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All correspondents must have their communications reach this office not later than Monday. Telephone news of importance between that time and 12 o'clock noon Wednesday. Change for advertisements must positively reach this office not later than Monday night. New advertisements inserted if copy reaches us Tuesday night. Advertising rates on application.

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EDITORIAL

THE GREAT PROTECTOR

Curiously enough, a great many Americans regard life insurance purely as "death insurance," protection for the dependents when the income-producer dies.

This, of course, is an outstanding function of life insurance. But it does a great deal more than that. It is being increasingly used as a means of guaranteeing the education of one's children, for assuring an adequate income in one's old age, to protect against business reverses, to build an estate or rebuild a depleted one. For some time past, the life insurance industry has been paying more money to living policyholders than to beneficiaries.

There is hardly a human exigency that life insurance, in one or another of its forms, won't cover. It has earned the right to be called the great protector. And it has earned the right, too, to be called as secure and as safe an institution as the human mind has been able to conceive. The fact that thousands of Americans are turning to it with a new realization of its possibilities and achievements means much to the future of the country.

SQUEEZE THE OFFICIAL SPONGE

If there is "watered stock" in industry, there is certainly "watered stock" in government when measured by the same yardstick.

If there are industrial organizations where the investor gets only \$1 worth of value for \$2 worth of stock, there are certainly government operations where he gets only \$1 worth of value for \$2 worth of taxes.

The difference between stock in a private corporation and stock in government, is that the investor does not have to buy the former but he certainly has to subscribe to the latter and any property that he has may be taken by government to pay his bill.

There is as much or more need for "wringing the water" out of government operations, as there is for wringing it out of private operations. In fact, there is more need, for the simple reason that there is not the same individual incentive to keep government solvent as there is to keep private business solvent.

When government is running in the red, the powers that put it there simply ask the taxpayers additional sums to make up the deficits of bad management. When a private industry runs in the red, it eventually goes out of existence and its managers lose their jobs.

There is so much water in the management of government today that if the official sponge were squeezed, the savings to the taxpayers would revive our economic structure as would a pitcher of water poured on a parched plant.

FIRE PROTECTION FOR THE FARMER

The farmer is the greatest proportionate sufferer from fire. In other words, the annual farm fire waste is greater in comparison to property values than the urban loss.

This may have been unavoidable a few years ago. Farms were far apart, roads poor, communication facilities slow and un dependable. But today a different situation obtains. Good roads make it possible to go from the nearest town to the average farm in a very short space of time. The telephone affords instant contact with the outside world. The reason farm fire loss has not come down is that the bulk of farmers have taken insufficient interest in building up fire fighting organizations.

A few states have shown how this can be done at a reasonable cost. A first-class standard engine is situated at a central point, where it can serve a wide number of farms in the surrounding area. The department is headed by a qualified fire marshal who builds up a volunteer organization. The cost to the state is the community of the farmer is nothing in comparison to the protection furnished. Such organizations have saved hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of farm property which would otherwise have been destroyed.

Anyone who has lived in farming sections knows the tragedy of fire that destroys buildings, livestock, crops and lives and raises taxes and insurance rates. The solution is the central fire department, well equipped and scientifically developed.

HAS AMERICA LOST ITS SPIRITUAL VALUES?

With the growing multiplicity of plans and schemes to iron out the

BAINBRIDGE

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Garber, of Pittsburgh, were the guests of the former's mother, Mrs. Carrie Garber, for several days visiting her grand-mother, Mrs. Viola Trimble.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Brandt and daughter, Shirley, of New Cumberland and Ray Brandt of Branchville, N. J., were the week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brandt.

John, Bernard and Kenneth Sechrist of Thomasville, spent the week-end with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Ervin Miller and son, Jimmie, were the guests of the former's mother, Mrs. Estella Miller, at Perdis on Sunday.

The following persons were guests of Harry Birch during the week-end: Mr. and Mrs. H. B. McCall, Miss Catherine Sullivan, Mrs. Harry Hackenberger, Miss Catherine McCarvell, Miss Beatrice Murphy, Miss Elizabeth McGhee, Edward McCarvell, Charles McCall, all of Harrisburg; Mr. and Mrs. William Flanagan, of Pottstown, and Eugene Flanagan and sons, Torrence and Eugene, of Columbia.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Harvey Hall and children Jeanne, Harry and Jimmie and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Shellman of Philadelphia, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Breneman on Tuesday.

Miss Ruth Groff has resumed her duties as student nurse at St. Joseph's hospital, Lancaster, after recuperating from an operation for appendicitis at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Groff.

Farm Society, 2 Met Saturday

(From page one)

taken by the members. No member will be admitted to the park that day without a ticket, which will be given free by the president at Manheim Square the morning of the event. All members are urged to attend, notifying the president if no means of transportation is available.

A dainty refreshment was served by the hostess to Mrs. Harvey Spangler, Mrs. Francis S. Weidman, Miss Esther Wolgemuth, Mrs. Wm. Moyer, Mrs. Armin Shearer, Mrs. Harry Gible, Martha Gible, Mrs. Frank Ruhl, Mrs. Finna Ober, Mrs. Maude Boyer, Mrs. John Miller, Mrs. John H. Snively, Mrs. Harry Blecher, Mrs. Emma K. Wolgemuth, Mrs. Oliver L. Moyer, Mrs. Roy Shelly and son Buddy; Mrs. Lloyd A. Kaufman, Mrs. Norman Shreiner, Mrs. Wm. Baum, Esther Shreiner, Mrs. H. H. Berntheisel, Mrs. Wm. P. Bucher, Mrs. H. R. McCommon, Mrs. Charles Young, Mrs. Harvey Spangler and children James and Belma; Mrs. M. Edwards and children Dorothy and Pauline; Miss Mary Weidman, Mrs. Geib, Mrs. John S. Shelley, Martha Gible, Miss Vera Shearer, Mrs. Benj. Smith, Emma Mae Ginder, Emma Hoffer, Mrs. O. R. Brooks, Mrs. Walter Dohner, Albert J. Dohner, Grace May Ober, Mrs. J. N. Shearer, Mrs. Amos Hoffer, Rev. O. R. Brooks, Lloyd Kaufman, Norman Shreiner, C. D. Boyer, C. E. Young.

The program was closed by singing "Brighten The Corner" by the members.

The next meeting will be the second Saturday of August, the 12th, at the home of Mrs. Maude Boyer at Manheim.

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

wrinkles in our economic and social fabrics, there is growing conviction among many persons that mechanical formulas of money, credit, etc., are superficial; that society is after all human and what we need more than anything else is a restoration of ideals, spiritual values.

The thought that the moving pictures, by placing our youth false standards of life, may have been a powerful instrument in bringing about the lamentable condition America now finds itself in, is set forth by Fred Eastman in the May-24 issue of "The Christian Century," leading unorthodox Christian religious journal. He says that our movies "express a type of mind that has lost all sense of spiritual values, all sense of the burden of man's destiny. It sees life only as a whirling, rushing, confused struggle after money and things, and then more money and more things. This may be the kind of life the motion picture magnates have known, it may represent America at its worst. But to present such life as good or true, or desirable is to give the lie not only to religion and education but to the experience of the human race. For the goal of religion and education is to produce character; the goal of the movie values is to acquire things, get ahead, be smart, dazzling, a big shot.

"Look at the thing through your child's eyes. At home and in school and church he sees one set of values upheld as the secret of a desirable life," continues Dr. Eastman. "At the movies he sees another set presented with all the power and glamour of strong emotional stimulus. Two results are possible; he will either be confused and vacillate between one set of values and the other, or he will choose one and scrap the other. While this struggle goes on in his mind it takes place also in the minds of 23,000,000 other young people under the age of twenty-one who each week spend two hours or more in the movies. For more people will probably see the next Joan Crawford or Norma Shearer release than have seen Shakespeare's 'Hamlet' in the three hundred years since it was written. Where is there a situation more fraught with consequences to the future than this?"

The Actress Incognito

By H. IRVING KING

THERE was a touch of the theatrical about her as she passed with her swaying gait down the lobby of the hotel. Just a touch, not a loud pronouncement. It was a hotel on a Florida beach; a moderate-priced, retiring, restful sort of place, just suited to its patrons who came year after year.

Of course, every year there were a few new faces. This season the new faces were those of Rosalie Maltravers and Charles Burdick. Rosalie was the girl with the theatrical touch about her and Charles was the young man who sat watching her intently as she strode through the hotel lobby.

It was whispered that she was a celebrated actress down there incognito, just for rest.

As for Charles Burdick his manner and clothes were so perfect that it had been decided that he was a young man of "wealth and fashion."

On the third evening after the arrival of the perfectly equipped and perfectly mannered Mr. Burdick, he and the celebrated actress incognito sat on the veranda of the hotel looking out over the moonlit waters.

"Somehow, do you know, Miss Maltravers," said Charles, "your face seems familiar to me. Now where could I have seen you before?"

Rosalie gave a little gasp and replied, "Oh dear. It's no use for me to try and hide away—and just rest. People will recognize me. I may as well admit that I am merely an actress, seeking quiet retirement in this delightful and obscure place to recover from the nervous strain caused by my exacting work."

"Acting must be hard work," replied Charles. "No wonder so many actors and actresses suffer from nervous breakdowns. May I go so far as to ask your stage name?"

"Ah," laughed Rosalie, "that I may not—or will not—tell you. It would be all over the hotel in half an hour and I should have no peace. And may I add that you yourself, Mr. Burdick, appear to be somewhat of a mystery according to the gossip of the hotel? Tell me your real name."

"Really," replied Charles, "I must have my secrets as well as yourself. I, too, seek peace and not publicity."

After that Charles and Rosalie were together so much that everybody at the resort considered the affair as settled. The millionaire wasn't it delightful?

Never, never had the guests at the little hotel enjoyed their sojourn there so much. They wrote off reams of letters to their friends in the North about it. The love-making of Rosalie and Charles progressed rapidly, but after that first talk of theirs they let the mystery of their real identities stand as it was—as if there was no mystery. Or was it that all other mysteries were swallowed up in the mystery of love? Sometimes Rosalie would have a moody spell; sit silent, evidently thinking deeply and letting Charles do all the talking.

One evening as they sat in the hotel garden, the moon shining on the sea and a gentle wind waving the Spanish mass upon the live oak trees, Rosalie after one of these fits of meditation said, "Charles, I am almost tempted to tell you my real name."

"You need not, dearest," replied Charles, "unless you want to. It makes no difference. It is you that I care about. You are all the world to me. You know it. Now, then, will you marry me?"

Rosalie turned her head aside and said softly, "What would your wealthy family say to your marrying an actress? In some quarters there is still prejudice against the stage, you know."

"Nonsense," answered Charles, "that sort of thing vanished long ago. Again I ask, will you marry me?"

"When I have told you who I am, if you still want me, I will," said she.

"Don't bother," replied Charles. "I know who you are. You are that demure little stenographer who works for Hayden and Blankford in the Magnum building and are down here taking a vacation, the first in years. I have often seen you in the elevator, or passed you in the hall, but you never would look at me until I chanced to run across you here."

"You horrid thing," sobbed Rosalie. "Why didn't you tell me you knew me at once and not let me make a fool of myself posing as an actress. But you needn't think yourself so smart. You are that young lawyer who has an office on the top floor and I have known you all along. But I didn't imagine that you knew me. And, oh, I always did so long to be an actress."

"You are a perfect actress, darling," replied Charles soothingly, "but as you remarked when we first met down here, good acting is a great strain on the nervous system. What say, Miss Matthews—shall we go back to New York and get married? Business is pretty good with me; you won't have to work any more."

Of course, Ruth, alias Rosalie, eventually said yes. But at the same time she told Charles that she doubted if she ever could really forgive him for the way he had deceived her in Florida.

Control Flea Beetles

A second brood of flea beetles is expected the middle to July. Recommendations for control call for 3 pounds of calcium arsenate in 100 gallons of Bordeaux mixtures and thorough covering of potato vines.

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David—What's the use, Ma? I never put 'em there.

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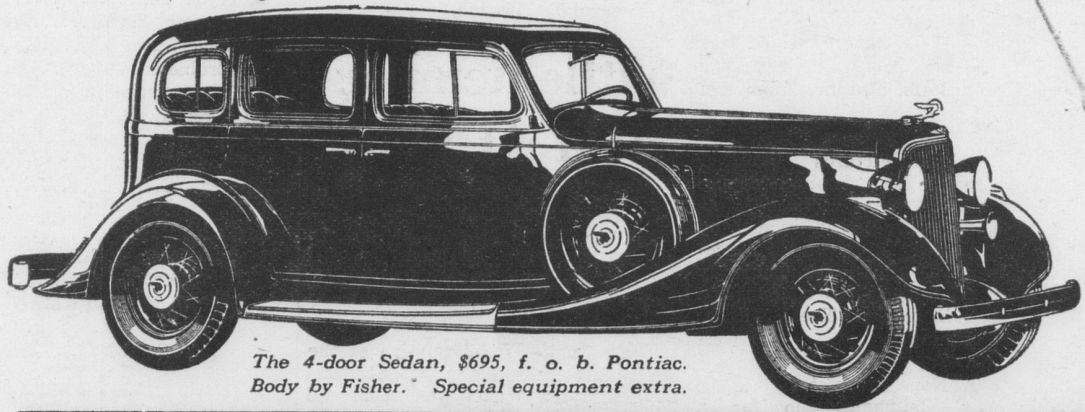
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2 Local Classes Held Meetings

(From page 1)

day at Keener's Park, near Elizabethtown. All members of the class are expected to attend the picnic.

A very pleasant social time was enjoyed, the hostesses serving delicious refreshments to Mrs. Aaron Muttser, Mrs. Abner Hershey, Mrs. Martin Gerber, Mrs. Eli Bentzel, Mrs. Hatie Hoffman, Miss Maggie Haines, Mrs. B. F. Greenawald, Mrs. John Hendrix, Mrs. William Way, Mrs. Perry Bates, Mrs. Charles Derr, Mrs. Roy Amant, Mrs. Walter Greiner, Mrs. O. L. Menze, Mrs. Eli Ebersole, Mrs. Wm. Strickler, Mrs. Philip Greiner, Mrs. Fanny Runk, Mrs. Annie Hendrix, Mrs. M. Edwards, Mrs. Wm. Weldon, Mrs. H. N. Nissly, Mrs. Fred Schneider, Mrs. John G. Eberle, Mrs. Weidman, Mrs. Roy Zink, Mrs. Harry Ney, Mrs. Earl Myers, Mrs. John Reigel, Miss Nora Strickler, Mr. Raymond Nissly, Mr. Wm. Strickler, Mr. Philip Greiner, Mr. Walter Greiner, Dorothy and Pauline Edwards, Betty McKinney, Junior Musser, Misses Edna Charles; Ethel Felker, Laura Mixell, Almeda Stauffer, Hazel Hoffman.

Rejuvenate Berry Beds

Old Strawberry beds may be rejuvenated by use of the harrow and cultivator. The harrow will tear out surplus plants and the cultivator will narrow the rows and work up the spaces between them.

Water Sweet Peas

One of the secrets of growing sweet peas is to give them plenty of water at all times. A mulch of grass clippings will help to conserve the moisture.

Ants and Caterpillars

When at Inceptive Age

There is a delightful example of the communal life among insects to be seen in the bush, writes Evelyn Cheeseman in the St. Louis Globe Democrat. It is communal life at an inceptive age. The other end of the series is the elaborate organization of the ants' societies, with their dairy farming and fungus-growing sections, and the self-oblation of ant workers. Caterpillars have no responsibility towards the rest of the community; they merely live in a family web. They are large and very handsome, striped boldly in black and white. When they are small they feed together in the nest, not leaving the web. When the leaves emeshed disappear they forsake it, one caterpillar leading, and settle in another part of the tree not far away and spin a new web. Wherever they are, however, when they have left the web they spin a stout silk rope, which will guide them back again to their own quarters when they want to rest during the heat of the day and at night. It looks miraculous to see a caterpillar marching off with an air of great determination toward its own part of the nest, without any hesitation over the direction, and finding its own particular niche as a cow finds its stall. But there is no miracle when we look closer, for there is a shining thread just where it has walked.

Cherries Ripe!



It won't be long now—what with April showers, May flowers and all the nice things that herald June cherries. But why wait? Canned cherries are always ripe cherries, and you can choose royally at all seasons between black cherries, red cherries, white cherries, maraschino cherries, cherries with pits and without.

Cherries for All—All for Cherries

What to do with them? That's easy, for there are recipes on every hand for delectable cherry salads, cherry soups, cherry cocktails, cherry desserts. Thus far we have not heard of a cherry sandwich, but with the present vogue for fruit sandwiches it occurs to us, that one would be delicious made with creamed cheese, chopped nuts and chopped red cherries on very thin slices of whole wheat bread.

Here is a recipe we can vouch for:

Black Cherry Cobbler: Mix one tablespoon sugar with one tablespoon flour, add the boiling syrup from one-half of a No. 2½ can of pitted black cherries, and cook until creamy. Add one tablespoon lemon juice, one tablespoon butter and the cherries from half of the can, which have been halved or quartered. Pour into a buttered baking dish. Make a biscuit dough of three-fourths cup flour, one and one-half teaspoons baking powder, one-fourth teaspoon salt, one and one-half teaspoons shortening and one-fourth cup milk. Drop by spoonfuls on top of the fruit. Bake in a hot oven, 425 degrees, for about fifteen minutes. Serve warm with cream.

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