

You Can Depend On The Man Who Advertises

NINE times out of ten you will find that the man who advertises is the man who most willingly returns your money if you are not satisfied.

He has too much at stake to risk losing your trade or your confidence. You can depend on him.

He is not in business for today or tomorrow only—but for next year and ten years from next year. He knows the value of good will.

You get better merchandise at a fairer price than he could ever hope to sell it if he did not have the larger volume of business that comes from legitimate advertising and goods that bear out the promise of the printed word.

Don't miss the advertisements. This very day they call your attention to values that tomorrow you will be sorry you overlooked.

Far Cheaper Than You Can Build

VERY MODERN HOME

On an 80-foot front lot, house has 8-rooms and bath, slate roof, large porch, hot water heat, oil burner, hot and cold cellar, all cemented, possession any time. This is one of the best built homes in Mount Joy. Only reason for selling, but one person in the family. I will cheerfully show this property. No. 442.

Modern 7-Room House

On a 60-foot lot, corner, bath, oil burner, slate roof; house recently painted and papered. 2-Car Garage, poultry house, fruit, etc. Come and inspect.

JNO. E. SCHROLL, Realtor
MOUNT JOY, PENNA.



ALL DRESSED UP!

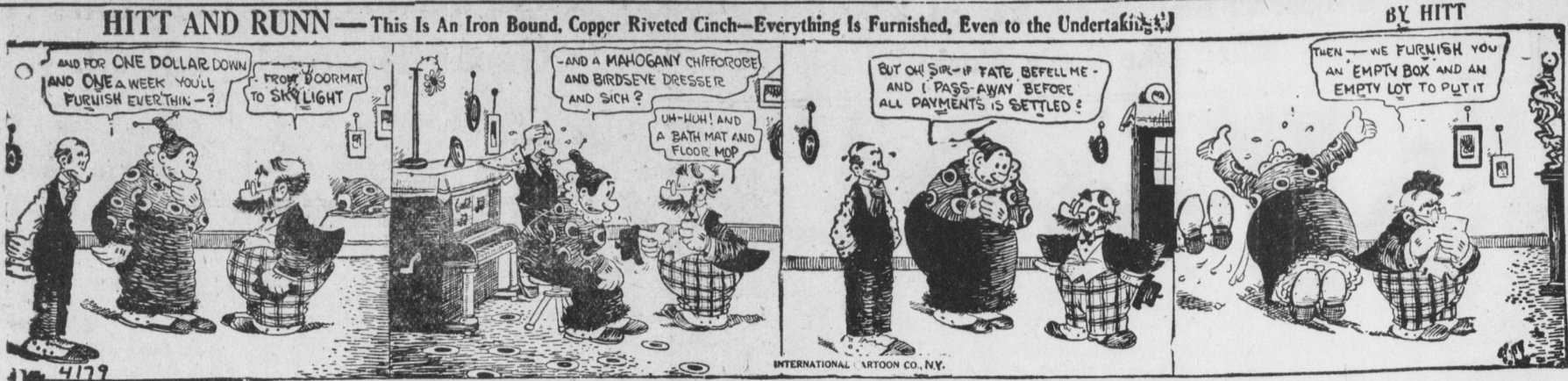
To ATTRACT ATTENTION IN YOUR ADVERTISING—**DRESS UP YOUR ADS** with our modern W.N.U. CUT & COPY SERVICE

This Newspaper Furnishes Its Advertisers this extra Service **FREE!**

CLARENCE SCHÖCK
MOUNT JOY, PA.

WE ASK PATRONAGE WE GIVE SERVICE

LUMBER-COAL



OWL LAFFS



BY A WISE OWL

Here are a few snappy signs I collected:

Valet Service: "As ye rip, so shall we sew."

Sign Writer: "I made signs before I could talk."

Hairdresser: "We need your heads to run our business."

Dyer and Cleaner: "We dye to live and live to dye; let us dye for you."

Men still run pretty true to form according to Miss Shelly. I suggested that men were very inconsistent and Miss Shelly said: "I don't think so. Eve fed Adam a sour apple and men have been complaining about their meals ever since!"

Some school teachers are under paid. Others are unpaid. And others should get married.

In one of our school classes last week the teacher said: "From the Arabians we borrowed our numbering system, from the Italians our banking system, and from the Romans our calendar. Has anyone anything to add?"

And one of our diligent Freshmen said: "From the Joneses we borrowed our snow shovel, from the Smiths our rake, and from the Jameses our clothesline."

Our idea of a kindhearted man is one who orders a ton of SOFT coal when the cat insisted on sleeping in the coal bin.

At the Lancaster library on Monday the librarian asked a young lady what book she would like. The young lady answered: "Where do you keep 'Romance'?" And the very accommodating librarian replied: "You will find 'Romance' in the little dark corner, miss."

Real tact consists in letting the other fellow have your way.

George Carpenter says that a certain lady here in town couldn't live on a desert island. I said: "Why? No one to talk to?" And George said: "Naw. No one to talk about."

A local farmer who went to Harrisburg to the Farm Show was heard to mutter: "I know I can eat dirt cheap in one of these restaurants but who the deuce wants to eat dirt?"

A girl's hope chest might just as well be called her tulle (tool) box.

Talking about "old times" I asked "Chuck Bennett if he had any trouble with his Spanish when he was in Mexico, and Chuck said: "No, but the bartenders sure did."

Here's a little poem I dashed off while attending the farm show: Do re mi sol ice cream cone, Let me use your telephone; Rabbit's foot, graveyard, bad luck wow!

You can't blow the horn on the front of a cow.

One of our Mount Joy St. sheiks went to his sheba's papa and said: "Sir, your daughter has promised to marry me." And papa replied: "Well don't come to me for sympathy. What do you expect, coming here five nights a week?"

"Ducky" Halbleib's favorite song hit is: My Girl Has Flat Feet From Being Stood Up So Much.

While picturing in my mind's eye our community house that we ought to have I remarked.....and we'd have a big knocker on the front door. The person to whom I was talking said: Yeh, and a lot more inside.

Red Metzler said: "My girl quit me, so I'm going to South Bend to look for a Notre Dame."

We were asked to insert this ad in our paper: Anyone wanting to buy a fat hog, come out and see me—Sam Jones.

I met a young lady at Florin who must have been born in a fog because everything she touches is missed. A WISE OWL

A Cruise for Love

By LEETE STONE

© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate, W.N.U. Service

SIDE by side; moored so close to each other that they could just clear with the shifting of the tides, floated two craft. A portraiture of ironic contrast. One was the palatial steam yacht, "Versailles," the pleasure hobby of young Gregory Anson, who was using his youth to make the lesson of his pet into all unfamiliar ports. The other was a long squat lumber scow, recently free of a load of cypress from some southern port.

Gregory had guests for dinner this night. From the open portholes of the dining salon floated gay laughter, serious talk and the congenial warming clink of fragile glasses. In addition to two chums, his fiancée and her mother, who were making the cruise with him, there were on board a famous portrait painter and a noted engineer. All but Gregory and Lona Lascelles were lingering at table.

These two had excused themselves and were up above leaning against the bridge rail.

"You're very silent, not like yourself at all tonight, Lona," Gregory finally murmured.

"What's the matter, old girl? You know I love you; know I'll do everything to make you happy; why, we've grown up together! You ought to know me by this time."

"That's just the trouble, Greg, dear. I do know you. Oh—I'm a foolish idealist, of course. I love you, and you're never earned a dollar in your life, not even me. Greg, I've always dreamed of marrying a man who, if he had to, could make his way without a dollar to start with. Greg, dear, if you knew women a little better, I think you'd understand. Sorry, if I seem to hurt you. A woman's got to do more than just love a man; she's got to look up to him, it's her nature!"

"Yes, Lona! I understand. While you were talking I wanted to give you a good shaking; just as I used to do when you fished candy out of my pockets at school. But I got a sudden flash at your viewpoint. And I guess you're zht. I've never earned a dollar, never even traded pocketknives when I was a kid. Exercised the golden spoon, sure enough. Well, old girl, this ought to be remedied. There must be a way. Have you any suggestions? Because, you see, you mean so much to me that I don't want you unless I can have every bit of you; love, respect, understanding; the whole business that goes with the right kind of marriage."

"By Jove! What a portrait!" A deep voice from behind them exclaimed. It was Weyman Harris, the painter. He stood gazing over the opposite bridge rail at the squat scow.

Hardly a hundred feet away, squarely etched in bright moonlight, rose the boxlike little cabin of the scow with its one dark window. Sitting in a nondescript chair tilted back against the wall of the cabin was a man; a young man, sound asleep. A man whose every rugged feature, clearly visible, bore the stamp of toll and strife. One knew that those closed eyes had sailed many seas and seen them from the struggler's angle.

Weyman Harris stepped quickly to the panelled wall of the wheel house, thumb-tacked a tiny sheet to it, and was at once immersed in sure, rapid pencil strokes; turning his head every second to look at the model.

Greg and Lona still remained in rapt contemplation.

"Yes, my lads; it's worth a try," came finally from Greg in what must have been an unconscious whisper.

"What did you say, Greg?" Gregory did not reply. He lit a cigarette, withdrawn with elaborate care from a gold case; put four fingers in his mouth, from which at once there issued a shrill and piercing whistle. The sleeper a hundred feet away, jumped from his chair as if shot and looked about him warily.

"Say, friend!" Gregory called clearly. "Come over a moment, please. I want to see you."

A few moments later, having rowed over in the scow's little punt, the stalwart sailor stood on the bridge facing Greg and Lona.

"Yes, sir!" he said expectantly.

"Who's your chief over there?" from Greg.

"Captain Janson, sir. He's ashore."

"Well, Laddybuck; you've got a new job at a hundred a month and keep. You're going to report to my captain at once and get a suit of whites. Deckhand on the 'Versailles'—six months' cruise."

"D'you mean it, sir, that's twice what I get on the barge ah, but say; I can't leave the old man flat, y'know."

"That's all fixed. I'm taking your place. When he comes back he'll find me and I'll square you."

Gregory Anson turned to Lona, and there was that in his eyes that thrilled her. "Lona, fix this boy up with Captain Smith. I'll see you sometime, somewhere—just now I'm going to work for you."

And Gregory started down for the little punt bobbing at the side.

You can get all the news of this week thru the Bulletin.

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



FOR THE HOME SHAMPOC

A lot of women are troubled with oily hair. If the shampoo is not properly done the hair will be sticky afterward. And hair that feels sticky cannot be made to look well groomed. The reason the hair sometimes feels more sticky than at others is that a filmy curd is formed with the soap, and this curd clings to the hair. Rinsing with very hot water sometimes fails to remove it.

If you wash your own hair, and many women are doing that today, follow these directions and see if you don't have better results: First be sure to have plenty of hot water. Make a good heavy lather, scrub the head thoroughly, rinse with hot water and then repeat. For the next rinsing add strained lemon juice to hot or warm water. By straining the

lemon juice you take out much of the stickiness which makes it easier to rinse from the hair.

In case you don't have any lemon, vinegar is a food substitute—two tablespoons to a pint of water. But the vinegar must be rinsed out of the hair and that is a little harder than rinsing out the lemon juice. Both of them, however are mild acids which cut the soap and make the hair soft and fluffy without injuring either the hair or the scalp.

If the hair can be dried out of doors in the sun, so much the better. Avoid hot air dryers because they make the scalp oily and the hair brittle. Gently rubbing and fluffing the hair with the hands and a dry towel is considered the best way to dry it.

Have Efficient Birds

The poultry flock must be made up of birds which produce many eggs each, especially during the season of highest prices. The eggs must be of good size and of quality which will bring the highest market prices. Birds of low average mortality will contribute to high efficiency of the flock throughout the year.

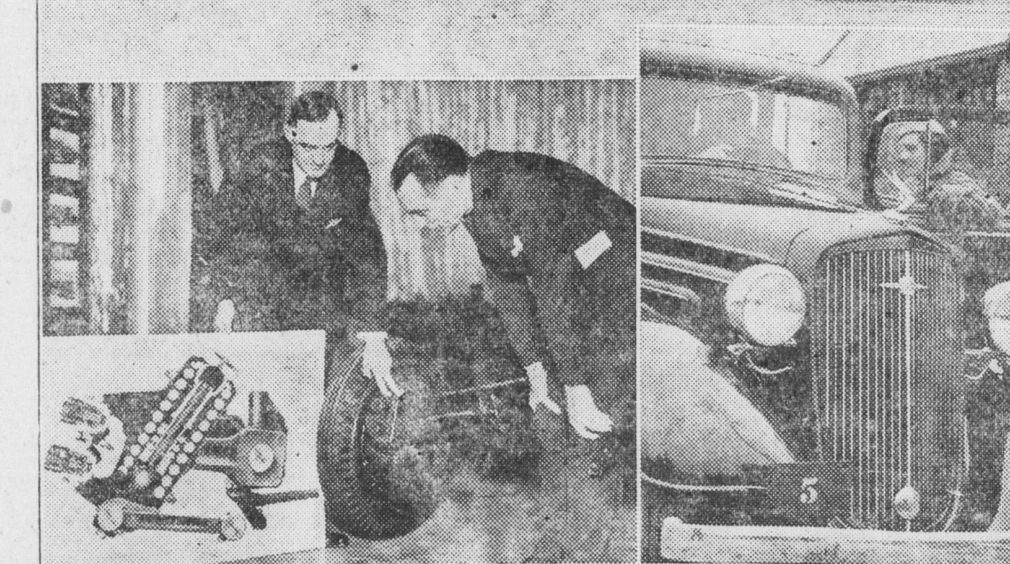
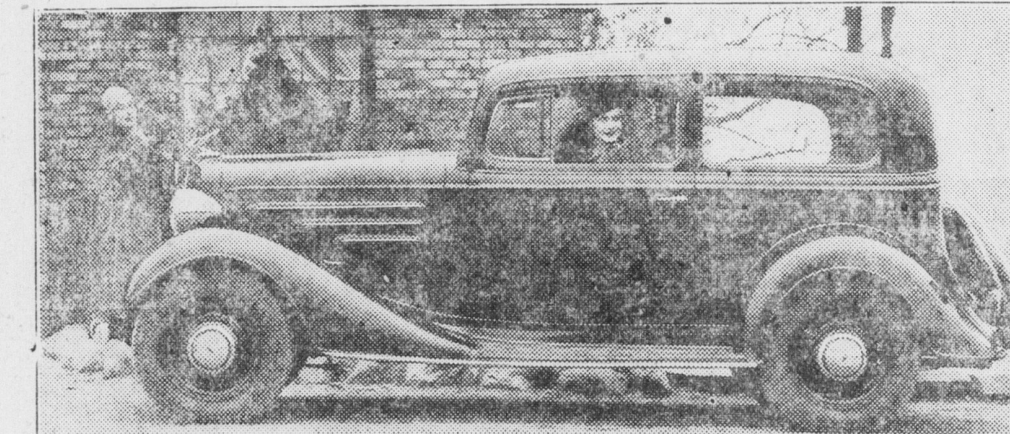
Good Seed Yields More

An average increase of 51.7 bushels an acre in favor of disease-free seed potatoes over local seed has been obtained in 13,073 comparative demonstrations conducted by extension workers in Pennsylvania.

Stimulate your business by advertising in the Bulletin.

Advertise in The Bulletin

New "Knee-Action" Chevrolet Gives Passengers Ride Like a Glide



In the design and development of the new 1934 Chevrolet, particular attention has been given to driver and passenger comfort, all annoying sensations of disagreeable sound and feeling having been eliminated. The upper photo shows the new Chevrolet coach with its long, sleek lines. Wind rush has been eliminated by the Fisher No Draft Ventilators and the new streamlined bodies. Chevrolet's "Knee-Action" wheels enjoy the advantage of being completely enclosed in a weather-tight housing the coil springs and shock absorbers ride in a bath of oil. William E. Holler, Chevrolet's general sales manager, is shown at the left holding a chart which shows the internal construction of the system.

The radiator of the new car has added beauty through its graceful and sharply pointed design. Smartness has been the theme in every line of this year's Chevrolet.

The driver and passengers in the new 1934 Chevrolet get a ride like the glide of an airplane. One of the main factors in improving the riding qualities of the new car to such a great extent is the "Knee-Action"—or independently sprung front wheels, to use the technical term.

So much has been written about independent springing that the public has doubtless concluded that it is something too technical to understand. As a matter of fact, there is nothing complicated about either the principle involved or the construction of the system. Chevrolet's "Knee-Action" enjoys the advantage of being enclosed in a welded weather-tight housing in which the entire spring mechanism and shock absorbers ride up and down in a bath of oil.

An automobile gives a perfect ride when both the front and rear springs have the same "frequency," or tension. Actually this has been impossible to carry out in the past because the front springs had to be over twice as "stiff" as the rear springs in order to hold the front axle, wheels and brakes in place. In independent springing, the wheels and spring mechanism are rigidly attached directly to the frame and there is no front axle. By relieving the front springs of the task of carrying wheels and axle, therefore, it became possible to make the front springs as "soft" as the rear springs. When the new Chevrolet strikes an irregularity in the road, both front and rear move up and down with the same frequency—there is no inclination on the part of the rear end of the car to leap into the air and throw the passengers forward and upward.

Chevrolet's "Knee-Action" has additional advantages all contributing to a comfort in riding never before thought possible in a motor car. There is a decided improvement in handling, steering, safety at high speeds and tire economy.

In design, the front spring is a neat, compact and efficient unit, as Mr. Holler points out in the above picture. The entire spring mechanism is attached rigidly to the frame. From this enclosed unit the wheels spring vertically at the ends of strong, steel horizontal arms.

Patronize Bulletin Advertisers