EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 1. 1916.

"ONE THING FELLERS WHICH LIVE IN THE SUBURBS HAS GOT MORE THAN FELLERS WHICH LIVE IN THE CITY IS MILEAGE By MONTAGUE GLASS **Illustrations by BRIGGS** :::

Thus Spake Zapp in Commenting Upon the Joys of Suburban Life, Which Don't Appeal to Him at All

Birsky, on the Other Hand, Who Has Never Lived Out of the City, Is Convinced That the Country Dweller Is Much More Happy Than the Cityite, Especially in the Summer

Being a Suburbanite Is Like Being a Traveling Salesman, says Zapp. "The Distance You Travel Is the Same, the Railroad Accommodations Ain't No Better, but Instead of Getting Every Night a Rotten Dinner and a Good Game of Pinochle Afterwards at Dollar-anda-Half-a-Day Hotels, American Plan, You Go Home and Get a Good Dinner and No Game of Pinochle"

"I RUN across Max Paikes yester-day afternoon," Louis Birsky, the real estater, said one morning in March. "He was telling me that you spent Sunday with him at his place in Sand Plains."

"He ain't lying to you," Barnett A to C, credit high." Zapp, the waist manufacturer, admitted.

"What kind of a property has he got up there?" Birsky asked.

"He's got all the conveniences of a feller living in a \$20 a month coldwater flat, without janitor service. before steam heat was invented, except that he ain't so handy to a delicatessen store. The bread run out at lunch time, Birsky, and for supper we had to eat Fig Newtons with the eingemachte herring and luncheon bolony, as Mrs. Paikes didn't know the neighbors good enough to borrow a loaf from them on account of only living up there three years."

"But ain't the air elegant up in Westchester County?" Birsky insisted.

"Say!" Zapp exclaimed, "after a feller escapes with his life from the the station, Birsky, you couldn't miss subway at 42d street, y'understand, Paikes' house. Keep to the right afand travels up to Sand Plains every ter you cross the tracks and it's the night in a combination baggage and 956th white Colonial house with green smoker along with five or six dozen | blinds and a For Sale sign on it."



Along with or six dozen decent, respectable, hard-working five Italiener ashcart drivers.

decent, respectable, hard-working "Is Paikes' house for sale?" Birsky Italiener ashcart drivers, understand asked.

me, when ematch he arrives in the "Sure it is," Zapp replied. "What country, Birsky, the air must got to do you think-Paikes is such a close be elegant, otherwise it wouldn't be friend of mind that he asks me up for too much to expect there is waiting pleasure?" for him a couple of soda water tanks

"For why does he want to sell?" full of oxygen like they give it to Birsky inquired. pneumonia patients with a rating of "He says before lunch that his wife takes a dislike to the place on

"What are you talking nonsense, Zapp?" Birsky said. "I bet you account in summer the smell of the flowers reminds her of the cemetery wasn't on the train half an hour. where her Uncle Jake's first wife is Sand Plains is one of the most conburied, and for that reason he would venient suburbs to get to." take \$12,500 for the house. After "Sure, I know," Zapp said, "but

lunch he also said that his hay fever Paikes don't live in the suburbs, Birwas something terrible up there and sky. He lives in the suburbs of the subhe might be willing on that account urbs, and he says to me on the train to call it an even \$12,000. After supthat from the station to his house is per he says if it wouldn't be that his only 20 minutes by trolley, but he father-in-law is getting pretty feeble practically never takes it as his oiterand might go off at any moment, cormobile is waiting for him at the staner of 89th street and Madison avetion practically every night, and gets nue, y'understand, he wouldn't take a him to his home in 10 minutes. Well, penny less than \$11,500 for the house, after we got out of the trolley, Birand just before I got on the train to sky, we walked another 10 blocks, and come home he says how much would I at last we reached the house. If ever give for the house." you go up to Sand Plains to see Paikes and the oitermobile should

\$12,000 for the house," Birsky de-Gott soll huten practically not be at clared. rid of it for \$11,500?" Zapp demand-

the standard amount below cost which they advertise country houses to sell for is \$5000. In fact, I often figured it out, Birsky, that as everybody is willing to sell his 12-room house with three baths, sun parlor and every modern improvement for \$5000 below cost, if such a house originally cost \$25,000 and changes hands six times, y'understand, the last owner gets it for nothing with a bonus of \$5000 thrown in. And even then he is welcome to the house for all of me.

"That's because you don't know what it is like to live in the country,

Zapp," Birsky said, "I think I've got a pretty good idee," Zapp retorted. "It's something like being southern salesman for a line of goods where you've got to make a different town each day. The distance you travel is the same, the railroad accommodations ain't no better, but instead of getting every night a rotten dinner and a good game of pinochle afterwards at dollar-and-a-half-a-day hotels, Ameri-

can plan, you go home and get a good dinner and no game of pinochle at all from one year's end to the other. Yes, Birsky, it's very unjust the way the world looks at things. For instance, once in five years Mr. Roosevelt makes a trip of about 10,000 miles, y'understand, and when he comes

back, y'understand, a dozen magazines is falling over themselves that Mr. Roosevelt should accept \$5000 a piece for an article telling about these here 10,000 miles he traveled; he writes a book about it, Birsky, and gets paid at the rate of a dollar a mile, or \$10,000, for it; he gives a lecture about it in Carnegie Hall and six people sends letters to the papers and complains of the man in the box office because he says all right he's a liar then, when he told them two hours after the advance sale opened that the entire house was sold out and they said he was a liar. The Explorers' Union, Local No. 1, gives a dinner to him-not the box-office man. but Mr. Roosevelt, and he makes an after-dinner speech (Copyright T. Roosevelt, 1915) about it and realizes "But Paikes really and truly paid another \$2500 or so, and that's the way it goes. But you take Max

Paikes which in five years travels "Then how could he expect to get | 75,000 miles to Mr. Roosevelt's 10,000,



It's the 956th white Colonial house.

blows him on account of it to a rye gagee a year and a half after it was bread tongue sandwich and a package built, y'understand, it had cracks in of all-tobacco cigarettes it would be the walls on the second floor which if big already."

"Evidencely you seem to think that it's a hardship that a feller should live in the country," Birsky said. "Did

you ever think what it means to a business man that he should be able to raise his own vegetables?"

"Sure, I did," Zapp replied. "It means that he is going to eat principally radishes for the whole summer because that's the only vegetable year safe deposit box. With the furwhich a business man who raises his nace going full on, Birsky, whenever own vegetables could really rely upon. my wife opened the refrigerator door, Furthermore, you think I am a green-Birsky, it raised the temperature of horn in the country, Birsky, but I the kitchen 10 degrees. The plumbing already done my twenty odd thousand was nothing extra, neither. We had miles in round-trip instalments of 44 a gas heater for the hot water, Birmiles a day on the Long Island Rail- sky, which, figuring at the rate of road, and I know the whole game of \$1.80 per thousand cubic feet, if you living in the country right the way took six hot baths it was the equivathrough, from getting stuck with the lent of a suit of clothes. For years Birsky, and what is it? Nobody asks lots downwards. I used to own a in New York I tried to bring myself ed. "If you would read the Sunday him to write about it; nobody wants house at Brunswick Beach and when to take a cold plunge in the morning, papers, Birsky, you would know that him to talk about it, and if somebody I schencked it to the second mort- but I couldn't stand the shock till I

you'd put a couple of windows and a door in 'em could of been considered

"Steam heat will do that to a new house, Zapp," Birsky said. "Maybe you kept the place too warm."

"Listen, Birsky, the heating plant of that house wasn't designed for nothing bigger than a five-dollar-a-

tage in it," Birsky insisted. "Well," Zapp admitted, "there's one thing that fellers which lives in the suburbs has got more than f-llam which lives in the city."

"What's that?" Birsky asked. "Mileage," Zapp concluded.



A RAINBOW FLOCK OF POSIES

SSEUG TAHW YAD TI SI? raeD nerdlihC:

Brunswick Beach ain't nothing against it. Simon Kuhney has been living now in Brunswick Beach for six years, y'understand, and he says if he leaves his house at 7 o'clock he is in his office at 8:15."

as extra masters' bedrooms."

"Too warm!" Zapp exclaimed.

"Sure, I know," Zapp said, "but if a feller which leaves his home in Brunswick Beach at 7 o'clock would arrive in his office at 8:15 only often enough, Birsky, sooner or later on his account the conductor would got to go from car to car asking is there a doctor on the train."

"Well, if everybody felt the way you do about living in the country. Zapp," Birsky said, "who would busuburban real estate?"

seen my first month's gas bill out in

Brunswick Beach, and after that all

I had to do when I jumped into a cold

bath was to think how many cubic

feet I was saving, and if it was six

below zero even I got a pleasant glow

all over. Later on it got to be such

a habit with me to take cold plunges.

Birsky, that the second summer we

was there when they had that bad

water famine on Long Island, I used

bottled water as long as I could get

the spring water companies to send

me trial samples. For over a month

there we done the week's washing

with artificial vichy and my wife had

to get rid of the wash lady because

for every siphon she put in the tubs

"You were lucky it was only vichy.

Zapp," Birsky said. "It might have

been ginger ale or root beer, in which

case she would of took it home to the

"Joke if you want to, Birsky," Zapp

retorted. "But what I am telling you

now is facts from living in the

"Schmooce, Zapp!" Birsky said.

"You could have shortage of water in

the city just so much as in the coun-

try. Just because you didn't like

she drank one herself."

children."

country."

"Nobody," Zapp replied.

"But you admit that there's a whole lot of people living in the suburbs, Zapp," Birsky said, and Zapp nodded. "Then there must be some advan-

to Nature" is a phrase that means more than many of us think. Gardening in all forms brings us there. For children, especially, it is beneficial. Gardening wields an influence that is far-reaching in effect; it makes a child love haure, birds, animals, and helps cultivate a loveable disposition. It makes dull spots bright and forms, where trash heaps often would exist, a sea of beauty.

There are many varieties of flowers that are easily grown and appeal especially to the fancy of children, chief among which are pansy, portulaca, petunia, nasturtium, alyssum and marigold.

The child's garden makes the parent take an interest in Nature, and many an hour that would be spent indoors otherwise is whiled away in the midst of clean soil.

It is interesting to watch children garden, because they love it and because on their faces can be seen continually, from seed-sowing till bloom time, a happy and eager look, a bright hope of what that plant will bring forth and how soon it will bloom; after which mother's flower vase will be supplied daily with fresh posies.

Health-the greatest asset in life-has almost been overlooked. The more a child is outdoors, when properly clothed, the more robust and healthful will it remain and the dector will become a stranger.

If you've a spot in the yard, let the children have a flower garden. If you've only a brick pavement, then let them have a window box. But give them a garden of some kind in summer. Make your plans now.

FARMER SMITH'S FLOWER BOOK | ness; you have been unselfish, and either The Forget-me-not

The eagle sat on the highest crag of the mountain and looked afar over the distant hills. Then he descended to the ground, where he sat quite still. Sud-denly he heard a voice beside him and. ng down, discovered a small seed.

"Ah !" he thought to himself. "I wonder how that seed came to be there and what it is called-I am so hungry and just as I longing for a seed, here it is, right

Just at that moment he heard a small voice, which said very gently: "Please, Engle dear, do not eat me, but take me to he valley, where I long to be. For years have been here on the top of this high nountain, while I sigh to be in the valley peside the cool brook.

"mountain, while I sigh to be in the valuey beside the cool brock."
"So you have no name?" asked the Easte. "And you want to live and grow, and blossom in the valley?"
"Yea—you will not eat me, will you?"
"Yea—you will not eat me, will you?"
"It think not, but you are only one of many who want what you do not have, it is the way of the world. I, the great hagis, fond of the heights as I am, want to be penned in a case like a canary, where I can hear the rustle of beautiful women's dresses. Ah, me' We all want what we do not have, and that is why I am not sure that I should eat you and hear the rustle of beautiful women's dresses. Ah, me' We all want what we do not have, and that is why I am not sure that I should eat you and have. If you do for you," said the time hot of the mountain I will let you name me and no one will ever forget me, for is an amed by ou—the great Equipte. "You reason well and I will take you want will you do not to the moasy hank be inde the brock and that I will you do for you," and hear the source and no one will ever forget me, for it is not you." The reason well and I will take you want you have in you do how to the moasy hank be inde the brock and then what will you do how to the moasy hank be inde the prock and then what will you do how that he want will you do how to the moasy hank be inde the prock and then what will you do how have hand the will you have hear the prock and then what will you do how hear the prock and the want will you do how hear the prock and hear will you have hear the prock and then what will you have hear the process the prock and then what will you have hear the prock hear the want will you have hear the prock hear the prock hear the want hear the prock hear the prock hear the want hear the process hear the process hear the process hear the process hear the want hear the process hear the proces

very gently down to the mossy bank be-ide the brock, and then what will you do

"What can I, a little seed, do for you? I told you to name me-you are to name

With that the great Engle took the tiny result in his buye beak and flaw down to the mesage bank beside the Brook. When he had done this, the wind began to sing through the trees and the little brook rip-pled with houghter. Suddenly the big Engle was diled with a strange feeling. "Can this be low?" he asked. "This is not fact in the big the second but the is an peak how down the second but the "Tan peak how down the second but the

Tas, you have done sos a great kind-

one may be called love." one may be called love." "Then, to show my love for you, I call you Forget-me-not, and hereafter, through-out all ages, you shall be the emblem of my love, the love of the great Eagle. Your name shall be Forget-me-not." The little Forget-me-not signed while the wind sang still louder. The little brook danced in the sunlight and the world was very, yery happy, for the flower of the Eagle's love had come to live in the Eagle's valley.

My Garden By 'LISBETH ANNE

My garden's a common patch of the earth. It's blossoms are not rare. It's blossoms are not rare, Like daisies free they race o'er the lee, They grow most everywhere.

My violets won't hide in a shady glen, They're just the light of skies; 'hey lurk-a bit of June heaven-In the depths of a Rainbow eyes.

My roses, they scorn a pale hothouse, Yet the loveliest flower I know Is the pink that chases the dimple In the cheek of a wee Rainbow:

My garden's a shimmery golden place! Bometimes I wander where The sunlight makes a buttercup Of the glint in a baby's hair.

Oh. sweet, sweet living garden, Breath of a world above: Praise be, you're wide as the sea, A boundless world to love!

An Interesting Letter

An Interesting Letter Dear Farmer Snith – Perhaps you would like to know about my sister Bes-nie and myself. We live in what one might call the county, although it is quite near the trains and trolless. We have five acres of ground and I am going to have a fine vegetable garden and my sister a flower sarden. I have ordered my seeds from the school. I suppose you have heard of these boomy packet ased, haven't you? I am very much interested in our garden and I frow you will be, boom JOSEENIT HAVILCHEN.

(Sent in by alrest.)

EVA THOMPSON ALFPED GEODGE NEW BRUNSWICK, N.J. DC CROSKEY ST. 9 "Whose sunny hours Creep with silent feet." CONTRACTOR STORES OF THE SECTION OF BEVELYN HAYES ACCE NJ N 18 ST ST Pres.

UANET CRONHARDT A THELMA LEDDY MURTICE HELLER MAY KRIEGER TO PAUL BUTLER WALLACE ST. SPRAGUE ST SS. 12 " ST ST STULIP ST COULTER ST

Honor Roll Contest Prizes for the best answers to "Things to Know and Do" for the week ending March 18 were wan by the following shildren: Margaret Donatelli, Morris street, \$1.

Elizabeth Turner, Walnut street, 50 Eleanor Koons, Wynnewood, 25

cents. Ralph Horne, Quakertown, Ps., 25

cents.

Jane Dagit, Pine street, 25 cents. Jack Davie, Pine street, 25 cents.

Springtime for "the Sick-a-Bed" If you know of a little girl or a big girl

If you know of a little gin or a cog gin who is "sick-a-bed" and dependent on kind friends for snatches of springtime, why not make her a protty flower ball which may hang cheerily in the bedroom? To do this take a large sponge and a half a dozen or more crocus bulbs (you may buy them checkily enough from any seeds-man). Fasten the bulbs in the holes of the scores by means of strings, then cover it man' Fasten the bulbs in the holes of the sponge by means of sirings, then cover it all over with mose. Hung the ball in a sunny window. A good plan for watering is to soak the ball each day in a bowl of warm water. Let the water drain off and then hang the "garden" up again, the sponge will retain the moisture. Planty of minshine and lots of water will coax out blossoms that will bring a "truly springtime" into the very ruom of the "slok-a-bed."

A Riddle

Best wishes to the "Rainbow Lilies" and the "Carnation Balnbows" on this, their Rower day ' May they be as happy as the lovely young flowers of spring. Thear Farmer Smith-1 always have my to soldiers tired on April 17 their flower by Loonard Bally, Addison as the lovely Dear Fan

UNCLE BUBE

Here is some one who knows all about "green things growing"!

Our Postoffice Box

sihT tnemtraped, ni redro ot eb gnitseretni tsum eb reve gniana e dna I wonk uoy evah neeb gnitiaw rof gnihtemos lausunu siht yad fo cht clohw racy dna ti si erch.

semitemos ruoy rehtom syas ot uoy: "hO, ssendoog! I od hsiw uoy dluow kcits ot gnihtemos, uoy era syawla gnignahe." oS si ruo nmuloc syawia, gnignahe sa llew sa ruo seirots, rof eht thgiled fo doohdlihe seil ni egnah dna ni gnihtemos WEN.

I esoppus taht nehw uoy og ot deb thginot uoy lliw dnif ruoy deb an neeb ylluferac edam htiw a "pils teehs" ro si a "eip deb." rO taht emos sah tup a riah hsurb neewteb eht steehs.

A sselmrah emag dluow eb rof uoy ot tup a eton ta eht etalp fo her ruoy ylimaf, gnillet meht ot kool rednu eht koole dna ereht uoy tsum t eton gnillet rehtom, rof ecnatsni, ot kool rednu reh wollip dna ereht uo tup a eton htiw a ssik no ti dna llet reh to kool no pot fo eht onaip dna uoy ne tup a eton htiw LIRPA LOOF no ti.

I evah deirt ot dnif eht nigiro fo lirpA 'slooF yaD dna lliw yas, ekil reht taerg sretirw, taht ti si dih ni ytirucsbo, tub eht hcnerF dias na lirpA looF saw a hsif. sihT yam eb a hsif yrots, tub uoy nac ylisae dnif tuo rof flesruoy ro ekam pu a yrots.

fI uoy lliw dnes em a rettel gnillet em tahw UOY did yadot, I lliw tnirp, eht tseb srettel os taht ew yam esu meht txen raey, rof fi uoy era tor gnipeek a parcs koob fo escht sklat dna seirots, uoy lliw be yrros-os creht! woH od uoy ekil siht yaw fo gnidaer? ruoY gnivol dneirf,

> REMRAF HTIMS. s'nerdlihC rotidE, GNINEVE BEGDEL.

> > A Flower Garden Box

My Poppy Garden

By ROSE BOLEN It was a very clear day in May. I decided to plant a garden of poppies. I dug the earth from the ground and faid the seeds around. I watered the garden faithfully for a week and at last I saw a small plant prouting up. In a few weeks I had a lovely plant. One day I heard of a woman who was very ill and nueded something to make

her happ Later T transplanted my popples into a green box for the lady. I took the box to the woman. She thanked me, and this made me happy and rewarded me for the trouble.

Spring

By ANNA MOONET, Cheltenham, The snow has melted all away The flowers are coming out to play, The robins and the bluebirds, too, Will come to sing to me and you.

A Prize "White Chrysanthemum"



how many they can have by Easter Sun-tagred "Rex Roy." It is the careful many thanks to Mildred Friedman for The Story of the Little Danner," and a courteous schnowledgment to Curtis Do-han and Peuri Brown for their sincere Atkin

A Flower Garden Box In response to a query of Mar Coyle, a Jefferson Rainbow, who is an ious to have a "box garden." John Ha-ram, the Evenino Lisnois garden editor has kindly volunteered the following". Out title friend can either buy a dow or porch box or make one. Very ones cost as little as 50 cents at the and bore half a dosen heles in the bot shallow box, not more than two feel the and bore half a dosen heles in the bot of the source or the floor of the porth. If it is to rest on the floor of the porth. It is to rest on the floor of the porth. It is to rest on allow drainage. The box should then be painted. After it has draines or coarse cinders, which promotim drainage. The fill in to within two inches of the top with good soil. If you cannot stones or coarse cluders, which promotes of the top with good soil. If you cannot set sarden soil make a trip to the woods and bring back a basket of the black soil found there. Mix this with about an equal quantity of sand and then mix in equal quantity of sand and then mix is geraniums and some presty running wine, like the Wandering Jew, can be hought at a florist's or seed can be sown for not undertake too elaborate a box par-den A few simple plants will be just so prest three scandulars intronged in a row in the widdle. Is the back would have prest three scand four or five inches spars both of these plants should be thinned out to stand four or five inches sing wink the weater well, not merely the some such as Wandering Jew or, vines. B such as they start to wither and this proven them going to seed. Thank you kindly, friend John Hern ram.

PETER.

BOYS AND GIBLS. of you want to care sin tool and on Batuchary, rmor Smith.

EVENING LEDGER: I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Please send me a beautiful Rainbow Button free. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY --- SPREAD J LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG 9e THE WAY. Name Address 3 m School I attend

0.5.Young

FARMER SMITH

flowers.

own flower garden. I have a little patch

of ground in the yard and I plant the

seed myself and have quite a few flowers

every year, and if I have success this year I'm going to send you a great hig bunch. That is what little Eather Miller,

of Roxborough, writes, and we're hoping for that success, because we want the

Howard Trusland, Cape May, wishes to

Howard Trueiand, Cape May, winhes to know what our dues are. Our dues are set forth in the Rainhow pledge—'Do a little kindnoss each and every day." A private little note to John Cunter, Cyn-wyd: Did you get that Rainbow button? A big smount of thanks to 'W. Aubrey Jeffers, of Wilmington, for the ploture he drew for us Aifred McCres, German-town, suggests that all "little Halmbows" maye their pennies during Lent and see how many they can have by Easter Sun-uay.





