

Another Shipment OF Ladies' and Misses' Smummer Hats

Usual Good
STYLES
Usual Good
VALUES

That are picked up quickly by those ladies who are discerning buyers and leaders of fashion. Therefore endeavor to make your selection as early as possible.

HENRY BLAIR

It may be a disease, as Mr. Adams, "Ke know a man who bothers you, Alma Nutt suggests as a cure, that you fall to pay the bill for a month or so.

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

OWNING OR OWNED.

Some friends of ours are having a wonderful time this spring because they have just come into possession of an automobile. I fancy the husband would be surprised if he should see that statement.

He would say: "Why, I bought that automobile last September and used it all the fall. Why do you say we just came into possession of it?"

But I know the wife would understand perfectly.

An Ornament, not a Utility.

For this is what she said to me: "We are really enjoying our automobile this year. You know last year it was so new and shiny and lovely, and we were so afraid we would hurt it, that we didn't have much fun out of it. Those first two months we used to inspect it every time we took it out, and dust it off and look for scratches, and if we found a new scratch on it that just spoiled the day for Henry. He wouldn't take it out if it was rainy, or if it had been raining and was muddy; and if we were going somewhere and found an oily road he would turn back; and he never wanted to go on the main road because the little roads are apt to be dusty. He hated any narrow country road because once he was pushed over into the bushes and scratched the car terribly. And then one day in the late fall we got caught in a frightful storm and got the car all muddy, and when we had it washed the garage man scratched it and ruined some of the varnish by using too much soap.

They Own a Car Now.

"I was simply heartbroken when I saw it. I didn't mind so much myself, but I knew Henry would feel terribly. And what do you suppose he said? He felt badly at first, and then he just took a deep breath and said: 'Well, I'm sorry it happened, but maybe it isn't such a misfortune, after all. We'll stop worrying about it now and

enjoy it next spring, and maybe that will be just as good."

"And you like that way just as well?" I asked.

"Do!" she echoed. "I feel as though we never really owned a car before."

They didn't. The car owned them. And that's what I mean by their having just come into possession of a car. It is always dangerous to care too much about any possession. It simply means that your fear of loss or harm to it is going to lessen your happiness and freedom.

I know a woman who has a wonderfully competent maid who gives her perfect food and service. She knows that maid could leave her at any time and get as good a position or better. And her life is dominated and restricted by the fear of losing that treasure.

If You Care Too Much.

I know another woman who puts up with a comparatively incompetent maid because she says the maid cares more about staying than she does about keeping her and so she is never nervous about her. When the other woman boasts of her treasure she is not in the least envious. "I could get a treasure, too," she says, "if I were willing to give up my peace of mind."

It is a big thing to be big enough to dominate your possessions. Most of us are slaves to some of ours.

To be thrifty and careful about what one owns seems to me commendable. I hate the careless indifference that abuses and destroys a possession. Even if one has the money to buy another, that means that some of the world's labor power is devoted to produce a second article when it might have been used for better purposes if you had taken reasonable care of the first one.

But reasonable care is one thing. And the care that makes such a fetch session that one cannot get any real use or pleasure out of it, is quite another thing.

Between the two extremes, as always, lies the golden mean.

Just Folks.

By EDGAR A. GUEST.

THE SICK BABY.
Poor little drowsy eyes,
No joy in them to-day,
No laughter, no surprise,
No wish to romp and play.
Poor little hands that lie
So simple at your side,
Last night we heard you sob,
And wondered why you cried.

Put all the toys away,
No smile the rabbit brings,
There is no joy to-day
In all those pretty things.
My watch has lost its charms,
You are too tired to play;
Only your mother's arms
Can comfort you to-day.

Poor little cheeks so red,
Poor little fevered brow,
Little you know the dread
Which weigh upon us now.
Little you know the fear
Which chills us through,
No joy can rouse us here
When joy has fled from you.

We hear the neighbors say:
"To-morrow she will smile;
She will begin to play
In just a little while.
Some slight disturbance makes
A baby moan in pain,
Yet when the morning breaks
She will be well again."

Yet when the baby's ill
And fever burns her cheeks,
It seems our hearts stand still,
The hours are long as weeks.
So sad is she to see,
So pitiful her pain,
We quite forget that she
Will soon be well again.

It is estimated that alarm clocks added 500 cuss words to our language.

THE WAY IT GOES.

I said, "I'll feed on garden sass until I lose some weight; I am so large I scarce can pass through yonder barnyard gate," and then I called for bran and grass, a diet truly great. I said, "I'll cut out all the grub that makes a gent obese, that makes him rounder than a tub, and pads his ribs with grease; I know 'twill be a long, hard rub, but gaining flesh must cease." And then exclaimed James Joseph Juice, "Come home with em, by heck; you're dieting! Oh, what's the use, when such grub is on deck?" "My aunt is at my house to-day," said Ebenezer Wise; "I am not boasting when I say she makes the smoothest pies; so come and join us—bran and hay are things the horses prize." "Oh, stay," Jim Hoskins said, "and rest, and feed an hour or two; our home-made sausage is the best that ever cured the flu, a pound will fill your soul with zest, and make you good as new." "I see your eyes with hunger gleam," said Reuben Ushot Brown; "your spitless diet is a scream that gives you punk renown; now here's a jug of Jersey cream—let's see you pour it down." Oh, how can any man adhere to bran and sawdust cakes, when kindly neighbors, far and near, bring pies and luscious steaks, and cans of wholesome Volstead beer? My high resolves are fakes.

It takes a "good line" to win her, and "good lyn" to keep her.

Former German Prince Stirs Ire of Socialists.

BERLIN, May 29.—(A.P.)—Prince Eitel Friedrich, the second son of ex-Empress Wilhelm II of Germany, has recently created a number of new Knights of Honor in the Order of St. John, of which he is a supreme commander for Brandenburg province, and has thereby created as well the usual annual uproar among the socialists.

There are several angles about this yearly action of the prince that the German radicals do not like, although they do not express any fundamental objections to the original organization itself, which dates back to the sixteenth century days of Gregory the Great in Jerusalem.

In the first place, with the Hohenzollerns in the discard, the socialists disapprove of Eitel's action in still issuing high-toned parchment proclamations creating Knights of St. John which pretentiously start off with: "We, Wilhelm Eitel Friedrich Christian Karl, Prince of Prussia by the Grace of God," etc.

Secondly, the socialists regard "as monarchistic masquerading" the annual ceremony of knighting, with its flowing robes and plume-crowned hats. Yet capping the climax in the radicals' eyes is the fact that the new knights include not only officers of the old monarchial army but even members of republican Germany's new Reichwehr and Security police. Vorwarts, the socialists' official newspaper, declares Eitel has created at least 233 knights this year, 36 of whom belong to the new army and navy.

The Order of St. John is said to be continuing its extensive charitable activities throughout Germany. Before the war it had established nearly half a hundred hospitals in this country besides two abroad.

Cuticura Soap Clears the Skin and Keeps it Clear

It takes a "good line" to win her, and "good lyn" to keep her.

It takes a "good line" to win her, and "good lyn" to keep her.



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2. **Convenience:** Weighs less than 7 pounds. Fold it up, take it with you, typewrite anywhere.
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**Black Galvanized and Brass Pipe, Valves,
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**Sheet Brass, from 1-16 to 1-2 thick, Sheet
Zinc, Copper, Lead, Iron, Bar Copper,
Bronze Bars, Bar Iron, Ingot Tin, Lead etc.**

JOB'S STORES, Limited

Spain Will Honor Castilian Founder of St. Augustine.

NEW YORK, June 6.—(A.P.)—Harkling back to the days of conquest when proud galleons sailed into the setting sun to explore the riches of the newly discovered hemisphere, the little village of Aviles, Spain, has invited St. Augustine, Fla., to return a social obligation incurred 358 years ago.

Aviles is making ready to move the bones of one of her proudest Castilians and most noted heroes, Adelantado Pedro Menendez de Aviles, to a new and more pretentious sepulcher. And since de Aviles was the founder of St. Augustine, oldest white inhabitants on the American Continent, that city has been asked to send some of its natives to Spain for the ceremonials.

So confident is Aviles that the invitation will be accepted that one of her sons, Don Angel Cuesta, a millionaire in his own home town and for 30 years a resident of Tampa, Fla., has sailed for Spain to welcome the American delegation when it arrives for the celebration in August. In fact, numerous entertainments and festivities for the St. Augustinians are already being arranged over there, according to cables received by Spanish newspaper correspondents in this city from Don Julian Orbon, director of the ceremonial.

The invitation to St. Augustine is reported already on its way. Another invitation to the United States government, with a request that it dispatch a gunboat overseas for the occasion, is reported to have been tendered through Alexander P. Moore, ambassador at Madrid. A third invitation is said to have been sent to Senator Fletcher of Florida, asking him to have the battleship Florida designated for this mission.

Adelantado Pedro Menendez de Aviles was a haughty adventurer in the reign of King Philip II whose name appears in the almost-forgotten histories of more than one American settlement.

He was born at Aviles, in the province of Asturias, in 1519 and, like many of the aristocratic youths of his day, the castles of his ambitions lay to the westward where Columbus, the Italian to whom Queen Isabella had been godmother, had but recently found fame and fortune. He joined the navy, became a captain-general, served his king in many daring enterprises and in 1560 landed in prison, disgraced.

But Columbus, too, had been disgraced once, so this young Spaniard kept heart. In five years he regained the king's favor and shortly was appointed governor of Cuba and Florida, with orders to colonize the latter country.

With a proud armada of 19 ships and 1,500 men, de Aviles sailed from Cadiz in 1565. A storm scattered the expedition. Only seven of the ships reached Florida. Ten weeks from the day they embarked, de Aviles founded St. Augustine and, after massacring nearly all of a colony of French Protestants that clung precariously to the banks of the St. John's river, Spanish dominion was established over Florida.

On subsequent expeditions Menendez raised the flag of his king over a post on Fort Royal Bay, South Carolina, and founded a mission on Chesapeake Bay. When the Indians annihilated the latter colony in 1572, the founder sailed his ships up the Chesapeake and Potomac and slaughtered hundreds of the red-skinned natives.

His career ended at sea, for he died soon after being placed in command of an armada which was destined to descend upon the Netherlands.

—By Bud Fisher.

AND JEFF ————— MUCH BETTER THAN A PRESCRIPTION

GOE, I FEEL BLUE!
LIFE HOLDS NOTHING
FOR ME! I'VE GOT
A NATION TO
KICK-OFF!

I NEVER FELT
SO DEPRESSED
IN MY LIFE!
IT'S AWFUL!

M-M!

WHAT
TH-?

POW!

NOW I FEEL
MUCH BETTER!
IN FACT, I
FEEL FINE!

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR COUGHS & COLDS.