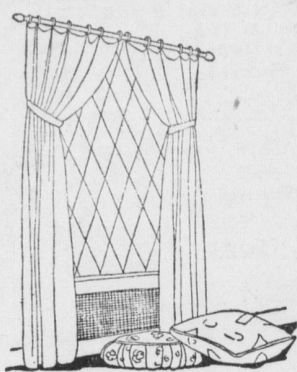


SALE



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Ideal items for your living room are now priced 'way below normal. We want to make room for incoming spring stocks, hence the sharp price cutting. A special trip here will be well repaid if you buy but a single article.

John M. Booth Dept. Store Mount Joy



Don't Let Dandruff Kill Your Hair!

DON'T think dandruff is harmless. It chokes hair roots and actually kills them. Specialists claim that it causes 91% of all baldness. Here in our sanitary super-service barber shop, we have an extremely effective method of getting rid of dandruff. It consists of an 8-minute treatment with Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo. This unusual discovery actually dissolves dandruff and removes it a surprising way. Leaves the hair in marvelous condition—lustrous and full of life. Why not try it today? Just ask for a Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo.

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Leaves your hair lustrous, healthy, and not too dry!

At your favorite store—or send for free sample to Pinaud, Dept. M, 220 E. 21 St., New York

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

Police Telephone Typewriter System Opened by Governor



Governor Fisher is shown sitting at one of the transmitting machines in State Police Headquarters, Harrisburg, at the opening of this high-speed communication system, which links together the police units of 95 cities and towns throughout the State. Standing, left to right, are: Dan McKelvey, president of the Pennsylvania Police Chiefs' Association; Major Lynn G. Adams, Superintendent of the State Police, and Chief Justice Robert Von Mochmaka, of the State Supreme Court.

Listening to New York's Noise



Technicians from the Bell Telephone Laboratories are shown measuring the deafening effects of noise in New York, in connection with studies being made by the Noise Abatement Commission. A microphone records the city's harsh cacophony is suspended around the neck of the man to the left. The telephone engineer at the rear of the truck, holding a receiver to his ear, is measuring and charting the intensity of the din.

He Was a Back Number

By CORONA REMINGTON

"WHY, grandpa, you here!" exclaimed eighteen-year-old Elizabeth Wheeler, as her grandfather walked into the dining room. "Thought this was your morning out," she went on to explain. Elizabeth's mother, hearing her father's voice, put a flushed face in the doorway leading from the kitchen and stared at the two. Mr. MacNichols laughed nervously. "Fact is, children," he tried to speak lightly—"I'm a back number. Had to give up my job to a younger fellow. "Oh, grandpa" came from both in a chorus. "Why, why, you're the youngest man I know," defended Elizabeth, springing up and putting her arms around her grandfather's shoulders. "I know, child. That's the way I feel, too; but the railroad says I'm old. "Oh, oh, it's cruel!" Mrs. Wheeler cried out. "It's life, Mary. We've got to face it. He tried to be philosophical and treat the matter lightly, but it was a rather tragic breakfast the three had together. After breakfast Jim MacNichols, or Cap'n Jimmy, as he was affectionately called by his friends, went up to his room and stared at himself in the mirror. Was he old? Did he look old? There was a dreary little droop to his mouth that he had never seen there before and a thousand wrinkles seemed to have appeared over night. Strange, he had never noticed all that before; those marks of age simply weren't there before. As the days dragged by MacNichols grew more and more depressed. He wandered about the house hunting for something to do. He would hang around Mrs. Wheeler in the kitchen and dry the dishes and try to pare the potatoes. He was probably in the way and she merely tolerated him in the hope of cheering and cheering under it. They were pitying him, he knew it; they were so sorry—sorry for him! Several times he slipped off uptown and tried to get a job, but nobody wanted him. He was too old. And he didn't know how to do anything except punch tickets and sign train orders. He never told his family of his fruitless pilgrimages nor of his gnawing unhappiness and discontent. Toward the end of winter Elizabeth went to the country to visit her aunt and while she was gone the house

seemed to the old man unbearably lonely. Each day was like a week and when at last she came back he was so happy to see her that he could scarcely keep the tears out of his eyes. "Weeping now like an old woman," he said angrily to himself as he brushed a hard hand across his face. "Oh, grandpa, grandpa, I've got the most wonderful news," said Elizabeth, throwing her arms around his neck. "But, son-of-a-gun, promise to do something for me before I'll be perfectly happy. I'm going to need you so and I'm so afraid you won't want to do it." Need him! At the magic words a thrill passed over him and a brightness came into his eyes that had not been there for many a day. "Tell me all about it," he said. "Oh, grandpa, I'm going to marry the wonderfullest man. He lives next door to Aunt Anna's. That's how I met him. And we're going to live in a little bungalow 'way out in the country. The plans are all made and he's going to begin building this week, but John's away all week and I'll be so dreadfully lonely. Won't you, won't you come out and live with us and help me make the garden and feed the chickens? John says he'll worry all the time he's away if I'm alone there. Oh, do say you will!" She looked up at him with all the winsome pleading of eighteen, and Cap'n Jimmy's voice trembled with excitement and happiness as he answered, casually enough: "I reckon that'd just suit me fine. I was raised in the country and there ain't a thing I don't know about farm life. We'll have White Leghorns, but they're grand layers, and they always look so pretty against the green grass. And there'll have to be a couple of pigs to butcher for Thanksgiving and Christmas. And the garden—it's about time to plant now. I better run down to Carleton and see about it right off. I'll go downtown and buy the seeds today." "Oh, grandpa, you old angel!" cried Elizabeth, happily. It was a joyful family group that discussed their plans for the future that afternoon, and a little later tears sprang into Mrs. Wheeler's eyes as she heard Cap'n Jimmy's quick businesslike step in the hallway as he hurried out the front door and down the street. Listen, Betty, he's wishing. It's the first time I've heard the "Swanee River" since he lost his job," she said. "Dear, dear old grandpa!" said Betty softly. "He's been so brave and so miserable." Advice for the Youthful The best rules to form a young man are, to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone what has passed in company, to distrust one's own opinions and value others that deserve it. Tommie.

The Silver Lining

By A. MARIA CRAWFORD

BILL BARTON, limping along in the spring sunshine, watched a lad's straggling feet that came in a white slipper a little through sheer exuberance of youthful energy and joy. Bill envied him. Once he had two good legs like that and now—well—it might have been worse. But the surgeons had fixed him up. He wouldn't have given a dollar and a half for his leg when he came off the battlefield and first saw it. He squared his shoulders—didn't want one of them to sag. He had always been proud of those broad shoulders. "Heigh-ho, Captain Bill! What a jolly little place this old world is, after all!" cried a big, strapping fellow. "Stan, old boy, this is luck! You live in New York?" Bill smiled at him, pumping his arm up and down in genuine pleasure to see him. Stanley Field has been his first lieutenant and on that red day when he had given Stan had stopped long enough to order Bill carried out of range. They went into Stanley's club and had a long talk about everything. Stan remembered all that and more. "Say, Bill, ever see that little blonde any more? Looked like a Madonna—the one at our last billet? She used to dance with you all the time. Never seemed to see the rest of us. Alice somebody. Lord, there was a regular girl!" "Alice Moby," answered Bill, all the light dying out of his deep brown eyes. "I wrote to her until I was sure I was going to be a real cripple. Then I just quit." "You're no cripple," said Stan with a frown. "I don't even notice that little limp of yours. I'll bet that girl lost a lot of sleep wondering, grieved about you." When seeing the strained look in his old pal's face he quietly changed the subject. "Meet me here tonight at 7 and have dinner with me. Later I'll go down to the boat with you if you are determined to sail for home in the morning. Nice trip back by way of Charleston. Home! Gee, I'll bet those southern parents of yours have killed the fattest calf, all right." "Dear old Stan! Bill looked after him affectionately. He looked up and down the street, humming with the busy life of the metropolis. He had the afternoon before him. He would walk over to the avenue and get up on top of a bus and watch the human tide ebb and flow. It always interested him. And New York was her town. He had wanted to telephone to her the first thing that morning but after four years, she was probably married. Any way, she would never forgive him for not telling her why he had failed to answer all those letters she had sent. Those letters and his damnable pride! His mind must have been sick along with his body, otherwise he would have sent her some word. Too late now! A blue limousine. Then a cry. "Stop! It's Bill! O Bill!" He looked after the car, dazed a bit. The chauffeur had jammed on the brakes. Alice Moby was stepping out. He limped to the car, helped her in, got in beside her. But to have saved his life he could not think of a word to say. He just looked at her. He had forgotten that a girl could be so pretty. She had presence of mind then to order the chauffeur to drive home and the run to Park Avenue was made silently. Was she married? He didn't care! He was going to tell her, tell her how more as he had whispered his love on a stately April night over there in Madame Julie's little flower garden, near his billet. He could still smell the yellow roses in that old-world garden that had been Arcadia to them—Arcadia, along whose flowering trails one's feet may pass but once! She did not wait for him to take the initiative. The correct old butler had scarcely closed the door until she whirled toward Bill, eyes bright, lips quivering, hands out. "Behin' at the very beginning! Oh, I knew if I only had faith enough, you would come back! Tell me everything! Everything!" But for a full fifteen minutes it was a wordless explanation. He forgot about Stan until dinner was announced. Alice's father and mother and her quaint little grandmother in silk and lace had been plying him with so many questions. Recalling his engagement at the club, he rushed to the telephone to call Stan. "Tell him to jump into a taxi and run on over here!" Alice urged at his elbow. "Then we can ask—" "That you, Stan? This is Bill. Want to know if you can be my best man at noon tomorrow? Trying to get her to say eight o'clock, but she insists on having her beauty sleep." He smiled and slipped the receiver to Alice's ear. Quite distinctly she heard Stan's excited voice. "By George, old man, you've found Alice! Haven't you?" It's a Hard Life Life, as faced by the sea lion, is a real struggle for existence. They are born on bare offshore rocks, some of which, when it storms, are totally under water, says Nature Magazine. When this happens the pups unable to swim are drowned. Farmers Improve Woods Pennsylvania farmers are cutting weed trees out of their woodlands more than ever, according to forestry extension specialists of the Pennsylvania State College. Many plan to work over their entire woods in ten years and get a steady winter income while doing it. Conversation between two Mt. Joy street women the other day: "Say, you big boobunk I hope all your potatoes have lumps on 'em and all your children grow up to be radio announcers." Other lady: "Just for that I hope your husband gets adenoids and eats crackers in bed." Up on Marietta street Saturday night I heard a woman yell to her husband: "I put your dress shirt on the clothes-horse." He yelled: "What odds did you get?" I think Harvey Oberdorf should put rubber mouth-pieces on a lot of the telephones in town so that

OWL-LAFFS



Two of our young folks went out street Saturday evening and stopped to inspect Betty Grosh's home-made candies. She said: "That candy makes my mouth water." He said: "Here's a blotter and if that won't do you'd better learn to spit." Of course you can't blame the poor fellow. He's been outa work for several months. Well they finally succeeded in getting Babe Ruth to put his name on the dotted line but who wouldn't for 80,000 smacklers and a two year contract? That, in my estimation, is some fool business. Pay an individual that much money for knockin out a few home runs. Why that's more than President Hoover gets for doing the nation's business and if times don't get better over summer, I fear the New York management will start worrying where all that money is coming from. A fellow got pinched here Saturday for carrying a gallon of booze around in a basket. Its just as safe a bet to carry it around in one's stomach—provided you can stand it. Heard a local dealer and customer argue about a vacuum cleaner. The dealer declared it was the oldest cleaner on the market but the customer called him by saying that the very first vacuum cleaner was the elephant. That guy was no fool either. The other night when Amos 'n Andy were broadcastin', Amos knew exactly what kind of a humor Madam Queen was in when she said but one word, "Hello," and a lot of you guys who were listening in, had a good laugh and thought it was a big joke. But don't forget it's only because many of you were guilty and knew exactly what that one word meant. How many of you birds came home late at night with too many under your belt, met the old Bunter Axe (you'll excuse me for calling your wives that) at the door? She said: "Well," and you darn near fell dead. That's the main reason so many of you thought it was funny. The best advice I can give to all shiny-nosed girls, is if you want to be a "big shot," use lots of powder. While driving thru Harrisburg Sunday a lady from town ran past the red light and was stopped by the cop. He said: "Didn't you see the signal, lady?" She replied: "Certainly I did, but I didn't see you." Met a chap on Main Street Saturday night who was wearing a large medal. I asked what it meant and he said he got it for saving a life. He shot at his mother-in-law and missed her. Of all the dirty digs the fellows throw at the mother-in-laws, I can't see why they don't get shot themselves. How can you expect the old ladies to think otherwise when you're continually slamming them? I was out at a country school house attending a lecture on poultry the other night. The speaker showed the picture of a half starved hen on the blackboard and just as he pointed to it and said: "Look at the old hen, the result of improper feeding," in walked a farmer's wife who weighed 350 pounds. Believe me that guy felt cheap. Of course we all got good laugh and you know somebody had to do a lot of apologizing and explaining. They tell me that Harry Nissley, on East Main street, is telling a darn good story about the people of New York and Boston. Next time you meet him, better get it. Conversation between two Mt. Joy street women the other day: "Say, you big boobunk I hope all your potatoes have lumps on 'em and all your children grow up to be radio announcers." Other lady: "Just for that I hope your husband gets adenoids and eats crackers in bed." Up on Marietta street Saturday night I heard a woman yell to her husband: "I put your dress shirt on the clothes-horse." He yelled: "What odds did you get?" I think Harvey Oberdorf should put rubber mouth-pieces on a lot of the telephones in town so that

BASKET BALL ON OUR LOCAL COURT

THREE LOCAL HIGH SCHOOL TEAMS LOST THEIR GAMES LAST WEEK

There must be a jinx of some sort hovering around our High School basket ball teams as the three lost their games last week. Lost to E'town The Elizabethtown High School team defeated our High team in an easy fashion on the former's court Friday night 44-32. Wenger lead the scoring for the victors while Hostetter showed the way for our team. The score: E'town H. S. G F T Schlosser, F. 5 2 12 Shafer, F. 1 1 3 Shiffer, C. 3 2 8 Wenger, G. 5 3 13 Baugher, G. 2 2 6 Hershman, C. 1 0 2 Seiders, G. 0 0 0 Speckler, F. 1 0 2 Totals 17 10 44 Mt. Joy H. S. G F T Charles, F. 3 2 8 Fackler, F. 2 1 5 Hostetter, C. 5 1 11 Light, G. 0 3 3 Hauer, G. 0 1 1 Divet, F. 0 1 1 Sprecher, C. 0 1 1 Weaver, C. 1 0 2 Derr, G. 0 0 0 Grove, F. 0 0 0 Totals 11 10 32 Referee, Schneider. Scorekeeper, Schaeffer. Timekeeper, Milbee. Time of periods, 10 minutes. Our Girls Lost The Elizabethtown Girls gave our High Girls a lacing on Friday night 40 to 25. Misses Heilig and Brandt scored all the points for our fair ones. The score: E'Town Girls G F T Bishop, F. 10 3 23 Groff, F. 1 0 2 Horning, F. 7 1 15 Shissler, F. 0 0 0 Hassler, C. 0 0 0 Landis, S-C. 0 0 0 Dulebohn, G. 0 0 0 Groff, G. 0 0 0 Engle, G. 1 0 0 Baugher, G. 0 0 0 Totals 18 4 40 Mt. Joy Girls G F T Brandt, F. 2 1 5 Hoffman, F. 0 0 0 Heilig, F. 9 2 20 Rice, F. 0 0 0 Hofer, C. 0 0 0 Barnhart, S-C. 0 0 0 Dillinger, G. 0 0 0 H. Dillinger, G. 0 0 0 Garlin, G. 0 0 0 Smeltzer, G. 0 0 0 Totals 11 3 25 Referee, Schneider. Scorekeeper, Schaeffer. Timekeeper, Milbee. Time of periods, 8 minutes. Our J-Vees Lost The Columbia J-Vees fairly swamped our local J-Vees by the one-sided score of 47-17. Nearly all the locals figured in the victorious team's score. The score: Columbia J-Vees G F T Shultz, F. 2 3 7 Beck, F. 2 0 4 McPeak, C. 5 1 11 Hertsche, G. 1 0 2 D'man, G. 3 1 7 Krise, F. 5 2 12 Roy, G. 2 0 4 Roy, G. 2 0 4 Totals 20 7 47 Mt. Joy J-Vees G F T Schroll, F. 0 2 2 Fellenbaum, F. 3 0 6 Hoffman, C. 0 0 0 Hostetter, G. 1 0 2 Secevers, G. 0 0 0 D. Darenkamp, F. 2 3 7 Totals 6 5 17 Referee, Raver. Scorekeeper, Snyder. Timekeeper, Forbes. Time of periods, 10 minutes. At Ephrata Friday Friday night the Mount Joy High team will go to Ephrata and play the team there and Saturday night the Manheim Township team will play our High Boys here. These games will conclude the last half of the basket ball season. Start Early Vegetables Cabbage and other cool weather plants may be started in hotbeds this month. Tomatoes and other warm weather plants can be started in greenhouses this month and in hotbeds in April. Avoid Infertile Eggs For best results do not start to save eggs for hatching purposes for the first ten days or two weeks after the male birds have been allowed to run with the breeders. when men get real mad at the phone they could bite it. You know its gettin to be quite a treat to go to night clubs now. They're far more interesting since girls smoke, drink and tell better stories. The only objection is the rotten booze and no tellin when the Prohibition gang will walk in. A fellow came to town several days ago with his suit case so full of labels there wasn't enough room left to put a period. The chap declared he was in at least half the places. A WISE OWL

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