

Flowers that Bloom in the Spring

By W. E. Hill



The new golfer. Terrible sights are envisaged these spring days in the fitting rooms of all our best men's wear departments, where boys who have never dressed up for the golf course are being fitted to plus fours.



Spring hits the saleslady. Now that springtime is upon us, the ladies' wear counters are featuring summer beach pajamas, and the salesgirls and models are all over the place dressed up in the latest lounge suits, even the size forties being called into service.



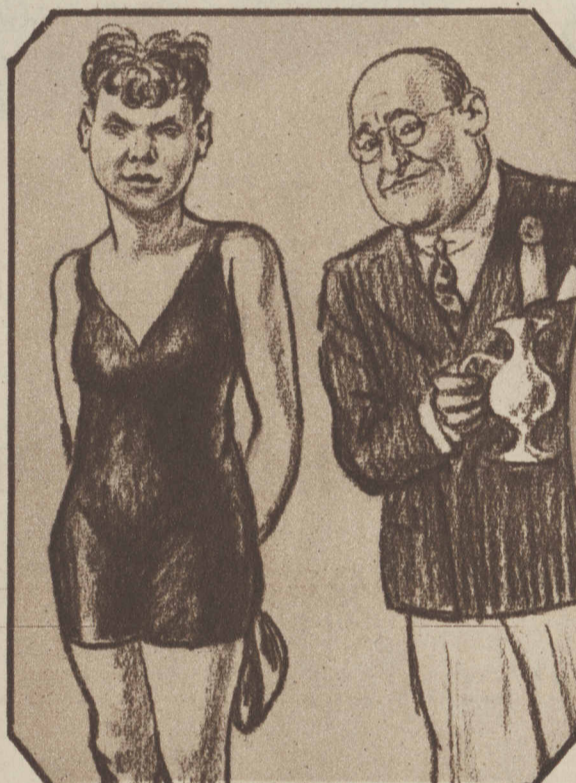
The graduating schoolgirl. Throughout this land of ours finishing school girls who are about to graduate are at the moment writing home to the folks asking them please not to come to graduation, as a white graduation dress made simple will look too terrible for words, and can't something be done about it.



Chairman of the reunion committee. This is the time of year when the head of the college reunion committee rushes hither and yon looking reproachfully at old grads who are minus several points on college spirit, saying, "Tad, old boy, don't you know it's your duty to swing into line with the other ought-sixers and go back to the old alma mater this commencement? Your college needs you, old kid!"



The spring clothes. Time was when the college boys and the society girls set the styles and dressed best. Some of them still dress pretty swell, but not half so well as the beer racketeers and their girls, especially in the springtime, when a young racketeer's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.



The lady swimmer. Lady swimmers are with us all the year round in the roto sections, but about this time of the year they go north along with the robins and the swallows, and pretty soon they will be shown being handed silver cups for the champion whoopie dive and flip-flap distance stroke in all northern waters.



Starting the season at the ball park. Just an official from somewhere or other tossing a baseball from the grandstand before the opening game of the season.



The country lady realtor. About now lady real estate dealers in the country are rushing around showing prospective tenants the darling little farm houses and bungalows. "O, you'll adore this little bungalow," such a one will say. "I guess there's no one home, so we'll just go right in and you can see for yourself how quaint everything is!"



Spring radio fans. At least three-quarters of the population of these United States feel the call of spring in their young hearts. This is where radio comes into its own, for the desired sentimental effect can be had by merely turning on the receiver and listening to the strains of "Ninety-nine Out of a Hundred Want to Be Kissed, Why Don't You?" or "Kiss Me Again"; or, for those who like a touch of sadness with their sweet stuff, "I Loathe Myself for Crying My Eyes Out Over You" will just about fill the bill.



The garden enthusiast. All through the month of April lady gardeners are hopeful and confident about the seedlings that were started in the hotbed or in the house, but about the first week in May they decide it's not much use waiting and summon the man from the greenhouse to bring round a lot of potted geraniums and pansies.