

JUNIOR-SENIOR DINNER



IT'S caps-and-gowns, class prophecies and class parties again. And when the class of '31 entertains for the class of '32 there must be the cleverest entertainment, the swankiest decorations and the most breath-taking banquet ever planned by aspiring Juniors to impress lordly Seniors.

A lively and spectacular event is a vaudeville show or revue, followed by a banquet or dinner. The first act may be a fashion show, with masculine as well as feminine mannikins—if it is to be a coed affair. The glee-club star might croon a song written by the class composer with humorous verses apropos of the fashion whim of each member of the Senior class, while the junior member, impersonating that senior, parades across the stage. Be sure to burlesque the girl whose halo hat is worn so far back that it appears to be off-the-head as well as "off-the-face"—and the chap whose handkerchief-tie-and-hose color-scheme runs riot.

Some Entertaining "Stunts"

Let each department give its own stunt. For example, the history department might do some research into the "past" of the individual seniors, presenting an enlightening survey of four scholastic years. In similar vein, the science department might delve into the future and evolve a class prophecy.

A good act for the commercial course will be for ten pretty girls to give a typewriter speed-demon-

stration, clicking the keys in time to an orchestra. At the close of the demonstration the papers may be passed among the seniors for inspection, and if they prove to be letters to ten senior boys they will be most interesting.

Then it will remain for the Home Economics class to prepare, or at least to serve the banquet—the most important event of the evening. Junior girls in white caps and aprons, tied with the senior class colors, and trays also painted with these colors, will make most attractive waitresses. If the class treasury has undergone a period of depression, and if the class boasts talented cooks, they may prepare as well as serve, the banquet. The following menu is simple enough for students—the recipes are all tested and each designed to serve fifty persons—and elaborate enough to do honor to the class of '31.

Banquet Menu

Melon, Banana and Apricot Cup
Tomato Bouillon
Bread Sticks
Spiced Salmon with Russian Mask
Broiled Half Chicken
Parley Potatoes
New Asparagus with Drunken Butter
Hot Rolls
Green Salad with Roquefort Dressing
Fresh Strawberry Ice Cream
Small Cakes
Melon, Banana and Apricot Cup: Cut two No. 2 1/2 cans of

China's Right to Title of "Mother of Gardens"

The late Ernest H. Wilson, who was undoubtedly the world's foremost authority on plant introductions from China and keeper of the Arnold Arboretum of Harvard university, remarks that "China is, indeed, the Mother of Gardens, for of the countries to which our gardens are the most deeply indebted she holds the foremost place."

There is hardly a garden in this country or Europe that is not indebted to China for the plants that embellish it. The forsythia, the Yulan magnolias, the peonies, the parents of our modern roses, be they hybrid tea, rambler or polyantha; many of the azaleas and primroses, peaches, ornamental lemons and apricots have been brought to us from China.

The Portuguese reached China in 1516 and took back with them to their settlements in India the sweet orange, which was later introduced into Portugal. Mr. Wilson says that, so far as he has been able to discover, this was the first plant taken to Europe.

From that time to the present era there has been a constant flow of new plant introductions from the East to Europe and America.—New York Herald Tribune.

OWL-LAFFS



Grab your chair and hold on real tight because here are some pretty hot ones.

One of our local teachers said to a class recently: "I want you to write an essay of about 500 words on any subject you like—your father's bicycle, or some everyday thing like that."

A steady scratching of pens was heard for some moments. Then the teacher noticed that one pupil had apparently finished. She went to see here's what she found.

"My father has a bicycle," she read. "He went for a ride on it yesterday. He had a skid. His bicycle was smashed. That's about thirty words. Father said the other four hundred and seventy carrying the bicycle home."

I know a chap here in town who felt like saying that many words. One evening last week "Sixty" Groff, accompanied by his wife and daughter, went to Elizabethtown on a visit. "Sixty" said he would take a walk around town and return in an hour.

After spending about an hour he came to Mount Joy and when his mother asked him where his wife and daughter were he went up to Etown and brought them home.

The Wrong Answer

"I got a lickin' today on your account, pa."

"A lickin' on my account? What do you mean?"

"Member last night when I asked you how much a Russian ruble is worth?"

"Yes."

"Well, 'not worth a damn' is not the answer."

A family moved to town by the name of Robert Katz about two weeks ago. Saturday night he went to the barber shop, stayed a bit too long and his wife went after him. She opened the door at Hershey's barber shop and yelled: "Bob Katz here!"

George Shatto in a very polite manner said: "No, madam, we do not bob cats here."

Origin of Word "Dogma"

Contrary to common belief, "dogma" is not originally a word of authority, nor is it connected with "doctrine." "Doctrine" comes from the Latin "docere," "to teach"; "dogma" from the Greek "dogkein," "to seem," whose nearest relation in Latin is "deceit." "It is seemly," the ancestor of our "decent." "Dogma" at first therefore meant "that which seems to one," or "an opinion." But when the early Christian councils met to discuss the essentials of the faith, what they sought were the "opinions" held in common by all orthodox bishops. These were called "dogmas"; but since they represented the agreement of so weighty a concourse, the word soon acquired the sense of authoritative truth.

Fortune in Croquet Box

A manuscript worth hundreds of dollars a page was found in the lumber room of an English castle.

One summer's day the guests of Lord Talbot de Malahide decided to play croquet and sent servants to fetch the mallets and hoops from their box in an old lumber room. The servants opened a box and, instead of mallets, found a mass of musty crumbling papers yellow with age.

These proved to be the manuscript writings of James Boswell, the great-grandfather of Lord Talbot, and among them were 107 pages of his famous Life of Johnson. Only 16 pages of this manuscript had been found before, and their owner was offered \$75,000 for them.

Score One for Henry VIII

A lady's position in the Fifteenth century wasn't particularly an agreeable one considering the fact that she sat in the balcony merely as a spectator at the royal feasts which her lord gave. Henry VIII, however, was a considerate old fellow, and allowed the fair sex to enjoy the elegant food. His queen, Catherine, presided at the head of one table, and he at another. "The party being assembled, and the king and queen seated in their chairs of state, it was the custom to begin the ceremonial of royal banquets by presenting hippos and wafers to the sovereign and his consort."—"Sass City Star."

Grow Profitable Lambs

Weather lambs that have been docked sell for highest market prices than do undocked ram lambs. It is good business to follow the practice which is most profitable.

Mr. Reinhold, a farmer and butcher of near Mt. Pleasant church, will open a meat market at Elizabethtown Saturday.

Camels Find Refuge in Swampy Spanish Plain

Spain may pass through troublous times but there is one community in that country which is not likely to be disturbed whatever happens. This is the strange colony of wild camels which have made a home for themselves in the lower reaches of the Guadalquivir river. Many years ago an attempt was made to introduce camels for agricultural work in southern Spain. The plan was not a success, and those camels which did not die strayed off to fend for themselves. A few of them found a retreat in the vast alluvial plain through which the sluggish stream of the river winds its way to the Gulf of Cadiz.

One could hardly imagine a situation more unlike that to which a camel normally is accustomed. The land is largely water-logged and covered with a dense growth of reeds and rushes many feet in height. From the human point of view, the district is extremely unhealthy, although animal life flourishes.

At the least sign of danger the animals retreat to the swamps, where the ground is so soft that it is impossible for a man to follow. Of course, the broad feet of the camel, which help the creature to walk on loose sand, have also stood it in good stead in these marshes, where a horse or a cow certainly would never be able to travel safely.—Manchester (Eng.) Guardian.

Diggers Uncover Grave of Bronze-Age Chieftain

The 4,000-year-old grave of a Bronze Age chieftain is among the many interesting relics discovered in the course of digging pits for brick works at Schleinbach, near Vienna. Twenty-one different caches, graves and living caves from the Second century, B. C., have been laid bare. The chieftain's grave has been reconstructed as it was first discovered and placed on exhibition in the Lower Austrian museum in Vienna. It contains two skeletons lying face upwards, stretched out close together, in contrast to the skeletons of ordinary tribesmen found in 11 other graves. These were placed in a crouching position, the legs being drawn up and bound in chains, weighted with stones, owing to the fear of the resurrection of the bodies. The second body in the grave was doubtless that of the chieftain's wife, believed to have been buried alive.

He Had His Reason

He is cook on a schooner. Very humbly he poked our head inside the door. "He was chopping some meat for lunch."

"Come in," he said in broad Hungarian. We went in. His name is Charley.

"How long have you been a cook, Charley?"

"Fifty year."

We whistled with amazement. "How old are you, Charley?"

"Sixty-eight."

Fifty years a cook. Apparently the height of ambition.

We left him to interview the captain.

"Charley, back there—why does he stick to cooking?"

Tactfully the captain replied: "Darn good reason—cook gets \$80 a month, sailor get \$60."—Philadelphia Record.

Penguins Prefer Ice

When eight penguins arrived recently in Europe to be transferred to a Continental zoo, they caused great trouble because they found the climate too warm. The penguin, whose home is in the Antarctic, loves cold weather, and whittens tried to devise a means of keeping them cool. All plans failed until a big "ice box" was built for them, and a "house" of heavy planks, with a roof of heat-resisting tar paper, was erected in the box. Each day, 500 pounds of ice, cut in layers, was spread on the floor, and then the birds were quite happy. They slept on the ice—standing up, as is their way! Shrubs and greens surround the "house," and there was a lake where the birds could satisfy their natural thirst.

Quaint Rental Payment for English Freeholds

The ancient ceremony of rendering quit-rent services by the city of London took place before the king's remembrancer, Sir G. A. Bonner, at the Law Courts building recently. One of the services is in respect of a piece of land—the location of which cannot today be identified—called "The Moors," near Bridgnorth, Shropshire. The other is by "the tenants and occupiers of a tenement called 'The Forge'—a piece of land once used by the Knights Templar for their tournaments and now covered by the Law Courts building. The ceremony dates back more than 700 years, when rents were paid in kind instead of in cash. The city solicitor rendered service in respect of "The Moors" by cutting two small bundles of fagots with a hatchet and a bill-hook. Thereafter, he counted out, one by one, six horse shoes and 61 nails in respect of "The Forge."

mer home and while leaning over the bridge wall his watch fell out of his pocket and into the Chickies creek.

About a year later while fishing at that very spot he said he caught a great big carp and when he opened the fish what do you suppose he found.

One of those "know it all guys" said: "You're going to tell us you found your watch and it was still running."

"Not on your life," said Cappy. "When I opened that carp all I found was fish guts."

I'll bet my last winter's derby against your Aunt Martha's bussel that there ain't a guy around that Grey Iron can tell a better one.

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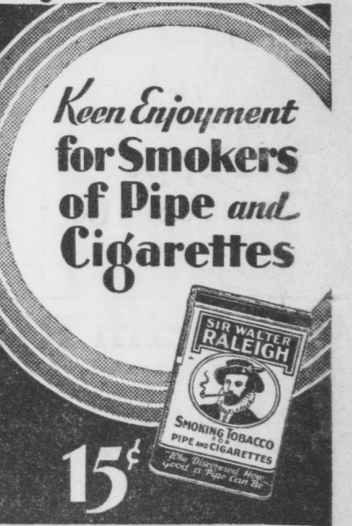


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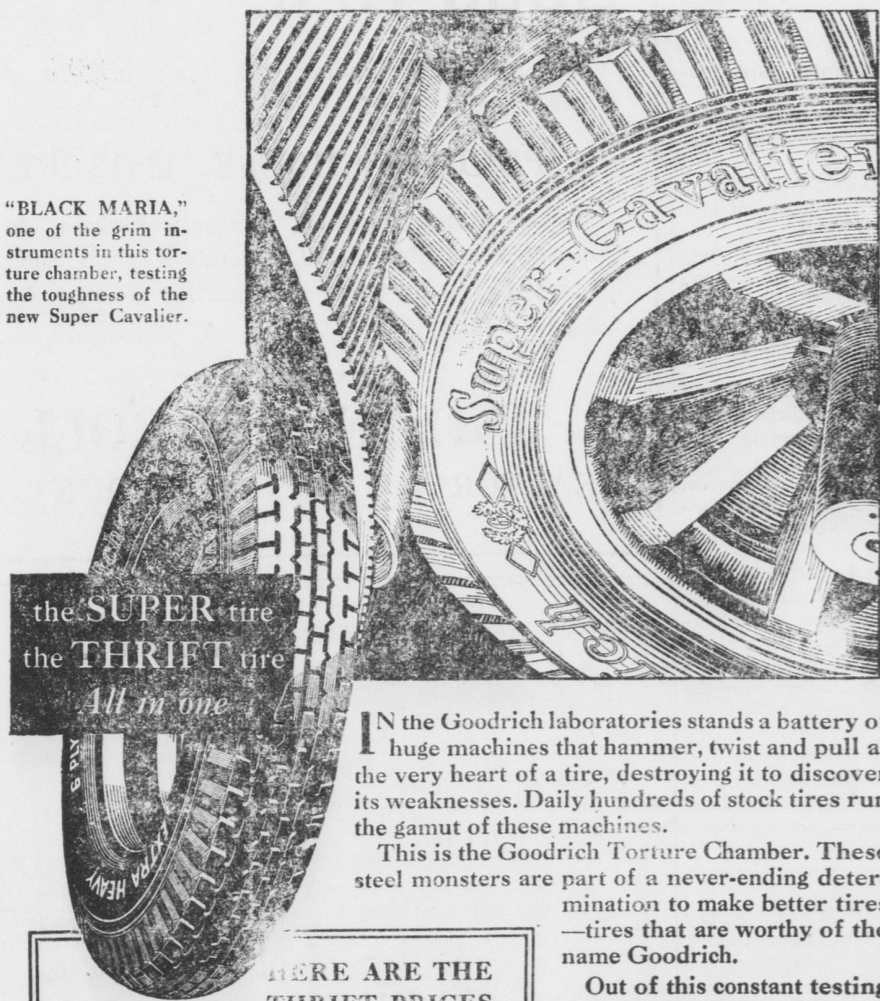
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