

The Man Who Knew Enough

By THAYER WALDO © McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service.

Loomis brought the evening papers to Maurice Van Zandt, Sr., in the library at four-thirty. That gentleman took them, scanned the front pages and uttered a gasping oath.

"Find my son; send him to me at once." "Very good, sir," said the butler, and departed for the billiard room. The scion of the house was there, playing a solitary and disinterested game of bottle pool. Loomis imparted the message.

"Oh—seen the papers, has he?" said Van Zandt, Jr., and put down his cue. "Hello, my boy," he said; "I see you've gotten yourself in a bit of a scrape."

Young Van Zandt smiled drily. "That's hardly the word, sir. I assume you're referring to my engagement?"

"Yes," the father indicated the papers that lay on the table. "Seems to be well publicized."

The Journal was topmost. Van Zandt, Jr., picked it up. Across the top a six-inch jet banner read: "Maurice Van Zandt, Jr., to Marry Ada Marshall." Beneath that, the two column story heading continued: "Wealthy Young Socialite Announces Betrothal to Film Comedienne."

He faced the older man and said: "Well, I'm ready to listen. But can we do without the usual guff? There's been so much of it in bum movies."

Van Zandt, Sr., nodded slowly. "I won't ring in any of the old bromides. As a matter of fact, I didn't call you in to hear a lecture at all. I just wanted to know the facts."

"I see, that's fine. Your first remark gave me a different impression. You sounded as if you thought I'd been hooked. The simple truth is, Ada Marshall and I are engaged and I was in full possession of my faculties when I made the proposal. That's really all I can say unless you have some questions."

The elder Van Zandt regarded him speculatively. "No; but I might make a few comments. You see, reading about this was a shock. I think you can appreciate that, inasmuch as I've been home for several days without hearing anything about it. The letters I had from you when I was abroad didn't even hint at such a possibility."

"Well, we can let that go, it isn't important. Right now I'm only interested in your personal welfare. I believe I can make a few points which may be valuable."

"I've learned to judge people pretty accurately by studying their faces. The picture of the girl you want to marry is in that paper, and I've been looking at it. She's certainly beautiful; more than that, I know she has a wonderful character. But it's not for you—there wouldn't be a chance of happiness."

"In the first place, that type of woman has to have a man to handle her. Don't misunderstand me! I'm not belittling you. The fact remains, however, that at twenty-three you've had darned little experience with human nature, especially the female branch. In my opinion, one has to learn a lot about that, through trial and error, before he can hope to deal successfully with what she is. That would be true even if you were the same age; but she's five years your senior."

When he ceased speaking, young Van Zandt looked at him for the first time in five minutes. The eyes of the father were dark with a troubled earnestness. Maurice, Jr., asked quietly: "Is that all?"

The older man gave a slight shrug and once more his face became impassive. "I think so. And please remember I've said that Ada Marshall is a splendid person."

"Above all, I hope you'll take what I've said in the spirit I meant it. We've been good friends in the ten years since your mother died, and it was as a friend that I spoke."

"I know that; thanks," said Maurice the younger. Turning then, he walked from the room.

Unhurriedly Van Zandt, Sr., crossed to the center table and stood, gazing with a thoughtful expression down upon the newspaper photograph of a lovely brunette woman.

The son entered the study just off the library, closing the door behind him. Ada Marshall sat across the room and he could see the moisture in her eyes.

"Did you hear it all?" he asked gently. She nodded. He went over to her and took her hand and said: "I never dreamt he cared so for you. I hadn't the heart to tell him that I knew, and now—well, it seems impossible for us to go on."

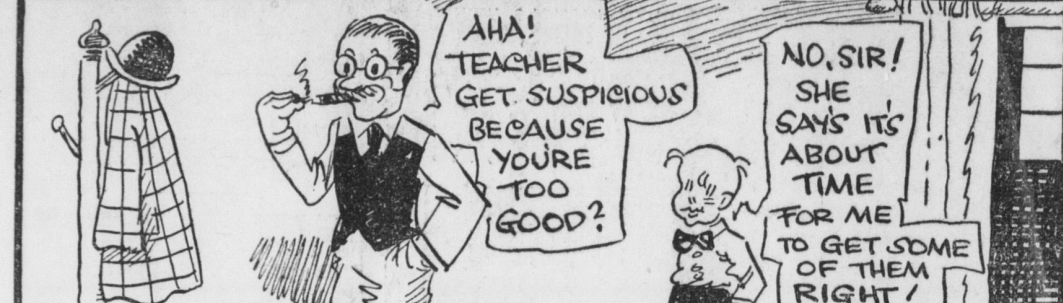
The clasp of her fingers tightened as she cried softly: "Oh, I'm glad—I'm so very glad you feel that way, too! Because he's right, Maurice. I know that now—that, and many other things."

They smiled at each other and then Ada Marshall rose and moved away from him toward the door which led into the library.

SUCH IS LIFE

By Charles Sugrue

FATHER GETS FLUNKED



My Neighbor Says:

The flavor of an apple pie is greatly improved if the juice of half a lemon is squeezed over the apples after they have been placed on the lower crust.

Fill a box or bag with good loam and store it in your cellar before the ground freezes too hard for digging. This loam will be most useful when repotting plants during the winter or for planting seeds in March.

Do not use darned stitches when heels of your stockings are thin at the line of the top of your low shoes. Use a spool of silk and make parallel lines of fine chain stitches. Stockings darned in this way will wear much longer.

It is easy to tell when egg whites have been whipped enough. They are dry and will "point." If you lift the beater out of the mass, a piece of the egg white, or pieces, often an inch long or more, will hang from it and decrease in size to a point.

Associated Newspapers, WNU Service.

The Military Note



Brass ball buttons, forming a symmetrical fastening and studding a black leather belt, add the military note to a chic dress of black sheer woolen. The "braid" is corded black satin. Gold kid laces the black antelope gloves.

Turn useless articles about your home into cash. Advertise them in our classified column.

My Favorite Recipes

Frances Lee Barton says:

FAMILY like cake? Here's one that sounds like the old-fashioned flower names in my grandmother's garden: Feather Spice Cake. It's as good as it sounds, too, feather light and delicately spiced. (Diplomatic note: Let the family in the kitchen when you take this cake out of the oven—general enthusiasm guaranteed.)

Feather Spice Cake 2½ cups sifted cake flour, 2½ teaspoons double-acting baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ¼ teaspoon cloves, ½ cup butter or other shortening, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, unbeat; 1/3 cup molasses, ¼ cup milk.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, and spices, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating thoroughly after each. Then add molasses and blend. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375° F.) 25 to 30 minutes, or until done. Spread Fluffy Mocha Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake; sprinkle nuts on sides. Double recipe makes three 10-inch loaves.

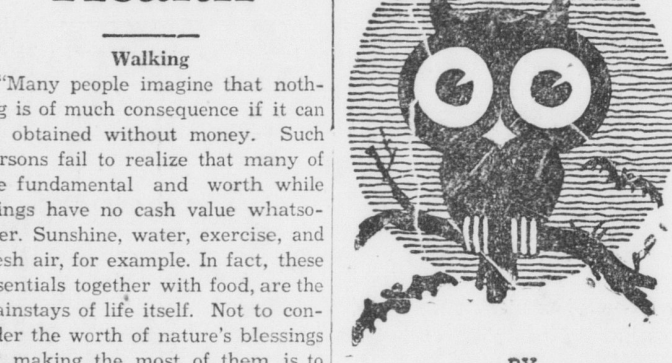
Fluffy Mocha Frosting 1/3 cup butter; 4 cups sifted confectioners' sugar; 3/8 tablespoons cocoa; ¼ teaspoon salt; 1/3 cup strong coffee (about); 1 teaspoon vanilla; ½ cup broken walnut meats, toasted.

Cream butter. Sift sugar, cocoa, and salt together. Add part of sugar mixture gradually to butter, blending after each addition. Add remaining sugar mixture, alternately with coffee, until of right consistency to spread. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Spread on cake. Sprinkle with nuts. Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of two 9-

DO YOU KNOW WHY -- A Man's Always Crazy For His Wife To Go To The Country? Drawn for this paper By Fisher



Article On Health



BY A WISE OWL

A funny one happened at the All Lancaster foot ball game at Lancaster Sunday. Ab Weaver, a very ardent foot ball enthusiast, who misses few good games in these parts, heard the discharge of the pistol ending the first quarter and after learning what it meant, he remarked: "By gosh, I thought the ball busted."

"Golly," a Drytown fan, who was with Ab, said he thought some one was shooting rabbits on Sunday.

Joe Detwiler, the barber, claims it doesn't mean a thing to be a union man. He says a friend of his, a strong union man, was on an excursion, the boat sank and the fellow swam around for six hours and then quit.

One of our local "hen pecked" husbands quit reading in bed to save his eyes. His wife said she'd punch 'em if he didn't.

If any of you hunters would like to know how to get rid of a lot of good shells, ask Sol Geib. He saw a rabbit sitting in the grass, he shot at it, it stayed sitting, he shot five more shells at it, it still "stayed put." Convinced that it should be dead, with all that load pumped at it, he walked up to it, and to his utter astonishment, the rabbit got up and ran.

Who said they were dumb animals? The rabbit probably figured it was safe as long as it sat still and left Sol aim at it but if it moved, it might have accidentally run into one of the "loads" that were being shot around it. Excellent marksman-ship, I call it.

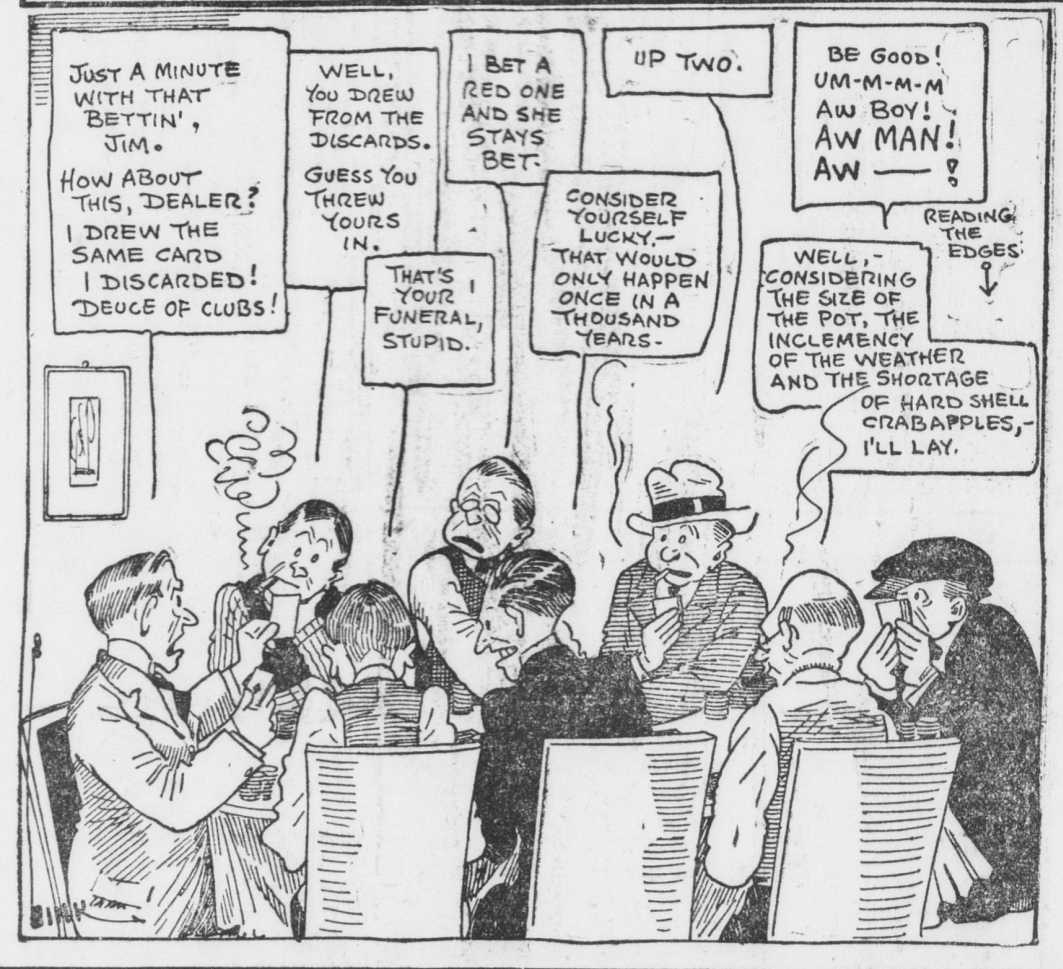
Some fellows do find the craziest ways to bag game, I ever heard of. Joe Schroll went to the mountains with a bunch of fellows. He saw a pheasant, shot at it, crippling it. He started to run to the place it dropped and while running, fell. The fellows heard an awful squealing noise and when they caught up to Joe they discovered that when he fell he landed on a rabbit, and it was squealing it's head off. Oh, yes, I almost forgot. He didn't get the pheasant.

And then there's that man who was hunting with Dan Brubaker, who shot a rabbit, completely in half, so the lady folks wouldn't have so much trouble cleaning it.

"Johnny" Schroll remarked: "Let's play some tennis," John Fellenbaum said: "Can't. The net's broken." "Tucker" explained: "Oh, that's fine. The net's always in the way when I play, anyhow."

Just because the way to a man's heart is through his stomach isn't a

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



To one of our local radio dealers I remarked: "By the way, do you think the radio will ever completely take the place of the newspaper?" "Gosh, no," he exclaimed, (much to my surprise) "You can't use a radio to swat flies." "Now isn't that a brilliant thought?"

"A lot of applause is due to fly when two apples get a crush on one another," explains our local Dumb Dora.

The following conversation took place in the kitchen of a newly married couple in Florin. He said (consoling) "Aw, honey, don't throw those biscuits out I think I can use them." She, smilingly, asked: "Oh, you mean you maybe can eat them after all?" "Why, no," he answered. "But I was thinking of starting a rock garden next summer." "..... Then more than biscuits started to fly.

The man who doesn't let his left hand know what his right hand is doing will never make a good juggler.

Some young bridegrooms go home at night and instead of finding a light burning in the window for them they find the meat, potatoes and vegetables burning in the kitchen for them. But don't get discouraged fellows, wifey'll learn.

One of our post-office-corner-holder-downs remarked to another: "A fellow just told me I looked like you." The other guy angrily inquired: "Where is he? I'd like to knock his block off." "I killed him," the first fellow remarked. Nice going, boys.

"You've driven me as far as you can," shouted the nail, rather pointedly, to the carpenter. —A WISE OWL

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