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IN LIGHTER VEIN

Occasionally the wisest owl hoots at the wrong time.

Saucee—I saw a man in a window making faces today.

Simple—What was he doing that for?

Saucee—For a couple of clocks. He is a jeweler.—London Fun.

"I have something novel in the way of a melodrama."

"State your case."

"The blacksmith is a rascal, while the banker is as honest as the day is long!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Do you believe in ghosts?" asked the man who resents all superstition.

"No, sub," answered Erastus Pinkley. "An' all I's hopin' is dat dem ghos'es will lemme stay dat way 'stid o' comin' aroun' tryin' to convince me."—Washington Star.

Happy is the man who does all the good he talks of.—Italian Proverb.

Applicant—No, ma'am; I couldn't work in a house where there were children. Mrs. Keepphouse—But we adver-

tised for a girl who understood children. Applicant—I do understand 'em, ma'am. That's why I won't work where they are.—Illustrated Bits.

One of our neighbor exchanges remarks that the trouble with co-education is that there is too much co-ed and not enough education.—Ex.

"Are you waiting for me, dear?" she said, coming down stairs at last, fixing her hat.

"Waiting?" exclaimed the impatient man. "No; not waiting—sojourning."—Yonkers Statesman.

Hicks—I see your cold is better this morning.

Wicks—Yes, and I believe I've discovered a sure remedy for colds.

Hicks—What is it?

Wicks—A collar button. I swallowed one last night in mistake for a quinine pill.—The Catholic Standard and Times.

Two Jews were shipwrecked and after drifting several days in a small boat Goldbery said, "Look, look, Levi, I see a sail." Levi said, "Vats the use? We have no samples."—Ex.