CAP AND BELLS



HE SPOKE THE TRUTH

The maid timidly approached the head of the house.

"P-please, sir," she said shakily, "there's been a man at the door with a pitiful tale of woe, and—"

The master of the house waved her away.

"Can't help it, my girl," he snapped. "It's all tommy-rot, and it leaves me quite cold."

"Yes, sir," replied the maid, "I thought perhaps it would. I found he has taken your overcoat from the hall."—Answers.

Plenty of Patience

Little Sylvia wished a glass of milk at dinner. Grandmother was busy serving others and left the little girl to wait her turn. Again the child said: "Grandma, I want some milk."

"Sylvia," said grandma, "haven't you any patience?"

"Yes, grandma, but I haven't any milk," answered the child.

Professional Personality

"What is your boy John doing now?"

"Studying medicine," answered Farmer Corntossel.

"How is he doing?"

"First rate. Every time I get a cold he can talk about it in a way that'll scare me nearly to death."

Combination

Lackpenny—I—ah—really want a bed-sitting-room.

Landlady—This is a bed-sitting-room.

"Indeed? I see the bed all right, but where's the sitting-room?"

"On the bed."—Pearson's Weekly.

FRUITFUL



"They have a family tree, I suppose?"

"Yes, and the daughters are pippins."

Scrambled Alphabet

Editor—My boy, your punctuation and grammar are something fierce.

Literary Aspirant—Then there is no hope for me.

"Sure there is; try dialect stories."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Last Resort

Proud Suburban Lady—You know, my husband plays the organ.

Depressed Acquaintance—Well, if things don't improve, my husband will have to get one, too.—Answers (London).

Non-Transferable

Teacher—Tommy, come up here and give me what you've got in your mouth.

Tommy—I wish I could—it's the toothache.—New Haven Register.

Good Samaritan

She—Why did you tell Mrs. Tuff her husband was dead when he had only lost all his money?

He—I thought I'd better break it to her gently.—Humorist (London).

Hans Lost

"What's happened? Have you had an accident?"

"No. I just bet Hans he couldn't carry me up a ladder on his back, and I won."—Die Gemutliche Sachse.

All Explained

Johnnie—Why does the whistle blow for a fire?

Billy—It doesn't blow for the fire, it blows for water. They've got the fire.—Hudson Star.

STILL TOO RED



"I see your radical friend is less red than he was."

"Yes; but hasn't yet attained that pink of perfection we'd like to see."

Brief Answer

Williams—Well, how has everything gone since I last saw you?

Wilson—Everything's gone.—London Answers.

Truly Impossible

Critic—Your book isn't true to life.

Author—Why do you say that?

Critic—Well, you say, "as the girl ordered a $6.50 dinner her fiance smiled!" Did you ever see a fiance do that?—Brooklyn Eagle.

That Silenced Her

Vera—Did he threaten you when he kissed you?

Winifred—Yes, he said if I screamed he wouldn't kiss me again.—Answers

LETTER WRITING CONTEST

OPEN TO SCHOOL CHILDREN OF KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND

The details of the letter writing contest which was mentioned in last weeks issue of this paper, follows:

Prizes offered:

$5.00 in gold for the best letter composed and written by an Elementary School child.

$5.00 in gold for the best letter composed and written by a High School child.

"What does your rural mail carrier mean to you?"

Boys and Girls:

There is a question that probably but very few if any of your parents have given much thought. Answer it either briefly or at length. You may perchance win one of the above prizes. "What My Rural Mail Carrier Means to Me" may be told in ten words, or it may be told in three hundred or more words. Literary ability is not necessary. The prize winning letters may be written in plain, straightforward language.

Before starting your letter, you should read the copy of "Your Postal Service" which was sent your teacher from the School Board office. This will bring to your attention many benefits of the rural postal service that might not otherwise occur to you.

The letters and photographs of the winners will be published in the National Rural Letter Carrier as well as the local newspapers. Some of the best of the other letters will be published also.

You should carefully observe the following rules:

1. Use either plain or ruled, white paper, 8 inches by 10 inches, or 8 1-2 inches by 11 inches.

2. You may type your letter or write it with pen and ink.

3. Write on one side of paper only and be sure to include in your letter the name of your rural carrier.

4. Neither your name nor any other mark of identification is to appear on any sheet of paper on which your letter is written. Enclose with your letter a separate sheet of paper on which you have written your name and address, the name of the school that you attend, the grade in which you are enrolled at school, and your age. (As each letter is received at the School Board office a number will be written on the name and address sheet and the same number placed on each page of the letter. Only the letters will be placed in the hands of the judges of the contest.)

5. Address your letter to, The Contest Committee Chestertown, Maryland But mail it an envelope addressed to the Board of Education of Kent County, Chestertown, Maryland.

6. The contest ends on Monday, March 20, 1933. You should have your letters in the School Board office on or before that date. No letter will be returned to its author.

A representative of each of the three local newspapers has been invited to act as a judge in this contest.

The winners will announced in the local newspapers the week of April 3, 1933.

This contest is open to all boys and girls in grades one to seven, both included; and to all boys and girls in high school grades.

Cordially yours,
LOUIS C. ROBINSON,
County Superintendent.

Subscription to The Transcript $1.50 per annum.

DR. JULIAN T. POWER
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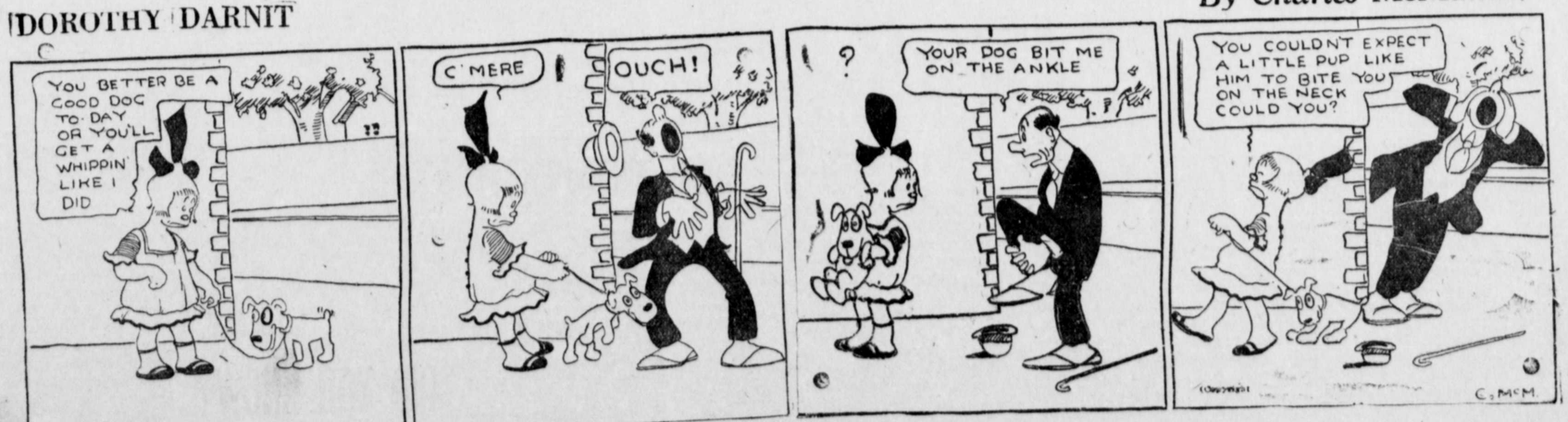


An Eye on the Future

The Family Next Door



DOROTHY DARNIT By Charles McManus



SNOODLES By CY HUNGERFORD



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