

Money Isn't Everything

By
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All over the United States there are people who will tell you that money isn't everything. (Of course it's a good thing to have it in case things go wrong—any one can see that!) Take Mrs. Howell Howell-Smythe, for example, whose investments are so gilt edged they can take care of themselves. Her aim in life is to live for an aim. Almost any aim will do—the ritzier the better. Her hobby it is to develop budding genius in the younger intellectuals, seeing that they meet the "right people" and mapping out their careers, and all that sort of thing. Artists, pianists and poets, any one is liable to be taken up by Mrs. Howell Howell-Smythe, provided he has a certain amount of sex appeal.



Homeward bound. Mrs. Philo Squint and Mrs. Milo Spear of Catchall, Illinois, and Robust, Nebraska, respectively, have been doing the continent. "Europeans," says Mrs. Spear, "say we have no culture. They think we're all dollars and cents. Well, I just wish a few of those foreigners could attend one of our Monday literary club afternoons in Robust!" "They're jealous of us," says Mrs. Squint. "And their shops! Why, I didn't see a single thing in Italy or France I couldn't have got cheaper and better on State street in Chicago!"



It's love that makes the world go 'round, not dollars, as the modern girl knows full well. And she knows just where to love, so that very often Prince Charming turns out to be daddy and hubby all in one, with a nice, comfortable limousine and plenty of coupons in the safe deposit to keep up the heart interest.



Even the movie stars have come to see that money isn't everything. Rich realtors and butter and egg husbands have had their day in the best film circles. Meet Desiree De Loose, the celluloid queen who has divorced her late millionaire helpmeet, and has sent out a hurry call via Mr. Bloom, her social secretary, for nothing less than a deposed king or a jobless emperor, any of which can now be had for a song. "Gloria and Mae needn't think they can get away with all the publicity," says Miss De Loose, sweetly but firmly.



Just a big business boy who has found that dollars and cents aren't everything, going in for physical perfection in the gym class.



Just two busy little daughters of the busy rich, who, with minds centered on the really worth-while things of life, are studying rhythmic expression. Gladys (on the left) was full of inhibitions before she began rhythmically expressing herself. It has done wonders for her, her family says.



The devotee of The Eastern Soul Culture. More and more people are coming into the realization these days (provided, of course, that they don't have to worry about their railroad securities), that money isn't all. Perfect droves of them are getting religion, and the churches are getting terribly worried about it. Some churches have even introduced Charleston contests and movies. Of course, anybody can take up with orthodox religion, but only the elect can make the grade of Chinese Etherealism, or Malay Vibratory Vision, or Korean Super-suspicion.



"Money doesn't mean a thing to me. I despise it," says Noel, whose mind is on higher planes. "Could you lend me twenty-five till my check from home comes?" In fact, Noel despises money to such an extent that he seldom, if ever, pays up.

The world of art. Mrs. Maul and Mrs. Mee are doing the exhibitions. Art is so uplifting in this age of rank materialism. "Are these pictures," stage whispers Mrs. Maul, "supposed to be very fine?" "My dear Lena," replies Mrs. Mee, "he gets ten thousand for one portrait!"