

SPORTS

By "Mikey" Weaver

Thursday, July 26
All Stars—Jewels

All Stars	d	0	1	2	0	0	0	—	4
Jewels	0	0	3	0	0	3	6	—	12

All Stars—r h o a e

All Stars	r	h	o	a	e	
All Stars	4	7	2	1	7	
Jewels	r	h	o	a	e	
Jewels	12	10	21	7	5	

Home run—Clinger.

Team Batting Average

All Stars	.319
Maust	.294
Legion	.288
Florin	.287
Jewels	.279
Fire Co.	.261

Friday, July 27
Florin—Legion

Florin	2	3	0	0	0	1	x—	3
Legion	0	0	0	0	0	0	—	0

Florin—r h o a e

Florin	r	h	o	a	e	
Florin	3	6	21	11	4	
Legion	r	h	o	a	e	
Legion	2	18	6	4		

Thursday, July 26
Fire Co.—Maust

Fire Co.	0	7	0	0	3	x—	10
Maust	3	0	0	0	0	—	3

Fire Co.—r h o a e

Fire Co.	r	h	o	a	e	
Fire Co.	10	9	21	11	4	
Maust	r	h	o	a	e	
Maust	3	5	18	3	4	

Walked by Funk 4, Childs 7, S. O. by Funk 4, Childs 3.

Peanuts

That Are Salted in the Shell

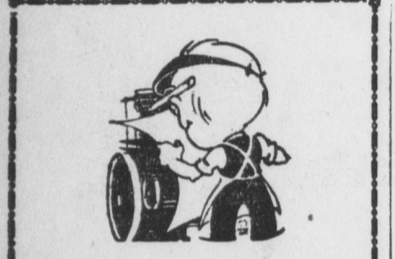
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BULLETIN
 MOUNT JOY
 Phone 417

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In just one minute after an application of Emerald Oil you'll get the relief of your life. Your tired, tender, smarting, burning feet will literally jump for joy.

No fuss, no trouble; you just apply a few drops of the oil over the surface of the foot night and morning, or when occasion requires. Just a little and rub it in. It's simply wonderful the way it ends all foot misery, while for feet that sweat and give off an offensive odor, there's nothing better in the world.

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THE BULLETIN
 MOUNT JOY, PA.

HOW ARE YOUR SHOES? DON'T WAIT TOO LONG BRING THEM IN **CITY SHOE REPAIRING CO.**

Thursday, July 26
All Stars—Jewels

All Stars	d	0	1	2	0	0	0	—	4
Jewels	0	0	3	0	0	3	6	—	12

All Stars—r h o a e

All Stars	r	h	o	a	e	
All Stars	4	7	2	1	7	
Jewels	r	h	o	a	e	
Jewels	12	10	21	7	5	

Home run—Clinger.

Team Batting Average

All Stars	.319
Maust	.294
Legion	.288
Florin	.287
Jewels	.279
Fire Co.	.261

Friday, July 27
Richland Club—Lincoln

Richland Club	1	run	
Lincoln	0	run	

Forfeited.

Monday, July 30
Richland Club—Florin

Richland Club	1	0	0	0	1	3	2	—	7
Florin	0	0	1	0	1	2	1	—	10

Richland Club—r h o a e

Richland Club	r	h	o	a	e	
Richland Club	7	17	24	7	3	
Florin	r	h	o	a	e	
Florin	10	16	24	12	3	

Home runs—Kunkle, J. Keener, Becker.

Monday, July 30
All Stars—Maust

All Stars	2	0	0	0	0	—	2
Maust	7	5	6	0	2	x—	20

Tuesday, July 31
Richland Club—Jewels

R. Club	2	0	4	1	3	5	x—	15
Jewels	0	0	1	5	0	0	—	9

Richland Club—r h o a e

Richland Club	r	h	o	a	e	
Richland Club	15	17	21	8	5	
Jewels	r	h	o	a	e	
Jewels	9	18	18	6	8	

Home run—Bigler.

Tuesday, July 31
Fire Co.—Legion

Fire Co.	p	1	0	0	0	0	—	2
Legion	0	0	3	0	0	0	—	3

Fire Co.—r h o a e

Fire Co.	r	h	o	a	e	
Fire Co.	5	8	24	14	4	
Legion	r	h	o	a	e	
Legion	3	5	24	4	3	

Home run—Hendrix.

Team Standing

W	L	Ave	
Florin	9	2	818
Fire Co.	8	3	727
Jewels	8	3	727
Maust	7	4	636
Legion	6	5	545
Richland Club	3	8	272
All Stars	1	10	090

The Marietta Ramblers defeated Rheems 11 to 5 and Landisville 5 to 1.

Men of the Shires

Wiltshire moonrakers owe their origin to an astute group of natives who dumped their smuggled cargoes in a lake and, when approached by revenue officers, pretended to be raking for the moon. Hampshire hogs get their name from the county's erstwhile pre-eminence in producing a superlative brand of bacon. Cambridge camels were likewise nicknamed by reason of Fenland's preference for stilts to ply its labors. Thus mounted, the natives looked very much like camels when looting about with their burdens. A yellow belly came to denote a Lincolnshire man because of a plague of yellow-bellied frogs that once devastated the county. And Borrowdale cuckoos originate from that little Lakeland village's once lamentable attempt to build a wall to keep the cuckoo within its confines.—Tit-Bits Magazine.

Mummified Cats

Archeological excavations in Egypt have brought to light thousands of mummified cats—some elaborately incased in bronze boxes, many of which were found to be surmounted by a bronze statue of the cat's Ka, the double personality that was thought to survive after death with the soul. The mummies were wrapped in yards of plaited linen ribbons. The heads of some cat mummies had been incased in a rough kind of papier-mache, gilt and covered with linen. The ears were always carefully pricked up.

The Emerald Isle

Ireland is called the Emerald Isle because of the bright verdure of its grass and other vegetation, a condition due largely to the frequent rains for which the island is noted. It is supposed that Dr. William Drennan (1754-1820) an Irish physician and poet, was the first to use the name. In a poem entitled "Erin," published in 1795, he speaks of "the men of the Emerald Isle." Later, in a letter published in London Notes and Queries, he said the name was original with him.

"Contact," Verb and Noun

The verb "contact," in the sense in which it has been rehabilitated, is transitive and requires an object. Therefore, one either contacts a man, or makes a contact with him. In the latter instance, contact is a noun.—Literary Digest.

Most Interesting Island

The world's most interesting island, from a scientific standpoint, is in the Indian ocean, about 400 miles east of Madagascar. It is known as Reunion Island, having an area of about 1,000 square miles. It has 15 to 20 feet long. Shells of huge tortoises, 3 feet long and 18 inches across, have been found, but these seem to be extinct.

A Wyoming Claim

By CLARA DOUGLAS
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 WNU Service

IT WAS supper time at the Allen ranch in Wyoming.

The ranch foreman usually supped with the family, and he entered the room through one door just as Mrs. Allen and her daughter, Judith, sat down at table.

"My husband has had a telephone message from Red Spider," said Mrs. Allen to the foreman, Rex Thomas, "and so he had an early supper and started off—perhaps you saw him?"

"I did see him riding out of the gate," admitted Thomas, "just as I came in from the upper pasture." He waved his hand. "Has something come up at Red Spider?"

"Something to do with business—that is the worst of being a sheriff—sometimes I wish Jim would give up his appointment."

"I saw Bob Blake, Miss Judith," said Thomas with a humorous twinkle in his eye.

Judith flushed, and a warm look came into her lovely brown eyes.

"I suppose he was riding Schuyler's herd," she said with assumed indifference.

"Riding something—I'll be hanged if I entirely understood the situation—he was going like lightning along the old Patch trail, but I was in a hurry and he didn't seem to see me, so I didn't hail him. Looked as though he was trying to get somewhere in a big hurry."

Judith said nothing, but she looked rather worried, and Mrs. Allen carried on a desultory conversation until the meal ended. Then, while Mrs. Allen washed her silver and fine china, Chang, the Chinese cook, cleared off the table and Judith went out to the broad veranda and sat down with a book. But the girl's eyes were not on the printed page—they scanned the distant trail over which a racy black horse might come skimming—Bob Blake always came that way!

To Judith Allen, just at this time, most of the world consisted of Bob Blake's tall, active figure. Though they were not engaged, Judith's parents rather expected the tall cowpuncher to ask the fatal question any day, and Sheriff Allen had his answer all ready.

"Like you, Bob—there isn't another boy I would rather give my girl to! But you're nothing except a line rider for Old Man Schuyler—and you've got to be more than that if you want our Judith." That is what Sheriff Allen had planned to say when Bob Blake came to see him about Judith, but he had never told anybody excepting his wife, and she, well-meaning soul if there ever was one, had confided in Judith.

So Judith Allen knew that much, anyway, and perhaps she was thinking that her father might have met Bob, and they had talked it out, as men are apt to do.

She had not seen Bob for a week, but she had not mentioned it to the family.

The casual remark of the foreman, Thomas, had roused her thoughts and made her uneasy.

Later that evening Sheriff Allen came home and with him came Bob Blake, of all people.

"I arrested this fellow," grinned the sheriff, "for loitering on the trail coming to the Blue Bottle!"

Bob grinned sheepishly, and openly winked at Judith.

"He told me," said Bob, "that I was breaking the traffic laws by speeding!"

"Bob's made a voyage of discovery during the past week," said the sheriff, "and he is inviting the family (you, too, mother—I'll drive you in the buckboard) to start with him at nine o'clock tomorrow morning. I guess we'll be back in time for supper!"

Bob Blake remained that night at the Blue Bottle ranch and the next morning they started forth—Bob and Judith riding their horses, and the sheriff driving two rosy colts in the shafts of the buckboard in which his wife was snugly placed.

The rode for many miles across the prairie, then up into the broken hills where they never met a soul, and then at last they rounded a wooded hillock, crossed a brawling stream, and Bob told them to stop.

It was noon and the sun shone down through one broken space in the thick tree tops, and fell into the bed of the stream where it was overgrown by thick mosses and long, tangled roots.

"Please come here a moment, all of you," said Bob rather gravely.

They stood and watched him expectantly. "Mr. and Mrs. Allen, of course you know that I love Judith," he said flustering beneath his bronze, "and now I am going to ask you for your daughter. Of course, I am just hoping that Judith likes me well enough to—" he paused and stared rapturously at the girl who had stepped forward and slipped her slim hand in his large brown one, clinging to it firmly. "Here, I guess that that proves she does like me a whole lot," he went on choking a little, "and though you folks all think I am just a line rider, I am telling you I am a whole lot more than that! I am ambitious myself, and so, if you'll just glance down there where the sun is shining right through the water onto the prettiest bit of gold deposit—well, I've been taking it off for weeks—and believe me I am a happy man! I've got a claim here, and my bank account at Cheyenne is more than ten thousand dollars—yes, sir—and if you don't mind turning your heads just a moment, I want to kiss Judith here—and then, we'll have some lunch!"

Adjust Dairy Herd

Adjustment of the dairy herd during the summer and fall to the prospective feed supply will aid greatly in reducing milk production costs during the winter.

Policeman—Miss you were doing 60
hour!
 She—Oh, isn't that splendid! I only learned to drive yesterday—Hyde Reporter.

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH

What Shwikley Bumblesock Has To Say This Week



Es doot met gons fun hartza laid tsu meentona desmohl os my gooter freind, der Johnny Honnaberger, or-ick in droovel is ollawell. Si fraw is gshartava em ledstha Somsdawg, un de leicht wore em Moosdawg, un shier oll de leit doh om Barrick hen gatend. Se wore gronk yusht a paw dawg. Der Porra Mohler hut de leicht breddich gadoo, un der Sam Schmitzer wore der foresinger un es fetsht ledly os se g'sunga hen wore, won ich net lez bin os Ollo menscho missa shartava, un olla uxa fressa hoy.

Ich bin net sure ep des de exacta wordin sin, awver era dote is now hardet ud der Johnny. Ich hob geshter ovvet mit eme gschwetzed un are hut mere gsawt are wist now net woss tsu do wile are ne-mond het fer ene un si familia tsu enara, un wome bong is os are now nuch gor selver shoffa missa em gelt fardena. Ich hobbe eme gswat are seld broveera de kinner nows tsu do unner fremme leit far es sin yusht dri-de Sally, shunt fartzee yohr oldt un shmart ganunk far era laeva tsu fardena un der Billy is elf fohr oldt un con aw selver eifa, un de Kitty is aw shunt hines yohr oldt, un wile se so e fine maidly is hut's leit ganunk os willis sin se tsu nemma un se uff tzeega. Yaw, hut der Johnny gswat, awver we is es mit mere selver Om end muss ich now selver ons shoffa gae, anyhow ganunk far my kusht un glaider fardena. Un are hut aw g'—hint os won es mere aw so happenda daid os de Polly shtarava daid don ware es aw ordlich hardt uff mich. Sell is aw so, won ich es aw selver sawga muss.

Es hut wiver blendy iverall, un mere con dri wiver groega eb aw mohl, awer selly os shmart ganunk sin ame si laeva fardena, der waeg we em Johnny si fraw gadoo hut un we de Polly doot far mich, sin ordlich rore heitadawg. Ich will -any how net huffa os es mere gait we em Johnny, anyhow net bis ich un deer Billy Bixler unser bully A No. 1 National Bank in gong hen.

De Betz Grill hut awver ebbes g-sawt os mich net suit. So hut mer anyhow der Bill Biffmeyer gswat. Se hut gswat os de aurem dote fraw now feel besser ob is os se wore, wile se do gons tzeit seller fowl-lenser, der Johnny Honnaberger, enara hut missa, usht exactly we de Polly seller farsuffa Gottlieb Bonnastiel enared. Un now geb ich aw notice os es arstht mohl os ich widdar in de shtokt gae roof ich aw beim lawyer un do on sasherashy rovev nemma un do le Betz reshta lussa beim shreef un muss se es broofa os ich en farsuffer loadn bin. Ich con's broofa mit em Hullerheck os sell en leek is, wile ich tsu sawwe nix shtarickers drink os kefferbreew os der schwartz budde, mitout ich bin in coombany oder by mer selver.

IRONVILLE

Elizabeth Fornoff and Ruth Kauffman are attending the Penna. State Sabbath School Association camp at Spring Creek, Penna. This being their fifth year and they both will graduate this year and each will receive a diploma from the State Association.

Messrs. Charles Gingrich, Ephraim Fornoff, Misses Louella Peters and Jane Kauffman, were visiting at Berwyn over the week end.

Last week when the heavy storm passed over the village three boys from Columbia almost drowned when they went into a culvert under the Ironville pike to get away from the rain. The culvert filled with water and Paul Peters heard their cry and rescued the boys.

On Saturday the Lutheran Sunday School will hold their annual picnic at the Sylvan Retreat school yard.

On Thursday evening the Ironville Woman's Missionary Society will entertain the Mountville Woman's Missionary society in the Ironville United Brethren church at 7:00 P. M. Standard time.

Rev. W. C. Blatt, pastor of the Silver Spring circuit, consisting of the Ironville, Centerville, Silver Spring churches will leave on Wednesday for a two weeks' vacation.

A number of women from the village members of the Farm Women Society were at the county picnic at Paradise Lancaster county on Saturday.

Sauerkraut In Summer

SAUERKRAUT has a very definite place in summer meals—dietetically and decoratively. Perhaps you think of kraut in the same breath with frankfurters, corned beef, and heavy foods. Then take another breath—a long one—for the lighter kraut dishes comprise a long list, and they are very delicious with summer-time meals.

Besides your sparkling, iced sauerkraut cocktails, and feed-krout used as a garnish for such cold cuts as tongue chicken and roast beef, serve, also, in summer some of the following delicious sauerkraut dishes which are colorful and cooling.

For Your Good Health

Jellied Sauerkraut Relish: Soften two tablespoons of gelatin in four tablespoons cold water, then dissolve in two cups of boiling water. Add one-fourth cup of lemon juice and cool. Add the contents of one No. 2 can of sauerkraut, one-fourth cup of grated raw carrot and one-fourth cup of chopped green pepper. Season with salt and pepper, if necessary. Pour into individual molds and chill until set. Trim and serve as a garnish to cold meats, or on crisp lettuce with mayonnaise as a salad. This serves eight.

These Are Easy to Make

Sauerkraut and Carrot Salad: Mix one cup of canned sauerkraut with one cup of grated raw carrot and one cup of creamy mayonnaise. Arrange on lettuce hearts and garnish with walnut halves.

Corned Beef and Sauerkraut: Put alternate layers from two No. 2 cans of sauerkraut and one 12-ounce can of corned beef, broken into large pieces in a baking dish. Bake in a moderate—375 degree—oven for about fifteen minutes. This serves six persons.*

Wild Celery Names

Wild celery for the duck hunter, eel grass for the fisherman and Vallis neria for the aquarist and scientist—it's all the same weed, but often one class of men does not know it by the other names, says the director of the Institute for Fisheries Research, at Detroit. It is one of the best aerators of water, it grows fast and multiplies easily by means of runners. New plants sprout up just as new strawberry plants. The flower of Vallis neria is a three-cornered green one which makes its way to the surface by means of a slender stem that spirals up like a corkscrew. The flower is inconspicuous.

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Have You, The "Can't Afford It" Habit?

THE use of that phase does not suggest the inability to buy so much as the desire to practice rigid economy . . . to save . . . to deny yourself needed and necessary commodities.

But Man, oh Man, and you, too Madam, how better and more effectively can you practice economy and thrift than to buy when prices are at their lowest ebb in years?

How more certainly can you insure economy than when new is selling for one-third of what it sold for 15 years ago? Or to stock up on food products when they are 40% less than at any time since the war? Or clothing when \$53 today will buy you what you paid \$100 for in 1912?

What you really cannot afford to do is not buy because you cannot afford to miss today's low levels . . . prices that are an actual boon to reduced incomes . . . to the practice of sensible, far-sighted economy.

THE BULLETIN
 MOUNT JOY, PENNA.