a strange road, the bandit was gone, and he was suffering from a violent headache.

#### Reports to Police

Newcomer learned from people residing on the road that he was near Berlin, New Jersey, and about 20 miles from Camden. He hurried to the New Jersey State Police barracks at Berlin, and reported his experience. It was then about six o'clock Sunday morning.

Suffering from the ill effects of the continued application of chloroform, and nervous from his frightening experience, Newcomer started the trip back to Salunga. His mind dazed, he became lost in Philadelphia, and the return trip ended at 3 o'clock Monday morning.

He was confined to his home on Monday but Tuesday morning was able to be about.

Newcomer is confident that he could identify his abductor on sight. He describes him as being tall, well built, with dark hair, a light complexion and good color, and having a large, deep scar on the right side of his face, and a long, straight nose. The bandit wore a dark blue shirt, a brown coat, light trousers, and a hat.

#### New Jersey Seeks Bandit

During the conversation, before the highwayman chloroformed Newcomer, he told Newcomer that he had been watching him for a month, Newcomer said Tuesday.

At the time of the hold up, Newcomer was driving a large, expensive car, similar to one which his brother, Melvin, uses, he said, and believes that the bandit mistook him for the brother because of that fact.

The brother, Melvin, is spending his vacation in Florida.

The bandit, although handling his victim roughly, in order to accomplish his own purposes, allowed Newcomer to keep a small amount of money and his jewelry.

A portion of Newcomer's story was verified Tuesday night, by New Jersey State Police, who are conducting a search for the bandit.

#### Frenchman's Clever Trick

A racketeer of Paris profited richly by investigation of French tariff laws, but ran into a difficulty, the Living Age records.

He gained the title, le marchand de canards, by finding that wild duck eggs are duty free, and noting that they cannot be told from domestic duck eggs—before they hatch.

He did a thriving trade with farmers, being able to undersell all other egg dealers. When, however, he attempted to call again on his customers, he had to make a getaway as fast as had been that of the chicks two weeks after they had left the shells.

#### Infant Identification

Identifying babies is so hard sometimes that the authorities of the canton of Argovie, Switzerland, have adopted the Bertillon system for newborn babies in order to avoid litigation concerning the identity of the child in later years. Babies must be measured, weighed, their finger prints taken, and any birth marks noted on an official form, for which the doctor and nurse are responsible, as well as for the legal registration of the babies. Further, the parents of the child must sign the document, so as to avoid any mistake.

#### Harvest Spinach Often

New Zealand spinach is harvested as soon as the tips of the branches may be cut back about two inches. After a few days new branches, bearing leaves, will be put out. A constant supply until frost is possible with this treatment.

#### Protect Pigs From Mange

Mange stunts pigs and prevents satisfactory gains. In severe cases they become unmarketable. Dip the pigs in a one to 40 dilution of lime-sulphur. Keep the quarters clean.

When it's job printing you need, anything from a card to a book, we are at your service. **tf**

Turn useless articles about your home into cash. Advertise them in our classified column. **tf**

## Emily and the West

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

(Copyright.)

EMILY sat with her eyes glued to the flying landscape as the great transcontinental train bore her across the plains.

For a girl whose previous wanderings had been limited to an occasional trolley ride between her own home town and the city some fifteen miles away, this sudden journey carried elements of drama.

Her entire equipment for the affair consisted of a wardrobe done in the best manner of the local dressmaker, a chamois bag about her neck containing what was left after paying for her ticket of the money sent by Uncle Will, and a mind stored with much reading of so-called "Western fiction."

The wardrobe was the least important item. Emily's great gray eyes, her delicate nose, her comelier throat would have surmounted any inadequacies of raiment.

The money—well, of course, that was an essential without which, along with Uncle Will's invitation to spend a summer on his Wyoming ranch, Emily would still be back home, playing the piano for Jane Stiles, the kindergarten, and trying to make up her mind whether or not to marry Brent Appleton, embryo druggist.

But it was the hours that Emily had spent pouring over the Great West that were now coloring the whole trip for her. Not a horseman on the horizon but became for Emily a rope-throwing, bronco-busting cowboy.

Her fellow passengers, especially a pleasant looking young man in the seat opposite, could not help but be amused at Emily's enthusiasms. The young man, Phillip Granger, found himself watching her even as she watched the scenery.

Suddenly, just after the train had left behind a tiny town consisting of a station, six or seven other buildings and a grain elevator, and was pulling up a slight grade that signalled an approach to more rugged country, the cars stopped with a jerk and a grinding of brakes that all but threw down one or two passengers standing in the aisle.

Phillip got up and, hands in his pocket, sauntered toward the front of the car. He was halted by the sound of a clear, sweet voice making itself heard above the general hubbub. "It's probably a holdup. Better hide your money and your jewels!"

The laugh which followed relieved the tension, but Phillip noticed that, although Emily flushed at the derision with which her warning was greeted, she did not appear convinced of her mistake. "It's a holdup," she insisted. "You'll see—"

At that instant, the door in the rear of the car was flung open. Two masked men, holding aimed revolvers, entered.

"Hands up!"

Grins at Emily's remark had long ago faded from all faces. White-faced women and impatient, raging men were swiftly relieved of purses, watches, rings.

Then they were gone. The passengers saw them join half a dozen similarly masked companions and gallop off into the hills.

Emily became the center of attention. It was Phillip, however, who asked the question that trembled on all lips. "How did you know it was a holdup, Miss—"

"Tremont!" supplied Emily promptly. (What a handsome person this young man was—a truly western type!) "What else could it possibly be?" she continued. "A stop on a grade in the hills! Not another town for miles!"

Phillip shook his head. "My dear young lady," he said firmly, "I have made this trip twice a year for twelve summers and this is the first episode of this kind I ever witnessed!"

Emily considered his words meekly for a moment. Then she recovered. "I expected to be held up from the minute we reached Chicago," she declared, "and was prepared. I carried my money around my neck and the instant the train stopped I took off my rings and sat on them!"

The following day they reached Cheyenne where Emily's uncle was to meet her.

Phillip, who was going to the coast, got off to carry her bag for her.

"I'll run down and see you, if I may, next winter," he said, holding her slim hand a minute longer than the law allowed. "My home is in Cambridge. This is merely the way I spend my vacations!" True western type indeed!

Presently, she was being helped into a great monster of a car by general Uncle Will. She had hoped to be met with a buckboard and team.

Phillip she never saw again. Brent married Jane Stiles, the kindergarten. As for Emily—

Emily took to writing western fiction for The West as She Is Magazine and, in due time, married its editor.

#### To Insure Prompt Service

Mr. Pester—Why are you trying to phone my office at this time in the morning? There's nobody there.  
His Wife—I know what I'm doing. I'll want to tell you when dinner will be ready this evening, and if I commence now I'll get the connection just in time.

#### Meet Thursday

The Sisterhood Bible Class of the U. B. church will hold their regular monthly class meeting on Thursday at the home of Mrs. Wm. Strickler, near town.

In order that a public sale, festival, supper, musical or any like event be a success, it must be thoroughly advertised. Try the Bulletin. **tf**

## YOUNG FOLKS JOIN IN WEDLOCK

(From page 1)

the Klein Chocolate Company at Elizabethtown.

Mr. Kepler is a graduate of the Renova High school and holds a position with the government at Renova.

#### Baker—Rogers

The double ring ceremony was performed on Saturday afternoon at 1 o'clock at the parsonage of the Sixth Street United Evangelical church, Harrisburg, when Rev. Ralph H. Borman, pastor, united in marriage Miss Irene Baker, the daughter of Mrs. Ella Baker, of Salunga, and Mr. Albert Rodgers, the son of Mrs. Bessie Rodgers, of Mt. Joy. Mrs. Ralph H. Borman attended the couple.

Immediately after the ceremony the young couple returned to their newly furnished home at Salunga, where a reception was given in their honor.

The following guests were present: Mr. and Mrs. Albert Rodgers, Mrs. Ella Baker, Mrs. Willis Young, Miss Grace Miller, of Salunga; Mrs. Bessie Rodgers, Mr. Walter H. Derr, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stark, of Mt. Joy; Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth Parmer, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Weber, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Bachman, Mr. and Mrs. Garland Franklin, of Lancaster; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Haldean, of Lititz.

The couple received many beautiful gifts.

#### Spangler—Brown

A beautiful church wedding was solemnized on Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock, when the Rev. Wm. Dumville, rector of St. Luke's Episcopal church, this place, performed the marriage rites between Miss Barbara Spangler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Spangler, of Lebanon, and Mr. Benjamin Brown, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Brown, of this place. The ring ceremony was used.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore a gown of white silk taffeta, which was caught at the waistline with tulle lace and orange blossoms. Her veil was cap-shaped, with a crown effect of pearls and crystals in the front, and held in place by orange blossoms. The veil was tulle lace strewn with crystals, pearls and orange blossoms, and had a deep embroidered border. Her bridal bouquet was of white rose buds and lilies of the valley.

Her sister, Miss Elizabeth Spangler, of Lebanon, was maid of honor, and wore orchid georgette, with a picture hat to match. She carried yellow rose buds and blue delphinium.

Mr. Joseph Charles, of this place was best man, and Mr. Harold Brown, a brother of the groom, was usher.

Mrs. Elwood Gillums, a sister of the groom, played the processional and the recessional for the wedding party and wore orchid crepe de chine with a black hat.

The church was beautifully decorated with larkspur, Shasta daisies, orange blossoms, sweet william, sweet peas, coreopsis, cream roses, and snow ball hydrangeas.

A reception for the couple was held at the home of the groom's parents, after the ceremony, at which about sixty guests were present. Many beautiful gifts were received by the couple.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown left on a wedding trip by motor to Watkins Glen, Niagara Falls, and other points of interest.

On their return, they will be at home to their friends, at the home of the groom's parents on Jacob Street.

## OUR MORTUARY RECORDINGS

(From page 1)

was a daughter of the late Adam and Martha McElroe Bair. Besides her husband she is survived by two children, Mrs. C. K. Kreider, of Mannheim R. D.; and Mrs. Walter L. Bremann, of Lancaster Junction; also seven grandchildren, one great-grandchild, and a sister, Mrs. Lotie Heineman, of Butler county.

Funeral services were held at the late home this afternoon at the Reformed Mennonite church, Landisville. Burial in the adjoining cemetery.

#### Supplement Pastures

Pastures will soon become short. Plan now for summer and fall feeding of all cows in milk by providing green feed, silage, or grain. More milk, more profit, and better physical condition of the cows will result, say Penn State dairy specialists.

#### Give Sweet Peas Water

One of the secrets of growing sweet peas is to supply plenty of water at all times. A mulch of grass clippings will help to conserve moisture around the sweet peas.

#### Festival Postponed

The festival advertised to be held in the park at Florin by the Men's Bible Class, on Saturday evening, June 22, was postponed for one week, to June 29.

There is no better way to boost your business than by local newspaper advertising. **tf**

## Thought All City Girls Alike

By ADELAIDE D. HUFF

(Copyright.)

"GEE, golly, this is the dearest place that ever was!" Margaret Adair exclaimed to herself as she sat on the porch of the old farmhouse and listened to the tiny songs of myriad insects in the dewy grass.

Back home they called her Margaret the Heartless. Margaret the Flapper. All men were grist to her mill, this she openly admitted; but if she had ever once become the least bit interested herself no one ever found out. She knew exactly the route her affairs would take—frank admiration, ardent love-making and subsequent proposal followed by flat refusal.

It was natural that Elmwood farm should prove a trifle monotonous to Margaret, but the doctor had said that a complete rest was essential after her breakdown and had insisted that she be sent where late hours would be impossible and jazz music a thing unknown.

At the sound of footsteps on the gravelled walk, Margaret looked through the honeysuckle vines and saw Claire Elmwood and Bill Dickson come slowly up the path. Such a plain little thing, Margaret reflected. How did she manage to get even a country man interested? At the steps they stopped and Bill kissed the girl good night.

"You're the sweetest little thing," he whispered, holding her close, "You love me?"

"Oh, Bill," the girl answered, "how can you love me after seeing that pretty Miss Adair? I was so afraid—I believe I'd die if—"

"Shucks," Bill said, "She couldn't make any fellow love her. She's too stuck on herself. I wouldn't give a snap for a dozen like her."

"So-o-o—" thought Margaret, her eyes narrowing in the dark. "I'll have to start a little campaign. Here's something to do at last."

In a moment Claire ran into the house, Bill turned and went home and Margaret, still undiscovered, sat on in the deep shadows and thought. Bill owned half interest in the adjoining farm, she knew, and she had often watched him as he followed the plow, his sunburned, muscular arms bare almost to the shoulder.

The next morning Margaret appeared in her smart knicker suit. She knew how absurdly diminutive she looked in this outfit, and that it was always a sure-fire hit. As soon as breakfast was over, she climbed the fence that divided the two farms and picked her way over the rough, shoddy ground.

"Good morning," she called as she approached Bill and the team, standing at the end of a row. "I wanted to pat your horses."

She put out a daintily manicured hand and stroked the sleek neck of the nearest horse. The animal shied slightly and Margaret jumped back to safety.

"Oh, he frightened me," she said in a scared little voice.

"He won't hurt you," said Bill protectively. "I'll hold his bridle. Now, you can pat him all you want."

"I'm awfully lonesome up here," the girl said pensively after a moment. "I'm just dying to take some hikes around here, but I haven't anyone to go with me and I'd be afraid to go alone. I'm crazy to go up on Sunset hill, but—"

"Would you—go with me?" Bill asked after a moment.

"Oh, would you take me?" exclaimed Margaret clapping her hands. "When could we go? Why not after supper tonight?"

"Yes, I reckon that'd be all right. You could meet me over at that oak at the far side of the field. I—Claire—"

"Yes, I know," Margaret answered quickly.

"You're engaged to Claire and she mightn't like it. We won't tell her."

That evening Margaret ran along the edge of the field toward the big oak tree. She found Bill waiting for her.

"You have the most adorable way of smoking a pipe," she greeted him. "It's so—he-mannish or something."

Bill laughed and took her arm as they started off toward Sunset hill. They climbed for an hour or more before reaching the top, then finally dropped on a huge rock to rest.

"It's gorgeous here," she said after a moment, slipping her hand into his. And she was amazed by the thrill his touch gave her.

"You reckon it's wrong when you're engaged to one girl to kiss another?" he asked after a moment.

"Of course not, silly," she laughed. She felt his arm tighten around her and a second later kisses were raining on her face.

"Bill, you darling," she whispered at last. "Why, why—what's the matter?" she stammered.

"Nothing," he answered. "It's just like I thought. All these city girls are alike. I've been to town once or twice myself. I'd like to see Claire kissin' a fellow she'd never seen more than once or twice in her life and him engaged to another girl at that!"

For a second Margaret stared at him in the dim light of the moon, then suddenly she burst out laughing.

"That's the biggest joke on me yet," she said at last.

"I don't see the joke," the man answered loftily. "No, you wouldn't," Margaret retorted good naturedly.

Consistent and NOT spasmodic advertising always pays best. Each time you stop advertising, the public thinks you quit business. **tf**

When it's job printing you need, anything from a card to a book, we are at your service. **tf**

There is no better way to boost your business than by local newspaper advertising. **tf**

## Friendly Thoughts By P. B. Beck



The dawn is a promise of the day's opportunities. Each minute is a new starting place, each step an occasion for high courage.

We serve sympathetically with full appreciation of the occasion's requirements.

**BECK BROS.  
FUNERAL DIRECTORS  
MANHEIM & LITZ  
PHONE MANHEIM 52-R3  
PHONE LITZ 31-J**

## The Mount Joy Building & Loan Association

The great problem confronting the average man and woman who long to own a home is often that of financing it. But millions of happy home owners, who have been confronted with this problem have, proved conclusively that where the ambition is a worthy one the way can be found.

During the past year we have assisted in paying for six homes in Mount Joy and community.

#### Pay for Your Home as Rent

Shareholders May Borrow on Their Stock