

HITT AND RUNN—Bull Will Have to Wear His Shirt a While Longer—As Far As the Chink Is Concerned



Take Out an Insurance Policy on Happiness

It does not cost one penny; as a matter of fact, it pays you a nice little premium each year.

The trouble with most insurance is that you have to die to get your money back, and at the time you need it most you can't get it.

A savings account will cost nothing—it pays much.

This is "HAPPINESS INSURANCE"

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FIRST NATIONAL BANK & TRUST CO. OF MOUNT JOY

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.

Hear The New Atwater-Kent Radio

Rohrer's Garage

Mount Joy, Pa.

HEALTH TALK

WRITTEN BY DR. THEODORE B. APPEL, SECRETARY OF HEALTH

"It seems to be a well established fact that after the age of thirty-five the lean live longer than the fat. Health departments and insurance companies have sufficient data authoritatively to make this statement. Obviously with the case proved, a very decided decrease in the overweight rate should almost automatically follow. However, it is safe to say that the attractions on the well laden table will continue to take their toll of shortened life," said Doctor Theodore B. Appel, Secretary of Health, today.

"There can be no question that food and diet represent a very popular topic of conversation these days. Which, by the way, is not limited to the feminine contingent by any means. Again, the matter is discussed daily in the newspaper columns, the advertising spreads and in dignified magazine articles. But avoidpois still maintains its popularity despite diet-conscious America. "This is merely another way of stating that most people who overweight work the scales are quite ready to read and discuss the matter but are prone to forget all about it when confronted with savory and appetizing foods. Will power, which is credited with being the keystone of all success, appears under these circumstances to be lacking—a poor business which is clearly appreciated by the fact that, according to a recent study by a large insurance company nearly twice as many overweight persons die of heart disease, nephritis, arterial diseases and cerebral hemorrhages as do underweights! And three times as many overweight die of diabetes as do underweights.

"In view of such an indictment is evidently more risky to be fat, then? "However, in answering this question, moderation alone should rule. Fats, starvation and diets are not needed by normal persons. Eat all types of foods but eat them in less quantity, if overweight. This is a simple, effective and sane rule to follow. And it is not at all hard to apply. Therefore get back to normal weight, stay that way, and live longer. Be master of your stomach, not its slave."

Bible in Hopi Language

The American Bible society recently completed the first publication of the four Gospels into the language of the Hopi Indians. For many months the proofs of the Gospels passed back and forth between the translator and the headquarters of the society in New York city in order to perfect the typesetting. The difficulty of the task may be gathered from the text of the first Beatitude, which follows: "Pas Hiksmit an oikiwagum lahlaypit epya, pi ovegatsit anw monwatnatya hapi punny himmanni'qo."—Washington Star.

Luray Caverns

The caverns of Luray, at Luray, in the famous Shenandoah valley of Virginia, are perhaps the most wonderful in their beauty among the subterranean apartments of the world. Luray is a popular midway stopping point between North and South. The Smithsonian Institution says of Luray: "Comparing this great natural curiosity with others of the same class, it is safe to say there is probably no other cave in the world completely and profusely decorated with stalactite and stalagmite ornamentation than that of Luray."

Four Canals in Scotland

Scotland has four canals, with a combined length of about 185 miles. The Caledonian canal connects the nearly continuous line of locks in Glenmore, and is devoted principally to tourist travel. The same is true of the Crinan canal across the peninsula of Kintyre. The Forth and Clyde canal, between Bowling and Grange-mouth dates from 1790. The Union canal, a branch of the Forth and Clyde extends from near Falkirk to Edinburgh.—Rocky Mountain News.

Light Steps Trains

Demonstration of a method of halting trains by the action of a beam of light, was made with a small model recently. A small hand lamp casts a ray which strikes a light cell on the front of the engine. The cell then causes the brakes of the train to be applied through the action of relays set in operation by the effect of the light upon the cell.

and finally his eyes came to rest on Marcella. "Marcella, I—I don't see how we can leave for a while—even after my leg is healed. You see, I—I figured on the wheat—"

She came quickly and sat down beside him. Somehow her face bore a different expression lately. "Bobby," she said peremptorily, "we're not going to leave. We're going to stick! And we're going to lick this d-d country if it takes a lifetime!"

"For a dull day that's not so bad," said Zenobia as father and daughter departed in earnest conversation. "And every word said was gospel truth, too. When it comes to profiteering your little Zenny is a propheteess from Profitville."

Out of the Embers

By ELLA MAE BROWNING

"BOB," Marcella cried, "I can't stand this any longer! Look—just look at that house! No running water, no shade, no comfort! Nothing but heat and drodgeroy and misery!" "I know it's been hard for you, Marcella. It's not what you've been used to. But we'll have comforts in time. Just look at that wheat. Every golden head means gold in our pockets. We'll build a better house."

"Promises, always promises," she snapped. "I hate it!" "That night, in the little roughboard dwelling they ate their supper in silence. But when Bob had finished he pushed back his chair and gave voice to his thoughts. "I've been thinking maybe you're right, Marcella," he said kindly. "Maybe we'd better get out of this. Just as soon as the crop is sold we'll go back home."

But Marcella knew that his whole ambition was wrapped up in that wheat field. The next day she stood in the doorway watching him anxiously as he strode off to put his heavy reaper in the field. It was a hot day. So hot that Marcella left her work in the kitchen and sat in the scanty shade at the side of the house.

The house was surrounded with a fringe of dry, dead grass, all that remains of a lawn Bob had planted so hopefully that spring.

Suddenly she sprang to her feet. Bob was running toward the house, lashing the team before him. "Prairie fire!" Bob shouted. "Darned fool I am, never plowed a fireguard around the house!"

In a moment he had hooked his team to the plow and started a furrow. The ground was hard, baked in the sun. But the team worked, sweat-ed, strained in the collars, driven on by the sharp sting of the lash and Bob's everlasting shouts.

The fire surged toward the little home in its furious march, fanned by a breeze newly sprung up. Marcella watched her onward rush of the flames in utter stupefaction. She had a vague sense of her own ignitude, but even that was passive. All her life she had depended on others for physical protection.

Then she saw the flames eating into their own fields. Devouring Bob's precious stand of wheat like a ravaging monster.

Then something snapped within her. She was lashed with a sudden urge to fight. "Bob!" she yelled at the top of her lungs, "what can I do, oh what can I do?"

"Pump water," came the instant reply. "Wet all the empty sacks you can find. Get ready to fight—fire!"

Marcella flew at her task. She forgot everything but the encroaching danger.

She ripped open a bale of wheat sacks and dragged them to the pump. The water trough, was nearly dry so she set frantically to filling it.

Through the yellow haze Marcella caught glimpses of Bob, driving the horses mercilessly in an endless circle about the dwelling. The horses snorted in terror as the thick gases burned their nostrils.

But Bob was a fighter! Bob would keep going, somehow!

Then through the din Marcella heard a cry and looked up to see Bob slump to the ground in a heap. Instantly she dropped her task and ran to him.

"Badger hole," he groaned as she came up panting. "I'm done up, Marcella! Leg's busted!"

Marcella wasted scant time on reflections. The fire was almost upon them. The heat was terrific. She jerked the pin and the frantic team bolted. She dragged Bob away over the furrows to the shelter of the house.

Bob's work was finished, but her's was fairly begun. The little home stood, with its scant protection, amid a raging, crackling inferno. Marcella's arms and legs were soon covered with burning heat-blisters, but as the danger increased, so did her fighting spirit rise up to combat it.

Many times she climbed to the roof and put out sparks that threatened the house, and again at the stables.

For what seemed hours and hours she dragged those blackened, water soaked, steaming sacks through the muck, beating back the flames in an endless, tireless circle. Then, almost as quickly as it had come, the fire passed on. The heat gave way to the cooling breath of evening and Marcella dropped at Bob's side in exhaustion.

A Profiteering Propheetess

By H. IRVING KING

MADAME ZENOBIA, the veiled propheteess, was having a dull and unprofitable day. The other side-shows at the county fair seemed to be doing well, but there was a deplorable lack of curiosity with regard to "The Secrets of the Past, Present and Future"—Madame Zenobia's stock in trade. Suddenly into her deserted tent rushed a girl of about eighteen, who cried out: "Oh, please hide me! Here's ten dollars."

The veiled propheteess clutched the bill with a firm grip. "There's no place," said she, "but my dressing room, and they would be sure to search that."

"Oh, do something," pleaded the young lady. "Please don't let them find me."

Zenobia was a woman of resource and a woman of action. "Come here," and she. In a surprisingly short time the two women emerged from the little dressing room. Zenobia clad in the girl's clothes and the girl arrayed as the veiled propheteess.

"Sit there and gaze at that crystal," commanded Zenobia. A minute later and a middle aged, prosperous looking man entered the tent. "Ah, here you are," cried he; "they told me you had been seen coming in here. Now, Ellen, you come right straight home. Robert is half distracted, and if I catch that rascal Murchison, I'll wring his neck. Elope would you?"

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"Great cats!" he cried. "I beg pardon; but I thought you were some body else."

"I am not," responded Zenobia sharply. Across the table the girl behind the veil of silver trembled; but uttered no sound. "Now," said the propheteess as the man departed, "what does all this mean? What's your name besides Ellen?"

"Bancroft," faltered the girl. "I—I was going to run away with George Murchison, but I'm afraid."

"In love with George?" queried Zenobia. "I thought I was," sobbed Ellen; "but now I don't know. We were going to New York. I am awfully sorry Robert takes the matter so hard."

"Here," commanded Zenobia, "give me your hand; let me read your palm. Ah! Here it is. I see a young man named George Murchison—good looking—wears jewelry—flashy sort of fellow—blew into town from the city—talks big and tells everybody what a devil of a fellow he is. There's another fellow named Robert something—"

"Johnson," murmured Ellen. "Yes, that's it; Robert Johnson," went on the seeress. "Everyday sort of chap—dead in love with you—sober, steady, well-to-do. That was your pa who came in here. Your pa's got money. That's what George is after. Robert is after you. See that line there? That means that you are not going to marry George. You are going to marry Robert and be happy ever after."

"Oh, how did you know? How do you know? Do you see all that in my palm?" cried the amazed girl.

"Every word of it," replied Zenobia. "That's my business. Didn't you read my sign outside—Past, Present and Future told—satisfaction given or no charge? That will be fifty cents extra, please."

"Certainly," said Ellen. "And I am so glad. But I don't dare go home. Father will just skin me alive, and Robert, I am sure, will never forgive me."

"Let me look at your palm again," said Zenobia. "Yes—here it is. Your father will hardly scold you at all; and as for Robert—let me see—yes, Robert will be so glad to have you safe back again that he'll be just as good as pie. Fifty cents more, please."

"Oh, certainly," said Ellen. "Just so," replied Zenobia. "Now look sharp and let us get back into our own clothes." The shift being made, the propheteess commanded: "Now you stay right here until I come back—don't move."

Silver-veiled and mystically attired, distributing her business cards as she went, Zenobia wandered forth into the fair grounds until she located Ellen's father, still searching for tidings of his lost one. To him she made a proposition as follows: He was to give her fifty dollars in hand, and his word not to scold the truant daughter unduly, on condition that Ellen be restored to him safe and repentant. The proposition being accepted, she led him to the waiting girl.

"Oh father," cried Ellen tearfully. "I suppose you found the letter?" "Yes, Ellen," he replied, "sooner than you expected. I fancy the neighbors saw you going this way. I was afraid you'd get lost and come to find you. Reckon Murchison saw me before he could find you and decamped."

"I saw you both," confessed Ellen, "and got scared, and come here."

Relief From Curse of Constipation

A Battle Creek physician says "Constipation is responsible for more misery than any other cause." But immediate relief has been found. A tablet called Rexall Orderlie has been discovered. This tablet attracts water from the system into the lazy, dry, evacuated bowel called the colon. The water loosens the dry food waste and causes a gentle, thorough, natural movement without forming a habit or ever increasing the dose.

Stop suffering from constipation. Chew a Rexall Orderlie at night. Next day bright. Get 24 for 25c today at the nearest Rexall Drug Store.

E. W. GARBER, Mount Joy

Advertisement for Pinaud's Shampoo. Text: "famous the world over Pinaud's Shampoo Leaves your hair lustrous, healthy, and not too dry! At your dealer's—or send 50c for full-size bottle to Pinaud, Dept. M, 220 E. 21 St., New York. [We will send sample bottle free]"

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If Getting Up Nights, Backache, frequent day calls, Leg Pains, Nervousness, or Burning, due to functional Bladder Irritation, in acid conditions, makes you feel tired, depressed and discouraged, try the Cystex Peat. Works fast, starts circulating thru the system in 15 minutes. Frayed by thousands for rapid and positive action. Don't give up. Try Cystex (Proprietary) today, under the Iron-Clad Guarantee. Must quickly ally these conditions, improve restful sleep and energy, or money back. Only 60c at W. D. Chandler, W. Main St., Mt. Joy

STOVE WOOD FOR SALE

Sawed in 12-inch lengths, consists of oak and hickory. \$5.00 PER TRUCK LOAD

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HENRY G. CARPENTER INSURANCE - MOUNT JOY, PA. Every kind of insurance except life anywhere in Pennsylvania.

Advertisement for Mercurochrome. Text: "There's No Sting When Mercurochrome Is Applied to Open Cuts That's just one reason why thousands prefer this reliable antiseptic. When applied to cuts it shuts the door to germs. They can't get in." E. W. GARBER MOUNT JOY

Advertisement for Zonite. Text: "Zonite For pyorrhea For prevention against gum infections, use Zonite, the new powerful antiseptic. Also guards against colds, coughs and more serious diseases of nose and throat." E. W. GARBER MOUNT JOY

Advertisement for DR. SHOOP DENTIST. Text: "DR. SHOOP DENTIST 122 EAST MAIN STREET (The former Bender Barber Shop) Phone 205R2"

Advertisement for NO EXCUSE FOR A "SPLITTING HEAD". Text: "There's no need for an aching head to spoil your day. At the first warning throbb take Dillard's Aspergum. Chew it a few minutes. Almost before you realize it, you have chewed the pain out. It's as simple as that—no trouble, and no harm—for Dillard's Aspergum is the new and easier way to take aspirin. Dillard's Aspergum is the finest aspirin in delicious chewing gum form. You can take it any time—any place. You need no water to gulp it down. There is no unpleasant taste—no choking. Because you chew Dillard's Aspergum the aspirin mixes thoroughly with the saliva so that all its soothing qualities are effective quickly, continuously. Keep a package of Aspergum on hand for quick, harmless relief from the pain of headache, neuralgia, neuritis, etc. It helps break up a cold, and soothes irritated throats, even such severe cases as follow tonsil operations. If your druggist does not have Dillard's Aspergum, send for free sample to Health Products Corporation, Dept. A, 115 North 13th Street, Newark, N. J."

Advertisement for BIGGER and BETTER. Text: "W. F. CONRAD 30 W. Main St. MT. JOY, PA. Ladies' Hair Cutting a Specialty"

Advertisement for GORRECHT'S GIFT SHOP. Text: "Authorized Retailer of Elgin Watches"

Advertisement for PLUMBING and HEATING. Text: "Also All Kinds Repair Work PROMPT SERVICE PRICES REASONABLE JOSEPH L. HEISEY FLORIN, PENNA. Phone—179R5"