They Said It With Flowers
By W. E. Hill

Mrs. Pilliger is bringing back her Boston fern to be made well and strong once more. "It wouldn't do a thing in the apartment," laments Mrs. P. "I don't know what ailed it, unless it was that our kitty nibbled the leaves too much!"

Walter, the delivery boy from Ginsberg & Gunn, the florist shop de luxe, is on his way to a late be-reavement with a pillow of rose buds and a dozen red roses. Walter's family is trying to get him a new job. "Mr. Ginsberg," complains Walter's mother, "is always sending Walter to deliver something to a mortuary chapel, and it's making him hollow. He used always to be singing around the house when he worked for the reducing contest. Now it gives me the shivers to look at him."

The Ritten florists have a fondness for big ribbon bows, and unless restrained will completely lose their heads when handed a length of ribbon or a strip of tule.

Mrs. Beale is on her way to hold a little argu- ment with the florist who sold Mr. Beale the little orange tree. Believe it or not, every orange, and there were five of them, dropped off the day after it arrived.

Mortons is a very thoughtless boy. He's taking a little potted plant to his wife's mother. They had a slight difference of opinion the other day and there's been no kindness.

Four out of five forget. A scene at any florist's on the eve of something or other, showing the last minute shoppers who have remembered just in time that tomorrow is Aunt Caddy's birthday, Mother's day, St. Patrick's day, or that Julian is to have his operation at noon. "And one and all they will say! Be sure to put in plenty of green!"