

SPECIAL Shoe Sale

We are Closing Out Two Lines of Shoes

WALK OVER

Regular Price \$5.00
Sale Price

\$3.00

A N D

Strong & Garfield

Regular Price \$6.00
Sale Price

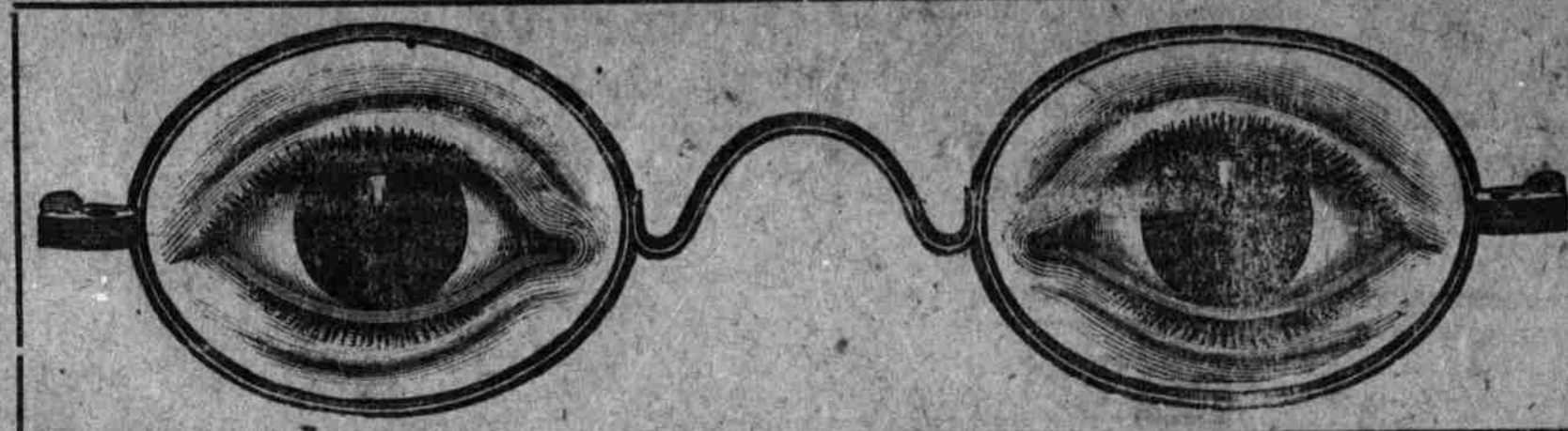
\$3.50

LESS THAN COST--See Our Window

A. V. ANDREWS

O. M. HEACOCK

Eyesight Specialist



I Grind All
of My
GLASSES



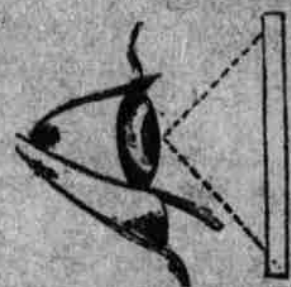
Any Lens Duplicated
in a Few
Minutes Without
Your Prescription

LOCATED PERMANENTLY OVER NEWLIN'S DRUG STORE

TORIC LENSES

ARE HOLLOW GROUND

This is the old style flat lens



Are you bothered about seeing the edges of your lenses?
Is your field of vision limited? You can overcome this trouble wearing **WIDE ANGLE LENSES**. Call and let me show you Heacock's Glasses are guaranteed--Lenses exchanged and frames kept in repair for one year FREE

This is the wide angle Toric Lens



Heacock's Glasses Fit; Ask Anyone.

ELECT TEACHERS FOR NEXT YEAR

BOARD MEETING TONIGHT WILL NOT ACT IN MATTER.

Election of Teachers Will be Put Over Until Tomorrow Night

There will be no election of teachers for the ensuing year made this evening, as was first planned. Absence from the city of several directors necessitates a postponement until tomorrow night when the matter will be taken up. As much business is to be done, it is not thought likely that the entire corps of teachers will be selected at that time, although an effort will be made to do this.

As J. D. Stout has already been elected superintendent that particular part of the work will not have to be attended to.

SHE COULD KEEP A SECRET

By ELBERT T. BENTLEY

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"I've got the confoundestest wife you ever saw."

"What do you mean by the word confoundestest? It conveys no meaning to me."

"That's the reason I apply it to my wife. She is beyond the pale of definition."

"Do you use the word opprobriously?"

"By no means. She's a jim dandy."

"Oh, you've got something on your mind--something she has been doing. Get it off and have done with it."

"Right you are, and when I've told you you'll agree with me that confoundestest is the best word by which to describe her. You know we live in the country and I'm a commuter. My monthly commutation ticket costs me \$24.50. I have always been used to carrying my ticket in my hat. It's very convenient, you know. I place it between the lining and the crown. If I put it in my portemonnaie, which I carry in my hip pocket when I'm hurrying to my train, loaded down with the bundles which all commuters are condemned to carry, I have a hard time getting it out from under my coat. If it is in my hat I can get at it very easily. There's a ferry at the city end of the route where the ticket must be punched. Formerly commuters were only required to show their tickets, and we used to just lift our hats to the gateman, and he could see the ticket. It was comical to see a long line of passengers taking off their hats politely to the gateman. But the practice must have concealed some skulduggery, for the officers of the line stopped it, and now we all must have our tickets punched."

"Anyway, I always carry my ticket in my hat. Well, one morning when I went to the city I felt for my commutation ticket, and it was gone. It was one I'd just bought, and its loss involved nearly \$24. Thinking I might

have put it in one of my pockets, I ransacked them all. It wasn't in any of them. I searched the floor, but there was nothing there. At last I gave it up and paid my fare.

"My wife is a very economical woman and considers me the perfection of carelessness. I knew if I told her of my loss she would scold me for both wastefulness and carelessness. I made up my mind to get on the best I could for awhile, paying my fare out of the loose change I carried till the end of the month, when I would buy a new ticket. It was no use. A few mornings after my loss as I was going out my wife gave me the customary kiss, at the same time handing me my hat. She looked inside and, not seeing the ticket, felt for it.

"Why, dear," she exclaimed, "I thought you always carried your commutation ticket in your hat."

"I was obliged to confess I had lost it. My wife said: 'I told you so. If you had kept it in your pocketbook, as I always advised you to do, you wouldn't have lost it. There's \$24 gone! enough to buy me a spring hat with three big ostrich feathers.'"

"I hurried away, ostensibly to catch the train, but really to escape a scolding, and since it would be cheaper to commute even with the loss of four days than to pay single fares I bought a new ticket. I kept it in my pocketbook in my hip pocket with a lot of memoranda, cards, etc., my cash for daily expenses being in my vest pocket. I had no trouble for a month, when I bought another ticket. On the 4th of the month when I was getting ready to go to the city I clapped my hand to my hip to make sure my ticket was there, and, behold, portemonnaie, ticket and all were gone. Somebody must have picked my pocket.

"I thought my wife would cry. Fifty dollars gone in two months," she moaned. "We're going right down into the poorhouse. Why will you be so careless?"

"If I'd kept it in my hat," I snapped, "it would not have been lost. I put it where you told me to put it, and there you are."

"Go and buy another one," she said. "We can't afford to have you spending forty or fifty dollars a month to save \$24."

"Well, to make a long story short, in six months I lost five commutation tickets. What had brought about such bad luck I couldn't tell. I'd commuted for seven years and never before lost a ticket. Thinking some one might be robbing me--some of the servants--I told my wife when I lost the last ticket that I was going to put a detective in the house.

"My dear," she replied, "if I say something to you will you scold me?"

"Certainly not, pet, fire away."

"Well, I've been robbing you of your commutation tickets."

"I nearly fell in a faint."

"You know Tom Edwards, financial man for B. & Co. Well, Tom gave me a tip on some stock that was going to be 'cornered.' 'Shorts squeezed,' and all that. He said if I'd give him \$100 he'd put me in with the pool. But I must keep the secret. I hadn't the money, but I raised it, a bit here and a bit there, using your tickets, which I got redeemed at the railroad office. The pool sold out yesterday, and Tom has sent me a check for \$1,000."

"What do you think of that, eh? Isn't that confoundestest?"

"Rais! The pith of your story is that your wife kept the secret."

"From me."

No man can afford to believe all he says.

Early Extravagance.
The way folks waste their money now for strawberries is a pity. The radish doesn't cost so much. Is red and just as pretty.
--Boston Herald.

Another Laggard.
Ethyl--Jack told me I was his breath of life.
Edith--And what did you do?
Ethyl--Advised him to hold his breath.--Harvard Lampoon.

The Man Who Groans.
Times have changed, the old folks say. And turned some ways more stable. It isn't the boarder that groans today. It's the man who supplies the table.
--Boston Transcript.

Still More Signs of Spring.

"Excuse me, I've been eating onions."
Father rooting around the plantation with a rake.
Susie skipping the rope.
Kittie and Arthur camping out on the front porch every evening.
The parlor rug out on the clothesline.
The delicate aroma of the back yard bonfire.
The splash of the sprinkling cart.
A hankering for a bungalow in the pines.
An appetite that can't be satisfied.
"Pure Vermont maple sugar" from Kansas City.--Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Man's Inconsistency.
Men seek to wed their opposites. But you'll notice, just the same, That after one is dealt a hand In the matrimonial game The chances of his better half To please him are quite slim. If, perchance, his love grows cold And she makes it hot for him.
--Chicago News.

Must Deliver the Goods.
"Statesmanship has its cares," said one eminent citizen.
"Yes," replied the other, "when a statesman travels he has to get up speeches for the people to read instead of merely sending home post-cards."--Washington Star.

A Suggestion.
Fair woman wears a hat today Of "Chantecler" design. A rooster here and there, they say, Is counted very fine.
It seems to me as scarce worth while, Because they might, you know, Revive the "Merry Widow" style And stage the whole blame show.
--Judge.

Richesse Oblige.
"No doubt you are learning that wealth has its obligations, now that you are yourself wealthy?"
"Oh, yes, indeed! Isn't it wonderful? Only today I discovered that there's a right way and a wrong way to dress one's housemaid!"--Puck.