

SECOND ANNUAL PUBLIC SALE of LIVE STOCK, FARM MACHINERY and SUPPLIES

THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1935

Starts at 12:00 O'clock Noon RHEEMS, PA.
At any place of business in Rheems, Pa., the following:

TEN FARM HORSES

1 and 2—Pair Black Mules, 12 years old, broke for anyone to work. One a single line leader. No. 3—Sorrel Horse, nine years old, weighing about 1450 lbs. Single line leader and cannot be touched wrong. Broke for a boy to work. This is one real horse. No. 4—This is a 4-year-old Colt. Was hitched a few times. Nos. 5 and 6—Pair of Sorrel Mules, about 13 years old. Both single line leaders, and a good pair for children. No. 7—Gray Blind Horse, seven years old, weighing 1400 lbs., good outside worker. The balance of these horses are good farm horses, and all must be as recommended. These horses were bought right off the farms and will give you satisfaction.

25 Head T. B. Tested CATTLE

These are a lot of young cattle, Fresh and Close Springs. Some Guernsey and Jerseys.

ALSO SOME HEIFERS and BULLS

50 Head of SHOATS

Weighing from 30 to 100 lbs.

NEW AND USED FARM MACHINERY AND SUPPLIES

Used Fordson Tractor, McCormick Deering Corn Husker, Superior 10-hp Grain Drill in good shape; Farquhar Low Down Grain Drill, 8-hp; Crown 8-hp Drill, Manure Spreaders, Corn Planters, Cultivators, Disc Harrows, Tractor and Horse Mowers; Grass Mowers, McCormick, Massey Harris, Osborne, John Deere; Spring Harrows, Scraper and Scorer, 1 and 2-horse Riding Sulky Plows, Walking Plows, Syracuse, Ward and Oliver; 2-horse Wagons, Rotary Hoe, Dump Rakes, Hay Tedders, Side Delivery Rake, Tobacco Planters, New Idea; and many other articles not mentioned.

We will also offer a lot of new Implements—Ward Plows, Harrows (Spring and Spike Tooth); Hay Tools, Case Non-wrap Spreaders, Wagons, Roller Harrows, Potato Cutters, Cultivators, Weeders, Tractor Plows, Corn Planters, Wheelbarrows, Brooder Stoves and a number of Farm Supplies not mentioned.

Come early and prepare to buy as we have the above for sale, and will be sold worth the money.

Don't forget March 21st at 12 o'clock. No Hucksters

J. R. Mummau, Auct.
W. A. Herr, Clk.

REIST R. MUMMAU

BULLETIN ADS PAY BIG DIVIDENDS

ADVERTISEMENTS Must Be Seen and Read

Every advertiser likes to believe that his advertising will be seen—will be read.

But how many readers of a given medium actually read the ads? How many, for that matter, even so much as see them?

Circulation figures, milline rate computations, however, impressive, do not provide the answers.

The clue is in time. Meaning—the more time the reader gives to the reading of a publication the greater the certainty that he will see the ads—and read them.

Recently, O. B. Winters, vice-president, Erwin Wasley & Co., said: "I know from experience that a good country weekly is read from cover to cover by literally every one in the community it serves."

Why? The answer is—time. Country newspaper readers find the time to read their local papers. They can be depended upon to see ads—and read them.

People never read a large daily paper as carefully or as thoroughly as they do a good weekly.

Let us serve you in placing your advertising where it is read.

THE BULLETIN MOUNT JOY

Cupid, Marksman

By JANNIS PARKER
McClure Newspaper Syndicate
WNU Service.

LINDA was in the tub thinking of Jerry when the phone rang. She'd been thinking of him ever since they'd met a week before at the last club dance of the season. And a bang-up dance it had been. The orchestra, imported from Harlem, had out-courted the dancers, their instruments taking a terrible beating. During what was supposed to have been intermissions an Italian with a piano-accordion that prohibited conversation, and a voice that dimmed the piano-accordion, had sauntered from table to table stinging old love songs of Italy and new ones from Broadway.

Steve, good old Steve with the indelible frown, the rhythmic feet and the fog-horn voice, had asked Linda to the dance. He had also presented Jerry.

"Want to meet the nicest little job the stork ever turned out?" he'd boomed.

Jerry had. And Steve hadn't exaggerated. In short Linda was O. K., ace-high, top-notch, first-rate. And certainly men like Jerry would always have a market. He had everything the advertisements promised. Easily Jerry and Linda had been the best looking couple on the floor and he had stuck to her all during the evening like ink to a blotter.

Linda, however, whose existence enabled the telephone company to pay steady dividends, had not heard from him since that night. She found this disconcerting not because Jerry was her answer to prayer but because he'd started her praying.

Now, alone in the apartment, she had to leave the suds hurriedly, swathe herself in a towel and make wet tracks for the shrill phone.

A man's voice boomed hoarsely over the wires and Linda's high hopes fell to the ground. For seven days she'd snatched up the phone—it might be the call she'd prayed for. It never had been.

"Linda?" he was repeating.

"You sound like King Kong," Linda replied, doing her best to sound light-hearted and carefree. Why, oh why, couldn't this have been Jerry?

"Just a slight cold," he explained.

"I'll soon be back to the silvery cadences. I'd have called you sooner but until today I couldn't speak at all. 'Feed a cold, however, you know. So how about having dinner with me?'"

"That would be awfully nice." Try as she would Linda couldn't sound enthusiastic.

"Any chance for tonight?"

"Tomorrow night," she said.

"Would it be too much to ask you to meet me in town?" his voice rasped.

Linda lived tucked off in the suburbs far from jay-walkers and taxi cabs.

"Where and when?" she asked.

"Martini's. At seven. O. K.?"

"O. K."

Linda's mother came in as she hung up the phone.

"For me?" she asked.

"No. For me, Steve. I'm having dinner with him in town tomorrow night."

Linda's mother repeated what she'd been saying for some time. "You could do worse."

"Much worse," Linda admitted. "I could have two meals with him every day and three on Sunday. No, thank you. Steve's a lamb, but . . ."

"You don't appreciate him," her mother broke in. "He's a splendid young man."

"For somebody else."

The next evening Linda dressed lackadaisically. She didn't wear the new outfit. She was saving it just in case the Jerry man had a sudden fit of memory.

The train ride into the city was a monotonous trip that was only taking her to a monotonous evening. The cross-town cab was an unrestful auto that was taking her to a restless evening.

Linda bleakly visualized the past seven days. Each day had grown drearier, heavier. Each day had taken her that much farther from Jerry. The possibility of more such days was ghastly—days when the sound of the phone buoyed her up only to cast her down.

"For two cents I'd scream," she mused. "I'd do it even cheaper."

At Martin's she paid off the taxi driver and walked in under the long, striped awning. The sort of awning used at weddings, she reflected morosely. Why had she accepted this dinner invitation of Steve's? Why had she forgone the comforts of home where she could cry into a pillow in peace instead of having to swallow hard lest tears splash into the hors d'oeuvres? She was berating herself when she walked right into his arms.

She blinked rapidly, shook her head to clear it, but the apparition was not an apparition. There he was, all six feet three of him. There flashed the smile that made her smile back. There stood the man she'd never really left since the moment she'd met him.

"Radiant as seeing her again, he spoke, still hoarsely.

"How you recognized this battered voice over the phone is more than I'll ever know," grinned. "Television would be wasted on you, Linda."

He indicated a charmingly secluded little table marked, "Reserved."

"What do you say?" he asked.

Linda spoke cautiously, as though holding her breath. Her hand fluttered tremblingly at her throat.

"I'm like you were before you phoned me—speechless."

Home of the Flamingos

Flamingos are natives of the mahogany swamps of Cuba and the islands in the Bahamas. Contrary to popular belief they are not migratory birds. They formerly were found in overwhelming numbers in Cuba and the Bahamas, but so many were killed for their beautiful plumage and because they are such tender food that they are rapidly becoming extinct.

Patronize Bulletin Advertisers

England Honored Wilson

President Wilson on his visit to England, in 1918, on his way to the peace conference in France, was lavishly entertained at Buckingham palace, where he was a resident guest, sleeping in the state suite. At the state dinner given in his honor the best gold service in the English nation was used.

The Escorial

The Escorial is a royal residence built by Philip II of Spain. It is 22 miles distant from Madrid and contains a palace, a church, a monastery, schools, and a mausoleum. It is the largest structure in Spain and one of the finest buildings in Europe.

Whales Deep Divers

The ability of the whale to dive to depths of a mile or more and come up none the worse for its journey through areas of varying water pressure is attributed by scientists to a special chemical reaction in the blood of these sea monsters.

President Garfield's Father

Shortly after settling in 1830 in the wilderness of the Western Reserve, Abram Garfield died from a sudden attack of fever, and left in poverty his wife and four small children—one of whom was James, our twentieth President.

Founded by Aristotle

The Peripatetic School was the school or system of philosophy founded by Aristotle, who used to walk about as he taught his disciples in the covered walk of the lyceum. This colonnade was called the Peripatos.

Idols Built in Church Walls

Aztec idols are built into the walls of many of Mexico's Christian churches. Decapitated by zealots at the time of the Spanish conquest, the pagan figures were frequently incorporated in the masonry of new temples built on the spot.

Anesthetic Used in Third Century

One of China's famous physicians of history was T'ua T'o, third century A. D., who performed major operations after making the patient insensible with wine containing an anesthetic powder.

Cake From Sidon

Sidon, great rival to Damascus, and the city of the scholars who gave us our alphabet, is known chiefly to modern Syrians for the manufacture of a certain cake, made nowhere else.

Pony Express Equipment

The Pony Express line, which linked Missouri with the Pacific coast during pioneer days in the West, had 80 riders, 420 horses, 190 stations and 400 station workers.

Broadcast, Broadcast

Broadcast is the regular past tense, but in radio work broadcasted is used, and is permitted, according to Webster's Dictionary.

Nervous Ice Cap

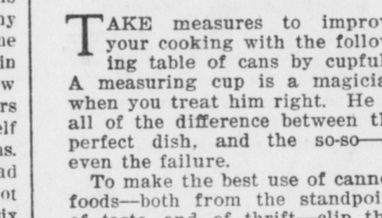
The ice cap on the Chukchi sea is in a state of perpetual vibration, according to the report of a Soviet scientist.

Oldest Dated Telescope

Said to be the oldest dated optical instrument in the world, a telescope sold recently in London bore the date 1646.

Okapi, Giraffe-Like Animal

The okapi, a giraffe-like animal, was discovered in 1899 by H. H. Johnston in the Semliki forest, Central Africa.



Take Measures

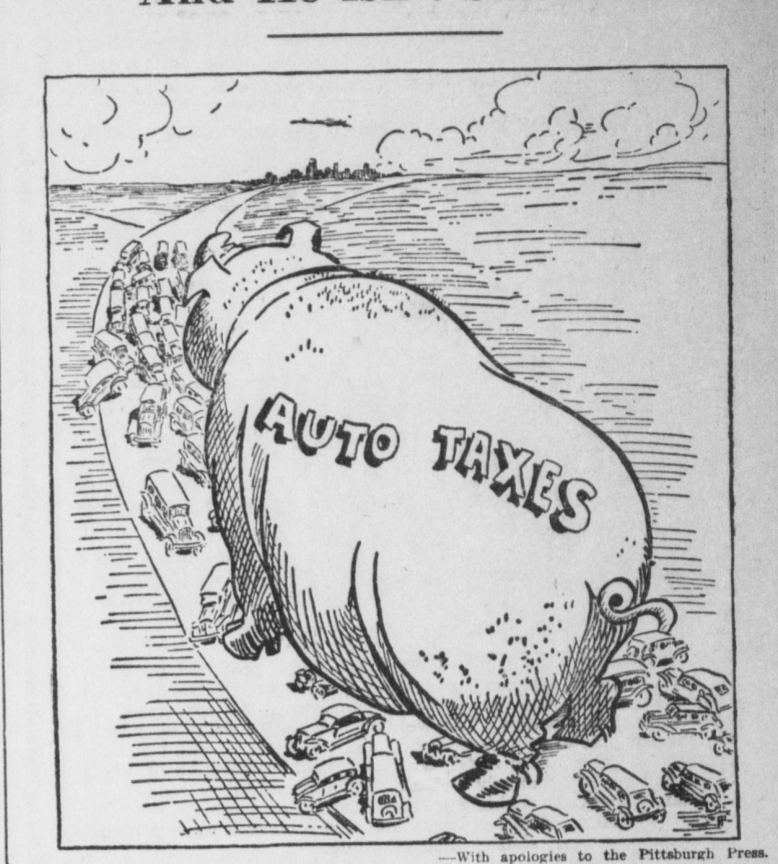
TAKE measures to improve your cooking with the following table of cans by cupfuls. A measuring cup is a magician when you treat him right. He is all of the difference between the perfect dish, and the so-so—or even the failure.

To make the best use of canned foods—both from the standpoint of taste, and of thrift—clip this useful little table:

SIZE CAN	AMOUNT CONTAINED
No. 1	1 1/2 cups
No. 2	2 1/2 cups
No. 2 1/2	3 1/2 cups
No. 3	4 cups
No. 5	7 cups
No. 10	13 cups

When in need of Printing, (anything) kindly remember the Bulletin.

Here's The Real Road Hog— And He Isn't Satisfied Yet



THE old-fashioned road hog who insisted on crowding everybody else off the highway has been thoroughly unpopular with motorists for a long time. However, decent automobilists sometimes got a break, for the road hog of that type had a way of falling afoul of the law every now and then, and paying a sharp penalty for his hogghishness. But the new road hog has the law on his side; the statutes especially authorize him to crowd everybody else off, and even make it a crime to try to dodge him. He looks about as big as the road could accommodate, but nevertheless is ambitious to grow a lot bigger. The new style road hog is excessive motor taxation. He is threatening an invasion of Pennsylvania, and if the legislature gives him authority to break in he will quickly settle the problem of highway congestion by forcing tens of thousands of motorists to quit using the road. There will be plenty of room for everybody that is left when he takes possession; for it has been estimated on the basis of experience in other states that an increase of 2 cents in Pennsylvania's gasoline tax will force from 200,000 to 300,000 people to give up operating their cars. These of course will be the poorer people; those who most need stand a tax of 60 cents every time they bought ten gallons of gasoline. The organized motorists of the state are pressing their protests against the increased tax, with all possible vigor and announce that they will not quit, and that they are confident the legislature will finally decide not to "soak-the-poor" with this tax.

Governor Earle Is Told 5c Gasoline Tax Will Not Work

Harrisburg, March 12.—Gov. Geo. H. Earle received a letter from A. P. Delahunt, for four years Pennsylvania's Commissioner of Liquid Fuel Tax, declaring that to raise the State gasoline tax to 5c will not produce revenue as estimated, and more likely will reduce receipts. The letter which has been laid before all members of the legislature, follows:

My dear Governor Earle: In view of my four years' experience as Commissioner of Liquid Fuel Taxation for Pennsylvania, I have been much interested in the proposal to increase the gasoline tax from 3c to 5c. Frankly, I have been distressed to learn that Pennsylvania should seriously consider such an increase. In 1929 the state increased this tax from 3c to 4c, with the result that bootlegging and evasion increased so disastrously that the 3c rate was restored after a year. In 1934, at the bottom of the depression, the state collected more money at 3c than it had done in the peak-of-prosperity year 1929 at 4c.

An increase in gasoline tax is inevitably followed by a substantial decrease in automobile registration and in revenue from this source. Hence, even though gasoline revenue be slightly increased, the losses in registration fees would offset so much that the net gain from the two sources would be very slight. This is borne out by the experience of many states. The Pennsylvania Gas Tax Administration requires each distributor to post a bond covering three times the value of his gas tax returns for any one month. The records of the Gasoline Tax Administrator will quickly disclose that the great majority of independent distributors have the utmost difficulty in posting this bond at the 3c rate. Under a 5c rate the bond provision (which is essential if bootlegging is to be held in check) will force the independent distributor out of business. Instead of there being some 300 distributors as at present, the number will be cut to less than 50 within 30 days of the enactment of such an increase.

The proposal to increase this tax is apparently based on the theory that if a small dose of medicine is good, a double dose will be twice as effective. But a small dose of strychnine stimulates the heart action while a large dose spells sudden death. Oklahoma in 1931 increased its tax from 4c to 5c. The revenues immediately fell from \$11,665,432 in 1931 to \$9,661,097 in 1932, a loss of 17.3 per cent, and the legislature went back to the lower rate. In Wisconsin the rate was raised from 2c to 4c in 1931; the consumption of gasoline promptly dropped 13.4 per cent.

The great majority of motor vehicles in Pennsylvania being owned within a few miles of the state border, a large revenue would be lost because of buying in other states. Because of evasion and avoidance of this sort, Philadelphia is even today losing \$100,000 a year from her portion of state gasoline taxes. The states with low gasoline taxes invariably get business from nearby states with high taxes. Thus Connecticut has the highest ratio of gasoline consumption to motor vehicle registration of any state, and it has the lowest tax rate—2c. The reason is not that Connecticut people use their cars more than do those of other states, but that the motorists of adjoining states avoid themselves of the low tax in Connecticut, and buy there. Oregon increased its gasoline tax 1c at the beginning of 1934. There was immediate decrease of 5 per cent in gasoline consumption; while every state adjoining Oregon—California, Washington, Idaho and Nevada—had impressive increases.

The geographic and physical circumstances of Pennsylvania make it a particularly attractive field for bootlegging because of the great extent of navigable waters at its borders and the number of mountain and forest highways crossing the state line. These conditions in the past made Pennsylvania one of the worst bootlegging states. To raise the tax to 5c would necessitate a heavy increase in the cost of policing and administering.

The intimate knowledge gained during my official service justifies me in warning, therefore, that the proposed increase would bring profoundly disappointing revenue results, and thoroughly demoralize the tax administration. Yours very truly, (Signed) A. P. DELAHUNT.

QUICK PRINTING SERVICE Modern Plant

THE BULLETIN

MOUNT JOY, PA.

L. E. ROBERTS
NOTARY PUBLIC

Specializing on Titles, Licenses and Operative Licenses

Marietta St. and Corner Main & New Haven
MOUNT JOY, PA.

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

GAINS 25 1/2 LBS. IN TWO MONTHS

COCO GOD

COD LIVER OIL—Once a Punishment—Now a Treat

Stop trying to force your children to take nasty-tasting, fishy flavored cod liver oils. Give them Coco God—the cod liver oil with a delicious chocolate taste—and watch their bodies grow daily with vigorous, athletic strength! Mrs. Mender of Milwaukee says:

"Before my child took Coco God she weighed 80 lbs. Now, in two months' time, she weighs 105 1/2 lbs., and she has not been ill since."

Other cod liver oils have only Vitamins A and D, but Coco God is also rich in Vitamin B—the appetite and growth promoting vitamin.

Start your children with Coco God today. At all drug stores.

COCO GOD

The Cod Liver Oil That Tastes Like Chocolate