

As a Man Thinketh

By ANNETTE C. SYMMES
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WNU Service.

IT WAS after nine o'clock in the morning when Doris Wilson awoke and last night, and her impressions regarding what today was to bring forth. To begin with, she had had a sharp quarrel with Stan about the car. Just because she wanted it especially today, to go to that tea at the Country club, he must have "business" that demanded it.

That meant she would have to go in the trolley—so plebeian!—she, who had been a beauty-parlor girl before Stan had made her mistress of his five-room flat, with all modern improvements!

Horrid old flat, she hated it! Already the furniture was out of style, and Stan wouldn't buy new! He wouldn't let her have in a woman but one day a week, either, nor let her send anything but the flat pieces to the laundry. There were clothes in the set tubs this minute that had been there a week—and Stan hateful as could be, because he couldn't find a clean handkerchief. Well, she'd have to sozzle out a few, she supposed, to shut his yawn!

She rose and donned a soiled pink kimono and pink slippers, and drew a boudoir cap over her frowsy "bob." Stan had got his own breakfast, and the dirty dishes were spread on the set tubs. Of course he had taken the last egg! There was nothing left but stale bread and coffee and corn-flakes for her! She threw fresh coffee in upon the steamed grounds in the pot and filled it with water.

At half-past eleven she began the interesting process of dressing. At 12:30 a rosy, curled, silk-clad, fragrant creature who in popular parlance "looked like a million dollars," left the apartment and sought the China restaurant for her first decent food that day.

Subsequently she took in the first afternoon offering of pictures at the "Elite" Picture Palace, and took

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

the trolley for the Country club at three. She had ordered no dinner and no supplies for next morning.

Four hours before Doris woke that morning Susie Walker, on a farm 20 miles away, rolled sleepily out of bed and started her regular morning routine. With trimly curled hair, and in a clean, bun-glow dress with a practicable apron, she prepared breakfast for her husband and self, and put up his dinner, for he was working away from home that day.

The wash-water was hot and Sue filled the hand-ran washing machine while the children were dressing. Then, while fifteen-year-old Sam finished his father's chores and ten-year-old Bertha scrambled eggs and made toast for her brothers and herself, twelve-year-old Tommy manfully ran the machine "so as to give mother a good start." Sue bustled about, emptying the machine, filling the boiler, when required, with clothes to boil, and putting up three lunches, so that when the school bus came by at 8:15 the children would be ready.

After they were safely off she shut off the stove, left the washing to care for itself and, with a long coat over her, skipped half a mile down the road to Mrs. Brown's house. There was a new baby, and the nurse had been taken ill and gone home before the mother was able to get about; so every day Sue ran in and bathed and dressed the baby and made the mother comfortable and advised and oversaw the inexperienced young girl who was doing the work and "helping out."

It was ten o'clock when she got back, but the fire had kept and more than half the white clothes were boiled off. She turned to with a will, and by twelve the last stocking flapped on the line.

"Lucky I don't have to get dinner today," she reflected, eating warmed-up potatoes and cold meat on a corner of the kitchen table.

The chickens and the old horse had to be fed, the dishes washed, rooms tidied, beds made, after this. She had to pump all the water in the sink and heat all she used over the stove. She had oil lamps to fill and trim, too. But she had time for a few minutes' rest on the couch before the children came from school.

Dishes washed and clothes folded, father suggested a family ride in the flivver. Leaning back in the car, the tired ache seeping out of her limbs, the children's chatter in her ears and father's brown hand on the wheel, Sue sighed from a full heart, "I believe I'm the luckiest woman in the world."

In a restaurant 20 miles away a thunderous-looking young man and a sulky-looking woman were finishing their meal.

Said she to him, "I wish I'd never seen you!"

And said he to her, "I wish to heaven you never had!"

Local Bridge Cut, Story In N. York Paper

The "Times" Features Criswell Wood Cut In Article On Covered Bridges Over Chickies Creek & Elsewhere

The observance of Columbia's Sesquicentennial was further enhanced last week by an article which appeared on Sunday in the New York Times descriptive of the old covered bridges which still exist in this part of the county. Illustrated by a wood cut by Columbia's own artist, Gardiner C. Criswell, the bridge which still stands over Chickies Creek was the subject of the following interesting article which we quote below:

Covered Bridges Still Found
The 1938 motorist, whether out in a snapper new model or a car of 1930 vintage, experiences a thrill when he crosses a covered bridge. This type of bridge definitely belongs to passing America and about each of them some aura or life of other days still clings. Some of them approximate the date of the Revolution, others are only a century old, many belong to the Civil War period, and a few date later than the Seventies.

Highways off the main road offer the best chances of finding them, since the coming of trucks and moving vans has necessitated the building of steel and concrete trestle bridges. Sentiment has not stood in the way of the progress of industrial transportation.

The covered bridge is a subject that appeals to both artists and photographers. Print makers are prone to relax with this interesting subject, which ranks with old mills and weathered barns as a favorite theme in photographic and art exhibitions.

Those who wish to route a day's drive or a week's tour over roads where these bridges may be found can get information from the State highway departments in the territory they plan to cover. In the East there is still a mild profusion of covered bridges, although occasionally reports lead one to believe that practically all of them have been destroyed or replaced.

Connecticut has preserved but three, while Vermont still has more than 200 and Pennsylvania more than 300. Maine, New York and New Hampshire together have sixty of these old structures remaining.

Early settlers used wood, the most available material, for bridging streams, as they forged westward. Builders, many of them amateurs, devised with great ingenuity bridges on trussed, hand-hewn frameworks. They used white pine, cedar, hemlock, oak and other durable woods that grew in the forests. Many of the bridges were constructed as temporary crossings, but their strength proved surprising, and both the years and traffic flowed over them without

Mileage Hints

By J. F. Winchester
Supervisor of Motor Vehicle
Equipment, Esso Marketers

WHEN a motorist knows that the combustion chamber of his car generates a heat of 3,000 degrees F., he must have a great deal of respect for the efficiency of the cooling system which makes the operation of his car possible. Further, he should realize the importance of good care of that system and promptly remedy any damage or wear which impairs the efficiency of the system.

Of course, all of the heat generated by combustion is not dissipated through the cooling system. The upper cylinder wall, for instance, may reach a maximum temperature of 600 degrees F. and the lower cylinder wall 400 degree F. The temperature in the crankcase is normally about 200 degrees F.

All this means that the thin film of motor oil which keeps metal from rubbing on metal and protects the moving parts from wear must withstand a temperature about twice as great as that required to boil water. It is not easy to realize when one sees fresh oil poured into the crankcase that that substance, which seems fluid enough already, will be subjected to the thinning action of such high heat, and, in spite of the thinning, still stands up between the moving metal parts. And it must not vaporize to a measurable extent nor coke under this high heat.

Considering these conditions, it would seem wise to buy all of known high quality and not to run it too many miles.

Thrills Aplenty for Women At New York Fair, 1939

NEW YORK (Special).—The thrill capital for women next year will be the New York World's Fair. Designers, merchants, manufacturers, artists, governments—all "the authorities"—have seen to that.

And yet, uniquely enough, there will be no "woman's building" at the \$150,000,000 exposition. Fair officials at the outset decided against such "segregation." Grover A. Whalen, president of the Fair Corporation, said that "a woman's building at a modern-day exposition would not be in tune with the progress of womankind."

Now, in this last year of construction, it is already obvious that woman is going to have her due at the New York fair. Those fortunate enough to attend are going to know thrills that will live with them always. The following presents only a pot-shot at all there will be to interest and delight women in the 1216½ acres of fair grounds. It is one observer's idea of what to see where.

Some of the Wonders
House of Jewels—a \$5,000,000 display, by gem mining concerns and leading jewelers, showing stones in the rough, precious gems in finest settings, famous gems and perfect examples of goldsmith's and silversmith's art.

Apparel and Accessories—in their own building along Petticoat Lane—a \$750,000 exhibit of all dear to woman in her costuming and in furs, hats, handbags and similar wearables or gadgets.

Cosmetics Building—showing just about everything ever done since the history of beauty aides and preparations began a few thousand years ago—with accent on the cosmetics and perfumes of today and a look at those of tomorrow. (They put thousands of dollars' worth in the cornerstone alone.)

Hall of Textiles—showing how they (worms to machines) make woven fabrics—hand looms, demonstrations of needle arts, discourses on home furnishing materials—silks and woolsen here, rayons in one wing, cottons in another, 68,098 square feet, to be exact, of allied exhibits.

Health and Science

Home Furnishings Building—"heart of the Community Interests Zone," with its focal display showing the meaning of "Home" in present and future phases and how to create one of your own—all in exhibits that thrill.

Medicine and Public Health and Science and Education Building—a "famous first" exhibit showing the wonders to be accomplished by due attention to the "body beautiful"—a must attraction that'll not leave one with a dull moment.

Gas Industries Building—everything from a laboratory to an all-gas house, a cooking school and a gas flame 50 feet high—spectacular but looking to comfort at home.

Food Buildings 1, 2 and 3—putting romance into the age-old task of fixing a meal, by and with the world's knowledge and products.

Horticultural Exhibit—acres of gardens, flowers and equipment (with a chance for a cup of tea).

Thrills in a Lifetime

Theme Centre—thrill of a lifetime from a ride on the "Magic Carpet" through the 200-foot globe and the World of Tomorrow.

Contemporary Arts Building—World's Fair Theatre (music and drama)—"Hospitality Building"—an "Hospitality Centre," first of its kind, for feminine get-togethers—spectacles on the island stage of New York State's Amphitheatre on Fountain Lake—products and kitchens of the world in two score foreign-built pavilions—the Hall of Nations, the Court of State Buildings, the \$3,000,000 Federal Exhibit—buildings of industries and the City of New York—nightly spectacles of water-fire-color-and-sound—280 acres of amusements—and, withal, a setting of courts and garden with an ample supply of shaded benches.

Refreshment to go on and on may be had in any one of some 80 restaurants, affording a total of 43,200 seats, and serving the meals of almost every known nation. And—perhaps most thoughtful provision of all—the youngsters can be parked in the Children's World where they'll be happy and well-cared for.

impairing their continued usefulness.

If the passing motorist is lucky enough to catch the moment when a load of hay is passing through a bridge, he will do well to step his engine and race under cover to listen to the horses' hoofs and to smell the imprisoned fragrance of new-mown hay. He will catch an unforgettable impression of the America that was.

The varied spans of the bridges will be found of interest, some of them crossing creeks of narrow width and other ranging several hundred feet in length over rivers

that were of importance in the days of inland water traffic.

WILL SELL FOOD

The Loyal Sons Class of the United Brethren Church will offer delicious refreshments for sale during the community exhibit. Their stand will be located in the restaurant part of Union National Bank Building, formerly Schock's garage on Delta St., off Main.

These young men are noted for their delicious refreshments. Patronize them and give yourself a treat.

BUSINESS IS BUILT ON CONFIDENCE!



LOOK Toward the FUTURE

PLAN now, the things you're going to do. Lay the foundations for a solid future, for progress, for security. Plan carefully, on the advice of men whose lives have been devoted to building for the future for hundreds of others like yourself! The services of our staff and the facilities of this bank are always at your disposal.

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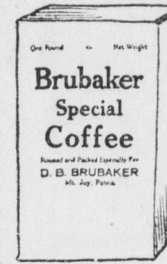
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