

CLEAN UP WEEK

A general clean up week in all Boroughs and Cities has been requested by the authorities at Harrisburg and the Council of Mount Joy Borough desires that the week of May 25th be observed a clean-up week. We ask that the Citizens of Mount Joy join in this very commendable movement and look after their properties including their cellars, out-buildings, &c. Destroy all matter that may harbor the breeding of flies and mosquito.

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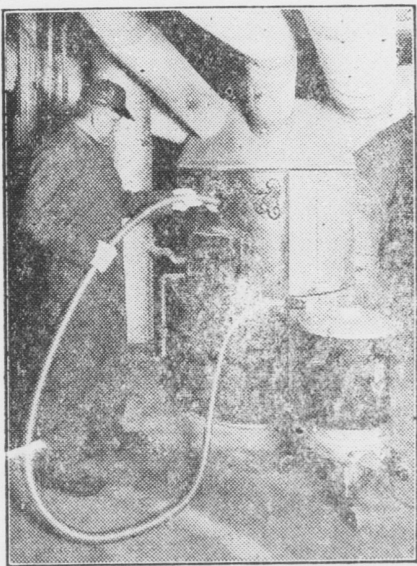
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LUMBER-COAL

READ THE MOUNT JOY BULLETIN

Promise Made by Old Cubero

By LEETE STONE

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) (WNU Service.)

JACK ODELL was tired and sick of just about everything at home. He yearned for far fields and a new deal altogether. The frothy little girl he had given his heart to had eloped not long since with a dancing master. That is how it happened that life shunted him down to the southern edge of Arizona at this time when his emotions were as arid as that blistering country. It was about the first of September; hot as blazes, and the rattlesnakes and scorpions thereabouts were plenty active.

Jack went to a little copper-mining town and got himself some sort of job helping out the mine boss. He put up a pretty fair imitation of a man trying to forget a lot of things.

It was during a poker game one night that Jack Odell first heard of Old Cubero across the line in New Mexico. Every day far away slumbering in the solid heat waves, he had seen the mound-like hills behind which it lay.

"You know the story, don't you, boy?" One of the bunch shot the question at him.

"Can't say I do," Jack answered.

"Well—it looks as if it lay just next door behind those silver hills—but it's what's in between that matters. The worst desert in the country. There's been two tried to make it in my time an' never been heard of since. An why do they try—ask me that? Well, it's this way, buddle. Personally, I think it's the bunk. But some old desert rat blew in here a few years ago an' spilled a tale all about a deserted gold mine workin' over there; an' swore a white bearded old man with a beautiful daughter lived over there just waitin'—just waitin', mind you—for a man to come along he could trust. Said the old man drove him away from the most beautiful water hole he'd ever seen because he couldn't trust him. Fairy tale or not, it's dragged two good men away from here that no one's ever heard tell of since."

"Give me three cards," was Jack's only response. But he lay awake all that night thinking of the promise of Old Cubero. Of course it was "the bunk," as this chap had said; but Jack was just bitter enough and romantic enough to decide to try it. Besides, if he could cross that desert and come back alive it would put him in an envied position with all these mining fellows.

Jack Odell was nearly thirty and he had lived an adventurous existence in many parts of the world, but that trip across White Skull desert, that grill over white alkali at Old Cubero was something new in his experience.

By day it could be borne, somehow. He slept and swayed in the saddle half the time, coming to full consciousness often enough to take a pull at the water bottle when his tongue felt as big as a baseball in his mouth. The little pack-mule plodded along so conscientiously behind with the five-gallon water keg roped on his back. But the nights! Long hours of cessation of motion, of striving to sleep in that dead, dank atmosphere. Once he awakened from a fitful doze, under a sun that was like a two-edged sword, to find a huge rattlesnake coiled, five feet from his head.

Then came the afternoon, crossing a high ledge of rocks with a murderous valley of rocks beneath, when the little pack-mule bearing the water slipped on some loose round stones and fell with a shriek of agony to the rocks below. For three minutes Jack Odell listened to the pitiful moans of pain and watched the precious water from the broken cask turn the rocks dark around its wreckage—then he emptied five shots from his revolver into the faithful animal, putting it out of its misery. He took the last double-drink of water from the flask over his shoulder, half-heartedly reloaded his revolver, and weakly climbed back on his stumbling pinto.

When Jack Odell stumbled back to consciousness he was certain his troubles were over and that he had, with out deserving it, blundered to heaven. His head was on a little plot of green grass and an ice-cold cloth rested blissfully on his temples. A voice, emanating apparently from a vision of feminine loveliness that bent so lovingly over him, was saying:

"You're better now! Don't be afraid! You've conquered the worst desert in the Southwest. Father found you nearly dead out in the rocks. And he likes you—your face, I mean. He's going to have you help him mine our lost gold here because he says he knows you are a mining engineer; and he says he knows you're honest. Oh, please say something! You're better, aren't you? Tell me! Please say something!"

"I'll say I'm better; but I'm in heaven, or somewhere. I died a long time ago."

"Oh, no, you didn't," the vision spoke happily. "You're in Old Cubero water hole, and I'm taking care of you."

"Well, just keep on takin' care of me, won't you?" And Jack Odell sank into his first natural sleep for eight days.

"To Fit the Crime"

When England's Henry I found in 1125 that 94 "murders" who had been allowed to coin money had clipped the coins, as punishment he ordered their bodies to be likewise mutilated.

With H. G. Walters

Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Coble and daughters, Margie and Jean; Bud Espenshade, of Middletown; Mr. and Mrs. John Roth and sons, Clarence and John, Jr.; Miss Myrtle Roth, Abram Nornhold, Charles Roth, Miss Pearl Schroll, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Arntz and sons, Gerald and Robert, and Miss Dorothy Detwiler were entertained Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Walters.

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Authorities Differ on Soldier's Mercy Appeal

Several theories have been advanced to account for the military phrase to "give quarter," meaning to spare the life of an enemy in one's power. A French writer named De Brieux asserted in 1672 that the phrase to "give quarter" arose from an agreement between the Dutch and Spanish whereby the ransom of a soldier was to be a quarter of his wages. Thus, according to this theory, where a captured soldier begged for quarter he offered his captor a quarter of his pay to spare his life; if the captor turned down the offer he refused to grant quarter. This theory, as the Oxford dictionary points out, is at variance with both the spirit and sense of the phrases to give and receive quarter. Since "quarter" is applied to a place, and the tents or barracks where soldiers are lodged are called their quarters, it is more probable that "give quarter" originally referred to the sending of captured troops to an assigned quarter or place in a camp or fort to be held until liberated, ransomed or condemned to slavery. Therefore, if this theory is correct, giving a soldier quarter at first meant sending him to the quarters of the captors, while to refuse him quarter meant to dispatch him without mercy. Another theory deserves mention. One of the meanings of "quarter" is friendship, amity or peace. It has been suggested that to beg quarter originally employed the term in this sense and meant to ask for peace.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Single Copits Scorned by This Book Borrower

As a general rule, book publishers in this country depend mainly on lending libraries for their sales. In Denmark publishers are taking more drastic steps. One firm there is trying to prevent libraries from lending its books unless they pay double the ordinary price for them. Here, as conditions are at the moment, the libraries are the publisher's best friends. There are very few people who want to buy books, and large numbers who want to borrow them. The greatest book-borrower in history, however, lived at a time when people who wanted books had usually to buy them. He was the duke of Somerset, who was lord protector in the reign of Edward VI. He borrowed the whole of the books in the London Guildhall library, loading them onto carts and taking them away to read at his leisure. And he never returned a single one. Three years ago a manuscript belonging to this collection was found. It is the only survivor.—London Mail.

When Eggs Were Cheap

The fresh egg, that succulent article which frequently graces the breakfast table, is not usually associated with bridge building, says an article in the Edinburgh Journal. Nevertheless the upper North Water bridge which spans the river North Esk near Montrose, contains this strange ingredient in its fabric. The bridge was constructed about 1780, and at that period eggs were costing about one penny per dozen of 14 and were not then regarded as of any special food value. Hundreds of dozens were brought from the village of Fettercairn and the surrounding district to the scene of the work and mixed into the mortar, thereby increasing its tenacity and assuring durable workmanship when the bridge was completed.

"Centers of Population"

By center of population, as used by statisticians, is meant the point about which the total population of a district or country is conceived to balance. In other words it is the center of gravity of population, assuming that the district is a plane and that each unit of population has the same weight. Suppose all the people of the United States are conceived as resting on a weightless plane having the size and shape of the United States. The center of population would be the point where the plane would balance on a single support.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Asset

An interviewer asked J. P. Morgan if he found the delights of living in his country estate compensated him for the time and trouble occasioned in going to and from his New York office.

"Indeed they do," replied Mr. Morgan heartily. "Country life pays big dividends in rest and health. Yet, to me, these are not the greatest assets. I find that the best part of country life lies in the people you don't meet."

Ashes in High Grave

At Kirkstone, Pass, England, Mark Atkinson, landlord of the Kirkstone Inn, gave instructions on his deathbed that his body should be cremated and buried in the highest grave in England, on top of a mountain 2,500 feet above sea level, and that his favorite mountain pony, Billie, should do no more work after carrying the ashes to the grave.

She Was All Right

Two business men met on the street and exchanged the usual common-places.

"Well, how is everything over at your house?" inquired the first affably.

The other stared innocently at his friend. "Oh, she's all right," he said, as he walked down the street.

Gephardt-Shellenberger

Miss Esther Shellenberger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Shellenberger, of Oak Land Mills, Juniata County, became the bride of Harry L. Gephardt, of Elizabethtown, R. D., recently. Rev. Charles M. Fahl, pastor of the Gospel tabernacle, Elizabethtown, presided and used the ring ceremony.

LOCAL DOINGS AROUND FLORIN

(From page 1)

Chambersburg.

Mrs. Ruth Fackler gave a birthday party at her home on Friday evening for her daughter, Bernice, who was the recipient of many gifts, both useful and beautiful. The evening was spent playing games with prizes awarded to Elizabeth Lehman, Mary Brooks and Thomas Eichler. A very delightful luncheon was served to the many guests including the following: Goldie Hershey, of Elizabethtown; Mary and Ruth Brooks, Mary Wittle, Mary Herr, Nancy Shale, Edith Eichler, Doris Zitzer, Helen Baker, Elizabeth Lehman, Dorothy Weiser, Barbara Landvator, Frances and Bernice Fackler, Jacob and Warren Stehman, John Weiser, Thomas Eichler, Evelyn Fike and Robert Fackler, of town.

OUR MORTUARY RECORDINGS

(From page 4)

Gertie Groff, all of Mount Joy. Services were held Monday afternoon at the home and later at Mt. Joy United Brethren church. Interment in Eberle's cemetery.

Phares H. Metzler

Phares Metzler, Salunga, after a long illness of complications passed away on Sunday. He left a widow, Lizzie Weisenheller Metzler formerly of York, one brother Samuel, Seattle, Washington, and two sisters, Mrs. Isaac Koltz at the Oreville Home and Mrs. Isaac Stauffer of Hammer Creek. His age was 67 years, 3 months and 13 days. Funeral on Thursday at 1:30 o'clock Standard time at the home with public services at the Landisville Lutheran church. Burial in the Mennonite cemetery at Salunga. For many years the deceased was employed as a truck driver for the New Standard Hardware Works here.

Mary G. Shearer

Mary G. Shearer, Mastersonville, died at the St. Joseph's hospital, where she had been under treatment for the past four weeks, on Thursday morning. Her age was 58 years, 3 months and 6 days. Death was due to complications. She was a daughter of the late Abram and Priscilla Greiner and a member of the Brethren in Christ church. Surviving are the following brother and sisters: Ephraim Greiner and Mrs. Isaac Brandt of Mastersonville; Mrs. John Wenger, Rapho township, Mrs. Phares Krea-dy, Elstonville. Services were conducted from the home on Sunday afternoon, and later in the Brethren in Christ church. Interment in the adjoining cemetery.

MT. JOY HIGH JUNIORS ENTERTAINED THE SENIORS

On Monday evening the Juniors entertained the Seniors of Mount Joy High School to a party given at the High School.

The program, given in the auditorium, consisted of: Recitation, Benj. Dillinger; Family Album, Harriet Mc Elroy and Lester Mumma; Shadow Pictures; Contest for teachers, won by Prof. Nitrauer; Play, "Stuttering Ebenezer;" Songs; Treasurer Hunt.

"Eats" were served in the gymnasium, which was decorated in green and white, the Senior Class colors, using white snowballs.

A peanut scramble was enjoyed by about 60 teachers and students.

Billy Scholing

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