Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

The High Cost of Loving!

SOME more testimony against our mercenary women!

A fine young man came to the city from the West a few months ago. He was a university graduate. He had a good position with a fair salary, and extremely good prospects. Being it last on the road to a safe income, he longed to meet THE GIRL and "settle down."

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

It isn't every young man in any selfish metropolis that is deciding to marry; this one ought to be encouraged!

He was unusually fortunate with speedy introductions, and met many attractive girls and young women. It was some time before he began to believe that all New York's femininity were heartless grafters!

But he thinks so now, and cherishes a grouch that points toward lonely bachelordom.

It was at various teas, followed by dining and dancing, that he met the brazen women who invited themselves to dine with him, before they had talked with him ten minutes! This was a jolt, but he had heard that folks in New York worked rapidly! He was not a tightwad, but glad to spend his salary giving pleasure to friends—but surely they ought to be friends, and he should be permitted some choice in his invitations!

When the girls, who were self-invited, stepped out into the balmy sunset of our Indian summer, they were not content to walk a few blocks, but deliberately hailed a taxicab. When the enforced host suggested a charming place where the dinner consisted of a $2 table d'hote, he was informed summarily that they must go to the Plaza. An after-dinner dancing place was suggested, which to his unaccustomed eyes appeared modest enough, but the entertainment set him back $18! Now, if every evening in a city spent with an ordinary female acquaintance cost a young man such a sum, the road to ruin is inevitable. "And the terrible thing was," he confided, "it wasn't worth it! There was nothing about that woman to charm and attract, and cause me to feel that I was only too happy to be generous!" Besides, if girls cost that much, it seemed necessary to merely run around with men friends, or call on one's married acquaintances!

At last, he found a congenial soul, who seemed sensible and appreciative. He promptly fell in love, and lavished time, money and delicate attentions upon the object of his illusion. But when he proposed marriage and the founding of a happy home, she scorned the idea, undoubtedly being out for bigger game!

Now, it may be, that even from the worldly standpoint, she was foolish, for he has a fine technical knowledge, and probably will rise to power. But in any case, she stands to him as a horrible example of New York's mercenary women. "There may be simple, receptive girls, who are lonely and would enjoy a little dinner and the theatre and a long congenial talk, without bankrupting a man," he mourned, "but I have yet to meet one!"

We are sure that there are. How foolish girls are, if they did but know it, to so stand in their own light—for by this wild extravagance in their demands, they simply cut themselves out of dozens of evenings of pleasure. Also, they miss the cream of life, congenial comradeship. They are seeking the chaff, and letting the wheat go!

Probably there is some foundation for the insistent belief of many people that modern girls are mercenary, but ask any normal sweet maiden of your acquaintance if she does not want love and marriage, and she will admit that she does. The cynical city type is made so by false standards that permeate all society. Men, too, are grasping and grabbing, and asserting quite brazenly that money will buy everything worth while. If you demand, "Will it buy love?" they answer, "Yes! Give me a big income and I can have houses and motors and boxes at the opera and any woman I want!"

Controversy always wages a battle, in any class of society, as to whether or not men slave to gain fortunes merely because money buys feminine favor. You hear nearly all men insist that all the vast fortunes known were made because men had extravagant families and had to toil to keep up with the tremendous expenditures, and meet the bills. Society and problem plays are founded on the drama of the overworked Wall Street husband and father coming home a nervous wreck on the brink of a financial crisis, to find a cold, heartless family, rushing out to their several dissipations, leaving him to the mercies of butlers and valets. When his ruin is announced the wife and sons and daughters turn on him pitilessly, upbraiding him in selfish ghoulishness!

My own opinion is that all this is bunk! The idle rich women are made so by the standards of the toiling rich men. The millionaires chase fortunes for the love of the game, and adorn their women, as a matter of vanity and boastfulness. They would be horrified at their wives or daughters working or doing anything useful. The gorgeous gowns and jewels on the women constitute a walking advertisement of the man's earning capacity! The women may sell their "love" to the highest bidder, because they are so trained from infancy; but the men are only too eager to buy! In the fast and expensive sets there may be some justification for the term of irony: "The high cost of loving"—but no sane person believes that such sex-barter represents love, or that the custom of buying "love" is at all universal.

No; love is at once the cheapest thing in the world, and the most expensive: it must be given freely without price; yet it is so valuable, no fortune can buy it!

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

When the Elemental Calls

THE gentlemen who know everything tell us that there is more of strikes, domestic infelicity and general human cussedness and rambunctiousness in the summer than during any other season of the year.

They point out that most holidays celebrating revolutions and such, July 4 for instance, occur during the prickly warm weather period of the calendar.

When nature gets hot, irritated and testy, human nature it seems is only too glad to take the tip and quickly follows suit.

Scratch most any one of us in the good old summer time and you are more than apt to catch a savage.

For the summer is the time when the aboriginal in us fights desperately for a way out.

We want to get outdoors. We want to spend our days looking into the limitless sky. We feel the irresistible urge to live in and drink in the breath of the open. And it upsets our thoughts, slows up our work and usually gets on our nerves.

With summer comes the deep-rooted primitive hungering for field and for farm, for sea and for mountain.

And we are miserable till we find ourselves in the woods gathering dead branches for the crackling camp fire; or digging wriggling worms for wary, elusive fish; or breathing life-giving breakers at Mother Nature's Fountain of Eternal Vigor; or recklessly challenging sunstroke in roasting, boiling bleachers; or doing any of the hundred and one things that for a while at least takes us back to the elemental.

And it is strange what a few weeks' or even a few days' intimacy with nature does for a man's disposition, for his mental and physical resources, for his outlook upon life and humanity.

A man finds himself healthier, saner and better for having for a short time indulged this bottom-most, instinctive craving of the human race.

Most of us have many depths well worth tilling. And that is why the right kind of a vacation is a sort of sub-soil ploughing that answers surely and truly when the elemental within us calls, and that fertilizes and enriches our ordinary life of the year's routine.

A periodic reversion to tempered savagery makes most of us fitter to endure "civilization."

Here's wishing you "the best vacation" you ever had.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

This Will Not Be Harmful

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Would you please tell me something to use to make the eyebrows and eyelashes longer that will not harm them? A READER

Liquid vaseline is safe to use, if care is taken that it does not get into the eyes. Apply it with a small camel's hair brush.

To "G. J."

It is too bad that you weren't successful with the first syndicate you sent your story to, but try one of the others on the list that I sent you. And, if necessary, try another one besides this, and another and another. Don't give up the stories you are so fond of writing, either; for, as you keep on with them, they will improve in every way. The syndicates that you already know of are the only ones I can suggest to you, but there are quite a few on that list. Good luck to you!

Entertaining for Bride

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—In entertaining a bridal party would it be proper to give the bride a "miscellaneous shower"? Also, what kind of refreshments to serve. Also, the best form of entertaining them. Also, is it proper to wear a hat at a full-dress 7 o'clock church wedding with a semi-evening gown?

N. L. A.

As the bride-to-be is really the one you are entertaining for, the shower would be a very nice sort of affair, and the rest of the wedding party would surely enjoy it too. Strawberry ice cream, with a tiny dab of whipped cream and a fat strawberry on top of each portion, would be delicious to serve. Fancy cakes or small, home-made iced cakes, salted nuts and candy go with this.

The hat should be worn at a church wedding.

Location of College

To the Editor of Woman's Page.

Dear Madam—Kindly state in your most esteemed column where the Rebecca Gratz College is and what it teaches. Also, if it requires a high school education. MARY J.

This is situated on York street east of Broad. The Hebrew language and customs are taught there, and to gain entrance two years of high school education are required. You could obtain additional information from the school itself.

Things You'll Love to Make

Bungalow Kitchen Towel

In a bungalow one wants such things as are easily taken care of. For that reason this BUNGALOW KITCHEN TOWEL is welcome. Cut blue and white Japanese toweling into strips each twenty-seven inches long. (This toweling comes in other pretty colors, too). Turn in one-inch hems at each end. Stitch with blue chain stitching. Cover small brass rings with the blue mercerized thread. Fasten one at each upper corner. In the lower left-hand corner, or wherever sufficient white space is left in the design, stitch your initials in cross-stitches. These BUNGALOW KITCHEN TOWELS are ornamental as well as useful. FLORA.

Adventures With a Purse

Much as we may dislike them, brassieres are things that some of us must wear and the silk ones are so nice looking that I have often wished they were not so expensive. One of the shops is selling pink silk brassieres for $1 and that is far more reasonable than I have seen them before.

And the handkerchief to tuck into the pocket. Somehow I don't like to draw a violent red handkerchief (and I do like loud ones) from the pocket of a spotlessly clean skirt, so I went in search of a plain white one that I would like. Duck must have been with me because I found that, too. Such dainty handkerchiefs that I could not resist them, of the finest of material and handworked scalloped edge. Nothing else but just that was all that was needed. They sell for $.25 a piece, which is quite reasonable.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or Phone Walnut or Main 5000.

A ONE-MAN WOMAN

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Barry Neil is arrested for embezzling funds, and Harriet, his wife, in order to prove his innocence, obtains a position in his office under an assumed name. Charley Harmon, the son of the head of the firm, presses his attentions on her, and Harriet discovers that Lucy Pratt, an office stenographer, is in love with Charley herself. In the meantime Harriet can discover nothing in the office. One night she meets Sadie Howard, a girl from the tenement where Harriet and Barry had lived. Sadie is determined to give her over to the police, but Charley, who happens along, carries Harriet off in a taxicab. Sadie, angry and frustrated at being balked of her prey, carries her story to the Evening Star, which sends Jean Colfax, a famous woman writer, to interview her.

Sizing Up a Woman

"YOU, you are Jean Colfax?" Sadie stammered.

Miss Colfax could not help smiling, there was such abject embarrassment in Sadie's entire attitude, but the smile quickly faded, for like Mr. Phelps and young Donahue she disliked Sadie immediately. She felt that the girl had a disagreeable nature and a very unpleasant personality, and that whatever part she was playing in this story had to do with revenge or something equally ugly.

Mrs. Howard, wiping her hands on her apron, hastened to draw up a chair before the table, and Miss Colfax sat down.

"I won't keep you more than a minute," she said briskly, "I just want to ask you a few questions."

Sadie was thrilled. She did not care how late she was for the office and she wouldn't have objected to answering questions all day. Here she was being interviewed by the great Jean Colfax, she would be featured as the woman who discovered Neil's wife, and, of course, there would be all kinds of flattering references to her. How Sam would open his eyes when he read the paper and the neighbors would all stare at her and whisper.

But Miss Colfax was disappointingly brief in her interview and to Sadie her questions were very strange.

"Do you know Mrs. Neil personally?"

"Sure we do," interrupted Mrs. Howard. "She was an angel when Jakie was sick, and I'll never forget it."

"Keep out of this, ma," Sadie said threateningly. "This is my affair." But instantly her face was wreathed in smiles as she turned toward Miss Colfax, whose delicate brows had suddenly come together in a frown.

Mrs. Howard shrugged her shoulders. She was used to impertinence from her children, and took it as a matter of course.

"And why are you so eager for Mrs. Neil to be found?" Miss Colfax asked crisply.

"Aren't the police looking for her?" Sadie returned quickly. "And, besides, I don't like her, I never did," she stopped, conscious that her tone was becoming too bitter, but when she thought of Harriet's wide blue eyes and perfect features her fury was so great that she could have borne to see Harriet tortured. Perhaps some of this inward emotion showed in her eyes, for those of Miss Colfax narrowed and she rose suddenly.

"That's all," she said briskly, "and thank you very much."

Sadie plucked up courage as she saw her wonderful quarry about to escape her.

"When will the story appear?" she asked eagerly, "and will they want my picture?"

Jean Colfax stared at the face opposite hers for a moment, and noted every weak feature of it, the mean little eyes, the bad complexion, the wispy mouse-colored hair and the narrow mouth with its rather sly expression. Jean wasn't a newspaper woman for nothing and she realized that somewhere under this awful exterior the girl before her was starved for beauty and admiration and the other things girls had in abundance.

"She'd betray any one or anything for praise," thought Jean. "It's tragic."

Aloud she said, "The story won't be used unless we find Mrs. Neil, and we'll let you know if we need a photograph."

Sadie turned to her mother as the door closed on Miss Colfax's trim back. "Sort of up-stage, isn't she?" she remarked, "and I must say her clothes weren't much."

Mrs. Howard was wiping away a furtive tear with the end of her apron and Sadie, noticing it, pulled her mother's arm down roughly.

"Now what's the matter with you?"

Mrs. Howard broke out into sobs at this. "I'm sorry you did it, Sadie. I'm sorry you told all those things to that woman. It sounded so sorta cruel while you was talkin', and somehow I just can't help feelin' sorry for Mrs. Neil."

Tomorrow—A Girl Named Miriam.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. In a commendable campaign for simple and inexpensive attire, what have 500 high school girls of Modesto, Calif., decided to do?
2. What pretty mat can be put underneath a flower pot to prevent the window-sill or table upon which it stands from becoming marred?
3. Describe a striking-looking pillow that would be an ornament to the summer porch.
4. What enviable quality is depicted by the name Mildred?
5. How is a practical and attractive dress of colored linen fashioned?
6. In what way is a charming finish given to a ribbon girdle?

Saturday's Answer

1. Some delightful outdoor games for the picnic can be obtained by sending a stamped, addressed envelope to the Editor of Woman's Page.
2. For the girl who travels, be it only for the week-end, a wonderfully acceptable and attractive gift is a cretonne case, lined with silk muslin, which has pockets for gloves, handkerchiefs, hairpins, hair nets and veils.
3. Iron kitchen utensils which have become rusted can be cleaned by covering the damaged places with lard and setting in a hot oven for half an hour, after which they should be washed with soap and water.
4. The flower candytuf expresses indifference.
5. A beaded trimming is put on an afternoon frock in an extremely graceful way by having a narrow band of it around the neck, continuing down the center of the waist, bands around the sleeves and solid circles above the hem of the skirt.
6. Pink-figured calico makes a quaint dress for the little girl, when it has a narrow yoke, outlined with a black buttonhole stitch.

HOW DO YOU LIKE THE DESIGN?

You might suppose it was a printed material, or embroidered in some expensive, elaborate way, to cast a casual glance over this attractive town blouse of silk. It is surely dressy enough to wear to a luncheon, or to an afternoon tea, to your best friend's afternoon wedding, or anything of the kind. But when you know that those little diamonds and things are made by intricate chain stitchings, you really feel that you could wear the costume in the morning to go marketing or to play tennis. And if you have been wondering what in the world to put on that new silk frock which looks so lonely and unadorned—does this suggestion help you?

Photo by Old Masters

AT CUPID'S CALL

By MAY CHRISTIE

Mary Drew is Carrington Bellairs' private secretary, and is in love with one of his clients, Dick Calardin. Bellairs' ward, Eve Rochester, has obtained a position through Julian Vandaveer, an unscrupulous adventurer, who has known Dick in Alaska and is anxious to get a diamond which Dick owns and always carries. Dick is in love with Mary, but Eve has her eye on him as well as on Julian. Bellairs wants to marry Mary, who is staying at his country estate to do some work for him there.

SUSPICION

"A THIEF!" repeated Eve, the color ebbing from her face, "Is'nt that a—a rather extraordinary thing to say?"

MAY CHRISTIE

Her guardian did not flinch as he replied:

"There's no good arguing this matter. I've had suspicions of you for some time, my dear! Personally, I think this last trick is one of the shabbiest that you ever played—and that's saying something!"

Eve commenced to brave the situation out, summoning a score of plausible arguments to refute the accusation.

But Carrington Bellairs was in no mood to listen to the girl.

"I know what I know—and that is, that you're at the bottom of this business, Eve! You took the money and did everything you could to throw suspicion on poor little Miss Drew! Well, you haven't succeeded, let me tell you that. And"—he gave a curious little smile—"there's something else that I must tell you, and it's this. You'd better be pretty civil to Miss Drew, because I fully intend her to become my wife!"

Eve's heart sank to her boots—although the announcement was not entirely unexpected.

She changed her tack. Her voice took on a soft and suppliant note.

"I'm awfully sorry that you feel so hardly toward me. And please don't think that I dislike Miss Drew! It isn't that——"

"It's just that you're determined to further your own ends at no matter what cost to any other human being!" interpolated her candid guardian, seating himself on a chair and lighting a cigarette. He placed the roll of bills in an inner pocket of his coat, and surveyed Eve with calmness. "Sit down—and let me tell you a few home truths!"

Eve, sorely against the grain, had to comply.

Bellairs took a whiff or two before he continued, still in that level, even voice that was peculiarly aggravating to Eve's "nerves."

"You're an egotist, Eve, my child; your whole career is a flaring case of egotism!" He steadily regarded her. His scrutiny was curious and interested.

He then proceeded:

"'Career' is the wrong word, of course. Your life is too lethargic for the word 'career.' Besides, there's an implication of success, too, in the term. And you're not successful, Eve, in any 'line' at all. No—not even in a captivating role!"

"I watched you mercilessly pursue young Dick Calardin," went on the calm, chill voice; "I watched the campaign fail. For Dick saw through you, Eve. He gauged your shallowness. He very quickly transferred himself to a worthier object—though I doubt if I should use the word 'transfer,' since the young chap never at any time belonged to you."

Carrington Bellairs flicked off some ash from the end of his cigarette. It was rather stimulating, telling this complacent lady of her faults!

"I never wanted Dick," interpolated Eve.

"Oh, yes, you did—just so long as you thought the boy had money. Money was what you wanted—the greedy urge for money that even prompted you to rob my safe! No, Eve, don't contradict me! If you do, I may send for the police and sift the whole affair to the very bottom. So be careful!"

Eve had the sense to maintain a sulky silence.

Her guardian went on in an undertone:

"Dick Calardin is a fine, straight chap—too good for you. Your latest 'flair,' for instance—Julian Vandaveer, or whatever the fellow calls himself—is of a totally different stamp. But he's much nearer to your level, Eve. Only—well, I'd be rather sorry for any woman that Vandaveer married—and that's flat! He's shrewd, calculating with a cold gleam in his eye, and that eye fixed well on the main chance, too. The only reason he hangs on to you is—shall I enlighten you?—to get next to me, Miss Eve, and incidentally to discover whether or not there would be a worth-while dowry with you, my dear child!

"In the last three years or so it has been quite entertaining to watch the various men who have dangled after you. I think I am safe in dividing them into two perfectly distinct classes—nincompoops and rotters."

This was a nasty blow again.

"You don't attract the right sort, Eve, and that's a fact. You count too much on your good looks—and no woman can afford to take that line. Not in these busy, hustling days. A curious fact, too, is that you can't even hold the nincompoops and rotters. They slip right out of reach; I've seen them do it all along."

This was too much to bear.

"I didn't wish to hold them!" ejaculated Eve.

"Oh, yes, I think you did! You wanted a 'good time' from them, anyhow. You liked to have a train of suitors—useful satellites to drag around to all the dreary functions that you seem to think the raison d'etre of existence—though to my mind there's nothing more futile or boring than 'society,' as you interpret it!

Tomorrow—Compromise

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

"Miss 1921" to "Bobby"

Dear Cynthia—Kindly publish the following to "Bobby":

Perhaps you have heard that "Brevity is the soul of wit," if your letter was supposed to be witty, it was inclined to be a trifle lengthy. You may also have heard, "Self-praise is no recommendation." Enough of this. I do not think I could improve on Cynthia's reply as, "Them's my sentiments."

"MISS 1921."

Suggests Sending Photo to Museum

Dear Cynthia—I never knew that a fellow's conceit could induce me to write a few lines to your worthy column, but it seems that this time "Bobby's" peculiarity got the better of me. "Bobby" you must be a superb human beauty. Why wait for the opportunity to show your face in the beauty corner or movie contest, here's a better suggestion, "The World's Museum." There, such rare specimens as you would be given first preference.

Here's a good little sport and dancer.

"DEVILISH."

"Dr. J. and Mr. H." Has Reformed

Dear Cynthia—To "H. J. H.": A very well-composed letter, "H. J. H."; accept my congratulations. You will notice that it is just as I predicted in my last paragraph.

The point which I endeavored to bring out for "Seesaw" was virtually confirmed later by "Bobby."

I shall skip over most of your letter, ignoring such remarks as "brazen effrontery" and other sarcastic phrases, and dwell on your last line, viz.: "His protestations of love are mere camouflage."

Just recently my "ideal" received news that I was "playing" a "big timer." Naturally, it developed that she threatened to give me up. After her tears had subsided and her obstreperousness had vanished, I realized how near I came to losing what I call my ideal. I admitted my perfidiousness with a solemn promise that it would not happen again, which promise she has all the faith possible in, and which I shall not break.

I write this for one reason, to attempt to show you, "H. J. H.," that mine is not camouflaged love, but sincere. Were my identification to be known I would never put this in writing or speak of it, either.

May I hear from you, Cynthia?

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.

Cynthia is more than glad that you have found out "virtually" before it was too late that you cannot serve two masters. As your better self really does love the girl, let us be very glad you have had the courage to promise a change and to stick to it. A good and fine girl is well worth the keeping of such promises.

Says "Bobby" Won't Be Blushing Bridegroom

Dear Cynthia—Please allow me to say a word to "Bobby," the beautiful.

Bobby, that was a most "beautiful" picture you drew of yourself in your last letter. I can see you with a brass ring above your head, made out of one of those jazz instruments, and this ring is shedding its "beautiful" hazzy light all around you and the "jazz babies" who rave over your "beauty" are dancing around you while you keep time with the tapping of your dainty toes. Then afar off in the distance is your little quiet bride-to-be (or maybe). This is the picture you paint for Cynthia's column, but the real picture is a bunch of your gray jazz boys crowded in a boarding house bedroom. Each fellow contributes a few words to the letter and when it's finished they say, "Now won't some of those girls write the snappy letters." And of course they do, "Seventeen" for one "Miss 1921," for another. If you do really mean what you say in your "beauty letter," about the nice quiet girl who is waiting till you have had your fill of jazz and all that goes with it, I'll think the way Cynthia does and say that your wedding bells will ring a whole lot later than October. I could write lots more to you, Bobby, but there are some others who want a share in Cynthia's column. THE CAT.

She Has Been Rude

Dear Cynthia—I am a young man twenty-three years old and in comfortable circumstances. Last January, in 1920, I met a girl of nineteen at a party. There I became quite acquainted with her. A few days later I called her up on the telephone a few times, but didn't get any satisfactory answer from her. All summer passed by without my hearing anything from her. Early in September I wrote a letter and then she answered me, the first time after eight months that she had been on her vacation, and that is why I didn't hear from her all this while. From September until December I again didn't hear from her, no matter if I called or wrote.

Then, in desperation, I wrote a letter inclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope, so that she was bound to answer by return mail. And answer she did, writing that I should bring two other boys to her home. This happened two days before New Year's. At the party which she had at her home she had two girls there. As soon as I arrived she greeted my friends I brought along with me (utter strangers to her) and me she completely ignored. During that evening she enjoyed herself with my friends' company and felt highly elated over making me feel sore.

She has now become fast friends with my former companion. I have heard. Since that time I have written a few letters and she does not answer under any circumstances.

Was it on account of the self-addressed envelope I sent that made her detest me, or what? B. P.

*It would be hard to say what the girl's reason is. She is evidently a light-minded, thoughtless type, whose friendship would certainly not be of any good to you. Do not waste your time over one who takes pleasure in being unkind and rude.

Likes Nice Fellows

Dear Cynthia—I am back again and wish that you would print a few lines to "Johnny Blue Eyes." I am glad that there are some good young men, although I do not know them, but would like to. It seems that all of the fellows want these girls who could live at a dance hall and those girls are all right as long as the fellow spends his money on them. Well I would like to have the nice fellows and stay home, than be that kind of girl and have that kind of fellow. BLUE EYES.

HAVE A GARDEN OF YOUR OWN AND LET IT COMFORT YOU

There Is No Pain Too Great, No Trouble Too Deep to Be Eased by a Few Moments Among Flowers and Growing Things

HAVE you a garden?

You can find joy and love and peace and comfort in a garden.

For every time that it fails you it pays you back ten times.

Having worked and labored over it, having watched and waited for the first signs of development, you may be disappointed if your cherished red poppies go back on you.

After all that work, you mourn, to think that not a one should come up!

But next week you look out and find buds that you had overlooked on your rose bushes, a peony almost out, the never-failing zinnias beginning to show life.

And the joy that you feel over that more than makes up for the sorrow you had over the poppies.

"Just look at these roses," you boast to the neighbors. "Aren't they beautiful? And they just came out overnight, before I realized that they were even in bud. Isn't it wonderful?

"It's too bad your poppies didn't do well," condones a sympathetic visitor.

"Yes," you agree cheerfully, "it was too bad; it must have been too cold for them—but just look at this rambler how it's coming along!"

There isn't time to mourn over one lost flower in a garden—there are too many others being found all the time.

IF YOU live in an apartment, you can't have a garden—

But you can have a porch box or a window box.

And if you have never had one, you will be surprised to find how much pleasure and interest there is to be had out of a plain wooden or tin box painted green and filled with dirt.

Why, when the sweet alyssum begins to grow and spread and hang down over the edge of the box—just like the other window boxes you see—it's positively exciting.

The others never looked real, you always thought they were "sort of unnatural or faked or something."

They weren't—you can have exactly the same effect with yours.

And then portulaca is very absorbing. A row of these feathery little plants can keep a whole family in a state of suspense all summer.

"Oh, look!" one member will cry, with the first look at the box in the morning. "Here's a yellow one, isn't it pretty? And there's a bud that's going to be orange!"

Breakfast must wait until everybody has seen the prodigies.

Two or three little plants will lag along behind the others, just peering up above ground when the older ones are beginning to think about flowering!

And this draws the interest out longer and keeps you going still harder.

A different-colored flower every day, two different-colored flowers, two pinks and a white, three whites and a yellow—every morning something new to look at.

PERHAPS you can't even have a window box.

But you could have a silful of plants.

You can catch the sun with a pot of geraniums and watch them put forth new leaves and buds, you can make room for a verbena that spreads and blossoms and radiates cheerfulness and you can make a fern flourish and grow thick and rich.

If you are worried or troubled about something big, something little, something new, something old, a glimpse of your "garden," serene, and brave in color, sends you a message of hope from its bed or its box or its pots.

If you are tired, hot, weary of humanity and life in general, sit down and gaze at your growing things—they are refreshing, restful; the hum of a bee among them is like a lullaby to your tired nerves.

Oh, have a garden! If it's only a tiny patch, only a tin box, only a single flower pot, have a garden, and watch it grow.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

An Illinois correspondent asks What's What which should say good morning first in a business office when a young girl enters, and a woman fifteen years older is already seated at a desk. It would seem that because neither deems it "her place to speak first," a coldness has arisen, so that they have solved their difficulty by not speaking at all!

That is a poor solution. Ordinarily, it is the older woman's privilege ("place") to speak first, and the greeting should be acknowledged by the younger woman. But it is also the custom for each newcomer to enter with a brisk "Good Morning!" and because of this exchange of office greetings are generally almost simultaneous. If the fellow-workers, regardless of years or "first come," would strive to vie with each other to be first to utter that cheery "Good morning!" no uncompanionable silences could be permitted to cloud their day together.

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