Finally Got Her Hair Bobbed

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

(©, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) (WNU Service.)

HENRY VYNER rumpled his fair hair in vain. No hint of an inspiration came to his brain—it seemed temporarily drained of all plots and he was under contract to the Argus to turn out another mystery story before another sun had set over his attic window.

Henry began to wish he had taken up brick laying as a profession. Perhaps it tired the muscles but certainly there would be none of that devastating brain fag that besets the overworked writer of fiction. And, not least in consideration, there would be the regular weekly check of goodly proportions coming in the help pay for having old suits pressed and shabby hats reblocked.

Then, out of that fog-bound intellect Henry found himself looking at a girl's face—a face so contorted by the frantic effort she was making to find a vital spot in her throat with a pair of ghastly sharp scissors that Henry wasn't sure whether or not she was even good looking. The face was reflected in a small mirror that hung in the light of his window for the purpose of assisting the daily shave.

Henry took a swift survey of the windows of the flats opposite and—yes—there in the window just across the court he could see the girl in her awful effort to stab herself successfully with those murderous scissors.

Would he be in time?

Henry sprinted down the stairs, dashed to the apratment door round the corner, flung himself up the four flights of stairs that must lead him to the door of the girl's flat and in a breathless panic lest he be too late to save the life of that poor girl, rang the bell with a loud peal.

He breathed a sigh of relief, for within the apartment he heard footsteps approaching the door. And to Henry's now vivid imagination he fancied the footsteps dragged as if the girl were uncertain as to whether she would answer the summons of continue her determination to end it all.

Henry braced himself. The girl might, in her fevered, unstrung state of mind attempt to bury those blades in his own flesh by mistake.

She opened the door and stood gazing wide-eyed at her imperious door ringer. Certainly she looked distraught and she still clutched the scissors in her right hand while with the other she endeavored to push back the half head of long hair that hung across her shoulder.

"What is it? Is the house on fire or something?" she swiftly inquired of the troubled looking young man at her door.

"No—er—nothing like that—I simply thought you were trying to do away with yourself with those scissors. I saw you from my window making such frantic efforts to find your jugular vein or whatever vein it is that runs through the throat—that I dashed across to save you." Henry stood gazing at the girl who now, with her face set into normal lines, gave him a great sense of pleasure.

"Me—that's the very last thing in the world I'd think of doing. It's a pretty jolly old world to be alive and kicking in, I think." Then she burst into laughter so merry that Henry was forced to join her.

"Then why the awful efforts with those?" he indicated the scissors.

She stopped laughing long enough to answer him. "I was merely bobbing my hair, or rather trying to, and I have made pretty much of a mess of it—I've been hacking away trying to see the back of my head for nearly half an hour. I loathe going to hairdressers—that's the reason I've put up with long hair when nearly the entire world is bobbed."

Henry gazed at the hair in question and a smile grew in his eyes. "You certainly are making rather a mess of it—looks a bit choppy—I have a hunch I could improve on your work so you would be at least presentable."

Joyce stood doubtfully gazing at Henry, needing his proffered assistance badly and realizing in her heart that since he had made such a frantic effort to save the life of a complete stranger he must be a right sort of chap. Besides, Joyce had a queer little feeling that she would grow to like Henry Vyner—his eyes were so blue and honest and mirthful.

She opened the door wider and Henry stepped inside her dainty little flat. Once inside they looked at each other and burst into laughter. Certainly they presented a funny picture.

"And now to work," said Henry, taking the great scissors from her hands, "you can't go about half shorn any longer. Sit in that chair in a good light and if you are satisfied with the bob I give you, you are going to sign a contract to let me do it always. In the meantime I have found an idea for a story which I shall call 'Barbara Bobs,' and when I've sent it away this afternoon, you must meet me and have dinner—somewhere."

"If you bob me nicely—I will," Joyce smiled sweetly up at Henry.

"You will be bobbed more than nicely," said Henry, and knew that the little god of inspiration had come to him in love.

Jugoslavian Language

The principal language of Jugoslavia is what is known as Serbo-Croatian. It is spoken by nearly 9,000,000 out of a total of 12,000,000 people.

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CHURCH NOTES

Christ M. P. Church, Chestertown

Rev. E. A. Sexsmith, D. D. Minister. At the invitation of Washington College the congregation of Christ Church will omit their regular morning service next Sunday and join in the Baccalaureate service to be held in William Smith Hall at 11 o'clock.

The Sunday School session will be held as usual at 10 a. m. The lesson subject will be "Jesus Crucified."

The regular evening service will be held at 7.30 o'clock. Sermon by the pastor and special music by the choir. This will be the last service of the Conference year. All the members and friends of Church are urged to be present.

Prayer and Praise service Wednesday evening at 7.30 o'cock to which you are all invited.

There will be no preaching services on Sunday, June 14th, at the pastor will be attending the session of the Maryland Annual Conference which will be held in Starr Church, Baltimore, Md.

Grace M. E. Church, Piney Neck, Md.

Sunday School at 9.30 a. m. O. E. Frazier, Supt., we are having a very good attendance and wish that you might enjoy the services with us. We will try to make you welcome, and we believe that you will be paid well for coming.

Union M. E. Church, Worton, Md.

There will be no service during the day. Children's day service will be at the Church on the seventh at 7.30 p. m. Come out and bring that friend of yours.

St. James M. P. Church

Rev. J. Lee Marker, Minister. 10 a. m. Sunday School, George Carroll, superintendent. The lesson will be "Jesus Crucified" These lessons are dealing with the most sacred phase of our Lord's life and we can't afford to miss them. A place and a welcome for all.

11 a. m. This is the last Sunday of the conference year and we are concluding it with the observance of our Lord's Supper. Come and enjoy this sacred occasion with us. 7.30 Christian Endeavor led by Byard Sutton. The subject "The Need for Christian Thoughtfulness and Kindness." Let us have our church filled. A fine meeting is assured.

Salem M. E. Chuurch, Fairlee, Md.

Sunday School at ten, Weldon Walbert, Supt., don't fail to be present on the seventh. Preaching at Eleven. A meeting of the Stewards will be held after service all the stewards are asked to be present if at all possible. The League Service will give awy to the Childrens service at Worton, so that every one will have a chance to attend and swell the number.

Lynch M. P. Church

2 p. m. Sunday School, Mrs. Harry Jewell, superintedent. The lesson will be "Jesus Crucified." 3 p. m. The pastor will preach, also special music. 7.30 Christian Endeavor led by the pastor. The subject will be "The Need for Christian Thoughtfulness and Kindness." It will be the last meeting of the conference year and let us make it a good one.

Betterton M. E. Chucrh

J. C. B. Hopkins, pastor. 2 p. m. Sunday School, Mrs. Archie Crew, Supt. 3 p. m. regular worship and sermon. There will be no evening service.

Still Pond M. E. Church

J. C. B. Hopkins, pastor. 9.30 a. m. Sunday School, A. J. Hackett; Superintendent. Every member and friend is urged to be present.

10.45 morning worship and sermon. All High School pupils of the community are invited to attend this service in a body.

8 a. m. A beautiful Children's Day Pageant entitled A arden of Praise will be presented by the Sunday School.

All are invited to enjoy this event with us.

The Men's Bible Class will hold a strawberry festival and social Friday evening, June 12th.

Bond Chapel

L. L. Powell, pastor. Sunday School 10 a. m., A. C. Loud, Supt. Preaching 11 a. m. subject, "Sons of the Morning." Children's Day service 8 p. m.

Mowbray Chapel

L. L. Powell, pastor. Sunday School 2.30 p. m., Mrs. Ida V. Kirby, Supt. Evening worship with Bond Chapel.

Emmanuel Church Notes

C. L. Atwater, Rector. The services for Sunday are as follows: Holy Communion 8 a. m.; Church School 10 a. m.; There will be no service at 11 a. m. as the congregation is invited to the College for the Baccalaureate service. Evening Prayer at 7.30 p. m.

Wednesday evening service 7.30 p. m.

Kennedyville M. P. Church

J. McLain Brown, pastor. Men's Bible Class at ten o'clock. Sunday School same hour. Robert C. Young, Supt. Morning worship 11 a. m. Children's Day service at 7.30 p. m. If you would be seated come early.

Subscription to the Transcript $1.50 per annum.

To Marry the Man She Liked

By JANE OSBORN

(©, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) (WNU Service.)

OF COURSE Ted Farnsworth carried a watch—a very thin, extremely expensive watch that his mother had given him when he was graduated from college and it usually came within five minutes one way or the other of telling the right time. After leaving it with the jeweler for regulation on several occasions to find that at the end of each visit it was as tempermental as ever Ted gave up the idea of carrying the exact time about with him. From the large window in his office in the city he could always look out on the enormous clock in the tower on a great skyscraper a block away. And in Melville where he now lived with his mother there was Miss Day.

Miss Day lived a block further from the station than he did, and it had come to be Ted's unfailing habit to take the passing of this young woman in the morning as a signal to put on his hat and coat.

"I suppose," said his mother one day at breakfast, "that if Miss Day ever stopped commuting I should have to get a really up-to-date clock—or that you'd have to have your watch regulated. Here she comes now. And she's got on her raincoat. You'd better wear yours and also take an umbrella."

So Ted sauntered toward the hall, slipped his feet into his rubbers, donned hat and coat and took an umbrella and did not notice until he was outside that the sun was shining brightly.

Then one morning he loitered longer than usual at breakfast—or at least so it seemed to him. He left his house as usual a few minutes after Miss Day had passed. Two blocks from the station he saw his train draw in and while he was still running up the station stairs the train drew swiftly out.

He turned to go into the waiting-room, not quite sure what he would do next, when he saw Miss Day, panting for breath, coming up the stairs. Ted had never been introduced to her, though he did lift his hat when he passed her because she in her turn always bowed to him. Miss Day spoke first.

"My but I'm out of breath," she gasped. "I ran two blocks to catch the train and then missed it. I don't know what I am going to do after this. You know I never can keep a watch going right—and there's been a girl on our street who always started out just a shade before I had to start. She went the other direction toward the trolley. But she's going to be married next week and so she's stopped working."

That explained one part of the conundrum, but Dick wanted to know why she could no longer be trusted as a barometer.

"But why did you wear a raincoat the other day when the sun was shining?"

Miss Day pouted a little. "It was foolish, wasn't it?" she asked. "But you see it was my new red raincoat and I like it so much that I just wore it anyway. Don't you like raincoats?"

Dick, becoming more and more convinced of the prettiness of Miss Day, stammered something to the effect that it was the prettiest raincoat he had ever seen. Then as his companion sighed and said that it was very important for her to be in her office before half past nine, a way out of the difficulty occurred to him.

"I can go back and get my car," he said, "and if you don't mind fast driving we can get in town in about three-quarters of an hour. We'll have to wait fully an hour for the next train."

In spite of fast driving along crowded roads Jim and Miss Day talked gaily all the way in that morning and he did not leave her until he had gained permission to call for her at five and drive her home. He'd have to take the car home, anyway. And that day he took his watch to a first rate jeweler's and secured the use of a guaranteed timepiece for the period required to put his own in perfect condition.

One the way back that evening his companion complained again about her difficulty in catching her train now that her reliable neighbor was to be married.

"I don't see what a girl nowadays wants to be married for, anyway," suggested Jim.

"Every reason in the world," was Miss Day's emphatic rejoinder. "That is, if she does really care for the man."

Jim had a solution to offer for her difficulty. He told her that he had a thoroughly reliable watch and that every day five minutes before it was time for him to start he would elephone to her.

And so matters rested for a few months. Meantime Jim called frequently at the house of the Days in the evening.

Then one day without preamble he reminded her of what she had said about getting married. "You said a girl had every reason in the world to want to be married if she really cared for the man. The important thing then is this—do you really care for me—or could you possibly bring yourself to do so?"

And Miss Day, looking very serious and pretty at the same time, said that she really believed she cared a great deal for Jim already.

DR. JULIAN T. POWEL



OPTOMETRIST

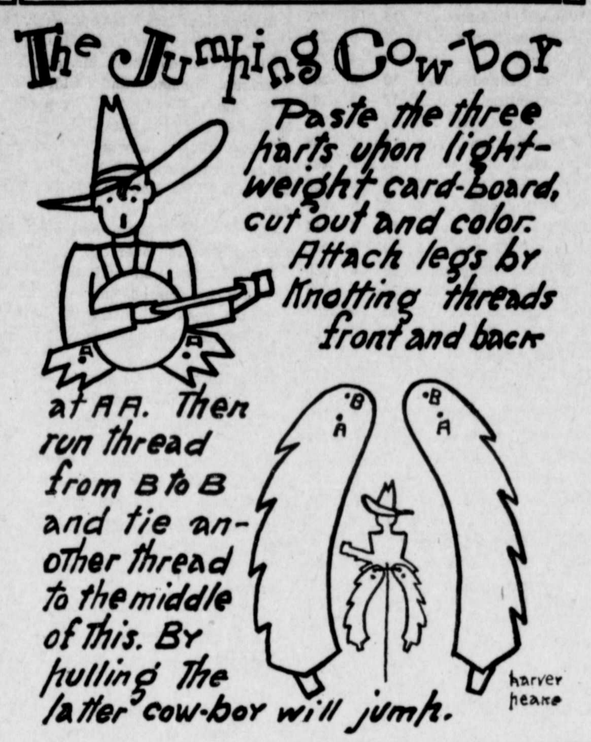
Chestertown, Maryland.

In office at Chestertown every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday; office hours 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

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The Children's Corner

Edited by DOROTHY EDMONDS



Riddles

1. What follows you
   When the sun is bright
   Making your picture
   At left and right?

2. What makes the flowers
   Black as night
   Yet paints the walks
   And fences white?

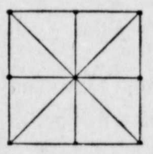
3. What makes the earth look
   Clothed in white,
   As it shines in the sky
   On a starlit night?

4. What is all around
   That you cannot see;
   That you breathe right in
   And to all is free?

5. What is sparkling clear
   Yet looks dark blue,
   When it carries the ships
   Or plays with you?

Button Game

Take a piece of cardboard nine inches square. Draw on it with a crayon, this diagram. Take three small black buttons and three small white ones. There should be two players only. One has the black buttons and one has the white. The first player places a button on any one of



the nine dots. The second does likewise. Each plays in turn until all the buttons have been placed. Then each in turn moves buttons from dot to dot by way of the lines, continuing until one player succeeds in placing "three men in a row." This player wins the game.

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Unique Indian Fortress Preserved by Canada

The Southwold earthworks in Elgin county, Ontario, declared by Canadian archeologists to be the only double-walled Indian fortification existing in America, have been acquired by the Canadian government as a national historic site. A unique double-walled fort erected by the Attiwandaronk or Neutral Nation of Indians was protected by a double line of earthworks which completely enclosed it. Between the walls lay a moat thirty feet wide. It is believed that the superstructure of the earthworks was a palisade of high sharpened logs. This old stronghold is thought to be the place at which the Attiwandaronks made their last desperate stand against the Iroquois, who finally drove them from Ontario about 1650. Although these Indians were visited by French traders, the ruins have yielded nothing that would indicate contact with European civilization. Flint arrowheads and bone needles of the most primitive type have been unearthed.

Old Weather Omens

At Biddeford pool, a place of rare historic interest on the western Maine coast, recently discovered records show that there were weather prophets there as early as 1616. It was in that year that the first white settlers passed the winter at the pool, naming it Winter Harbor, a name which remains on some maps and charts to the present day. In the fall the Indians told the settlers that there would be a long, dreary winter for these reasons: The corn husks were thick and close about the ear; the beech and walnut burrs were thicker than usual; the foxes were wearing thicker fur and the wild geese were flying southward ahead of time. These predictions proved correct, and ever since men have given them more or less credence.

The State Roads Commission has put a force of men to work making soundings for a new concrete bridge across the Bohemia River, which is one of the projects included in the present bridge building program. The cost of a new bridge has been estimated at $250,000 and it will be located near the site of the present bridge.

Lady—"Never heard of the Ten Commandments, little boy! Good gracious, what's your name?"

"Moses,'" replieb the boy.

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