

THE MAN WITH A SMILE.

Dennis 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.

IN EVERY PORT.

They met the day the Fleet came into port, at a tea-fight of the most innocuous. Somebody—which of the three grim Fates it matters rather less than at all—said blithely: "Margot, dear—only a minute! Here's a nice new man, Mr. Nicolls."

suppose Mobile is adequate preparation for Honolulu? "But you said you'd know the Navy." "In New Orleans, mostly—and I've visited different yards—League Island, Newport—all that! One or two girls knew at home married Navy men."

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."

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 be. Their whole future hangs on it. It may mean a comfortable, easy, pretty life, or it may mean a sordid mess with one foot in the divorce court.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT. A man's ideas are often quite independent of his line of contact; a woman's generally are a reflex of them.—A Stoddard Walker. The quiet colors and soft shades of blends, says the New York Times, are the smart things for summer.

FARM NOTES.

The asparagus beetle will soon be at work. Just 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.