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THE BULLETIN

JNO. E. SCHROLL
 Proprietor

MOUNT JOY, PENNA.

ADVERTISING

Advertising and not competition is now the life of trade, according to the advertising experts who met to attend the International Advertising Association convention. The delegates at this meeting heard a number of interesting things. Among these was the statement by Charles Stelzle, New York expert, to the effect that if churches do not advertise their "ware"—spiritual upbuilding and moral betterment for both the individual and humanity—they cannot hope to arouse interest among the masses and fulfill the obligations placed upon them as parties to the general spiritual movement.

Another speaker declared that "advertising is greater than any single moral force we know of today. Advertising brings about changes for the betterment of life itself, changes which fuse into the social and political life of the nation."

It is now generally admitted by economic forces everywhere that advertising is the most important development of modern business. And it is also coming to be realized that newspaper advertising is the best kind of paid publicity. In the convention just mentioned the delegates who were advertising experts, agreed that newspaper advertising affords the best publicity medium for the churches and all church activities.

Advertising is no longer a theory.
 It is a science. And it pays.

Welcome
 We are here to give advice as well as to handle funds.
No Obligation

**The Union National
 Mount Joy Bank**
 MOUNT JOY, PA.

Capital, Surplus and Profits, \$502,000.00

Can Serve You as Executor, Administrator, Assignee,
 Receiver, Guardian, Registrar of Stocks and
 Bonds, Trustee, etc.

Jun12tf

Love and Letters

By H. IRVING KING

WHEN a man proposes to a girl he should do it by word of mouth, but Jack Benton wrote his declaration to Arabella Porter and came near dying a bachelor in consequence if he hadn't had a taste for low company he would have done so. It is only fair to Jack to say, however, that he had a taste for low company because low company was profitable to him.

Jack, you see, was a writer and had developed a knack of writing stories of the underworld which made his stuff suitable to magazine and Sunday newspapers. What he aspired to write was love stories.

"For heaven's sake, Benton, drop lovers and stick to crooks," said Whitmarsh, the editor of the Sunday Trumpet, as he handed Jack back one of his stories dealing with the tender passion. And Jack did stick to crooks, though he was determined that some day he would write a love story that would make the editors sit up and take notice. It was because of his firm belief, in spite of all that had been told him by people who ran magazines and newspapers, that he was able to just "charm the bird off the bush" when he wrote on love, that he put his proposal of marriage to Arabella in written form. He read it over, pronounced it perfect, mailed it and awaited a reply.

A week went by and he was still waiting. He waited confidently at first, then hopelessly. Faith glided into an agonized suspense and suspense into an agonized certainty. The cruel Bella had not even deigned to acknowledge his passionate avowal of love. Now and then a horrible thought would come to him. Was it possible that the editors were right, and that he was not such a crack-brain at writing on love as he thought he was? But he dismissed the thought as unworthy of his keen literary perception. Once or twice he considered going up to Bella's house, and demanding to know what was the matter. But no—he would not humiliate himself so far. He had poured out his heart in that letter of his and if she had not appreciated it—well then life henceforth was to be a dreary waste.

But Jack was doing Arabella an injustice. She had received his letter—and she had answered it. In her reply she had said all that could be said to rejoice the heart of her suitor. She put the letter in the mailbox, calculated just how long it would take for it to reach Jack and then sat down to wait his coming. But he came not. Could it be possible that Jack had been playing a joke on her—writing with her affection?

Meantime Jack went on toying about crooks—he had to live in spite of blasted hopes—and frequenting places where he could meet crooks and get "local color." In the underworld he had made many friends who knew that he was harmless and would never "sneak" on them. Crooks don't mind reading about Crookdom at all; they rather like it—provided nothing is given away that should not be given away.

Jack used to meet his crooked friends in resorts of a perfectly respectable appearance frequented by perfectly respectable-appearing people. Unless you were "in the know" you would never suspect what kind of a place you had got into. He was seated in one of these resorts gloomily eating chop suey one night when Nifty Jim strolled in, faultlessly dressed as usual and wearing upon his face that charming smile which had been the financial undoing of so many confiding persons.

"Hello," said Nifty, taking a seat opposite Jack; "how goes the merry whirl of literature? Speaking of literature; I've got something to show you that's a corker. One of our crowd is now and then able to do a little inside post office work for us. A week ago he brought down a bunch of letters which we went over down at Lotus' place. Pretty poor pickings—but I came across this and have been keeping it for you, as a literary curiosity. Did you ever read such idiotic

drivel as that? And he handed across the table Arabella's reply to Jack's letter. Jack read it through, comprehension of what it was gradually dawning upon him.

"Nifty," said he rising to his feet, "you have been a college man I know; but you must have been rotten in English. That is the most beautiful and touching thing I ever read."

Half an hour later Jack and Bella were discussing bridesmaids and orange blossoms.

Sea Reclaiming Island

The island of Capri offers an unusual example of submergence within historic times. In ancient times a sea cave, now known as Blue Grotto, was used by the Romans as a resort from excessive heat. In order to obtain light, an opening was cut in the roof. Since that time the island has sunk so that even the artificial opening is now partially submerged. In some caves of the Bermuda Island stalactites hang from the roof and extend into the sea water, which partially fills the cave. Stalactites obviously could not have been formed in water, proving that at one time the island had a greater elevation. These islands seem to be disappearing, but in this case the process is a very slow one.

Electricity to Induce Fever

Electricity has been used successfully in inducing an artificial fever in some patients suffering from illness which are combated by fever, notably paresis, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. The use of fever in treating certain diseases is based on the theory that fever is one of the major defensive measures of the body against invading organisms. Previously malaria had been used to produce fever, but doctors recently have raised temperatures by using an electric current from a diathermy machine which was found to give better control of the degree and duration of the fever.

Climbing Popocatepetl

The height of Mount Popocatepetl is 17,888 feet. The ascent of the volcano is made on the northeastern slope, where there are rough roads which are kept open a greater part of the year. At an elevation of about 14,500 feet horses are left behind. Diego de Ordaz was probably the first European to make the ascent. Other exploration trips were made in April and November, 1827, in 1834 and 1848. In 1905 the Mexican geological survey spent two days on the slope.

Peace for Pants' Sake

"Mother," announced Donald, as he burst in from school, "I had a fight with Jimmie today."

"Mercy," gasped his mother, "what in the world?" Then she queried, "But who won this fight?"

"Oh, neither one of us," explained Donald, "We just quit. You see, I happened to look down, and found I had on my new pants. Of course, I knew I mustn't fight in them, so we quit."

She Knew

From Sunday's dinner mother served a mixture that evening that tasted good. "What's this?" Dad asked. "That's goulash," mother answered. "Oh," said little Hetty, "I know what that is. I wear one on each foot when it rains."

Funeral Fun

Jack's mother told him to go to his grandmother's and spend the afternoon and to tell her that mother was going to a funeral.

"Let me go with you, mother, I never have had a funeral fun," said the pleading four-year-old.

Poultry Products Popular

Approximately one dime of every dollar expended for food goes for poultry products—six cents for eggs and four cents for poultry meats. This indicates the esteem in which poultry products are held by the American consumer.

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

The Interior of His Home

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

JULIA met him at one of those downtown restaurants where light and color and dancing and jazz are the predominant notes. There were also many pretty girls to gladden the masculine eye.

"I wonder what pleasure you get—coming to these places?" Julia questioned him and gazed frankly into his gloom-filled eyes. "You don't seem to be hilariously interested in your surroundings."

Donald Mills looked back at the intelligent rather than pretty face of the girl whom he had met a half hour before and smiled a more or less pathetic smile.

"I don't know. I come, however, nearly every evening—that is when I'm not up at the Hargrave's flat. They don't mind my dropping in there—I seem to go in spite of myself. I detest staying home."

"What's the matter with home?" asked Julia with her bright engaging smile. "What is in your interior that—"

Donald actually laughed.

"Chicken salad—for the moment and soon I suppose it will be a cup of black coffee."

After laughing with him she pursued her subject. "Your home interior, I mean. What color?"

"I couldn't tell you. Green and red, I fancy. Nothing startling except that the walls are a vicious shade of drab green with brown trees all over them."

"How perfectly awful!" Julia, sensitive to color in a marked degree, stammered. She recalled now the joyous cheer of the Hargrave's that with its warm orange and yellow and Chinese blue.

"It's no wonder you can't stay home." She looked eagerly at him and wondered if she dare suggest that she try her hand at brightening up his home. She had done a fair number of houses and was gradually working up a nice business of her own. "I wonder if you would let me decorate your rooms for you—just as an experiment in psychology?" she finally asked. "I do this type of work, but if you will let me do your home I will do it at my own expense. It will be interesting to me to know whether or not I can make it possible for you to remain at home evenings. A home," she added with one of the sweetest smiles, "should be a place which arouses a man's soul to it even when he is hard at work in the office."

"If you could make me think of dashing home—during business hours—just for the joy and peace of being there—well," Donald offered the nicest kind of smile to her, "then any expense you are put to will be more than repaid. I fly at present from my rooms as if a hornet's nest were there."

When Julia had her first glimpse of his rooms she drew back with the feeling that a mad man had chosen the things within them. However, she took her courage in hand and went to work to bring cheer and beauty where the most profound ugliness held sway.

First thing Julia did was to send the assorted collection of furniture, oak, mahogany, birch, all to work-rooms have them made a rich shade of blue enamel and upholstered, where necessary, in fine velvet to match. "Men love velvet," she mused.

She had the walls stripped of the hideous paper and a lustrous glazed copper put on instead. All the woodwork was done to match the chairs. She hung softest of gold curtains at the windows and sent his fearful carpet to the dyers to be made a good shade of blue. She scattered a few wonderful Chinese cushions about and put in two lamp shades of old gold, one behind the comfortable sofa and another over his work table.

"But can't I come over once, just to see how you are getting on?" he had asked her in the beginning when she had turned him out to board for a few weeks.

"Not one peep until it is all done," Julia had insisted.

Donald's bedroom she made all buff and deep warm crimson.

"All men love red," she told herself, and was really pleased with the two rooms when finished.

When Donald saw his rooms for the first time he drew a long breath of quiet admiration.

For the first time in several dry years Donald had a desire to leave the office and sink down into that wonderful old chair under the lamp and read.

It was only the beginning of Donald's more cheery outlook. He even began to have a few friends in and to reveal in the "dear" friendships that the home atmosphere seemed to weld. The old crowd seemed to meet in Donald's rooms now rather than in the restaurants. A magnet drew them, but they hardly realized that it was the colorful atmosphere of home.

Julia, on the other hand, had become a wee bit shy. Her business, too, had increased and absorbed most of her time.

It was Donald who had become frankly questioning. He watched her with complete adoration in his eyes on one rare occasion when she graced his party. "Are you doing many bachelors' rooms now?" he questioned her, and when she nodded with deepened color, he asked, "And do they all fall in love with you?"

"None of them do," she said.

"Well, then I'll tell you about one who has," said Donald.

Provide Fresh Vegetables

Vegetable varieties should be chosen which will furnish fresh food over as great a part of the growing season as possible. This may be done by planting varieties which will mature at different times and by making succession planting of the same varieties. A good family garden should contain at least 25 different kinds of vegetables.

OWL-LAFFS



A chap from Salunga had the nerve to ask me why they bury all Scotchmen on the side of a hill. I thought he'd faint when I said: "Because they're dead."

Then I gave him a chance to square himself by giving him this one. There were four men at the North Pole and they only had one blanket, what do they do? He didn't know so I told him that "Three of 'em froze to death."

A certain couple here were spooning in the parlor when the girl's mother happened along and scolded her. The girl said: "Mother, I wish you'd play building and loan."

The lady replied: "Why daughter what do you mean?"

The girl: "Please get out of the building and leave us alone."

Now I hereby grant Elam Bomberger or any other secretary permission to use that one in their advertising if they see fit.

A certain couple on Mt. Joy street had an argument and he said: "Aw go home to your mother if you want to. I can get plenty of women to fill your shoes."

That's quite true. There are plenty of women who could fill her shoes but I know of very few who could fill her pajamas.

After I left three fishermen at Camp Ream last Tuesday I learned that something funny happened. Art Garber, the chef, had made doggies for supper and while Christ Mumma was eating them, he found what he thought was a button. Upon second thought he figured it might have been the chef's fishing license button but upon closer examination he discovered it was a dog license. Since then "Art" says this dog license business is a blamed nuisance.

Telephoning in Russia

"Hello, is this you, Dvrtshigor-ensilvestratezni?"

"No, it's Voldisnikisfnisinvk-jliski. Who is this speaking?"

"Grasniskivitchankixifgli. I want to know if Tschawskivingetki is staying with you."

Two colored gentlemen who had just reduced the population of a farmer's hen-roost were making a getaway.

"Laws, Mose," gasped Sam, "why you s'pose them flies follows us so close?"

"Keep gallopin', nigger," said Mose, "them aint flies, them's buckshot."

A man at Florin told me this morning that the kind of wives that a lot of men have, need more assistance from the husband. He said: "For instance, when your wife mops up the floor you should mop up the floor with her."

I have a picture of some men doing that very thing with some of the women I know. You know the kind I mean—the ones that were built when beef was cheap.

Ab, This Is Love!

There's the wonderful love of a beautiful maid,
 And the love of a staunch, true man,
 And the love of a baby that's unafraid—
 All have existed since time began.

But the most wonderful love, the love of loves,
 Even greater than that of a mother,
 Is the tenderest, infinite, passionate love
 Of one dead drunk for another!

Grant Gerberich still declares that figures do not lie. He says it's the mind that interprets them.

Just the same I'd swear that nine tenths of the perjury of the world is on tombstones.

I told a man here that a Turk, 156 years old, who has 12 wives and has never tasted liquor, is to be brought to this country for exhibition purposes. He said: "Not for us. We'll take to strong drink and pass up 11 of the wives."

Merchant John Booth says that a grapefruit is a lemon which has overcome its inferiority complex.

Its an old and a true saying that all men are cast in the same mold, but heaven knows that some get molder than others.

A WISE OWL

Protect Orchard Trees
 Spray thoroughly to protect the fruit trees from insect and disease attacks.

Subscribe for The Bulletin.

SAVE SAFETY
 Rexall
 DRUG STORE

All-Silk Packages of
**Artstyle
 Chocolates**
 \$1.50 per pound

The beauty of the artistically decorated, silken box—the sentiment of the attached poem entitled "Love to you, Mother Dear"—the delicious goodness of the selected assortment of Artstyle Chocolates—all combine to make a gift that will delight your mother and convince her of your loving thoughtfulness. One, two and three-pound sizes. Sold only at Rexall Stores.

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 Terms to Suit Buyer

Zonite
 For pyorrhea

For prevention against gum infections, use Zonite, the new powerful antiseptic. Also guards against colds, croup and more serious diseases of nose and throat.

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 your hair**

How long is it?
 How many days since it was cut?

10 IS RIGHT. Haircut every 10 days.

Go Now, to
Hershey's Barber Shop
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PROBAK
 DOUBLE-EDGE BLADES

The best shave you ever had... or your money back!

50¢ for 5 blades! If your DEALER cannot supply you, Sample Blade.. 10¢ write direct

PROBAK CORPORATION
 656 FIRST AVENUE NEW YORK

ADVERTISE

The codfish lays a million eggs. And the helpful hen lays one; But the codfish doesn't cackle. To tell us what she's done; And so we scorn the codfish coy. And the helpful hen we prize Which indicates to you and me It pays to advertise.

Lumber Lumber

We have on hand and make all kinds of Building Material, Bridge and Barn Lumber, Clear Oak for mill work, etc. in John Earhart's woods near Hossler's Church. Also Cord and Slab Wood.

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