

THE EYE GLASS

And She Watched Him

A NEAR-SIGHTED man lost his hat in a strong wind. He gave chase, but every time he thought he was catching up with it it was whisked from under his hand. At last a woman screamed from a nearby farmhouse:

"What are you doing there?"

He mildly said he was trying to retrieve his hat, whereupon his inquisitor told him:

"Your hat? That is over there under that stone wall—that's our little black hen you've been chasing."

Quick Repair Work

HELLO, Doctor! I've just broken my glasses and feel lost without them, but can't possibly come to town to-day for a new pair. . . . What's



that? Just send you the broken pieces and you'll make duplicate lenses without

me having to call personally? Oh, thank you so much. I'll send the pieces at once."

Conversations like this are a very common occurrence with us where the glasses were not purchased from us originally and we have no copy of the prescription. We do all kinds of repair work—promptly, accurately, reasonably.

If you break a lens, bring or send the broken parts to us and we'll make an absolutely accurate match.

We mend broken frames or can fit your old lenses in new style frames or supply the proper clasp or nose guard to hold your glasses on with security and perfect comfort.

Let us take care of all your eye glass needs—and troubles.

The Fine Art of Fitting Glasses

WE DO more than sell glasses. We look upon the fitting of them as a fine art.

In each individual case we make sure that both lenses and mountings are really becoming.

Ladies especially appreciate this feature of our work, because the style of



glasses worn has **everything** to do with the effect upon their personal appearance.

Every pair of glasses we supply is made specially to the particular measurements and in the particular style best suited to your features. That's why our glasses don't disfigure.

Call and let us demonstrate.

Just a Mistake

A MAN who was very near-sighted was dining one evening at a prominent hotel. He experienced considerable difficulty in removing from the dish, passed him by the colored waiter, what he supposed to be a chocolate éclair. It seemed to stick fast, so he pushed his fork well under it and tried to pry it up again.

Suddenly he noticed that his friends at the table were convulsed with laughter. Just then the waiter said:

"Pardon me, sir, but that's my thumb."