

Don't Let the Grass Grow

By OXLEY STENGEL

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"BETTER and better!" Ralph Wilcox exclaimed delightedly. "Why, I didn't believe you had it in you, Max!"

Max Crawford groaned aloud. "I say! Have a heart, can't you? Just because I tell you I spilled a cup of tea—like the chimney was that I was spilling a dress and an afternoon for a pretty girl and generally making a fool of myself—you think it a huge joke."

"Drop a cup of it," Ralph corrected solemnly. His brown eyes twinkled. "Nevertheless wild horses couldn't have kept him away!" he exclaimed in an aside. "You see, she, the One-and-Only-Girl-in-all-the-World," asked him to go. There is the answer."

"What of it?" Max demanded fiercely. "She's asked others, too!"

"What of it! That's what I'm asking you, curly head," Ralph returned. "Why, man, I didn't think you were so clever!"

"Clever in getting myself in messes, yes. Say, Ralph, can't you let me alone?"

"Certainly, I can. But is it fair, I ask you, to begin a good love story and not finish it? I want to know how it is going to end."

Max did not follow his friend upstairs until the clock struck one. Had Mary really forgiven his clumsiness of the afternoon before? She had said so, of course.

On the 8:10 bound for the city the next morning Ralph made no mention of the tea and Max's part in it. For which Max was duly grateful. But as they were paring at the Grand Central station Ralph reminded him that he could finish "that story" on Sunday. "Don't let the grass grow under your feet," he warned. "Dinner at two as usual. There may be company."

Acting on Ralph's advice, Max decided to call Mary up. He waited until evening, however. Miss Davis was out for dinner, he was informed to his dismay. That was Thursday.

On Friday morning Max was called out of town on business. He reached home late Saturday night. Too late to call Mary Davis! He tried at ten on Sunday morning. "Miss Davis is out of town for the week end." Max started out and walked miles before catching the 12:32 for Tower Hill.

Max arrived at the Rookery just in time for dinner. Mrs. Wilcox greeted him cordially and ignored his silences. "Ralph is late, I'm sorry," she told him. "He drove down to the city early. He only said he would bring a girl home to dinner. I don't understand it at all, Max. I thought—"

"I thought so, too, Mrs. Wilcox," Max volunteered. Then in answer to her questioning look: "I thought Ralph was in love with Elizabeth Darrow—and she with him," he simply added.

Just then they both saw Ralph's car coming up the drive. It stopped in front of the piazza and Ralph jumped out. He was followed by a girl, Mary Davis! For a moment Max saw red. Then he realized another girl was being assisted out of the car also. Elizabeth Darrow.

Dinner was a wonderful feast. Max was seated next to Mary.

After dinner what was more natural than to wander over the hills of the Rookery with Mary? Ralph and Elizabeth had just disappeared.

It was nearing sunset. Max and Mary had been watching a sailboat on the Sound. Mary looked down at the carpet of green at their feet.

"Why, you can almost see the grass grow?" she laughed, tossing her dark brown curls out of her face.

"Oh, it mustn't!" Max exclaimed. "Stand on that rock, please, Mary!"

"What do you mean?" the girl was puzzled.

"I mean—I don't want to let the grass grow under our feet—I don't want to lose you, Mary."

Then he held out his arms and Mary's dear head was on his shoulder. He drew her close. It was their hour. A golden hour on a golden afternoon.

"Now, will you finish that story?" Ralph demanded when the two girls had gone upstairs with Mrs. Wilcox.

"Yes. And they lived happily ever after—thanks only to you! But how in the world, Ralph, did—"

"How did I find out about Mary? Easy. She and Elizabeth are friends, you remember. But even with your good start you surely needed help, old man!"

"I surely did!" Max grinned. "Thanks, pal. But congratulations are due you, too. All the happiness in the world!"

"Well, I go after mine! Here are the girls now."

Carlsbad Caves

Carlsbad Caves, New Mexico, were made a national park in May, 1930. They consist of a series of lofty, spacious chambers and connecting corridors, with alcoves extending to the sides, that are of remarkable beauty. The park has an area of only one square mile, although the caverns extend for miles underground. The most impressive portion of the caves is the Big Room, an enormous chamber 4,000 feet long, with a maximum width of 625 feet. At one place the ceiling rises to a height of 300 feet.

Mulch the Shrubby

Leaves, well-decomposed stable manure, or salt hay can be used as a mulch for shrubbery. The mulch should be 4 to 6 inches deep. Tree branches, boards, evergreen sprays, or wire will keep the mulch in its place.

You can get all the news of this locality for less than three cents a week thru the Bulletin.

Lights of New York

by L. L. STEVENSON

Curious, the articles guests leave behind them in hotel check rooms in this mad Manhattan. For instance, at the Hotel New Yorker, a champagne bottle has been standing on a shelf for the last two and a half years. Around its neck is a small card which bears a number. That number is the only identification of the owner the hotel has. The other half of the check may have been destroyed or lost but the bottle will be there ten years from now unless claimed. Beside the bottle of champagne, is a box of orchids, which was checked by a young man. The orchids are just a bit faded. They were left a year ago.

The check room boy is city-bred. But he is an expert on chickens and knows a lot about ferrets. In both instances, his education was forced on him. A crate of chickens was left in his care for five days. Each day, he fed and watered them and when the holder of the check showed up, all the chickens were alive and well. A pair of ferrets was left for three days. But that was enough. Ferrets do not make the best company.

Last fall, the head of a suburban household brought in a window screen, presumably to match it. But the screen is still there. So are two shot-guns, checked six months ago. Then there's a radio set somewhat out of date now because it was checked three years ago. A straw helmet, worn by some explorer in South American jungles, has been lying on a shelf a year and a half, while a basket of china from the Orient has been there two and a half years.

Included in the inventory of course are all kinds and sizes of grips and suitcases, some of which have been there three years. In addition is a tent, which has been on hand a year. A pair of riding boots was checked three years ago. A golfer left his club behind some time ago and a pair of faded satin slippers testifies to the absent-mindedness of some young woman. Then there are also an antique chair and a motorcycle windshield.

One hotel patron parks his winter hat in a check room every spring and his straw hat in the fall.

A shoe salesman, who recently lost his job in an expensive shop through an economy move, is about to go into business on his own without expending a cent for stock. It seems that the rule in that particular store, at least, is that when a customer returns a pair of shoes because of an improper fit, the store takes back the pinching pair and gives her a new one. The shoes thus returned must be paid for by the salesman and become his property. So the former salesman intends to dispose of his accumulation at retail, with replacements from stocks acquired by his fellow workers.

Squirrel lovers are writing letters to the Times about dogs. Several who walk through the parks mornings used to feed ten or more of the bushy-tailed animals. Now they find only a few. They are inclined to blame dog owners who, when they take their pets out for a stroll, allow them to run about unmuzzled.

Bus top bit: "She's had three husbands already and is after a fourth. It's a wonder she wouldn't give some one else a chance."

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Narrow Head, Not Healthy

The head that is narrow from ear to ear usually has the accompaniment of a body that is not up to health par, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Such subjects will often tend to be narrow in mental scope and consequently egotistical. They will make contacts with people poorly and tend toward self-concentration. They will be loyal, conscientious and particular in detail. They will incline to be mental rather than physical in their desires.

Killing Trees by Cutting

The proper time to kill a tree by cutting is just when the tree is in full leaf. Wait until sprouts start and then cut. Trees store up nutritive elements in their roots and when cut draw on these elements to re-establish themselves. This stored-up vitality is most impoverished just before the tree is in full leaf. If the cutting or beiling is done right, the root supply will be steadily drained until the tree dies, roots and all.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Counterfeit Money

The person who accepts counterfeit money is stuck with it unless he intelligently passes it on to some one else. A bank will not knowingly accept counterfeit money, but if it is presented for change or deposit and detected, the bank will confiscate it and make a report to a representative of the Treasury department. If undetected at the time of presentation, the bank or the teller who accepted it must stand the loss.

Foods in Use for Ages

All of the cultivated food plants and domesticated animals used by modern man have been in usage since the dawn of civilization 12,000 years ago, a director of the New York Botanical gardens, asserted. "Modern man has vastly improved the plants and animals inherited from his very remote ancestors," he said, "but within the historic period has not domesticated a single plant or animal important from the standpoint of basic food supply."

Put Bulbs in Pots

Tulips, hyacinths, and other bulbs for winter forcing should be potted now and placed in a cool cellar.

THE SITUATION EXPLAINED

The voters of Lancaster County no doubt find it hard to understand why three lawyers come before them at the Election, asking endorsement as candidates for Judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

I shall attempt in this article to explain the situation. For years back, our judges have been endorsed by both political parties, because they were selected in the first place, by and with the consent of the Lancaster County Bar. Judges Atlee and Appel are examples of this method of selection. As a result, no attempts were made to nominate others, and so both Democrats and Republicans had the same men on their party tickets for this office, and they were elected.

In the recent vacancy however occurring through the resignation of Judge Groff, politicians sought to dominate and control the new appointment for some reason or other, and entirely ignored the recommendations of the Bar, for one of the outstanding lawyers of Lancaster, who at the time was willing to accept appointment, namely, F. Lyman Windolph Esq. In addition two citizens petitions were in

circulation and signed, one for Willis G. Kendig Esq., and the other for Mr. Windolph. Each of these petitions contained the names of approximately one hundred business and professional men of Lancaster, worthy of serious consideration, addressed to the Governor, urging the appointment of supporters of the candidates. At that time I was not a candidate, but was supporting one of these men.

I want to quote to you an editorial appearing in the New Era on September 29, 1932, as follows: "The selection by Governor Pinchot of a Judge to fill the vacancy on the Common Pleas Bench appears to be held up as far as we can see, for no good reason. May-be the approach of the November election has something to do with the delay, which, if true, is regrettable.

If there ever was a time when a Judge should be selected who is entirely free from politics, today is the time. It is obvious that the Governor in a state the size of Pennsylvania, with 67 counties, cannot know personally the individual best qualified for the position as Judge. He must, therefore, rely upon the recommendations of the members of the Bar from the

County in question, as well as from other quarters which can give him sound advice.

The reputation of the Lancaster County courts is very much at stake at present. The recent deaths of both Judges Landis and Hassler, each with long experience on the bench, left a void to be filled by new and inexperienced men and the sudden resignation of Judge Groff did nothing to enhance the reputation of the local courts. Consequently, there must be no mistake in the man to be selected at this time. He must have a legal ability second to none at the Bar, a reputation of the highest, an integrity and honesty free from any outside influence of fear or partisan favor. In short, this is the time when the man qualified solely by ability and character for the position must be selected, irrespective of any suspicion of politics.

The best politics the Republican County organization can play in recommending a Judge is to play "no politics."

I submit that this was an ideal position to take, concurred in by all right thinking persons. But what happened? All these suggestions were ig-

nored in making the appointment; the two citizens petitions were ignored; the recommendations of the bar were ignored, and politicians had their choice confirmed. But what is worse in my mind that has happened, is that these same newspaper editorials and the Bar have kept silent in the face of events and have allowed politicians not only to dictate a judicial appointment, but now by their silence and otherwise, encourage the election and ratification of the appointment.

Out of this tangled situation only two men, members of the Bar, Mr. Yappin and myself, have had the courage, the backbone, the conviction and the desire to carry this issue to the voters of the county and give them an opportunity to say whether they want now to approve what politicians have done, or to stand by men of public spirit.

A critical hour has arrived in the political history of Lancaster county. Either the complacency of our voters must be aroused to their surrounding danger or political fetters will be bound more tightly than ever around them. WALTER S. MELLINGER Advertisement

"MEDITATION IN A MEADOW"

Where the streams and rivers run, Where no hunters pass with gun, Where the field mouse has his home Where the bumblebee makes his comb.

Where the trees and flowers live, Where to the traveler thou doth give Sweet meditation, peace of mind, Sweet bliss and glory to mankind.

All around us are the trees, All about us are the bees, All around sweet smelling air, All about us things are fair.

But in the aftermath of Sun, When Old Man Winter back will come, Everything about us then are cold, Then Old Man Winter's grip will hold.

Still the meadow keeps her charm, Still her beauty extends her arm, Then with Spring's returning strife, Will bring the meadow back to life.

FOR SALE CHEAP—A 6-room house in Florin, all conveniences, nicely located. Property newly papered and painted. Will take \$3,000 for a quick sale. See Mrs. F. Schrell, Mt. Joy, Pa.



Always a superior motor fuel, ATLANTIC WHITE FLASH PLUS now brings you still greater plus values . . . with the most effective anti-knock fluid ever known, lead (tetraethyl) . . . the one used in more than 90% of all extra-priced gasoline sold in the United States. And as before . . . no extra cost! Get a tankful, today.

