Belefonte, Pa., May 30, 1924.

THE MAN WITH A SMILE.

Denis A. McCarthy. The man who fares forth with a smile on his face

Is sure of a welcome in every throng. His smile is his passport. It gives him a

place In hearts that have suffered, in souls that are strong. His smile is his countersign. With it he

shows No feeling unfriendly inhabits his breast; His smile is the white flag of peace which he knows

Will win him at last what is truest and best.

The man who fares forth with a word on his lips Of kindness, of comfort, of helpful intent-

That man will bring sunshine no cloud may eclipse; That man will give gladness with sad-

ness unblent. And people will watch for his coming, and

reach The right hand of friendship. For, sick

of the strife. We hail the high hope of the comrade whose speech Gives strength to our souls in the trench-

The man who fares forth among men with the light

Of Christ and His Word in his spirit and face-That man will be looked for in many dark night,

His presence be longed for in many sad place. Alas, there be those to whom life is a road Which, burdened with care, they must to dig in."

walk mile by mile. Thank God for the man who can lighten their load!

Thank God for the fine friendly man with a smile!

13

IN EVERY PORT.

They met the day the Fleet came into port, at a tea-fight of the most inocuous. Somebody-which of the three grim Fates it matters rather less than not

at all—said blithely: "Margot, dear—one minute! Here's a nice new man, Mr. Nicolls!" Margot turned, lifted her lazy lashes, Jim Nicolls made her a bow, and

the thing was done. She liked him at once, for the humorous glint in his keen, dark eyes, for the whiteness of his teeth, for the unusual quality of his voice-something between velvet and steel-and for the tinge of bronze in his closecropped hair. He liked her for no reason at all—as men mostly did just at first-beyond the undeniable roseand-amber loveliness of her small calm self. He was in uniform, of course, a fine, slim figure of a man, even in a room full of uniforms. She wore a Frenchy lace frock and a big hat with a rose on the brim. By way of further detail she balanced an empty teacup, he a full one.

Let me get "and some of those cucumber sand-wiches. They're good!"

"I loathe tea," said she. "Take this cup away and put it down somewhere, that's all I ask." "Will you be here when I come

back?" She smiled up at him coolly. "If nobody comes along that I like bet-

"Then, doggone it, I stay!" said Nicolls unexpectedly. "And we'll let the little cup just sit on the book-

"Until Rosie Morrison sees it's made a ring on her cherished mahog-

"Oh, lord!" he groaned and removed it at once.

Margot melted to a smile. "I'll wait," she assured him. "Go put it on the table, yonder." He did and came back through the crowd empty handed, having left his

"Let's go sit on the veranda," he suggested, "and listen to the music

boys. I like this Hiwaiian music, don't "No, I don't," said Margot. "It's too sweet—all sentimental whines and

whimperings-out of time." The found an unoccupied corner and preempted it. She leaned back against a flat black-and-gold cushion and regarded him disinterestedly out of long, hazel eyes, black-lashed and level-browed. Her mouth, while frankly owing something of its rosered vividness to art, was not the least alluring feature of her small, cool face. She smiled infrequently and with a maddening suggestion of secret amusement. While she sat there with Nicolls, one man or another cast questioning glances in her direction

which she evaded with a delicately obvious indifference. "You got in just this morning, didn't you?" she asked suddenly.

He nodded. "Why?" 'By tomorrow night, you'll be well started," said Margot. "Every Jack will have his Jill, and we'll all be off on an orgy of parties—and emotions."
"You've lived here long?"

"No-but I've known the Navy all my life. I've seen it in action before

Nicolls admitted with a grin. "We work fast." She returned with a look and inflec-

tion delightfully at variance with the words: "Yes—I'll say you do!" "Have to. Ten days ashore and ten months at sea."

"Expert in guns and girls," she "Aren't you?" "Wouldn't be modest for me to say so," he objected.
"One sees," said Margot pleasant-

ly, "that modesty is your favorite flower."

"I and the violet, it's a fact. What's that they're playing now?"
She told him with her first touch of earnest: "That's Na Lei o Hawaii the Wreath of Hawaii. Isn't it wonderful? You know, to me, that song

is the soul of these Islands. It's so sweet that if I loved the place—" "You don't love it?"
"I was born in Mobile, Alabama. I've lived there all my life. Do you

suppose Mobile is adequate prepara-tion for Honolulu?"
"But you said you'd known the Na-

"In New Orleans, mostly—and I've visited different Yards—League Island, Newport—all that! One or two girls I knew at home married Navy "Who, for instance?" "Well, there was Lenore Greene—she married Dick Cummings. He was

in New Orleans, one year, for Carnival, on the Castine." "Dicky Cummings!" cried Nicolls happily. "I remember that young-ster. Who else?"

"Then there was Rosalie Millermarried Commander Erskine last win-

"I was on the Memphis with Erskine—time she went aground. He's a good scout. Never met his wife." "Do you know Neil Patterson?" Margot's eyes reflected an answering warmth. "Or Benny Cochran? He was Annapolis—let me see!"

"Nineteen-eleven—my class."
She threw him a delighted glance. 'Really? Were you friends?'

"Thick as thieves." "I almost married Benny once-in

Philadelphia." "What happened?" Margot's smile held an awakening mockery, subtly more intimate, but mockery still. "Oh. somebody else mockery still.

came by." "You see why we have to work fast, eh?" said Nicolls mournfully. "Dashed civilians always beating our time!" "You have a hard life," said Margot

sweetly and patted his spotless white sleeve with the tip of one languid fin-"You haven't told me what you're doing so far from home," said Nicolls suddenly. "And by the way, is there anybody you'd rather talk to at this

party than me? Because I'm about "Oh-h, I'd just as lief talk to you," she conceded; "you're new. Why—I came down here about a month ago to visit Rosie Morrison-and I don't seem able to get away. Nice place,

"If you like the tropics, it's all right, I suppose." 'You don't like them? By the way, what is your name? And what are Nobody mentioned the details." "Name's Jim Nicolls—funny, what a fool it makes you feel to tell your own name, isn't it? Yours is Margot? I never knew a girl named

Margot before." "I've known thousands of men named Jim. My other name is Castle-

He told her cheerfully, "We won't need it after today." She began to laugh. "If you only new how familiar this sounds. It's like getting home again. You didn't

say what you were?"
"Lieutenant-Commander, by the grace of God—and Josephus." "Where are you from, Buddy?" "Old Virginia."

"Oh, this is too perfect!" sighed Margot. Just here, Rosie Morrison came by with a naval aviator on one hand, a rear-admiral on the other. "Having at the moment." a good time, Honey?—Don't you vamp that child, Jimmy!"

Nicolls got to his feet with a forbidding scowl, and the intruders drifted on.

Rosie called back over her shoulder: "He's a home-breaker, my lamb! Best in the Fleet."

"As I haven't a home," said Margot, suppressing a yawn, "that doesn't intrigue me in the least. Where did you know Rosie, Mr. Nicolls?" "Down in Pensacola-but believe me, Miss Castleman, she does me a terrible injustice."

"I haven't a doubt of it. At least I haven't now. If you continue to use those melting tones on me and those awfully personal glances, I may turn skeptical."
"You're staying here?" he demand-

ed suddenly.

Margot nodded without a word.

"I'm asked to dinner, tonight." "How nice!"

"That means I see you again." "It would seem so."
"Oh, well, then," said Nicolls with a

sigh of relief, "we don't have to worry. Fate's with us!" It was extraordinary how much of that ridiculous conversation Margot could remember—rather, could not

help remembering—as she dressed for the truth to a woman."
dinner that night. She had been "It's a darned dang vaguely indifferent to the coming of the Fleet, sophisticatedly amused by "With most of them," said Margot the frank flutter in Honolulan dovecotes, but this man, Nicolis, was income than a good-looking philanderer in uniform. He had known Cummings; "It's like this, then, Jim—I am saying "It's like this, then, Jim—I am saying Jim already, you see! You have just the had known Erskine; he had been at the short days to play around in this was a link between Margot and a de-liciously careless past. He belonged. Oh, well! No reason to suppose the future would be any less delicious than the past had been.

"Things are really breaking very nicely," said Margot to herself, stifling a sigh, and got out an extravagant fantasy in blue violet tulle, which had cost her more than she liked to think of and which she had by no means intended to waste on a mere dinner-

He did not sit next her as it happened, but he came to her directly afterward with an intention not to be ignored, took her plumy violet fan out of her unresisting fingers, and deftly steered her away from the rest of the party to a wide marble bench on the terrace overlooking the sea, washed by the incredible radiance of a moon not quite at the full.

"It's been a long time," he murmured, as he sat down beside her. cue," she answered. "Really, you are just perfect. You have what Rosie Morrison would call a beautiful felt 'em-you know?"

line!" "And what would you call it?" he

demanded with irresistible good-humor.

"Why, I'd call it very soothing," said Margot gently. "It seems to come so naturally to you."

"Why and what would you can it?" he about you, now? You we told me off nicely—I admit it—but what about you?"

"Oh, even a girl occasionally likes an adventure, that's only an adventure."

"You don't think I'm sincere?" "Oh, more than sincere-you're absolutely convincing!"

"You're laughing at me, Margot," he told her with exquisite reproach.

"I think," she said thoughtfully, "Do I sound as big a fool as all that might have been better a bit that?" he protested. "You know what

further on-a bit subtler, perhaps. Still, it doesn't really matter. You would have got to it tonight in any

case. Does one call you Jim, now?"

"I'd love to hear you say it."

Margot said it with pleasant distinctness, adding kindly: "I've known lots of Jims. Do I say it right? I should. I've had some practice on it."

should. I've had some practice on it."

Should it was a some practice on it." He admitted regretfully, "I can tell that you have." Then he opened and shut her fan and laid it back in her "I can see you know your subject," lap. "Why wouldn't they let you sit next me at dinner?"

"Oh, did you want to? I fancy Rosie thought she had done beautifully touched the satin softness of her cheek by you, giving you that lovely Miss with an audacious finger. "D'y' know Alleyn. Besides—" "Besides-you were otherwise occu-

pied, weren't you?"

Margot said, smiling a little: "That was young Carruth on my right. He's a nice child-from one of the submarines."

"And that was Mr. Garrett on your left. How nice a child is he?" "Why what do you know about Mr Garrett?" "Not very much, Margot. Only what Miss Alleyn confided to me."

"Which was?" "That you are most likely going to marry him-and that he was a pineapple planter-which implied great wealth."

"I see," said Margot. "Miss Alleyn was very confidential indeed, wasn't she?" "Is it true?"

"You amuse me, rather." She lifted delicate eyebrows at the moon. "No chance for me at all?"

"How much chance did you want?" "What's the good of my telling you now?" said Nicolls gloomily. "I thought this afternoon—" "Yes? What did you think this afternoon?"

When he did not answer at once, you?" she drew her big, soft fan across his linked hands with a ripple of laughter. "I'll tell, if you will," she said. "Come on, be a sport! Put your cards on the table. Shall I put mine there first? Very well, then. You're disappointed because you thought that you had found—don't look so startled! -nothing deeply serious-only somebody to play with for the next ten It's more fun if you concentrate on one, isn't it now? And you had—just possibly—decided on me."

"I knew the moment I saw you." "Of course," she cooed. "So did I now! You felt it. So did I. Whatknow! ever it is that draws the needle to the pole-with slight magnetic variations. I frowned at every man who looked at me while I was sitting out there, near the music-boys, with you. Didn't you notice? We found each other at once,

"Look here!" said Nicolls abruptly —there was even then a hidden note of laughter in his lowered tones. "You are making fun of me, aren't you? I haven't said a thing I didn't mean." "Neither have I. I even mean a few

things I haven't yet said."
"What the dickens do you mean—about finding each other? That was what I meant. But if you're engaged to your pineapple planter—"
"I'm not engaged to any one—just

"Not going to be?" "Ah, that's different! Who

was ready to fall in love with you—and you don't mind?" "I rather like it," said Margot dreamily. "I'd trust you to climb out again, without a scar, the night before

you sail." "Oh, good lord!" said Nicolls. He bit his lip and laughed. "See here!" he began suddenly. "I never knew a girl like you before. Do you really want to lay the cards on the table, as you call it?" "I think it might be-educational,"

she told him quaintly.
"Well, then—I did take a terrible fancy to you the instant I laid eyes on you today."

"But you've taken fancies before?" "Well-yes." "Of course! So have I. Who hasn't? Also—you'll likely take fancies again. So will I. And that's that!"

He took her hand, and she allowed him to do so without a struggle, even cuddled her fingers inside his with a

gesture unexpectedly soft.
"Let me say it!" she offered. always hurts a man so to have to tell

"It's a darned dangerous proceed-"but like all the rest, I am different." utterly heavenly, ridiculous, sea-bat-tered, moon-ridden place, and playing's no fun alone. You want a girl to play with you. Only you don't want her to play so hard that she'll try to hold you when you're ready to go. You want a romance but not a reality-a reaction but not a permanent change. All this is outside your regular life as much as that moon is outside Rosie's windows. Fancy trying to take the moon into the house and put it down on the table with your hat and stick! When your ten days is up and the Fleet shoves off, all you want is a beautiful good-by and a few tears on your nice white shoulder—carefully avoiding the shoulder-strap, because the dashed things tarnish. Then you'll have a memory, but not a menage—no?"
"You little devil!" said Nicolls ten-

derly. He grinned in spite of himself. "Old stuff-very," sighed Margot, Margot broke into an appreciative chuckle. "I could have given you your it, Jim. I feel bubbles rising in my soul when you call me that—as a great many other women must have

He countered suddenly. "What about you, now? You've told me off

"Mostly they don't," said Nicolls ruefully. "Mostly they like an adventure to be an advantage in the end." "Poor lamb! Did they all want to

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. I mean. Girls may play at romantic

stuff, but as a matter of fact it's a business with most of 'em. It's got to DAILY THOUGHT. be. Their whole future hangs on it. Walker.

take philandering lightly, and more than you could expect a book-keeper "I've given some time to it," said Nicolls. He put out one hand and about in a million books and never saw before. I can't keep my eyes off it. I always supposed it was poetic license, didn't exist-but you've got "What on earth are you talking

about? He told her gravely: "You've got a crooked smile; it goes up in one corner. Makes you look as if you didn't believe a word I was saying to you, but your eyes look as if you'd like to. That's a terrible combination! Must have made a lot of trouble for youpeople wanting to kiss you and comfort you and all that. It affects even

Margot laughed delightfully. She took his marauding finger between her own finger and thumb and laid it back carefully upon his knee. "I can see," she said, "that life is going to be worth living for the next ten days, but if you don't mind, we'll draw up the specifications first. Shall we Now, we both want a romantic adventure—nothing else. Is that agreed?
When Nicolls hesitated, she made

an impatient gesture of denial.
"You don't want to get married, do

"No," he said frankly. "I'm head over ears in debt. Doing my darndest to get out. Any girl'd be a fool—"
"Well—and I wouldn't marry a Navy man if he were the last in the world. I haven't the patience, or the unselfishness, or the constancy needed for that especial job. You see?"

"Are you going to marry the pine-apple man?" She looked at him, clear-eyed: think perhaps I shall, if he asks me. He's rather a person. I like him tremendously. And I like the thought of living down here. He'd never let me worry about money or any other material thing again. He'd be beautifully gentle to the woman he married."
"You think that matters so much?"

asked Nicolls curiously. "I think it matters more than almost anything else in the world. Genan's heart, because she knows he wasn't born that way." She waved her fan to and fro in the moonlight with a kind of pensive delicacy, then hid her crooked smile suddenly behind it. "We are being brutally frank with each other, aren't we? Do you wish to retreat? Shall I take you in and hand you over to Miss Alleyn? Or—do you like me, Jim?"

"I like you," said Nicolls instantly.
"I like you too darned well already!" "Because," she told him musingly, "I'm the same kind of girl you are man—am I not? And here we are, "You mean you understand that I flung down on the edge of a perilous sea, under a farouche white moon, with ten whole days to play in. And the cards on the table, as I said be-fore, so nobody loses anything at all."
"Playing for love, in other words,"

said Nicolls blithely. "I do like you!" said Margot. She stroked his cheek with her fan. "Oh, you'll do better than that, before the ten days are up," he assured her vigorously. Then he caught fan and hand and opened the small, cool palm and kissed it hard. "You're a

wonderful sport!" he said. And said no more, for the moment at least, because across the terrace and down to the white marble seat by the sea came Mr. Garrett, walking swiftly in the moonlight, with purpose in every line of him.

Mr. Garrett was not a tall man, as air of being accustomed to service. Princeton lay behind him, and St. Paul's with an enviable record in athletics, and a record respectable, if not matters. When the war broke, he had officer in the Engineers, after a month or so in training camp.

He had not been decorated, neither had he been wounded, but he had been in a number of tight places which might have justly resulted in wounds

or decoration-or both. His people had always had money, so that he did not attach undue importance to that root of all evil, but only slightly from all the other bedwore the evidence of it as he wore his clothes, as a matter of course, merely. He had nice eyes and a clean smile. Also he had intended for some time to marry Margot, but had not quite got around to telling her so. Her crooked smile put him off. He was afraid she might be making fun ny bit at a time, then with a ven of him. It did not occur to him that she might sometimes be making fun of herself. He had seen her go out into the moonlight with Nicolls, and of a uniform where the female heart | colorful curtains is concerned. Hence, after a decent interval, he followed them.

moonlight and waited. A little green vine that trailed along the low stone brown flowers, gave off an outra-geously powerful fragrance, till then unnoticed.

"What's that that smells so good?"

Nicolls laughed. Garrett, coming up to them, observed: "Hope I'm not interrupting, we're going down to the Monaa to be spreads; their recovery from pil-

Miss Castleman." "Lovely!" said Margot. She walked back to the house between the two men. Once Nicolls cauguht her hand, hanging at her side, and crushed it audaciously.

(Concluded next week.)

A man's ideas are often quite independent of his line of conduct; a woman's generally are a reflex of them .- A Stoddard

The quiet colors and soft shades and blendings, says the New York Times, are the smart things for summer, brown in all of its tints being the last whisper in style. There is all the family of brown in all its moods and tenses— tete de negre, Havana, nut-brown, wood-brown, beige, cocoa, champagne, in soft kid trimmed with glace kid, lizard skin or any one of the many novel leathers in a deeper or contrasting shade. These are far better style than the combinations that mark abrupt contrasts, for the shoe designer has succeeded in convincing his patrons that uniformity and harmonious blending are more compli-mentary to the size and shape of the foot than the treatment which makes

sharp outlines. The very open, much cut-out patterns are passe and fewer straps are seen, all of the new shapes giving a more slender appearance to the foot. Though brown is having such a smart vogue, gray is coming into prominence, and some of the finest and dressiest shows are shown in Oriental gray. It is particularly good with the summer colors in gowns. The most charming styles in hosiery are imported to wear with brown in all its shades, and now come gray sheer lustrous silk hose. For, as has been repeatedly emphasized, it is settled that shoes and stockings must match.

The most outstanding feature of a fashion show held in New York was the marked introduction of shorter skirts. Whispers have come from Paris for some time that the skirts were creeping up toward the knee, and the gowns exhibited gave evidence that they have really done so. Ten inches from the floor is now the prescribed length, although some are still seen at eight as a concession to the conservative. The summer season al"sweat boxes" rather than inviting conservatism, and, as usual, the elbow and the shoulder and are inconspicuously simple. Shorter skirts seem to mean fuller ones. They are either pleated to give fullness or are boldly gathered.

frocks are decidedly bouffant. One to proper construction and ventilacharming model of two shades of rose tion. silk net had excessively flounced tleness, in a man, goes clean to a wom- was plain and the net served as its own decoration.

There is also a tendency to accenthe bouffant evening things, but is also seen in the street and afternoon frocks, which are brought in at the natural waistline by a variety of devices. One smart street frock of blue serge, really a coat dress over an un-derdress of white satin, developed the waistline by means of a small girdle which was brought across the front of The waistline effect was achieved in a beautiful white chiffon evening gown which had diamantes running perpendicularly from the waist over the hips. The large bertha was also trimmed with diamantes.

bright color and smart design were are to be taken must be in vigorous shown in great numbers. A yellow outfit came in for much favor and there was also a smart black and of the best ways to tell when the plant white checked coat with a white sports is in the proper state for taking the coat. the wide, full skirt and the old-fash-ioned bertha, was fetching with the ping clean off (as though cut with a

Every room has its individual aspect, even as we ourselves have, and the young wood (bright green in colit depends upon our ability to deco- or and consisting of the new young Nicolls was, but he carried his blond rate our rooms becomingly, making shoots which spring from the main branches of the plant), or before it is Especially is this so of the bedroom. Here for years we accustomed our- of the trunk and main branches of the selves to a humdrum collection of quite so enviable, in more academic objects that rarely varied except in matters. When the war broke, he had detail—bureau, dressing table and gone over, sanely and efficiently, as an chiffonier, if the room were fully furnished, small table, rocker, straight if taken to a node or joint the wood chair and bed counterpaned in snowy white. Frequently the rug was a Brussels, and the window curtains were colorless and sheer, hung against walls invariably papered in a sweet baby stripe with a floral border.

For years on end we were accustomed to such a bedroom, differing rooms of the world, thus appeasing convention while yielding a certain comfort, but there surely was not a single thought given to originality or geance, that bedrooms might be as cuttings, which are from three to four decorative as we pleased, and as unique.

We tried painted furniture and he had the civilian's justifiable distrust found it charming; we grew to fancy of cretonne; our walls became misty and alluring and against them we placed notes of brildowsill where it is fully exposed to Nicolls saw him coming and bit an explosive word in two, releasing Margot's hand. She waved her fan in the ductions of old furniture; we demanded wooden beds or slip-covered our erstwhile brass ones, we affected silkwall, bearing clusters of small golden shaded lamps and those of us who were fortunate hearth owners lighted cosy fires. But in the midst of all this fail. charm even the most hardy failed to find a substitute for the white bed-"'Grandmother, why are your teeth so sharp?'—'The better to eat you, my dear!'" murmured Margot obscurely.

spread. The counterpane that subtly vary somewhat with the different species of plants, they are planted in pots two and a half inches in diameter and the same in death. The sail reasonable, but would it be criticized

dance. Rosie asked me to tell you, low shams had only just recently begun; and quilts of down or wool were still cornered comfortably near the footboard. However, there could be little doubt of the success of the dainty bed covering of cretonne, flounced necessary. With each repotting the quaintly to the floor to match the Colonial wing nearby.

FARM NOTES.

-The asparagus beetle will soon be at work. Dust the asparagus with two per cent. home-made nicotine dust or with one of the commercial dusts of that strength.

-The home garden soil needs plant food before the planting starts. Use manure turned under and acid phosphate applied broadcast and raked or cultivated at the rate of one pound to fifty square feet, or 800 pounds per

-When the cows are turned out on pasture this month, continue to give them a small amount of grain. If you have good cows, they will pay for this later in the season by a larger milk flow when the pasture gets short and dry.

-When about two-thirds of the shucks have dropped, it is time to spray the peach trees with nicotine to control the oriental peach moth. In most sections of the State, this week is the opportune time to spray for

-Figures compiled at State College show that the use of disease-free potato seed has increased the yield by one-third or more. Its use cheapens the cost of production and makes better profits possible. The county agent can tell where seed of this kind can be secured.

-Laying hens will tend to slump off in production next month, and the wide-awake poultrymen will endeavor to prevent this by forcing the flock to greater mash consumption. Grain should be decreased as it is fattening and does not promote high egg production. Some feed the mash moist by mixing a small quantity of the regular laying mash with skim milk. Give the hens what they will clean up

in 15 to 20 minutes. -Heat in summer is worse on a chicken than the cold in winter. More hens die by being overheated than by

freezing to death. ways appears to bring with it more places for the hens to feed, lay and roost. The mite, which is one of the sleeves are not extreme or absent. worst pests we have to deal with, They are cut anywhere between the thrives beautifully in houses that are poorly ventilated and overheated. Openings should be provided in the rear of the house and the front should be opened to let the air pass through quite freely. Poultry houses have been visited that were more comfort-The dressier models and evening able inside than out on warm days due

If there is not sufficient shade where depths and at the sides the net fell to the floor several inches. The bodice was plain and the net served as its make low sheds about two or three feet high and cover them with some old boards or anything that will keep the sun out. The roof does not have tuate the waistline. This is plain in to be water proof. Shade can also be obtained by letting the birds run in

corn fields or vegetation of this type. -We so often have lovely plants which we would like more of. friends may admire some particular plant and privately wish they could duplicate it at a florist's. It might just happen, as it often does, that the plant in question is not indigenous to

In a case like this the owner can propagate his own plants, in order to have them on hand to give to his admiring friends, the necessary requirements being but a windowsill and a little personal exertion. Interesting new sports clothes of The plants from which the cuttings One exhibition was devoted to cuttings is if the part from which the the adaptation of the picturesque designs of 1830. One in shell pink, with ing bent. Although it will root if the picture hat of lace trimmed with shell sharp knife), the process will be slower, and it will make a weaker plant.

whether or not they are beautiful. hardened. Hardwood cuttings (the wood is darker in color and consists plant) take a longer time to root than the green wood. The cuttings are better if made at one-half inch above the joint, because often has become too hard in that

Cuttings of all kinds, with few excep-

take place, it is not likely to make a plant of the same vigor. It is by the means of cuttings that the majority of plants are mutilated. One of the simplest ways of rooting them is by Peter Henderson's "sau-cer system." It was also he who first called attention to the valuable "snapping test."

particular spot; though rooting will

One needs only a plate or saucer in which to put builders' sand, which is yellow in color and coarser than silver sand, which is too fine to give the proper drainage. The sand is put in to a couple of inches in depth, and the inches in length, are inserted threefourths to one inch in depth, placing them close enough together to touch one another. The sand is then water-ed until it becomes mudlike, after dowsill where it is fully exposed to the sun, and the cuttings are not shaded. It is essential to success that until the cuttings become rooted, exposed to the sun as they are, the sand be kept saturated and not once allowed to dry, otherwise the cuttings will soon wilt and the whole operation will

In from three to four weeks, when the cuttings are rooted, which will vary somewhat with the different speused is half and half send and loam (a good garden soil), which is sifted to make it fine. The cuttings are then thoroughly watered with a fine rose (the nozzle) on the end of the watering can, to give a mistlike spray. They are kept shaded for about five days, when they will have begun to soil is gradually made richer and