



in the ribs and the doctors couldn't probe for the bullet because he was too darn ticklish.

When a family has no car, no radio, no piano, and she has no furs or jewelry—just put down in your little booklet that they have money.

The other day Chief Zerphey had to call a lady driver down. He told her that her clutch wasn't working right. She said: "That's funny; my boy friend never complains about it."

There's a certain chap in town who is absolutely no good. I said I can't see why he don't mend his ways but I guess its because he ain't worth a darn.

A man at Florin said to his neighbor: "Why do you always speak of your wife as trotting around? She isn't a horse."

He said: "Well, maybe not; but she's a great nag."

The Latest Thing Uncle Eli—Say, Hiram, what be ye a-puttin' that there contraption way up on the peak of yer barn fer? Be ye plum crazy?

Hiram Low—Crazy nuthin'! I'm riggin' up a rural letter box so we kin ketch the air mail when it goes by by grav.

A chap on East Donegal street told me he'll never go to hear those talkies. His wife does enough of that at home.

You may say what you please about Art Garber, of Florin, he and Grand-

pap sure gave two fellows a dern good lesson on quots and horse-shoe pitching Sunday afternoon. If the opposition threw a ringer, they'd put one on top. At one pitching A. D. threw two ringers. They say they are open to meet all comers. Curley says he'd like to give those two veterans a lesson in pinchole.

I was kidding Anna Kramer about reading a love story and she said it wasn't such a story. It was about two married people.

Up at Thomas' restaurant Saturday night a young fellow came in, walked to a table and as he did the lady sitting there said: "If you sit down at this table I'll leave."

He replied: "I'd appreciate that."

Just heard of a man who is organizing a foot ball team that will sweep anything it meets. He's going around to the different jails trying to get eleven murderers.

I see by the papers that a man who gave two girls a lift, was arrested for stealing their suit cases. They surely were old fashioned girls as the modern ones need no suit cases.

"Its all over but the shouting" said a fellow in the park Saturday night as he took the last drink out of his bottle.

I asked a man from town if he saw any of the army tanks over at Mount Gretna.

He said: "Yes, a lot of 'em. Those soldiers drink something awful."

Sweet Inquirer to hotel clerk: How much are your rooms? Clerk: Five dollars up to twelve. Same: How much for one all night?

A Rural Carrier tried to turn the Post Office into a perfumery on picnic day. He accepted a weasel for mailing from a patron on his route without being skinned or dried, which is prohibited. Evidently this carrier did not know the Postal laws and regulations, but he is a licensed trapper, fisher and hunter.

It was almost impossible for the Postmaster and Miss Pennell to remain in the building until closing time, due to the odor. The Postmaster was at a loss to determine how he would enter the Post Office without a gas mask.

He decided to borrow Roy Sheetz's gas mask to enter the office but Mr. Sheetz was in bed at the early hour in the morning, so the Postmaster entered with difficulty but reached a window in time to save his life.

The Helping Hand Sergeant Simpson was talking seriously to a new recruit.

"Under comradeship," he continued, "we put all that one man would do for another. For example, Smith, what would you do if your chum had his breakfast on the table, his buttons not cleaned and the bugle went for parade?"

Smith had the answer ready.

"Well," he said, "I'd eat his breakfast so's he could clean them buttons all right!"

Advertise in The Bulletin.

EDUCATING THE MOTORING PUBLIC

VALUABLE INFORMATION FOR MOTORISTS FURNISHED THE BULLETIN BY LANCASTER AUTOMOBILE CLUB

The Lancaster Automobile Club calls attention in its weekly bulletin to a recent opinion handed down by Judge William H. Keller, Lancaster, in Superior Court, who held that vehicles moving along street or highway have the right of way over those being driven onto the roadway from a parking place on the side; even though the operator of the car entering the line of traffic gives a signal by extending his hand.

"Judge Keller's decision sets at rest any question as to whether or not an extended arm signal gives the car being driven from a parking place the right of way," explained S. Edward Gable, president of the Auto Club. "It clearly places responsibility for any accident resulting from such a situation on the shoulders of the driver of the vehicle entering the street or highway from a parking place."

The Keller opinion was on an appeal taken in the case of Bunitzky et al versus the American Stores Company, tried in Luzerne county. Two trucks belonging to the company, according to evidence, were parked along the State highway between Wilkes Barre and Bloomsburg. As Bunitzky, traveling at about fifteen miles per hour, neared the two vehicles, suddenly and without warning, according to the court record, the rear truck pulled out into the road in front of him, causing a collision that damaged the Bunitzky truck and the goods loaded upon it.

In his decision Judge Keller held that "he (the driver of the vehicle leaving the parking place) was to be seen that approaching traffic was not endangered by his movement before he attempted it, and his failure to do so was negligence. Putting out his hand, even if it be believed that he did so, did not give him the right to cut into the road regardless of approaching vehicles."

"It is always safest and best," said President Gable, of the Auto Club, "to be sure that the way is clear for you to enter a line of traffic from a parking place. Accidents caused by failure of drivers to do this are too frequent and nearly all of them could be averted if a little more of caution were practiced."

Trace Pipe Organ Back to Earliest Civilization

The story of the pipe organ—the noblest of musical instruments—abounds in romance, for its beginning lies in remote antiquity and its development follows the progress of civilization for more than 2,000 years. Limited space permits only briefest mention of a few cardinal points in its history.

Of first importance, the parent instrument was a set of pipes fastened together in a row and made to sound by the direct force of the breath. Later some 200 years before Christ, there came the water organ, which, in turn, gave place to the bellows type of instrument that was first used in the church about 400 A. D. It is the bellows type, highly perfected, that is in common use today.

In this country, our strait-laced Puritan ancestors opposed music as an invention of the Evil One himself, so its acceptance came slowly, and up to the middle of the Seventeenth century, only that of the crudest kind was heard.

The real history of the pipe organ in America began about 1713, with the importation from England of what has come to be known as the Brattle organ. It came to Boston, Mass., as the property of Thomas Brattle, a prominent man of the time, and was set up in King's chapel.

Other organs were imported in the years that followed, until John Clemm produced the first American-built instrument in 1737.

Dread of Evil Spirits Inherent in Papuans

Papuans are pagan, and largely governed by superstitious beliefs handed down from generation to generation. The Papuan cautiously approaches the rocks on the shores of the ocean and inland streams lest a spirit that abides there stir up a storm. A spirit in the clouds destroys their children, but the strongest spirit lurks in the forests. For this reason tribesmen seldom venture out at night. Papuan villages are built more for protection than comfort. Near the sea coast and rivers many of them are built over the water, while in the interior they occupy the hills where the tribesmen can survey the neighborhood for enemy invaders. If a village is in a valley, it is usually protected by a high stockade or the huts are in the tree tops. Tree platforms are the tribal watch-towers.

Trumped

Dropping into his club, a thirsty member ordered a bottle of beer, but before he could enjoy it he was called away to the telephone. In order to protect his property he seized the top card of a pack—it happened to be the three of diamonds, and, writing his name upon it, leaned it against the bottle and went to answer the call.

When he returned his beer had gone. "I say," he complained loudly, "where's my drink?" "Oh, didn't you know?" chuckled a nearby denizen of an easy chair. "Old Jenkins came along with the ten of diamonds and took the trick."

Fritz, a Good Matchmaker

By LEETE STONE

ON EITHER side of the four downward steps that led to Fritz' Greenwich Village bookshop were rainstreaked stands stacked with dusty books, magazines and mid-Victorian color prints.

A bell jingled when the rickety black door creaked inward, disclosing a deep rectangle of twilight dim obscurity.

This was a dark, mausoleum room with all manner of books grotesquely piled, tumbled and shelved in every conceivable crevice of space.

Gaunt, gray-bearded Fritz was monarch of all these forgotten relics of faded inspiration. For years he had lived, and had saved enough to buy a tenement from the earnings of this literary totem.

Annette Abbey lived in Greenwich Village; but she was not of it. She had drawn a French mother's humor from a shaken hat of traits; with the other childish hand she had snatched a British father's mental poise and fibre.

One day Annette essayed the forbidding door of Fritz; entered the dim room where Weed and Greeley must have browsed in ante-bellum days, bearing in her graceful hand a slim, lavender-hued volume.

Fritz was thoughtfully masticating his noon hour cheese and onion sandwich, reclining in a chair that once, perhaps, had rocked, eyes upwardly inclined, earnestly admiring a hanging fringe of cobwebs that valanced his highest shelf of musty, black-bound sermons.

"Something from the stand, Fraulein, nicht wahr?" Motionless, he barely glanced at the girl. His voice seemed ambiguous and old, like the titles on his shelves.

"My book of poems!" She smiled in friendliness and extended fifteen cents.

"Ach, so?" Fritz laid aside his sandwich and leaned a little forward. "Fraulein will then take her poems as a little gift from Fritz?"

Thus started the friendship of Fritz and Annette. A certain day she stopped in to cheer the old dealer with a sparkling, funny anecdote about a village character. They laughed together. Footsteps approached from in front.

An extremely serious-faced young man found the rim of dull light; Fritz' sardonic. He balanced a book on his palm.

"I found this on the fifty-cent counter," he said, scarcely above a whisper, as one making a confession. "It's my novel and I hate its being homeless. I'm a trifle short today. Will you trust me for the change?"

With a merry, rising inflection, Annette contributed: "Just how I felt about my silly old poems; but you're way over me; I found my book on the fifteen-cent stand."

The youth faced her with a boyish, hesitant smile. "Are you kidding me, or do you mean it?"

Fritz cleared his throat with a great guttural rasp and reached for the long-stemmed cherrywood pipe with the carved bowl.

"Mein jung Herr, Fritz with pleasure would have you the book accept. So it happened with this always smiling little Fraulein. Your friendship, both of you, I ask. I am much alone. Come often and our Fraulein will teach us laughter."

The two young people strolled between the books and out in animated conversation, Fritz' bearded chin sank into a time-yellowed celluloid collar and his eyes gently closed in benign reverie.

Time fostered rare companionship between the two young writers and the old bookman. Once a week at midday Gerald Brereton and Annette would penetrate the murky silences of Fritz' corner, bringing a brown-paper bag stuffed with delicatessen delinquencies.

All three proceeded, between bites, to reconstruct the world of letters nearer to their heart's desire. Often Fritz would tell tales of his student life at Heidelberg, fighting over nearly the duel that had left a livid, crooked cheek-scar, nearly buried by the beard. Benign Fritz; laughing Annette, and the so serious Gerald!

Later Gerald informed Annette that he would renounce back writing and forego lancing in favor of a forty-a-week job in a bank if she would do him the honor to marry him.

"Good old Sobersides, of course, I'll marry you. I love you! But you mustn't give up writing. Let's wait until we make enough to marry by our writing. Won't be long! Or—Gerald! Let's go talk to Fritz. He'll know!"

"Want to be married, Fritz; but we're too poor!" Both, chorused, standing before the old German.

"Ach, so, I knew, I knew," mused Fritz, eyeing the red-bellied stove. "You must write another novel. Writing a pipstern at Gerald, 'together you must write. You must give it dreams and daring, and you,' a wistful glance at Annette, 'you must give it the lilt and laughter of your eyes.'"

The two held hands in silence, like two school children.

"It is an order! A command! I, Fritz, will do novel publish!" Thumb and forefinger fished for and found a crisp, crackling note. "Here is money—gewiss! Ein tausend tollar! First royalties!"

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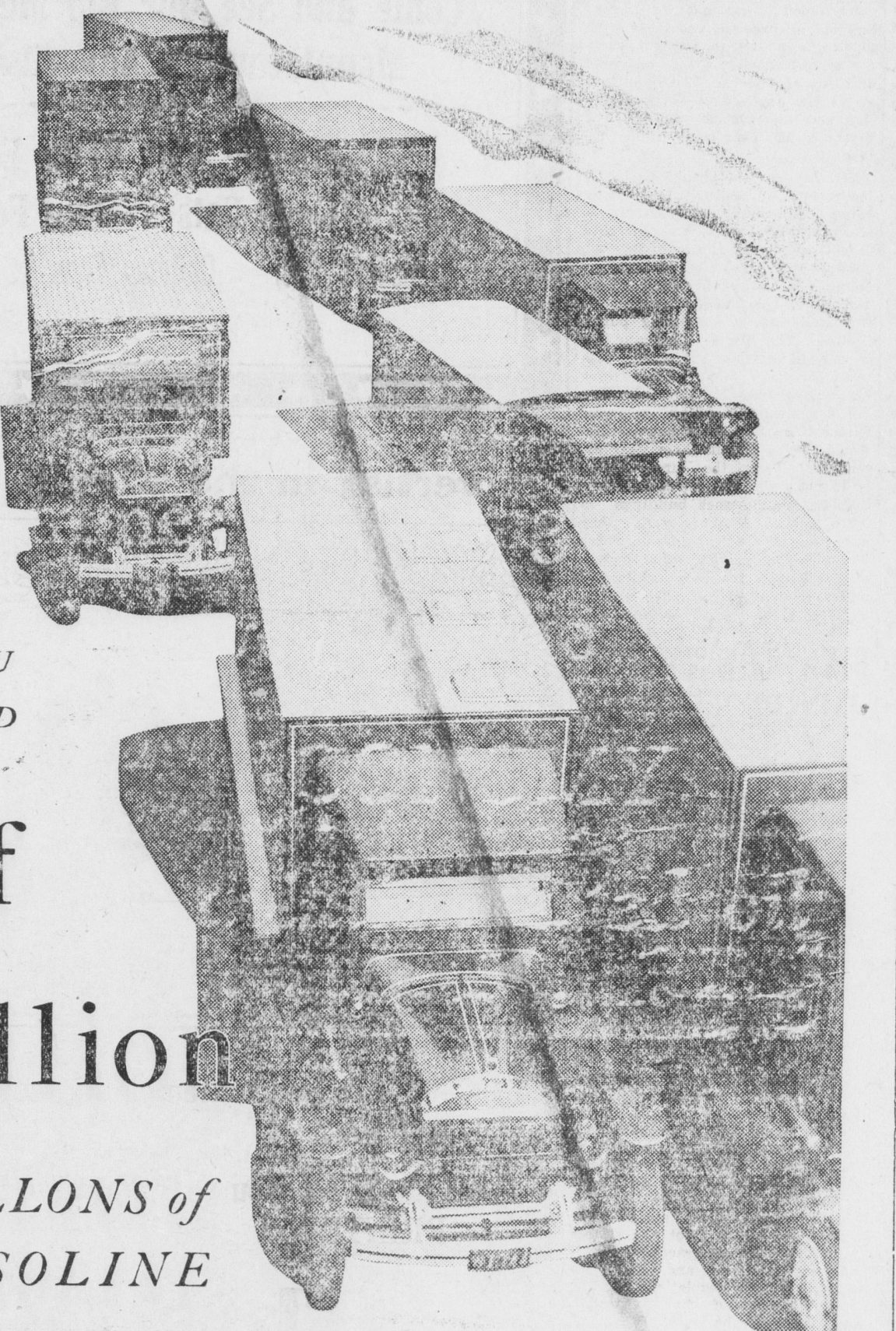
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