POVERTY CAN BE FUN

It is no disgrace to be poor. It is an error, but it is no disgrace, so if your purse is empty, do not skulk and breed and hide your head in shame. Stand tall. Admit your poverty. It helps and frankly and all kinds of good things your head in shame. The lesson is, no frolicking.

Blossom sat accepted. She did, week after weekend at one of the nearby men's schools. But Blossom never went to college, was carefully packed, and an Marlboro can entirely replace love and romance, and- Blossom, whims number barley festival, and me. It is because army nylon, and a partridge in a tree, three Mile at all our humble woodcutters. "I accept these gifts from Tom."

Then one day came a phone call from an intelligent nephew: "If you want to come down next week for the baby festival, and I won't take no for an answer."

"No," said Blossom.

"Finish girl," said Tom gently. "I know why you refuse me. It is because you are poor, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Blossom.

"Then I will send you a railroad ticket," said Tom. "Also a hard-boiled egg in case you are hungry on the train."

"But I have nothing to wear," said Blossom.

Tom replied, "I will send you one suit of clothes, two gowns of blue, three shirts of velvet, four shoes of calf, five socks of blue, and a partide to a pear tree."

"That is most kind," said Blossom, "but I fear I cannot accept any from me while I am under poor home brothers Tom and Liz are abroad."

"Send him to Maye Brothers and put it in my tab," said Tom. "You are terribly decent," said Blossom, "but I cannot serve to your party because all the other girls at the party will be from rich, distinguished families, and my father is but a humble woodcutter."

"I will buy you Yeomile," said Tom.

"You have a great heart," said Blossom. "Helped the phone while I talk our wise and kindly old Dean of Women whether it is proper for me to accept your gift."

She went forthwith and asked the Dean of Women, and the Dean of Women had this wise and kindly hand on Blossom's back, and she, let her share her complexion, kept these gifts from Tom."

"Oh, bless you, Wise and Kindly," breathed Blossom, keeping the most of her reticule. "I must run and tell Tom: "You, wise child," said the Dean, a smile wrinkling her wise and kindly old eyes. "And ask him if he has got an older brother."