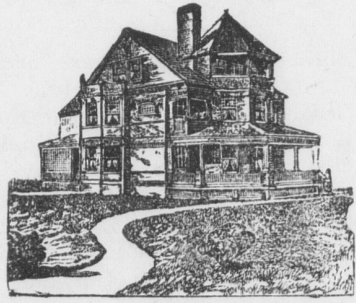


JOB PRINTING

Whatever your job printing needs may be, we can take care of them and turn out a job that will be a delight to the eye. The importance of good printing cannot be overestimated. It increases the value of your advertising matter tenfold. We can take care of both big and small jobs at exceptionally low prices. Work turned out promptly — no waiting. Come in and consult us on your printing problems! Estimates cheerfully furnished!

THE BULLETIN MOUNT JOY, PA.



The Real Estate Season!

Are you contemplating selling your House or Farm?

If so, you will want your SALE BILLS PRINTED at

This Office

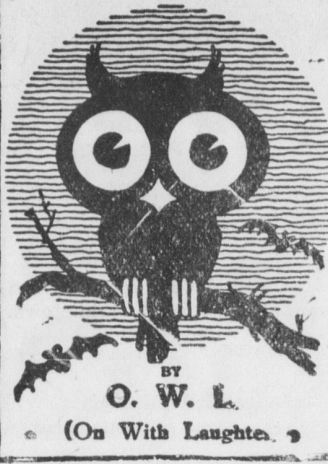
You will also want to ADVERTISE the sale as a whole in The

Mt. Joy Bulletin

A FREE NOTICE given in our SALE REGISTER for all Sale Bills Printed at this office is worth considerable.

It is not too early now to CHOOSE THE DATE for your Sale.

OWL-LAFFS



Several days ago a man on Donegal street asked his son this question in science: "When a kettle boils, why does the steam come out of the spout?"

After hesitating a moment the boy answered: "So that mother can open your letters before you get them."

And you can rest assured that there's war in that family ever since.

Officer Zerphoy said to one of the hoboes he put in his hotel for a night's lodging: "You look like the same chap I gave a dime several days ago."

The tramp replied: "I am. You don't think ten cents would make a new man of me, do you?"

While speaking to one of the Salvation Army's ladies recently I remarked: "I suppose you find many cases of extreme want during your visits to the poor?"

She said: "Yes indeed. Only today I visited a family in Mount Joy and actually they didn't have a drop of gasoline for their car."

Two Mt. Joy street women in a conversation. One said: "Your husband told my husband that his word at home was law."

Other lady: "Yeah. His word is like the Prohibition law—most darn hard to enforce."

I asked Jake Zeller if he would advise a young man to go into any business where he saw a good opening.

He said: "Yes if he were sure the opening wouldn't get him into a hole."

A young chap here wanted to go in to the movies but his dad soon took that idea out of him. The Old Man got him the job as the leading roll—he was to be the first to roll down over a 300-foot cliff. Now he's cured.

Up at the Shoe Factory Monday Clyde Gerberich told me that one of their employees asked him for a raise recently. The chap said he wanted it for two reasons.

Clyde asked what they were and the man said: "Twins."

Not long ago, they hired a new guard at our County Jail. One day the Warden said: "Do you think you can handle these prisoners."

He said: "Sure, Warden. En if they don't behave I'll throw them out."

A man here bought an auto and while telling Elmer Raymond about it he said that the man who owned it hadn't spent a cent for repairs in three years.

Elmer said: "He's right. I made the repairs and he hasn't paid any of the bills yet."

They tell me that practically no bald headed men go to Africa any more. They claim the cannibals prefer that kind because they don't have to pluck them.

"The other day a man called at our office and asked if we would help an unfortunate man who lost his family in the Florida Flood and all his money in the Wall Street crash."

I said: "You look like the same 'bird' that was here about a week ago and who lost his family in the Galveston flood and was shell shocked during the war."

He said: "I am. Ain't I havin' the darndest luck."

Now this is about the limit. A chap here thinks a speak easy is a talking moving picture show.

A man in Los Angeles the other day talked 5,700 miles by telephone to Australia. Wouldn't it have been a tragedy if central had given him the wrong number?

This is the time of the year when the school boys in the country are going nutting, and it is also the time of year when the politicians over the country are going nutty.

The Editorial columns of some newspapers carry on about the billion dollar rise in the cost of living under the new tariff and the advertising columns of the same newspapers tell about the billion dollar drop in the cost of living.

Up at Harry Thomas' dance the other evening a young man remarked to his lady: "My shoes are just killing my feet."

She said: "They're killing mine, too."

I went to a certain barber shop here the other day and all the while I was there the barber didn't say a word. He was cutting his wife's hair.

A child here asked its father why there are no marriages in heaven and he replied: "It wouldn't be heaven then, dear."

In front of a store at Salunga a man was amusing himself jumping over a store box one time after another. People thought he was going goofy.

FARM WOMEN NO. 8 MET SATURDAY

(From Page One) Anna L. Keller; vice president, Miss Pauline Garber; secretary, Mrs. Clarence Reist; recording secretary, Miss Mabel Heisey; publicity secretary, Miss Anna Mae Ely; treasurer, Mrs. Robert Forney.

Retrocements were served to the following members: Mrs. George Enslow, Mrs. Paris G. Engle, Mrs. Robert Forney, Mrs. Norman Garber, Miss Pauline Garber, Mrs. Harry Gish, Mrs. Clarence Greider, Miss Mabel Heisey, Miss Fanny Heisey, Miss Anna Mae Ely, Miss Ruth Ely, Mrs. B. F. Hoffman, Mrs. Laura Keller, Miss Anna L. Keller, Mrs. Ruth Kraybill, Miss Frances Mussler, Mrs. Clarence Reist, Mrs. R. W. Schlosser, Mrs. D. C. Wemer, Mrs. Binkley, Mrs. Walter Hawthorne, Mrs. Irwin Erhart, Susan Heisey, Mrs. S. I. Withers and Mrs. Arthur Sechrist.

Guests included, Mrs. Mabel Schriver, Steelton; Mrs. Francis O. Gorman, Hollandale, Royallton; Mrs. Ulrich, Miss Helen C. Doty, Mrs. Orado, Lancaster; Miss Virginia Remminger, Mrs. J. K. Cassel, Mannheim; Mrs. Frank Nolt, Mrs. Harrison Nolt, Fanny Ruth Heisey, Silver Spring; Miss Rebecca Schaeffer and friend, Martha Jane Reist, Mrs. J. C. Stever, Miss Gertha Chappell, Mrs. F. B. Smith, Miss Dorothy Smith, Mrs. L. O. Fry, Mrs. William Brenneman, Mrs. Van Horn, Mrs. H. J. Hawthorne, Miss Jane Hawthorne and Mrs. Carrie Garber.

Mrs. John Mumma will entertain the society at her home, East Donegal Township, Saturday, December 20.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONFERENCE

(From page 13) children's division. Miss Wallace had filled that position many years. The resignation was accepted with regret. The following superintendents for the county work were re-elected as follows: Young people's, Paul M. Lambert, Verna Hill, Elsie Myer and Wayne G. McFarland; adult, O. E. Martin; home and extension, Alice Strickler; parent training, Mrs. Geo. S. Ranck; teacher training and Christian education, Rev. J. F. Knittle; temperance, Hon. John A. McSparran; missionary, Mrs. R. H. Long; publicity, Howard Reynolds.

A committee to reconstitute the Association's constitution and by-laws was appointed, as follows: Rev. James B. Mussler, Miss Mary E. Swope and Walter S. Mellinger. Other committees appointed were: Finance, Howard Reynolds, Benjamin L. Herr, Rev. A. E. Cooper, Paul M. Lambert and Miss Swope; committee to consider different plan of issuing year book, Benjamin L. Herr, H. S. Newcomer and I. G. Mentzer.

LADY KILLED IN AN AUTO MISHAP

(From Page One) car, Mr. Nolt was taken to the Quantico Marine Base hospital. Mr. Nolt is suffering from a painfully lacerated scalp, cuts and bruises of the face and body.

Positions of the two demolished automobiles indicated that Mrs. Nolt had been killed in a head on collision between the car driven by Mr. Nolt and a machine driven by Herbert Johnson, of Philadelphia, who also was injured.

The Nolt's were traveling north enroute to Lancaster, following a business trip through the tobacco growing districts of Virginia. Mr. Nolt is a representative of P. Lorillard company, and was transacting business for this concern during the trip. Mrs. Nolt was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Kreider, of near Lampeter. She is survived by one daughter by a previous marriage, Mrs. Roy Nisley, of Florida.

MRS. BISHOP ENTERTAINS LADIES' BIBLE CLASS

Mrs. Boyd Bishop entertained the Ladies Bible class of the Evangelical Congregational church at her home on Thursday evening. The regular business was transacted and was followed by a social hour. In the Thanksgiving game, prizes were won by Mrs. Arntz and Mrs. Walters.

Mrs. Bishop served an excellent lunch and a most enjoyable time was had by all. Those present were: Mrs. V. S. Hoffman, Mrs. Charles Sheaffer, Mrs. Charles Morton, Mrs. George Myers, Mrs. George Heiserman, Mrs. Harry Kaylor, Mrs. C. S. Gingrich, Mrs. Earl Kaylor, Mrs. Ella Herr, Mrs. Alex Kramer, Mrs. James Piersol, Mrs. H. G. Walters, Mrs. H. B. Arntz, Mrs. Boyd Bishop, Beryl Amanda Herr, Barbara Anne Walters and Alice Bishop.

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

until some fellow asked him why. He replied: "Well as long as I keep in shape, none of them Austin cars like I see at Stelman Bros. garage are gonna run me down."

That's the one Weaver won and Ab told me confidentially that if prospects of getting married would be better than they are, he'd have kept it, put a handle on and used it for a baby carriage.

There is no better way to boost your business than by local news paper advertising.

Bill's Little Mistake

By LOUISE LANGDALE (convenient.)

BILL BRADLEY unstrapped his helmet and flung it into the air. "Heigho!" he exclaimed, recapturing it, "one more flight under instruction and I'll be allowed to solo. Wonder who'll take me tomorrow—not that it makes much difference," he added, little knowing just how much difference it was going to make.

The next morning when he reported at the Middlesex airport, run by a retired major from Washington, Bill found a marked absence of activity. "Where is everybody?" he asked of the overcast mechanic pattering about one of the planes.

"Ah meet sir in Northport. The boss left word you were to go up with Miss Wilmott. Said she'd be waiting at No 2 Hangar."

Bill did not know Lida Wilmott, but he had heard of her as an extremely capable, fearless pilot. In spite of her reputation, however, Bill wasn't keen about taking his last bit of instruction from a woman. Silly prejudice, but there it was. Still, he reflected, sensibly he would go up with her, women before he would defer longer the day when he should take to the air alone.

Strolling down to No. 2 Hangar, he found a slim, knickered, helmeted figure adjusting goggles, drawing on gloves.

"I presume you are waiting for me, said Bill.

"I presume I am," remarked the slim figure gravely. Impersonally she stepped up to the small carrier of the plane and Bill helped her into the cockpit, then climbed into his own seat behind the controls.

He took off gracefully. So far, so good! His able companion, he felt, could have done no better.

Little by little, Bill, who was a born flier, began absurdly, of course—to resent the presence of one who was undoubtedly, so he felt, criticizing his technique, and that one a woman. An obsession seized him to show off before her. Later, he might recognize this desire as the primitive urge of the male to strut before the female and be properly ashamed, but for the moment, he allowed himself to be carried away by it.

Higher and higher he mounted, turned and came up into the wind, flipped earthward and recovered, pulled a slide-slipping stunt his instructor had showed him yesterday.

Suddenly he felt a touch on his shoulder. His companion was bantering him a tiny folded note.

"Can you loop the loop?" So she was trying him out, was she? Bill looped the loop for her, not once but several times. Ah, how he loved it—this flying! The great earth spread out below in queer patches that were sometimes cities, sometimes country, sometimes ocean. The feeling that he was at one with the birds, the winds, the stars, with anything not earthbound. If ever he met a girl who felt about flying as he did.

He remembered that another task was still before him, that of making a graceful landing. Nothing more marked the tyro than to come in on one wheel or trailing a wing.

Spiraling above the field, he saw several black specks moving about with an activity similar to that ascribed to molecules. The specks resolved themselves into human beings and an automobile very much like the one belonging to the major, who Bill trusted, was attending the meet.

The major was a conservative old cuss, all for safety first and no stunt flying.

Bill's joy in a perfect, three-point landing was spoiled by the fact that the major was not at the air meet but beside the hangar, unmistakably waiting for Bill as he taxied to a standstill.

Bill read in the major's face that he was in for no ordinary reprimand. What a mistake he had made, showing off before a woman he had never seen before.

He stepped out and turned to assist his companion. The major grabbed his arm. "What in— in heaven's name do you mean?"

"I promised you I'd send somebody competent to take you up, not a young whippersnapper without any sense. What do you mean, young man, by nearly killing my niece?"

"Your niece?" Bill looked blank. "I didn't know Miss Wilmott was your niece!"

The major became, if possible, more apologetic in countenance. "Who said anything about Miss Wilmott? My niece comes on here from Wash. inston crazy to fly. I bring her out here and tell her to wait until I get somebody to take her up. Come back to find her gone with a young fool trying to break her neck!"

Bill stood abjectly twirling his helmet. Suddenly, he felt the pressure of a slender hand on his arm. "He'll get over it!" a soft voice whispered. "And—oh, it was wonderful! Next time—" she smiled and said no more.

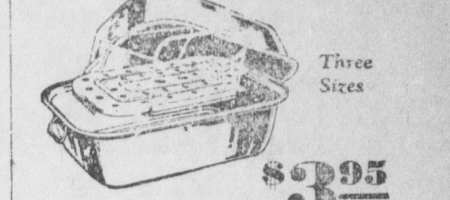
Bill thrilled. She would go again with him. She loved it as he did. And now he saw that besides a slightly hip-filled nose and a fetching, firm little chin she had two eyes as softly blue as the sky itself.

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

By subscribing for the Mount Joy Bulletin you can get all the local news for less than three cents a week.

There is no better way to boost your business than by local news paper advertising.

"Wear-Ever" ALUMINUM ROASTERS At Special Prices OBLONG ROASTER



Three Sizes Just the utensil for large roasts. Fine for canning and preserving.



OVAL ROASTER Compact, yet roomy in capacity.



5-Quart Tea Kettle Regular Price \$3.95

Keen Enjoyment for Smokers of Pipe and Cigarettes

15¢

FEEL 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

Agent for Manhattan Laundry

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 Orderlies has been discovered. This tablet attracts water from the system into the lazy, dry, evacuating 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 to-day at the nearest Rexall Drug Store.

E. W. GARBER, Mount Joy

WE HAVE QUALITY MEATS

Krall's Meat Market

West Main St., MOUNT JOY

Kidney Acids Break Sleep

If Getting Up Nights, Backache, frequent day calls, Lett Pain, Nervousness, or Burning, due to functional Bladder Irritation, in acid conditions, makes you feel tired, depressed and discouraged, try the Cystex Test. Works fast, starts circulating thru the system in 15 minutes. Praised by thousands for rapid and positive action. Don't give up. Try Cystex (Proprietary Siss-tex) today, under the Iron-Clad Guarantee. Must quickly rid you of these conditions, improve restful sleep and energy, or money back. Only 60c at

W. D. Chandler, W. Main St., Mt. Joy

Famous Chincoteague Salt Oysters

Ice Cream, Groceries and Confections

BRANDT BROS.

Mount Joy Street Mount Joy, Pa.