

"SAY IT WITH FLOWERS" TO THE AFFLICTED IN HOSPITALS

AN ambulance load of flowers, jellies and jams looks like an immense quantity. The ladies of the National League for Woman's Service, who have the distribution of this load in charge, are shown standing by the ambulance with their arms filled with flowers as they were about to carry them into the Fox Hills Clearing Hospital, Staten Island.

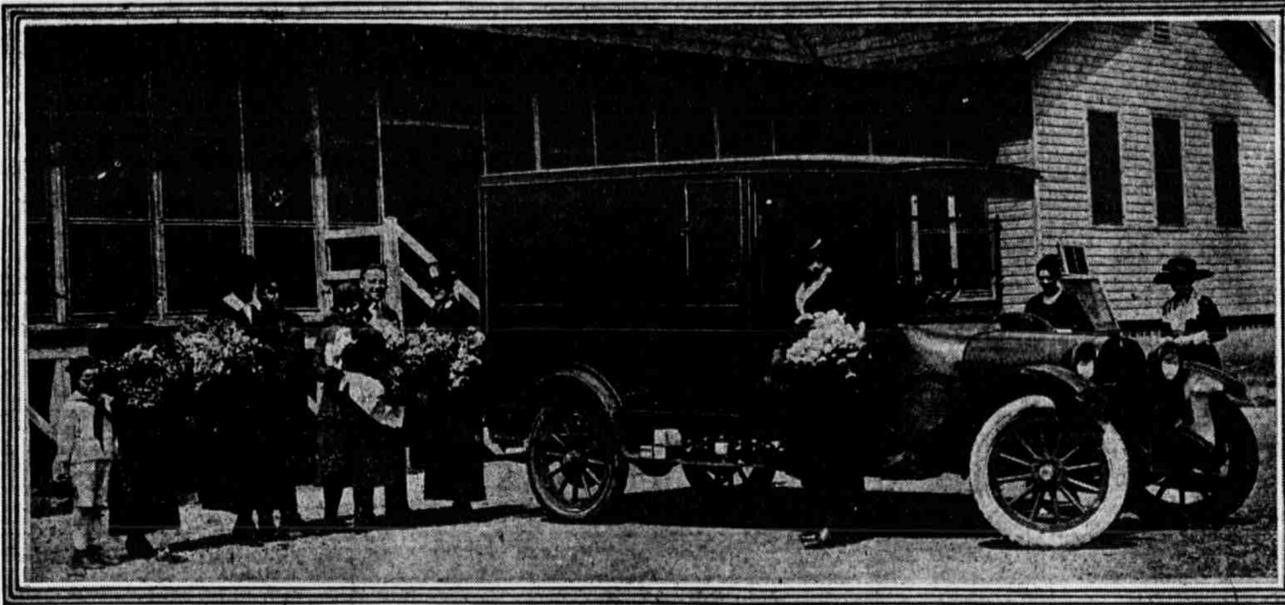
Reading from left to right, in the photograph are Sanford W. French, Jr., Mrs. Florence L. Vick, Miss Helen Curtin, Col. Sanford W. French, commanding officer, Miss Ethel Friedman, who drives the car; Adolph La Mout, Mrs. J. Clark Curtin, Miss Rose Norton, a guest, and Mrs. Sanford W. French.

The photographers stacked some of the jars of jams and jellies along the running board of the ambulance, and they would appear in the photograph. It is quite surprising how the stock vanishes and how insignificant the load seems when distributing it among 1,400 patients. There were many pots of jelly, but the supply was not sufficient to give even the best patients a taste each and the convalescents also needed attention.

Some may question the value of supplying flowers to men. Flowers often rouse a man by association and with the memory of home and loved ones, some having passed on into the other world, while he was "over there." Flowers may bring tears and any emotion gives evidence of returning interest and is helpful in the fight of readjustment to the new physical, financial and domestic conditions. These men, many maimed for life, who have faced all kinds of dangers for the protection of others, must now put forth a greater effort than ever before for their individual position.

The size of the Fox Hills Hospital is really amazing. The almost endless wards connected by miles of corridors require the attention of 500 employees. In addition there are 200 nurses and 100 officers to care for the 1,400 patients now sheltered there, although the capacity of the hospital is 1,800.

As the men come in their baggage is checked, their valuables, if they have any, are placed in a fireproof safe, and their clothing is fumigated and checked and their bedding fumigated. They are then assigned to a ward and



Arrival of ambulance load of flowers at hospital—notice jars of jams and jellies on running board.

and then seat themselves at the long tables running up and down the hall. The food looked excellent and the variety was sufficient to suit the most fastidious. We next visited the laundry, which was an institution in itself. There is a good tailor shop and an excellent barber shop. There is a regular country store where the little things the men want can be obtained. Here there is a pocket billiard table, and ginger ale, sarsaparilla and other temperance drinks are sold. The men we met there seemed to be enjoying them-

were weaving baskets or doing some other light work. There was not one word of complaint and the visitors remarked on the contrast between this spirit and that of some ill-natured persons who fumed about the shortage of sugar or coal, or the other few trifling inconveniences a short time ago, caused by the war. The stay of the men at the hospital is from a few days to perhaps eight or nine months. The nurses say the men almost invariably insist that they will be out in a few days and this is in keeping with their wonderful spirit.

hundreds of miles from home and friends and acquaintances know something of the feeling of helplessness these men suffer from, not caring very much whether they recover or die. One of the ladies met several young fellows from New Jersey who she now resides and they wanted to know all about the news from home. Another young man from a city in New York State where she formerly resided was delighted to talk about home and what he was going to do when he got there and I feel sure that the visit hastened his recovery, somewhat at least.

The address of the league is 257 Madison avenue. Plants can be used to great advantage at the Fox Hills Clearing Hospital, Fox Hills, Staten Island, via St. George. The grounds are spacious and bare. The men buy a few plants at a time and put them out where they can. If there are extra plants

largely by the number of foreigners and residents of the mountainous sections of the State. Sixty thousand dollars, which seems woefully inadequate, has been appropriated by the State to help overcome this condition. The National League of Woman's Service operates nineteen ambulances

abreast the wild rose bush laden with its delicate bloom and see the eager lighting of his face as he touches the blossoms tenderly, yet destroys none. A dear little lad who hopes one day to be able to have all the flowers he wants—flowers to love, to touch, to work among—and as the pinky vivid bush is left behind in the hoing of a new row there still comes, in spite of fear of reproof, the backward look at the roses, and a smile is sent across the space to greet the blossoms. "Say it with flowers," a common expression to-day, but when the small boy, now the grown Warren G. Matthews, the florist of Dayton, Ohio, came to his older youthful days and flowers became possible, how great his joy, how complete the sum of his earthly happiness!

A Dayton paper tells the story. It began this way: He was a baby of 2 when his father died. The mother as the years passed found herself unable to take the proper care of her children and the little Warren was given over to a family for whom he says he still has much affection in his memory because of what the years have brought him since.

There were hot days when hoing was to be done; cold days when cows had to be milked; rainy days when roads were impassable and household chores had to be accomplished; and freeing days and nights when the slight form shivered, with prayers aplenty and scoldings ditto.

The only thing to interest him were the flowers which he loved, and from the earliest opening of violets through the gorgeous season of roses time passed lightly; it was only winter that brought dismay because there were no blooms to cheer.

Then his mother married an Englishman who was a skilled horticulturist, and the boy Warren felt nothing but joy. Here was the opportunity to be near the beloved colorful things he so ceaselessly had hoped and desired might one day be his to cultivate.

Then began happy years of study, of growing, of breeding new species, of

wanted them! But I was ordered to go about my work and the peddler left the premises. Some days before I had picked four gallons of gooseberries and earned 40 cents in shipplasters, and four 10 cent slips were in my small wallet. I followed that peddler and bought the rose colored 'galluses'; they were the color of my wild roses by the fence, and there could be nothing lovelier than that pink. Then I put them on beneath my hickory shirt; it was hot, and the perspiration caused the color to run and stained the shirt. I received a terrible thrashing for spending my 40 cents, but I think it was the desire to have the pink of the roadside flowers next me that prompted the purchase of the 'galluses.'

The man who loves dogs and horses cannot care very much for the man who does not; the lover of animals has a largeness of soul others do not possess, and so it is with Mr. Matthews in his love for flowers. "I cannot have confidence in a man who doesn't love them," he comments, and there is about him the something that gives the impression of largeness of heart, of love for his fellow men, and above all things adoration for his flowers, which in the long ago he determined to have and to hold for his very own.

It is interesting to know that Mr. Matthews sold \$56,000 worth of flowers last year for funerals alone, that he sells \$9,000 carnations a week, and every flower that leaves his greenhouses goes with the love of his grower!

From the boy who loved the hedge-row bush and who wanted all the flowers he could love to now is a far cry, but the man has what the lad desired, as much a lad at heart as when he smiled happily at the flying petals and caught them in his hands, seen in his vision the serried rows of loveliness that are now his.

RASPBERRY CANE BORER CONTROL

Last summer the tips of the young raspberry and blackberry canes wilted



Convalescents try to amuse themselves at card games.

a bed where they are taken in charge by a doctor and nurse. There are kitchens in each ward where some food and medicines are prepared and an immense kitchen and mess hall where the men who are able to be about take their meals. A cafeteria or help yourself plan is used in the mess hall. The men help themselves to what food they desire,

although the doctor knows it will be weeks or months before they can leave their wheelchairs. In the wards we found a few fresh flowers left by friends of the patients, but there were more flowers badly faded but still cherished, kept until nothing was left but the bare stems. Here and there was a potted fern at a bedside.

One of the first groups encountered was at a table engaged in what seemed to be an interesting game of cards, but the game stopped quickly as soon as the ladies appeared with the flowers, and a flower or two was begged by each player. This incident struck the photographer so forcibly that he snapped a photograph of it. The man in the rear has his arm in a cast and cannot move it from the upright position shown. Just imagine keeping the arm in that position for many days and at the same time retaining an agreeable disposition.

The men confined to their cots seemed to appreciate the flowers most. Some remarked that the flowers they received reminded them of the flower garden at home. One said that they reminded him of the garden at home in Michigan. Another, that he thought roses like that only grew in Minnesota. While another called for a flower that for some reason appealed to him particularly. It is not only the flowers the men appreciate, but the fact that some one cares enough to come to see them and talk with them and leave a flower to remember them by. Those who have been seriously

in connection with its hospital work. These ambulances were donated by various trade organizations, such as the hide and leather trades, silk and allied trades, four ambulances; linen trade; Arts and Craft Club, dress and waist trade, Princeton Club, Harvard Club, Church of the Transfiguration, woolen trade, Mrs. Maud Bacon Curtis and Mrs. G. M. Heckscher.

The ambulances, driven by young women who volunteer for this service, are used to take flowers, fruit, jellies, etc., to the hospitals, taking out the patients and performing any other service they can for the hospitals. Every Sunday twenty-five of the shell shocked men are brought from the Home of the Messiah to the league's canteen, 257 Madison avenue, and given their Sunday dinner. The tables are appropriately decorated and after dinner the men are entertained at the club next door. The actual cost of the dinner is about \$1 each. Miss Maude Wetmore, Mrs. Edward McVicker, Mrs. Felix Warburg, Mrs. Daniel Guggenheim, Mrs. Gustav Kissel, Mrs. E. Tiffany Dyer and others have donated Sunday dinners to the men, and it means much, very much to them. It is not the food the men get at these dinners that encourages them; it is the fact that some one cares, that some one is grateful for their bravery. Being away from home Thanksgiving Day or Christmas among strangers will give a touch of the feeling these men have, and the lack of interest in life generally. It is the pep it gives a homesick man to be specially invited and taken out to dinner at "our house" that touches him. Be grateful if nothing else and give these boys a boost.

Money is needed to continue these Sunday dinners. It is a trifling sum that is required; there are many ways to spend money, but it can never be expended where it will do more good. Flowers are needed for hospitals, and as the spring flowers are coming on in the garden—peonies, iris, lilacs and other flowers—spare a few, if only a few, for the poor fellows in the hospitals. If there is any way to get greater pleasure out of a garden than to give flowers to those who will be benefited by them, pray, tell what it



The bed patients like flowers and company.

to spare when dividing the perennials or planting the seedlings or dividing the clumps of dahlias or cannas, send them over to Col. Sanford W. French, Fox Hills Hospital, and be assured that good use will be made of them.

THE STORY OF A BOY WHO LOVED FLOWERS.

"Say it with flowers!" How true the expression to-day, and yet— Close your eyes and see a little lad of 9 who has been "bound out" to such good people as administer whippings alternately with good advice or scoldings.

Watch the child as he hoes the twenty acre field in the hot sun of early summer, his hickory shirt open at the throat, his little grimy hands clutching the handle of the hoe as he works rapidly lest from the house not far distant he hear the urging not to be lazy! Watch him as he digs about the root of some low growing flower in order that it be not disturbed; watch his eager glance as he comes

and fell over in my patch. When I cut open the stems I found them hollow part way down and at the bottom of each hollow a grub. What can I do to prevent the damage this year? W. B. S., Bergen County, N. J. The grubs are the larvae of the raspberry cane borer, a beetle which deposits its eggs in the tender growths and cuts two rings, one above the other below the egg. When the grubs hatch they bore through the centre of the stem. By autumn they have gone usually only a few inches, but by the end of the second season they will have reached the bases of the canes. There it changes to its full grown or beetle form. Some entomologists claim that it requires only one year instead of two seasons to complete this life cycle. The remedy is simple. Cut off the wilted tops several inches below the "rings" mentioned and burn them. Also cut out and burn all canes that have borne fruit immediately after harvest.

The curly leaf dock, which grows wild in the fence corners, according to J. C. Vaughan, is as wholesome as spinach in the early spring.



The determination of patients to help themselves is shown by man with crooked arm learning to operate the typewriter.

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