The growing girl. A few years ago if you asked May Rena Dilley whose little girl she was she'd reply, "I'm poppa's girl." She's a big girl now and doesn't say much about being poppa's girl. May Rena loves to go on errands for her mam's to the lending library, which takes her past the high school about closing time. Sometimes she goes to the library and sometimes she doesn't. The neighbors get awfully upset about May Rena. Some think she's just a growing girl, and some say she's her mam's all over again. The idea being that what used to be sauce for the goose is duck soup for the gosling.

The party line. A party line is a great convenience among neighbors in a small town. Suppose, for instance, that Miss Enid Smithgrove decides to ask a girl friend if she wants to go see Clara Bow that afternoon. The line being in use, Mrs. Brophy and Miss Smithgrove can have a perfectly swell time listening to a conversation about themselves between Mrs. Woolley and Miss Limp.

The sensitive neighbor. Iona is always having her feelings hurt by neighbors who say something or do something so don't invite her to something. Then this happens: Iona will go up to her bedroom, shut the door, and write a letter: "The matter is to be discussed by Mr. Jenkins at the meeting of the club next month."

The exciting neighbor. Mr. Jenkins is making a terrible racket all because Margo, the Smith's poodle, being a friendly little thing, is playing on the Jenkins' lawn. Mr. Jenkins has a lot to say about neighbors who let their pets roam.

The interested neighbors. "You watch the front door and I'll watch the back door," says Mrs. Fred Dougherty to her daughter, Carrie. Carrie and her ma are driven to a white heat of neighborly interest whenever a bundle, an unknown caller, a trained nurse, or a Western Union boy appears at a neighbor's doorstep. Neighbors are apt to be close-mouthed and secretive in a suburb, and very often Carrie and her mother have a terrible time ferreting out neighborhood clues.

Land conscious. On the slightest provocation Mrs. Kate McMinn will rush from her front door crying, "Be careful of our hedge!" Then she will get a yardstick and measure to make sure that the lead of cannon coal for next door is not encroaching over her boundary line. "I'm sure they meant to drive right over our hedge if I hadn't been there to watch," Mrs. McMinn will confide to a friend later.

"Hey, Fred, come over and see how this stuff hits you!" These rather friendly homebrewing neighbors are increasing in suburban localities.

The early resident. Old Pop Grumbacher settled on upper Front street in the balmy days when a mansard roof and a stained glass window in the hall were considered pretty hony tony. It's a restricted residential section, and, by heck, it will stay restricted," says Mr. Grumbacher, about to petition the common council for a couple of votes and a few injunctions against a gas station that wants to be a near neighbor.

The neighbor's child. Dorothy sees all, hears all, and tells all. She has a sixth sense about neighborhood news and is almost prophetic. Dorothy knew the O'Leary's cook was leaving three days before Mrs. O'Leary got wind of it.