HARMONY

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Todd and children spent the first of the week with relatives in Willow Grove and Philadelphia.

Misses Dorothy and Hilda Wright, of Easton, spent the week end with their grandmother, Mrs. Belle Dean.

Mrs. Ada Baker and two sons Charles and Arthur, are visiting Mrs. Baker's sister in Washington, D. C. Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Gibson and little son are also visiting relatives in the Capitol City.

Mr. James Lord, of Franklin, Va., is visiting his sister, Mrs. W. R. has returned from New York City and Tomahs

Miss Elma Dean, of Federalsburg, spent the week end with her grandmother, Mrs. Bell Dean.

Mrs. Eugene Ferrens is visiting her sister in Wilmington, Del.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Donoho and children are spending a few days with relatives in Baltimore.

Mrs. Dora Trice, of Concord, visited her sister, Mrs. Mollie Stoery last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Shultz and children, of Philadelphia, visited Mr. Shults' sister, Mrs. Olin Tomahs on Sunday. Mrs. Thomas and little son, Wilbert, accompanied them to their home in Philadelphia.

Those not absent or tardy in the Harmony school for the month of September are as follows: Miriam Fearins, Blanche Baker, Esther Cox, Elsie Thomas, Woodrow Todd, Evelyn Todd, Russell Towers, Mary McNeal, Leon Williamson and Katherine Lasier.

That Homesick Feeling

The Boys and Girls away at school have mighty lonesome minutes sometimes. You have no idea how hungry they get for the news of the home town and the home folks.

You can't write it all, but that is ous job. Let us send the

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This Week

By Arthur Brisbane

"FREE AIR," SAYS COOLIDGE. WHAT AILS THE CHURCH? UNCERTAIN, COY, AS USUAL. MOTHER, FIRST, LAST. THE BANKERS SING.

President Coolidge notifies the world in general, including would-be monopolists of radio privileges, that nobody will be "allowed to monopolize the air."

That's welcome. Ordinary monopolies the people recognize as national American institutions—electric light, railroads and other things. But they WOULD like the air to remain free, if possible. Even in front of gasoline stations you see the sign "Free Air." The President should be congratulated on having put that sign up outside the White House.

What is the matter with the Church? Many old-fashioned preachers ask that question. Clergymen, secure in their pulpits, like the distinguished Dean Inge, of St. Paul's, in London, calmly tell you that one of the great Apostles was not inspired; he only had epileptic fits. All this isn't new.

Clergymen are making every effort to restore religious enthusiasm.

In New York's Cathedral of St. John the Divine, sixty Bishops, magnificently robed in brilliant colors, accompanied by "Honorary Canons" the clergy of the cathedral, the choir, etc., recently paraded through a building that cost millions of dollars. That was most impressive.

But perhaps half a dozen fishermen, sitting in a rowboat that cost less than $20, discussing religion earnestly, might do more for faith than any ten-million-dollar cathedral.

Woman, in her hours of ease, continues to be coy and uncertain. In Paris, she is having her shoulders rouged. In London, artists paint artificial freckles on women's faces, necks and arms.

There is meaning in all this petty puzzling feminine nonsense. Olympias, mother of Alexander, doing wild dances with snakes wrapped around her, no other clothing, and your great grandmother with her hoop skirt trailing on the ground and smelling salts, both represent progress in some mysterious way.

Woman is a being more complicated than man. Her evolution is longer, more intricate.

Anatole France dies, calling for his mother. The great French writer had lived 80 years, achieved fame, a great name. All that seemed small in the last minute of the 80 years. The memory of his mother stood out above all the rest.

At the beginning and at the end, the mother comes first. In between, others have their turn.

The big Zeppelin ZR-3 started for America to the tune of "Deutschland ueber Alles." If that big unwieldly gas bag can leave Germany on a Monday morning and land in Lakehurst, four thousand miles away, on the following Wednesday morning, how long do you think it will take high-powered, heavier-than-air machines to cross the Pacific or the Atlantic with TNT and poison gas a few years from now?

Big bankers, thousands of them, gathered in Chicago recently, quite happy. They sang songs waiting for the speaking to start, and told each other, "Business is fine." But one little crumpled rose leaf is in the soft financial mattress. "There is among the bankers uncertainty over social unrest."

Sorry to disturb bankers, but that uncertainty is a good thing. It makes bankers and other important men think, it always has made them think, and it's about the only thing that DOES make them think—about the little people. Who notices a mule that doesn't kick?

There was much uncertainty among the "better element" in the days of the Gracchi before Christ was born. There has been more or less of that uncertainty ever since. And where the uncertainty has been LACKING there has been trouble.

You can't change anything in this world suddenly. You can't even change a caterpillar into a butterfly in five minutes. Arguing with a caterpillar, begging him to be "class conscious" won't do it. Setting a match to one end of the cocoon may ruin that cocoon, but it won't bring out the butterfly.

Poem by Uncle John

Of course, there may be reasons fer a feller's uppish ways, when the right to win distinction paves the road to better days,—and I don't begrudge my rival if he swaggers jest a bit —for, if I can't be magnanimous, I'll simmer down an' quit!

And still—there is occasions when I'd criticize a friend, when the means he takes advantage of, don't jestify the end; fer instance — here's Simp Wiggleton, who don't know "gee" from "haw"— he's learnt to play bullfiddle in the Hickville Orchestraw. . . .

Now I don't envy Simp at all —for this here country's free,— and the world don't stop revolvin' when he fails to speak to me—I only mention Simp's case to show how men may reap —if they seize the opportunity when glory comes so cheap!

the Jedge's Josh

Richard E. Enright

The man who came up from the ranks to head the police of the world's greatest city, New York. He has done more in seven years' time than all predecessors to bring the department to its present high standard of efficiency. He has made New York safe for the stranger and avoided by the crook.

—The Latest Creation!!!

Mr. Hardfax—Do you think Miss Goldilox makes up her face?

Miss Plainsmith—Yes, yes, face, hair, eyes, ears. She makes up everything but her mind and that's too hopeless to bother with.

Poor Woman!!!

* * *

A colored man entered the general store of a small town and complained to the storekepper that a ham that he had purchased a few days before had proved not to be good.

"The ham is all right, Sam," insisted the store keeper.

"No, it ain't boss." insisted the other. "Dat ham's sure bad."

"How can that be," continued the storekeeper, "when it was cured only last week?"

Sam reflected solemnly a moment and then suggested, "Maybe it's done had a relapse."

* * *

The night clerk of the hotel was surprised to see a very battered-looking person in his shirt sleeves come backing up to his desk and paused there groggily.

"What can I do for you?" inquired the Clerk.

"I'd like," said the stranger, "to be 'ecorted to room two hundred and two on the second floor.

"Two hundred and two," repeated the clerk. "Why that room is occupied by M. Oscar Billings, of Ohio, and its pretty late to be rousing a guest."

"I know that as well as you do." Nevertheless, and contrary, notwithstanding, I desire to be shown two hundred and two, with out any con-con- conver- and further talk.

"What business have you got there?"

"That's my business."

"Well then wha't your name?"

"I'm Mr. Oscar Billings of Ohio. I just fell out of the window."

* * *

"How's your wife, Binks?" asked Jinks.

"Her head troubles her a good deal," confessed Binks.

"Neuralgia?"

"No," answered Binks sadly, "she wants a new hat!!!"

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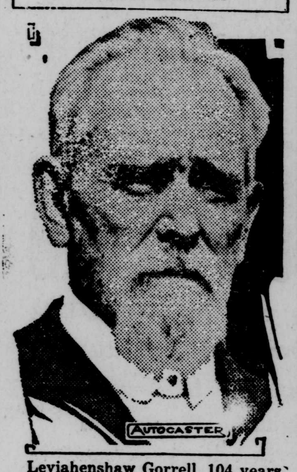
Will Work On

Louise McDonnell, 21, San Francisco shop girl who inherited $85,000, says that she will keep on working at a department store glove counter. Half of the money she will give to her mother and some of the remainder will be used to educate her younger brothers

Oldest Mason



Leviahenshaw Gorrell, 104 years, is the oldest living Mason. He is a resident of the Kansas Masonic Home. He says he feels better today than ever, and thinks his longevity due to total abstinence from tobacco and alcohol.

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