

"MY KINGDOM FOR A SHOE-HORN"

SUCH IS LIFE AMONG THE DEVOTEES OF THE GODDESS OF FASHION

(Proper-Gander.)
All men have been endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable feet.

Whether primitive man was proud or ashamed of his pedal extremities has not been found out, nor is it known whether shoes were intended to decorate them or to cover them up, but certain it is that some compeer of Irene Castle in the year one invented shoes to the exceeding torment of the rest of mankind.

Such were my thoughts one afternoon as I squeezed my feet into a pair of white pumps in preparation for an afternoon party—beautiful buckled pumps but small, very small though the exact size of them I withheld, for fear of what would become of my reputation for veracity.

It took all the fortitude I possessed, but at last I got my feet into them and set out for the car. By the time I had walked half a block I knew what I felt like. I felt like a dead man who is in a position where a suit of asbestos could be used to advantage; and the approaching car looked like a heavenly vision.

The car was crowded, and the thought of hanging to a strap for a thirty-minutes' ride filled me with a desire to go peacefully under the churchyard sod, where parties and light slippers are not. However, near the front of the car I found a young Sir Galahad who offered me half his seat, obligingly letting me have the place by the window. I hope my meek "thank you" conveyed to him a portion of my inexpressible relief as I sank beside him.

But the end was not yet. My feet burned and ached and throbbed unpeakably inside their smooth white canvas prisons. I looked out of the window; I took out my vanity case and powdered my nose till it looked like sugar-candy; I tried to forget that there was anything beyond my ankles. In vain. "Stone walls do not make a prison, nor iron bars a cage."

but an innocent little canvas slipper can be a jail such as to make the Bastille hide its face in shame. At last I knew that I'd pass to the family vault on the spot if I kept those atrocities on a minute longer. So drawing my feet as far under my skirt as I could, I slowly eased them out of the pumps, and as I wiggled my toe in blessed freedom under my skirt no prisoner released from Sing Sing ever felt as I did.

The car went on, and for a few blissful moments I was free. But all things have an end. At last I was forced to decide that it was time to put my slippers, and trying to forget how much it hurt, I turned my attention to the other. I put my toe in, and lo! they miraculously filled up the entire space, leaving no room for my heel, I tried again, pressing with all my might against the floor, but to no avail. I had not much time left, and I worked feverishly. It was no use. That slipper would not hold my foot, and I couldn't get off the car with one shoe off. I tried desperately; I could feel the perspiration start out on my carefully powdered forehead.

"You seem to be in trouble, ma'am," I heard my Sir Galahad say compassionately. "Can I help you?" As I lifted my tortured eyes to his face I remembered with a flash of hope that very young men sometimes carried pocket shoe horns. So I told him my tale of woe.

"If you have a shoehorn you can lend me," I ended, "perhaps I can get my shoes on. I'm on my way to a party at Evelyn Ringston's." He smiled. "I happen to be on my way there myself," he told me, "and I have a shoehorn, I usually carry around with me." He put his hand in his pocket, and I smiled too. Then he told me his name, but it forbore to mention, this being a purely personal matter.

I watched him hopefully, working meanwhile at my shoe, as the car rolled mercilessly on toward our destination. He drew out the contents of one pocket—a knife, two keys, a broken scarf pin, remnants of a note evidently long cherished but no shoehorn. Shaking his head, he put them back, and turned his attention to another quarter. A pencil, a girl's card, three dimes, a penny, an ink-eraser—but no shoehorn yet, and the end of our ride was drawing very near. He tried again, and produced

a newspaper clipping, a paper dollar, a cork, a pink pocket comb—but not my hearts desire. At last he gave up in despair.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said ruefully, "but I've emptied every pocket I have, and I can't find it. I must have left it at home. If I had known you were going to want it—"

I shook my head. My last hope had failed, and we only had two more blocks to ride. Then I had an inspiration.

"If you could let me have that 'perhaps I could hold the back of the shoe straight with that, and slip my foot in.'"

"With pleasure!" and he produced it.

With courage born of sheer desperation, I bent over my foot with the pink comb. The car was going very fast. Madly I tugged. The blood rushed to my face. I could feel the veins start out on my temples. I heard my self-appointed escort ring the bell. The car stopped. I gave one mighty effort—rrp! went the canvas, pop! went the comb, and I stood up. "I'm sorry I broke your comb," I said regretfully.

"O' that's all right," he answered. "I'm sorry you tore your shoe—but you can walk, anyway."

I made him get on the side of the torn slipper and together we crossed the street. Once safe at Evelyn's, I eased myself in a pair of slippers borrowed from her.

As I and my friend stood waiting for our car after the party, he glanced once at my feet.

"Evelyn's shoes look very well on you," he said.

"They're better than mine anyway," I answered. "Here comes the car."

As we went toward the car, something fell out of his pocket. Picking it up, he showed it to me.

It was nothing unusual—only a little pocket shoehorn.

GWEN BRISTOW, XI.

TWO MEET DEATH

ON WAY TO GAME

Greenville, May 12.—As a result of the breaking of the left front wheel of a seven passenger automobile, which caused the car to turn a half somersault and land on top of its seven passengers, George Finch, Jr., and Sargent John B. White of Spartanburg, are dead and A. W. Dill and W. A. Patillo, of Spartanburg, are in very serious condition. Marvin Scruggs and W. H. Blackwell, also of Spartanburg, were slightly injured. Sergeant White was said to have been wounded more times than any other man in the American expeditionary forces.

Edgar Abbott and the driver of the car, T. G. Stokes, escaped injury in some seeming miraculous manner. The seven young men were en route to Greenville from Spartanburg to attend the Greenville-Spartanburg game this afternoon about 3:30 o'clock, when the accident occurred about a half a mile from Chick Springs. The injured were rushed to the Steedley sanitarium at Chick Springs.

The young men had no time to move from their seats when the car turned turtle. The car was passing another automobile driven by George Tillison of the Apalache village, near Greer, when the front wheel broke, according to the driver. Stokes, who has been lodged in the Greenville jail, will make no statement in respect to the speed of his car except to say that he felt sure he was not driving recklessly or at a dangerous rate. Stokes says that he was attempting to pass the car on the left hand side and not on the right.

Stokes was brought into Greenville from the scene of the wreck by Coroner Allison, who turned him over to the sheriff. An inquest will likely be held tomorrow pending which Stokes will be held in jail here.

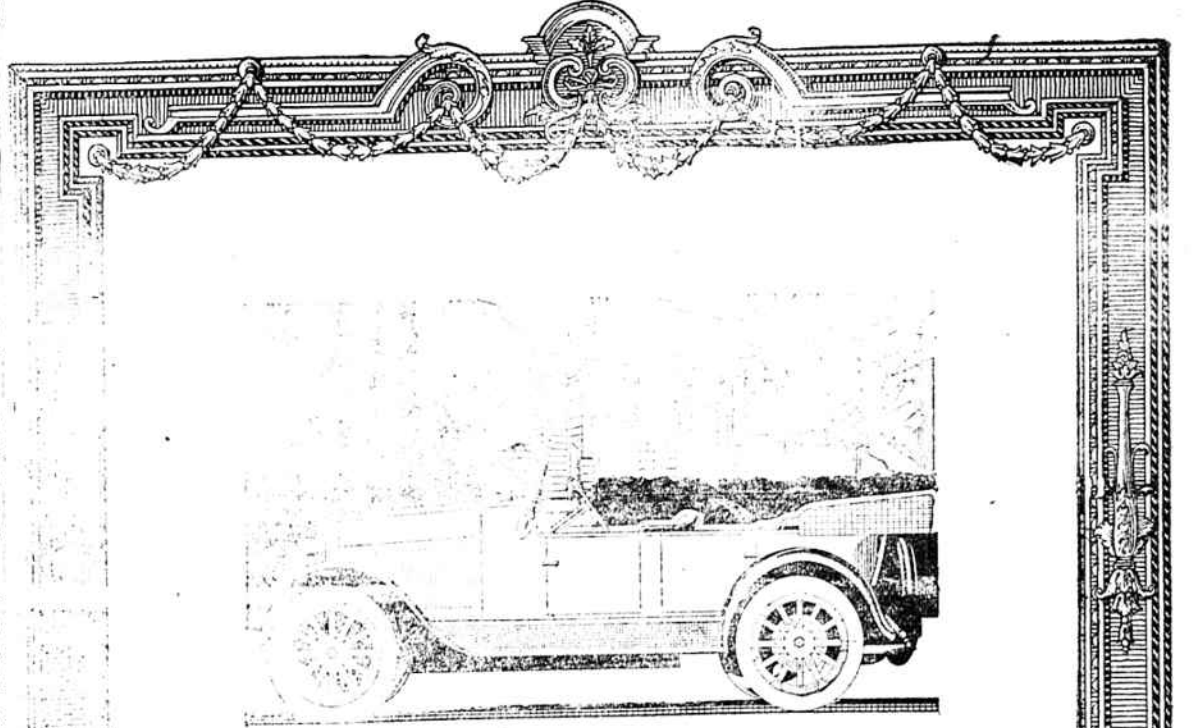
GOAT MILK CONDENSORY

(From California Development Board Annual Report).

The only goat milk condensory in the world is located at Pescadero, San Mateo County, forty-five miles south of San Francisco. Here the Widemann Goat Milk Laboratories maintain a herd of six thousand milk goats.

The milk goat is seemingly immune from tuberculosis and the demand for canned milk from physicians for use of tubercular patients and infants far exceeds the supply.

Interest in this branch of dairying is increasing, indicated by growing



The Car Problem is "Gas"

HOW

CHALMERS

SOLVES IT

GASOLINE is steadily going down in grade. Motor car engineers are much concerned. Some have found a remedy by accepting the Chalmers principle of Hot Spot and Ram's-horn.

For this principle has supplied the answer to the problem of "gas."

Hot Spot transforms the raw, inferior "gas" into a fine fuel, simply by "breaking up" the particles into a "cloud."

Ram's-horn, minus abrupt sharp corners, short in length and ingeniously designed, makes the distance "gas" travels from Hot Spot to each cylinder equal.

At a velocity estimated at 100

miles an hour the "gas cloud" is rushed through Ram's-horn and the results are marked:

- Quick starting,
- Power
- Smooth action
- Spark plugs seldom foul

Absence of engine troubles such as burned bearings and scored cylinders.

The sum of results from Hot Spot and Ram's-horn looms large in your mind once you become

a Chalmers owner and you, too, will say Chalmers is one of the few great cars of the world.



ELLIS-LESLIE CO

NOTICE

When you have land to sell
WRITE, PHONE or WIRE

The SOUTH ATLANTIC
REALTY CO., INC

Home Office GREENWOOD, S. C.

The Land Auction People



EXPERT TIRE REPAIRING

Four years experience in tire building.
Let us look over yours.
PENNAL VULCANIZING WORKS,
At City Garage.

demand for breeding stock and importation of outstanding animals. During the last two years the number of milk goats owned in the state has increased about 50 per cent, many of them purchased for family use.

The Penobscot Farm at Cool, Eldorado County, recently stocked a 3,000 acre ranch with milk goats, production to be used exclusively in the manufacturing of goat milk cheese.

NOTICE! SCHOOL ELECTION

Whereas a petition has been circulated in Hagan School District No. 35, asking for an election for the purpose of voting an additional tax of 4 mills for school purposes, and whereas it appears to be properly signed an election is hereby called to take place at the school house in said district on Saturday May 22nd, 1920.

Those in favor of the tax will cast a ballot upon which there is written or printed the word "Yes". Those opposed will cast a ballot upon which there is written or printed the word "No". Rules governing General Elections to be observed. Trustees to act as managers of said election.

W. J. Evans,
Co. Supt. of Education.

OUT!

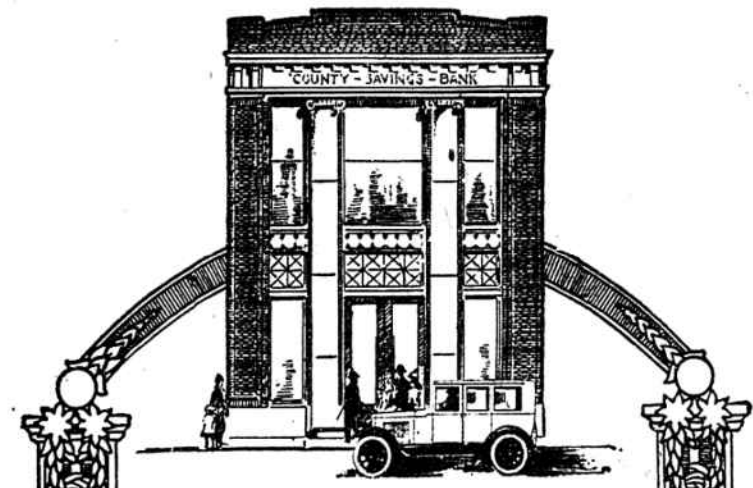
Harry Pollard says he never was knocked out but once, and then by one of two little sisters, who had opened a lunch counter opposite the big Rolin Film company plant in Los Angeles.

"Snub" noted a hand painted sign over the coffee urn which read

"Slised tomatos 5c."
"You've got that spelled all wrong," said the comedian with a grin.
"You should worry, mister," answered the little lady, "this is a high class restaurant—not a business college."

BUY "DIAMOND DYES" DON'T RISK MATERIAL

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can dye any material without streaking, fading or running. Druggist has color card—Take no other dye!



RESPECT
Poverty forces old age to respect the money that youth squanders.

The ghosts of dollars foolishly spent return to haunt the waster. They say, "If you had saved me then I'd save you now." Open an account today, stop squandering your money!

**COUNTY SAVINGS BANK
OF ABBEVILLE**