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MOUNT JOY, PA.**

WE ASK PATRONAGE WE GIVE SERVICE

LUMBER-COAL



OWL LAFFS A Fairy Tale

By Gloria Warta



BY A WISE OWL

Fashion designers say curves and bulges are coming back in style and we hope to goodness we'll see them on our wallets.

Little Betty (who had been served with a wing of chicken for dinner) Mother, can't I have another piece? This is nothing but hinges.

Our idea of an optimist is a man who takes a frying pan on a fishing trip.

A Mount Joy Street mamma said: How did you lose your teeth, son? Her son answered: Shifting gears on a lollipop, mom.

A farmer out at Donegal Springs has a horse he calls Napoleon. I asked him why and he answered: Because I can see ris Bon-e-part.

We earnestly hope that the sad school of experience will have no reunions.

A tramp paused outside of a farm house and knocked timidly. Clear out, shouted the woman of the house. I ain't got no wood to chop. There ain't nothin' you could do around here.

But there is, madam, retorted the wayfarer with dignity. I could give you a few lessons in grammar.

In nearly every case when you exclaim, There ought to be a law against that! If you'll look it up, you will find that there is.

A little chap came up to me and said: Did you hear about the robbery last night. No, I answered. Gee, he said, a garter attempted to hold up a stocking, but the stocking ran—damn it.

The beauty of some of our young girls is only skin deep—which means about one inch of powder, two inches of rouge, and six coats of paint.

I certainly have tough luck, complained one of our East Main Street youths. I'm twenty-one this month but I can't vote. Why, I asked. Because, there's no election, he answered.

We have a brand new papa in town who certainly wins the prize. The other nite his wife said: Charles the baby has the stomach ache. And papa never having had that problem face him before telegraphed the Secretary of INTERIOR for advice.

Charles Hendrix wanted to know: If a burglar should break into the basement, would the coal chute? And Sonny Ellis promptly replied: No, but the kindling wood.

Joe Detweiler told me he always leaves his shoes in the sun and when I asked why, he said: I wanta get 'em shined. (It's a shame he's such a good barber.)

I call my country home Lumbago because it has a creek in the back.

George Shatto had me riding in his car and noticing that there was no radio but still hearing music I asked Where is that music coming from? George answered: Oh, that's a cord from the tires.

I am going mad. I met her again today but couldn't speak to her. She must know how my heart yearns for her. We were made for each other. But it can never be done, for she is a Stutz roadster and I am broke.

And this week our dumb Dora wants to know if they call football a pigskin game because there are so many rooters.

Here lies the body Of Sassfras Wrought The train traveled faster Than Sassfras thought.

A woman's mind is as uncertain as a grapefruit's squirt.

A recent note in a Scotch paper read: Mr. and Mrs. Mac are both doing well after contributing a dollar each to the Near East Relief.

The following article was written by this young lady, a member of the class of '34, Mount Joy High School for the Hi-Crier, our local school paper:

Terry Lane fairly bounced up Third Avenue on her way home. She was almost bursting with joy. Had someone told her she could act so undignified, she wouldn't have believed it. But here she was, feet almost flying.

Did some one ask why Terry was so elated? Why, don't you know? She had just "landed a job" as office secretary to a large law firm. That was luck, with Christmas only two weeks away.

Just then Terry, unheeding, rounded a corner and... "kerplunk" right into the solar plexus of a big fat man. The impact unbalanced her so that she sprawled un ladylike on the pavement.

"Oh, I—uh, well you see—I beg your pardon," she said very loudly.

"Terry, Terry, wake up," coming from very far away, broke into her senses. Miss Terry Lane, ex-stenographer, was sitting in a heap of bedclothes on the floor with her mother laughing over her. In all of her twenty-one years, Terry had never felt more foolish. Imagine a grown-up business woman getting nightmares, or morning mares or something, for it really was time to get up. What a dream!

Slipping on her run-down shoes, which took an awful beating carrying their owner around, Terry was thinking about the past few months of search for work, her inability to find a job, and wondering how it was all going to end.

At last she finished dressing in inexpensive but correct attire, had a bite of breakfast, and departed for another of those fatiguing, heart-breaking pilgrimages.

Most of the morning was spent in futile interviews, but near lunch time something happened.

Walking aimlessly along Fourth Avenue, Terry suddenly stopped before a shop window, and gazed inside. It was one of those shops where the Four Thousand may buy very reasonably the discarded finery of the Four Hundred. Here could be bought beautiful things, originally expensive, which had been worn once or twice and then put aside for new ones.

Terry needed shoes, so why not get them here? Having been told what was wanted, the competent salesgirl brought out several pairs and told their prices. "Now these belonged to Mrs. Morganbilt, and these to Mrs. Vander-Smith, and these to Miss Ima Highman," she pointed out.

Terry selected the cheapest pair because her smart purse was pretty thin right now. She said something to this effect to the salesgirl.

"I beg your pardon, Miss, but I couldn't help overhearing you. Would you accept a position from me?" a well-modulated voice came from somewhere behind Terry, who turned to see a smart, well-appointed woman addressing her.

"But I haven't any references to give you, madame, and besides, I know nothing about the conditions of the position," answered Terry.

"I promise you, that if you accept this position I shall make it worth your while." Then she named a salary which fairly dazzled poor Terry, who of course surrendered.

Besides her salary, Terry was fitted out with almost an entire wardrobe under Mrs. J. Porter Corbett's directions. (Yes, this was her benefactress' name.)

On the way to Glen Corbett, paternal home of the ancient line of Corbetts, in their liveried car, Mrs. Porter outlined her plan to Terry.

It seemed that Mrs. Corbett was entertaining quite lavishly during the holiday season. She was having several parties, a tea, social gatherings and finally a grand ball. At one of the parties as a means of entertainment, there was to be a fashion show. Socialities of the younger set were to be mannequins, Terry among them.

Terry was to be introduced as the daughter of an old friend of Mrs. Corbett, and would be shown every courtesy befitting her position. Imagine getting paid for doing that!

But here was the hitch. As Terry soon discovered, the idea of all this was to prevent Mrs. Corbett's son, Allen, from falling into a trap set by scheming, Jeanne Arbutnot. Jeanne came from good stock but the family had lost heavily, and was on the

verge of collapse. Therefore it fell to Jeanne to provide for them. While she was at it, she picked the most eligible young bachelor in the crowd and incidentally the richest.

Terry's job was to keep Allen away from Jeanne as much as possible. (Not such a hard job, except that Jeanne insisted on sticking fast) Only her excellent salary and beautiful clothes kept Terry at her job.

Terry was accepted heartily and without question by Allen's crowd, especially by Allen himself. Of course with a young lady guest in the house, it was in Allen's place to entertain her to a certain extent. (And that extent of course could be stretched.)

From the time Terry set foot into the house until the night of the fashion show, Allen had little thought for Jeanne, who did all in her power to win him back, to no avail.

Of course Terry was a guest of honor on the night that many debts and post debts assembled to add color to Mrs. Corbett's fashion show. Most of the clothes to be shown fit Terry as though they were made for her. Although Terry was naturally a striking girl, she outdid herself tonight. She was radiant. The envy of every one there, she was the perfect embodiment of a dream girl. As she displayed the model many a swain sighed and many a heart fluttered at sight of her.

During the dance which followed, Allen practically monopolized Terry. Jeanne was furious that a strange girl could so completely win over a party like that.

Allen danced Terry toward the terrace where they began talking about the party. "Your mother has wonderful ability to make all her parties so successful." "But, Terry, it was really you who made that party a success. You were marvelous. Without you, everything would have been dull. You really are beautiful tonight, Terry."

"It must be the moon up there that makes you talk like that. Let's go in and dance, Allen. It's cold out here."

The next day Allen took Terry for a long spin about the country in his car. They stopped at a wayside inn for lunch. Sitting before the little fireplace Terry told Allen that she would soon be leaving them. (She meant to find a permanent position somewhere.) Allen seemed very depressed by this news. He had thought that Terry would never have to go away. Suddenly, he knew that he loved Terry! That was why he felt so hopeless when she spoke of leaving!

He lived in a dream for two days. The ball brought the climax. Everything seemed to be going smoothly until Terry and Allen danced past a doorway which concealed Jeanne. Suddenly her anger seized her; she threw convention to the four winds and rushed up to Allen. She pushed Terry away and proceeded to tell Allen (and everybody who wanted to hear) what she thought of a man who made love to a girl, proposed to her, and then deserted her for the first new girl who came along. Then she denounced Terry as a cheat, a little hussy and so forth, but only part of it was

heard. Terry had fainted, her senses dulled by the onslaught. She believed, of course, that Jeanne and Allen were engaged. Now everything was black darkness, impenetrable shadows, the rushing of a thousand rivers.

Then gradually she was conscious of the feeling that someone was leaning over, talking to her. It was Allen, saying something about opening her eyes. What was that about love? He loved her? That must be a dream again. "Open your eyes, Terry dear, talk to me." But she didn't open her eyes, she didn't talk. She wanted to hear him say IT again. And he did. "Terry, I love you, I love you, there, I knew you'd open your eyes! Now talk to me. Tell me that you love me, too." And she did. The next day Terry and Allen asked Mrs. Corbett's blessing which she gave without the slightest hesitation. Then she told Allen who Terry was and why she was there.

"This isn't exactly what I planned to happen, Allen, but it served its purpose. At least Jeanne won't get you. If you love Terry, I am satisfied. You couldn't have picked a better wife. Don't let anything influence your choice." "Don't worry, Mother, I'm following my heart this time. Terry always was more wonderful than any of these cut-and-dried buds of the social world. Terry is a true patrician."

"No more job-hunting for me, darling. From now on I'll have a life-long job taking care of you, Allen."

Stature of Man Resembles Many The question of who was the sculptor's model, so often asked since the dedication of the Scottish-American war memorial in Edinburgh, Scotland, has been answered. At the sixth commemoration ceremony of the piece Dr. Tait McKenzie, the sculptor, explained that it is not the portrait of any individual, but an expression of the idealism of youth which gives a family likeness to people of varied lineage. To illustrate the universal trait depicted, it has been shown that a photograph in an American office is so much like the statue that it was believed to be that of the model. An American mother seeing the statue thought it was that of her son. A German doctor often journeys to Edinburgh to view what he declares to be a striking resemblance to his lost son. Others from other countries have seen a likeness to lost relatives.

The Word "Turkey" The root word "turk," meaning "power" or "to arrive at maturity," is found in many languages from the Caucasus to China. The term "Turki" was used to designate those tribes speaking the Turkic languages. Chinese history records these warlike tribes as existing from 1400 B. C. onwards. They united and became independent about 550 A. D. The spelling "Turkey" is merely a corruption of "Turki." The fowl known as the turkey was so called because it was erroneously thought to have come from Turkey, although it was introduced into Europe from America in 1530.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Barber: "Haven't I shaved you before?" Victim: "No, I got the scar in France." Exchange.

"THAT LITTLE GAME" Inter-national Cartoon Co., N.Y.—By B. Link



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