

Suzanne-Perfect-Crowell

Mannekertzet Crowell

Sunnyside Household Notes Aneclotes

Published by Gemeinschaft Farms Monkton, Vt.

First Edition

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TO PEARL

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Gratitude and thanks go to the following people who loaned old photographs, books, and related delightful family anecdotes:

Mable Adams, Barbara Brown, Harold and Myriel Brown, Sylvia Brown, Pearl Marston, Elinor Mawson, Robert and Lois Perfect, and George and Elinor Vigneau.

Acknowledgements are also made to Gary Crowell who edited the anecdotes, and to Mark and BG Mawson, the anecdote critics.

All household notes appearing in this edition are taken directly from the files, notes and clippings of Sarah Norris Brown (1841-1917).

INTRODUCTION

When my husband and I were married we were given tinware which had belonged to my great grandmother, Sarah Norris Brown. We set to work trying out the fluted pans, melon molds, and various kitchen implements so foreign to our generation. We found a whole new world opening to us and became further fascinated when we acquired this same lady's diaries on loan. As the result, Sunnyside Files was written.

Further poking produced Sarah's files and notes; penny-savers, hints, remedies, and shortcuts which made home planning and housekeeping easier for the long suffering Victorian housewife. These notes de-

picted everyday living in an era long gone.

Generations of anecdotes, told and retold, have filtered down to us. They were related to me by my grandfather, the venerable A.W., and his daughter Lois, my mother. Her talent for story telling is legion and we begged repeatedly to hear our favorites.

One recent Christmas we gave her the long awaited Noah's Ark, mentioned in the memorable Santa Claus story. I felt as though I was living that Christmas

morning of 1918 when I saw her face light up.

This book covers three generations of Browns who occupied Sunnyside. Sarah and Warren had two surviving children, Arthur and Mildred. Arthur took Fannie, his bride, to live in Sunnyside for a short while before the stone cottage across the road was completed. The little Brown grandchildren spent their early days in the cottage. Mildred married and, with Roscoe, stayed at Sunnyside to nurse Sarah, then very old and weakened by several strokes. She is remembered by her grandchildren as a stately woman sitting regally in a chair by a sunny window. The Swain grandchildren lived their early years at Sunnyside before moving a short way down the road. After Warren's death Arthur moved his family into Sunnyside and ran the farm.

Childhood memories of that beautiful place are

numerous and colorful. Anecdotes capture only part of the experience. A great deal has to be left to the imagination of the reader. Certainly mine was sparked years ago and I still feel a sense of awe and gentle ache when I drive past Sunnyside.

S.P.C. October 3, 1976

PROLOGUE

A TOWN CELEBRATES ITSELF

The residents of Hampton Falls, New Hampshire made the most of the Bicentennial year. Among other events, the bicentennial committee planned a series of monthly receptions honoring significant events in the nation's history, the emphasis on local contributions.

One of these receptions was held in honor of Suzanne Perfect Crowell, author of The Sunnyside Files of Sarah Norris Brown.

The guestbook began filling with old and honored names, Brown, Weare, Batchelder, Tobey, Tilton, Towle, and Sanborn. A good deal of history and accomplishment are attached to these names: some were ministers, governors, congressmen, merchants, writers, and soldiers, all great, if not famous Americans. All were sons and daughters of Hampton Falls. Their sons and daughters had gathered to honor one of their own, the author of Sunnyside Files.

The reception was, itself, a piece of history; each member of the Brown family made cakes, cookies, breads, and other delightful concoctions directly from the receipts included in the book. Most of the five hundred people in attendance discovered how pleasing and unique these old time tastes are, cider cake, rosewater cake, vinegar cookies, Jacks and Jumbles, and more. Authentic Victorian bouquets adorned the antique oak and maple furniture of the town library. The names on the marble wall plaques so closely matched the names in the guestbook that this was more of a reunion than a reception. Old and dormant friendships were renewed, new ones made.

Pearl Marston, one of Sarah Brown's grand-daughters, dug into her attic for old tinware, toys, and other items which had belonged to Sarah. Cousin Pearl climaxed this interesting display by appearing at the reception in a dress Sarah had made herself to wear to her son's wedding in 1906. The delicate

hand stitching and elegant contrast of fabrics would compare favorably to anything from the finest contemporary Paris boutique.

Dorothy Swain, another granddaughter, wore her mother's gold watch and bob which had originally been intended for the ill-fated Gertrude as an eighteenth birthday present. Knowing she was to die, Gertrude told her mother to give it to her sister, Millie, Miss Swain's mother.

Austin Weare reminisced on his life-long friendship with A.W. Brown (1873-1960), Sarah's younger son who was very proud of the fact that he was the first person in town to own an automobile, a 1904 Stanley Steamer. A.W. ran a plumbing shop in Hampton for over fifty years, a business which is still in the Brown family.

Stories went further into the past, and the further they went, the more interesting they got. Each generation has no doubt added its own embellishments based on the innocent if inaccurate axiom that you should never let the truth interfere with a good story.

Someone cracked a joke about the bicentennial; "Two hundred years! Hell, back then this town was already that old!"

In a sense Hampton Falls was celebrating not two, but four hundred years of history. In 1576 while Shakespeare was busy writing plays. Stephen Bachiler (1551-1660?) began to preach the sermons which were eventually to drive him from England and ultimately to the shores of the Hampton River. In the same year another town founder, John Brown was born. The year 1676 saw his son, Benjamin Brown (1647-1736) building the roads he knew were necessary if the town were to survive and prosper. In 1776, aging Nathan Brown took up arms against the British who killed his son Caleb at Bunker Hill the year before. 1876 found Warren and Sarah Brown striving to provide their descendants with a legacy of moral and material strength. 1976 found us pondering our legacy and planning for the awesome future which, as always, looms so darkly on the horizon.

The Sunnyside reception was a joyous occasion for all who attended. Whether it was the book, the

refreshments, the stories, the people themselves, or the combination, this homage to the past seemed to lighten and place into perspective the problems of the present and the future. The tranquil smiles on the faces of people as they left gave witness to the confidence that comes from knowing who you are and where you came from.

John Adams wrote that he was a patriot so that his sons could become diplomats, so his grandsons could be merchants, so their sons and grandsons could be farmers, writers, artists, plumbers, or whatever they wanted. That, perhaps, is the greatest of all American legacies, and nowhere can you find it better fulfilled as in the small towns throughout this nation such as Hampton Falls where the legacy thrives because it is practiced.

As we look to an uncertain future, some additional words from our second president are appropriate:

"It is the tree with roots that endures the storm."

G.C.

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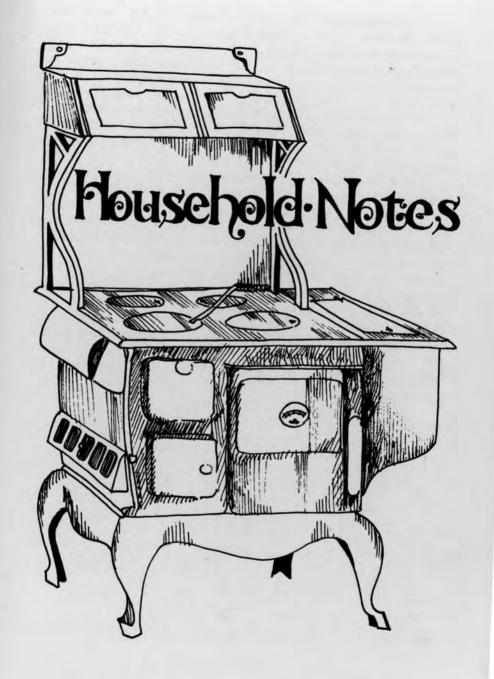
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Grandma paid special attention to her home and, with careful planning and organization, created the very best for her family. She took great pride in her furnishings and would often change her furniture around to suit her moods. She would move pictures from room to room, depending on the seasons.

Grandma kept detailed accounts of everything she owned; yearly she would check each article or piece of furniture for signs of wear. The items

would then be mended or replaced.

For the last fifty years women have been attempting to escape the drudgery and servility of homemaking by persuing professional careers. Grandma, who didn't have these opportunities, was nevertheless very much a professional in her own right: she couldn't leave the home for a career so she turned the home into a career.

Of the following notes, some are practical, others are amusing. All have had their place in history. Many of the step savers, remedies, and concoctions are as useful today as they were during the Victorian era.

The Household Notes are in Grandma's own words.

The Pantry

COOKING REQUISITES

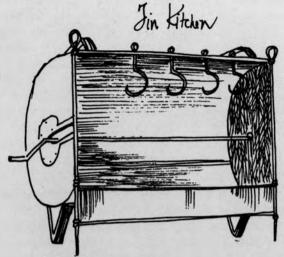
Here is a list of things I consider quite com-

plete for cooking utensils:

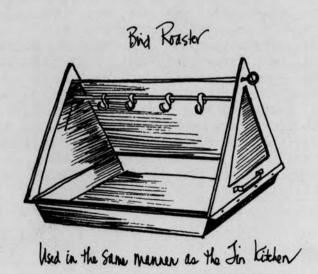
Bread board, rolling pin, flour sieve, potato masher, Bread pan for mixing, 2 or 3 milk pans, 2 or 3 sauce pans, 2 tin measuring cups, jelly mold, 2 funnels, large and small; 1 quart measure, 2 bread pans for baking, 2 cake pans, 1 deep and 1 for sheets of cake or gingerbread; 2 round jelly cake tins, agate pie plates, coffee and teapots, colander, large grater, nutmeg grater, fine sieve for straining gravies, egg beater, cake turner, cake cutter, apple corer, gem pans, flour dredge, covers of several sizes, large preserving kettle, large and small frying pans, 2 dripping pans, 1 covered roasting pan, griddle, toasting rack, meat fork and iron spoons, can opener, 2 or 3 stone crocks, cake box, several mixing bowls and earthen baking dishes, quart and pint bowls, lemon squeezer and a meat chopper, then boxes or buckets for sugar and salt and spice boxes. Of course there are many other things one can find they want after they have kept house a while, but think this list covers the necessities.

MEATS

Salt on fingers when cleaning fowls, meats or fish, will prevent slipping.



A fin kitchen was often used, as meat corked before a bright line was thought to have a much nicer flavor than when baked in an oven



Fresh meat should be carefully examined every day in summer, wiped dry, and such parts as seem liable to taint, particularly kernels, removed. In hot weather meat may be kept for several days longer than it otherwise would by wrapping around it a linen cloth moistened with vinegar, or equal parts of vinegar and water.

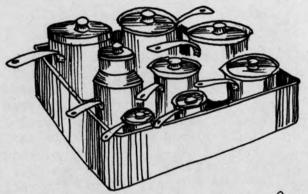
Sausage can be kept fresh through the winter and spring in crocks or small jars, with an inch or so of melted lard run over the top and kept where it will not freeze. I have kept it this way from fall till spring and it was as good when opened as when put up. Another good way is to make small sacks of cheesecloth and stuff with sausage. Leave enough room at the top to tie up. They can then be kept and smoked or used without. To use it, untie the sack, rip it down as far as required, and with a sharp knife, slice off in cakes. Then tie up the rest.

Preserve bacon by cutting away the part affected, and cover the rest with dry sifted wood ashes, keeping it in a dry place.

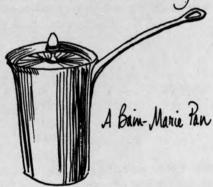
That it is a good plan to add a cup of good cider vinegar to the water in which you boil fish, especially if the fish inhabit salt water.

Lower the temperature of the oven some after a roast has been in for fifteen or twenty minutes. The juices will be retained.

Bain - Marie



A Bain-Marie was a great convenience for keeping the various dishes hot when perving large dinners. A large tin pan, it was partially filled with boiling water. The Saucepanse Containing the food were placed in the water write the time for Serving.



Skewer a strip of bacon over each frying oyster and fry by pouring hot fat over each until done. The oysters should be breaded. This is the old receipt for "pigs in clover".

After boiling chicken or any meat for a salad it should stand for a time in the water in which it was cooked.

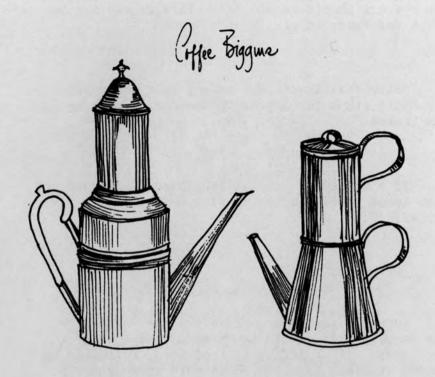
If a turkey or chicken is rubbed inside and out with lemon it will make the meat white, juicy, and tender.

CEREAL AND RICE

Keep cereals in a cool, dry place, otherwise the weevils will get in the same as they do in dry beans. If a package is kept long, it should be heated at times in the oven to make it more crisp. Watch oats particularly for minute insects at the top of the box, for they may be there when purchased. Stock kept over from summer is most likely to be in this condition. Also watch the paper covering around pancake flour, for unless fresh it will show these tiny insects.

Rice soaked in tepid water and oat meal placed in cold water over night requires less cooking and proves more palatable. There is much nourishment in rice prepared this way.

Blue milk on cereal destroys the cereal flavor, leaving it flat and tasteless. Cereal left from



The most economical and easiest way of making coffee was by filtering and the Biggins were used for this purpose.

A few spronfuls of this coffee, without sugar or mide, taken after diamen, was said to help digestion.

breakfast can be mixed with egg and fried for the next meal.

The addition of lemon juice to the water in which rice is boiled will increase the whiteness and the grains will readily separate thus treated.

RENDERING LARD

As so many people have trouble keeping their lard good, I shall give our way, which has been used in our family for many years, always giving the best of satisfaction. Some was sold recently to a neighbor who said, "Why, your lard is as good as if it had only been made a couple of weeks and yet it's nearly a year old." Cut up your fat meat in small pieces and put in iron kettle over a brisk fire. Stir it constantly so it will cook all together evenly. Then as soon as lard can be dipped off, do so with long-handled dipper. Be very careful not to let it get fried brown, or the lard will be dark. Fry only a nice yellow and press, and your lard will be almost snow white, and very sweet. It won't have that strong taste which the old way usually does. When your lard is pretty well cooled in the crock or pan stir it well. This will keep it from cracking in the middle, which greatly interferes with its keeping. Don't be afraid to try this method, as you will never regret it.

DAIRY

The following is a churning help. To hasten the gathering of butter at times, especially during dog days, the particles being so small and will not adhere to each other. When the granules form and

Garnishing Knife



The Garnishing Knife fluted vegetable, adding much to their appearance when they were used as a garnish.



In the preparation of Jessorts the whip Churn was a sential. It was a tin cylinder, perforated on the bottom and sides, in which a Jashen of tin, also perforated, Could be easily moved up and Jown. When this Churn was placed in a boul of Cream and the Jashen was worked, air was forced through the Cream, Causing it to froth.

it has been churned a reasonable length of time, put one or two large tablespoons of soda on top of the lid of the dash churn and pour cold water on it until it is washed down into the churn. Proceed with the churning. The dash will soon begin to get heavy and will stand alone on top of the butter if lifted above it. On dog days add as much as one quarter of a 5-cent package of soda; it sweetens the milk and butter. Wash the butter free from milk with cold water.

. . .

The reason so many women find it trouble to make butter balls is that the butter is not of the right tendency and the paddles are not cold enough. Butter should be soft enough to mold easily, but far removed from the melting stage. The paddles should be dipped into iced water so they do not stick. Keep the butter balls on the ice until serving.

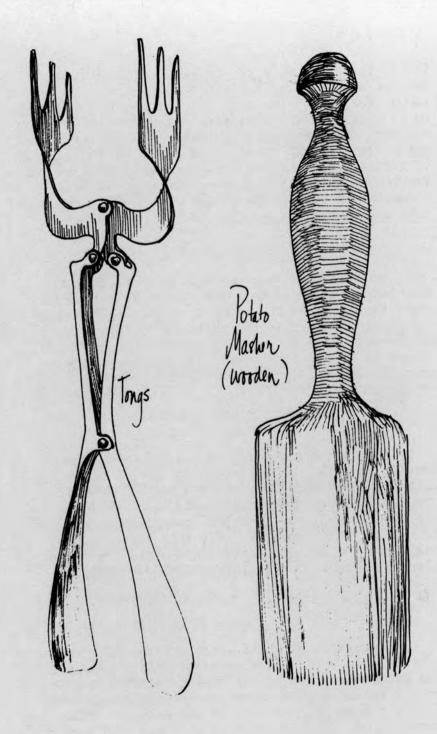
. . .

Cleanliness and cold are essentials in the keeping of milk. If placed in an ice box where nothing but milk is kept, have a box of lime in the box. Always wash utensils in soda water to remove acidity. Milk changed from one temperature to another sours quickly. For this reason do not take cream or milk from the table after a meal and place it with cold milk in the ice box. Keep it apart.

. . .

To preserve milk and cream put the milk into bottles, place them in a saucepan with cold water and gradually raise to the boiling point. Remove from fire and cork the bottles instantly. Let boil for half a minute and cool in the water in which they were boiled. Milk treated in this way will remain in perfect condition for six months.

. . .



One housekeeper discovered that by moistening a cracked egg with salt along the line of the injury that it will cook as well as a perfect one.

Eggs when boiling frequently burst. This is caused by their being too full of air, and may be prevented by pricking one end with a needle before putting them into the water.

Breaking up a soda cracker into scrambled eggs as they are cooking will make them more fluffy.

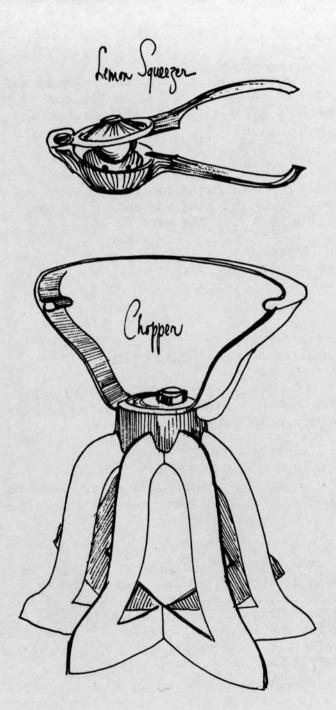
VEGETABLES

If a sprig of parsley dipped in vinegar is eaten after an onion no unpleasant odor from the breath can be detected.

In cooking string beans, peas, and spinach a grating of nutmeg much improves their flavor.

A new way to cook peas is to take the outside leaves of lettuce and lay them in the bottom of a saucepan; then put the peas on top of the lettuce leaves. Gradually bring to a boil. The juice from the lettuce leaves is sufficient to cook them without the aid of water and gives them a delicious flavor. Cook them over a slow fire.

A lump of bread about the size of a billiard ball, tied up in a linen bag and placed in the pot in which greens are boiling will absorb the gases



which often times send such an unpleasant odor to the regions above. Or put 1 or 2 red peppers or a few pieces of charcoal into the pot where ham, cabbage is boiling and the house will not be filled with offensive odor.

Do not add spinach to soup until about five minutes before removing the soup from the fire. Tie it with a long string, then it can be taken out of the soup and will not boil through it.

When peeling onions some people suffer very much from their eyes. It is said that if a steel knitting needle be held between the teeth during the operation this discomfort will cease or be very much reduced.

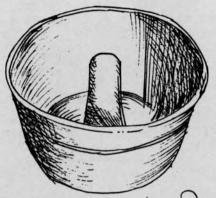
Soak cabbage and cauliflower in cold water, with a tablespoonful of vinegar. Salt only kills any insects; vinegar also draws them out.

FRUITS

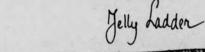
While cranberries are nice to serve with chicken, yet something equally tempting is made with currant gelatine poured over preserved currants. It can be cut out into squares and placed with chicken upon an individual dish.

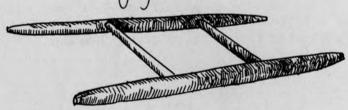
If a pinch of soda is added to cranberries while stewing, the flavor will be much improved.

Indian Pudding Dish



Making a large amount of Indian Ludding newspitated a long slow baking period, and the middle was the last to bake. With this dish the pudding baked more quickly.





Placed over a large bowl or pan the Jelly Ladder held a sieve or thin cloth through which the fruit was Strained.

Sawdust is splendid for packing fruit. Mahogany sawdust should be used; the fruit will keep for a long time if packed in this. Deal sawdust, however, will not do for the same purpose.

A fruit salad should be made the day before it is used. Add no bananas, however, and no per-ishable berries.

Heat a lemon thoroughly before squeezing and you will obtain nearly double the quantity of juice.

Citron which stands awhile is difficult to cut as it gets extremely hard. If placed in a colander and held over steam for a short while it will regain its original freshness.

The kernels of cherry stones, also plum stones, steeped in brandy, make an nice flavoring essence for cakes, tarts, etc.

USES OF SUGAR

It may be useful to know that French cooks add a teaspoon of sugar to each quart of water in which peas, marrows, and other green vegetables are cooked. This brings out the flavor of the vegetables.

When anything is by accident made too salty it can be remedied by adding a tablespoonful each of vinegar and brown sugar.

Cake Box





Japanned ware was considered best for the and Criske and four Spice and Cake boxes. Cake boxes were made round and Square; the Square boxes had shelves.



The Spice Box was a large box filled with Smaller once for each kind of ground spice. It was very convenient and preserved the strength of the Contents.

Sprinkle granulated sugar on top of jellies to prevent mould.

. . .

By adding a little sugar to the water in which all meats are basted it will give a good flavor.

. . .

A small lump of sugar added to clear soup when boiling up before serving adds brilliancy to its appearance.

PRESERVES

A perfectly harmless juice for coloring jellies may be made as follows: Boil a large handful of spinach without any water, squeeze with the hands, pass the juice through muslin, and keep only what goes through the muslin. A very small quantity colors a pretty green.

. . .

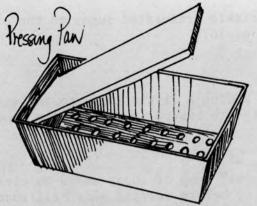
Lemon juice added to fruit juices that do not jell readily, such as cherry, strawberry, etc., will cause them to jell.

. . .

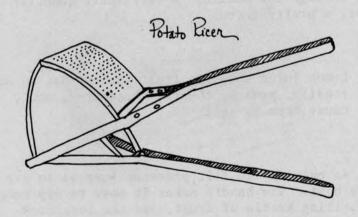
An easy way to fill preserve jars is to use a gravy boat. The handle makes it easy to dip into the boiling kettle of fruit, and the long neck fits into either quart or pint jars and prevents any spilling of the juice.

. . .

To make lemon extract cut off the thin yellow skin of two fresh lemons. Put into a jelly tumbler.



Holes bound in the bottom of a bread pan and a piece of wood made a pressing pan used to make pressed ham, beef, and "chicken Cheese" (pressed Chicken) which, when Chieled, was removed and thinly sliced. delicious fare with afternoon tea.



Fill nearly full of first class alcohol, and cover. Let stand several days before pouring into empty extract bottles for use.

In pickling alum helps to make the pickles crisp, while horseradish and nasturtium seeds prevent the vinegar from becoming muddy.

BAKING

Boston baked beans are greatly improved by adding a teacup of rich cream the last hour they bake.

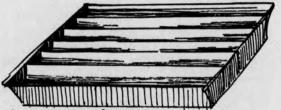
Rolls which have become dry may be freshened by dipping them quickly into water and placing them in the oven for two or three minutes until the water has dried. They will taste almost like new rolls.

Brush the tops of the loaves of bread with butter before putting them in the oven. This will keep the crust moist.

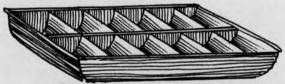
Raised rolls should be lightly wiped with butter before putting in the oven so they will separate smoothly and not leave jagged edges.

Adding a tablespoonful of vinegar to the lard in which doughnuts or crullers are fried will prevent them from absorbing too much of the fat.

Long French Roll Fan



This tan, made from Bussian iron, was nice for baking long lower or nolls where a great deal of course was liked.



Short French Roll Paw

These are paus of the Russian from our granite brane. It was a good thing to have pans of different Shapes, as a braniety for the eye was important



Muffin rings, filled with dough, were placed on a griddle.

When a cake rises more in the center than at the sides it is because it has been put into too hot an oven, or because too much flour has been used in the mixture.

Dusting a cake with sifted flour will prevent the frosting from running.

When the filling of a layer cake is of cocoanut, nuts or raisins, if some of the frosting is spread on either side of each layer then the layers will not separate when cut.

The secret of making a good meringue for pies lies in beating the egg whites not to a creamy froth but to a still dry froth—so dry that flecks of froth fly from the beater. When the whites are thus beaten the addition of sugar does not break them down. An ounce of sugar to every egg white is the correct proportion. Its equivalent is about a rounded tablespoonful of granulated or a heaping one of powdered sugar.

To insure its browning evenly and quickly, dredge powdered sugar over the top.

2

The - Kitchen

STAINS

A little salt rubbed on the cups will take off tea stains.

Salt put into whitewash will make it stick better.

Table linen which has been stained with egg should have the stain removed before sending to the laundry, as placing it in boiling water "sets" the stain and makes it almost permanent. The best thing to do is soak the cloth in cold water which makes it easy to remove.

Use salt and water to clean willow furniture, apply with brush and rub dry.

Coffee stains, mud splashes, etc., will mostly give way to the use of soap and water. Curd soap should be applied for this purpose. Obstinate stains which will not yield to these treatments must be submitted to the bleaching powers of the fumes of burning sulphur. This is conveniently applied by igniting some brimstone under a cone or

funnel made of cardboard. The stains must be wetted, then held over the top of the little chimney until they disappear.

Prints rinsed with salt in the water will hold their color and look brighter.

To remove peach stains soak in milk for 48 hours or rub with lemon juice and salt.

Grease on a kitchen floor can be softened by pouring kerosene over it and letting it remain 15 or 20 minutes. Later scrub with hot soda water or borax and water.

If you cannot use a scrub brush to get into all parts of the ice box when cleaning it, try using a small stiff paint brush for the purpose. It reaches the corners.

To prevent the sediment from gathering on the inside of a copper or nickel teakettle, keep two or three marbles in the teakettle all the time. A clam shell will answer the same purpose.

To remove fruit stains from hands, wash in clear water, dry slightly, and while yet moist hold over the fumes of a sulphur match.

RUST

If new tinware is rubbed over with fresh lard and thoroughly heated in an oven before being used it will never rust afterward, no matter how much it is put in water

To clean stained tinware use borax; this brings out the best results. A discolored teapot or coffee pot may be made to look like new by boiling in a strong solution of borax for a short time.

Rusty flatirons may be made beautifully smooth and as good as new by scouring with dried salt and beeswax.

Lemon juice and salt will remove iron rust.

CRACKS

If the stove lining is cracked, a good cement is made as follows: Wood ashes and salt in equal proportions reduced to a paste with cold water. Fill in the cracks when the stove is cool. It will soon harden.

Litharge mixed with glycerin to the consistency of putty will close cracks in iron kettles and stone jars, tighten joints in iron or wood, and fasten lamp tops to standards. It hardens in a few hours and will resist heat, cold, and ordinary acids. It is perfectly harmless and has been used to fill large cavities in the teeth.

CUTLERY

A strip of emery cloth tacked to a small square board will be found useful for quickly sharpening the carving knife.

A loosened knife handle can be satisfactorily mended by filling the cavity in the handle two-thirds full of powdered rosin and brick dust; heat the shank of the knife and while very hot press it into the handle, holding it in place until firmly set.

If you will bend the point of your paring knife you will find it much easier to remove eyes from potatoes, pineapples, etc.

Hold the knife in a slanting manner and follow the grain of the wood while cleaning dough off a breadboard. Also do the washing of it away from the iron sink, for the least contact will cause dullness.

DISHWASHING

Even a dish cloth may prove expensive; if dirty it may cause typhoid; if linty it may clog the plumbing.

Before washing dishes that have contained flour or egg put them into cold water, for hot water makes these things cling more closely. To clean a bean pot, fill it with hot water, add a tablespoon of soda and set in the oven for an hour or two. It can then be easily washed.

Much time may be saved if all soiled kettles, spiders and saucepans are filled with cold water until the time to wash them.

Don't worry over the pots and the pans that have been browned by use or over-cooking. Unless the granite ware or tin has been injured they can be cleaned thoroughly by boiling them in soda water and rubbing the spots afterward with a metal dishwasher. Tin baking pans are also much improved by boiling them occasionally in strong soda and water. If they are wiped dry at once they will have quite a burnish.

Do not scrape cooking utensils of any kind. Clean them out as much as possible, fill with water and washing soda, cover and allow them to steam. They will then clean easily.

If you are unfortunate enough to occasionally burn your food try this method of cleaning the utensil. Put some potash and soap into the kettle with some water and boil till the burnt food is soft enough to come off easily.

To remove black from hands after blacking stove or shoes, or to remove blackened soot from them after washing pots wash with buttermilk and soap.

SMOKE

In making fruit pies, when they boil over, sprinkle salt in the oven and it will not smell.

Rub salt on griddle and it will not smoke.

JARS AND CROCKS

Never set butter firkins or crocks on the cellar bottom, whether of earth or cement. Place on bricks or blocks of wood, so air can freely circulate underneath.

Tainted butter or lard, if put into a cloth and buried several days, will be very much improved if not rendered perfectly sweet by the process. Place in jars or crocks. Tainted fruit cans or earthern jars left a week or more buried in dry earth will be as sweet as new ones.

SILVER

The latest fashion of table setting allows nine pieces of silver at each place or cover. This is all that is needed for the several courses of a simple luncheon or dinner and if the feasting is more extended more silver is laid down as the extra course is served. At a dinner table set properly the silver at the right will be placed in the order that it will be used; first on the outside the slender oyster fork, then the soup spoon, and some of the lastest have round instead of oval bowls; then will come the fish knife and last and next to the plate the knife for the roast. On the left will be

respectively the fish, roast and salad forks, while at the side of the plate towards the center of the table another fork and spoon for the dessert will be laid.

It is supposed that everyone knows what piece of silver to use for each course, but if not, it will prevent awkward confusion to remember to use the outside piece first, and as that is removed the cover yet remains orderly and the coming dishes provided with their respective knives, forks, or spoons. It is a matter of choice whether to put the napkin on the plate with the dinner roll between the folds or to leave it on the cloth entirely flat and at the left of the fork.

Silver may be cleaned and brightened by letting stand half an hour in sour milk.

A pantry soap which is especially useful for cleaning silver is made as follows: Boil together 1 pint of water, ½ pound of good yellow soap and 5 pounds of prepared whitening. Let all boil together for half an hour. Stirtill the mixture becomes thick then put into jars for use. When washing silver use this mixture instead of common soap.

CHINA

Nothing gives better satisfaction than white and gold china. It is never common-looking and gives you an air of ancestors though the bill for the set may not yet have been rendered.

The expressed juice of garlic is a good cement for glass or china articles. It would be better

if mixed with a little of the ash of a burnt oyster shell.

TINWARE

To prevent cookies from burning bake them on the bottom of the tin sheets.

When cake tins have worn thin and you still wish to use them, scatter a half-inch layer of sand on the shelf of the oven before placing the cakes to bake. Protected in this way an old tin will bake even a sponge cake well.

PAINTING

It is often inconvenient, and sometimes wellnigh impossible, to vacate the kitchen long enough
for the paint on the floor to dry. Begin at one
side and paint the first and every fourth board.
Use the unpainted boards for the necessary work until those painted are dry. Then paint the remainder.
By doing washing, baking, etc., beforehand, necessary meals can be prepared by stepping upon the unpainted boards. This necessitates some dust, but
after a few days' wear it will not be noticeable.

PAPER FUNNELS

Stiff paper funnels are a great convenience in the kitchen. For emptying cereals or other dry articles into glass fruit jars, make a few. Pie birds are of course used in allowing steam to escape while fruit pies are baking. If you don't have one make a paper funnel which will accomplish the very same thing. Place in the hole made in the top crust. The pie will not run over.

MISCELLANEOUS

Keep all food from the table closely covered, when cold. A lady professor in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology says she once drew the point of a pin through the dust from the top of a door and applied it to some "germ good," with the result that three thousand living organisms developed. Food from the table may not be properly termed "germ food" but if covered we can avoid dust, which contains more or less of harmful microbes.

If brooms are dipped in boiling suds once a week they will last much longer and be easier on the carpet.

Few know that a cold boiled potato rubbed on a piece of paper for a few minutes will form a moisture of the consistency of glue and is a satisfactory substitute for mucilage in case of an emergency.

Glass stoppers can always be removed from bottles by twisting a string around the neck once and a half, then, while some one holds the bottle, saw the string back and forth until you have created sufficient friction to heat the neck. The heat will expand the glass and the stopper slip out. A glass rolling pin is certainly very nice to use in making dainty pastry, but a claret bottle answers the purpose very well.

Potash put down the drain pipes will prevent a plumber's bill.

It is a good plan to keep a small dish of powdered charcoal on one of the upper shelves of the ice box. It is an excellent absorbent of odors. It should be changed every few days.

By punching holes in the top of a baking powder or food can it is converted into a serviceable potato chopper.

Save old corks. These should always be saved as they are very useful for making a low fire burn up quickly.

Do not drink immediately before a meal. To do so is most injurious, not only because the appetite is entirely spoiled, but because the liquid dilutes the gastric juices, which are thus prevented from performing the work properly.

The Laundry

I always try to prepare as much of dinner as possible the day before, and always get at it as early as possible. In the first place, have on hand plenty of washing compound. To make it, take a onepound can of very good potash, 3 ounces of lump ammonia, and 1 ounce of salts of tartar. Dissolve in 6 quarts of boiling water, and put away in a closed vessel to prevent evaporation of ammonia. For laundry use, soak clothes over night in cold water and in morning wring out. Soap spots especially soiled and put into a boiler containing four pails of water with one-half a pound bar of soap shaved fine, and one coffeecupful of compound. Boil twenty minutes, suds and rinse. No rubbing is required. It will not injure clothes in the least. Thus you will have washing on the line by 9.30 o'clock, and ready to rest the rest of the morning. You will want to starch; get your last night's milk (it must be sweet of course) skim cream off, add a few drops of bluing and take clothes through the milk, all except the very finest things, and you can cold starch them. Your clothes will be as nice and stiff as if you had made starch for them. Leave them out all day and night, and bring them in next morning while the dew is on, just before sunrise. Roll up and they are ready for ironing.

Once or twice a month boil clothespins a few moments and they will become more durable. If clotheslines are treated in a similar manner they will keep in better condition and last longer.

SETTING COLOR

To set colors in washing fabrics add one tablespoon of salt to each quart of rinsing water.

To keep calico or gingham from fading soak in hot salt water before washing the first time.

To prevent colored clothes from fading, after washing and rinsing dip in five cents' worth of sugar of lead dissolved in four quarts of pure water.

Delicate shades of cotton fabrics--blues, pinks, lavenders, etc., can be laundered and still be as pretty as new if they are treated as follows:

Drop one teaspoonful of spirits of turpentine into one-half gallon of cold water. Wet the goods thoroughly in this, wring dry and hang in the shade. When thoroughly dry it can then be laundered. There is no odor left from the use of the turpentine. This method has been tested time and again, and always with perfect results.

Sometimes in washing colored cotton or linen clothes, the dark colors will "run" and streak the light stripe. By putting half teaspoonful of salt in rinsing water and also in starch water there will be no more streaks.

LAUNDERING

To clean wringer after wringing colored clothes or those that are very much soiled, dampen a cloth with kerosene and rub. It will clean very easily.

When bluing clothes tie the blue into a piece of flannel and you will avoid unsightly blotches of the color on your clothes.

After washing lace ties, etc., rinse them in milk instead of starching them. Let the lace dry, then damp and iron. You will find it looking quite new again.

Silk handkerchiefs and ribbons should be washed in salt and water and ironed wet to obtain the best results.

The best fluid to use in washing muslin dresses of delicate color is rice water.

Quick and effective work is done in cleaning all wool goods by using soapsuds with turpentine added.

To prevent black stockings from turning gray, shake thoroughly to remove all the dust and then turn inside out. Wash, rinse well, scald the feet, dry as soon as possible and iron on the wrong side.

A woman who has success in cleaning ostrich and other feathers puts a cupful of Indian meal, half a cupful of flour and three level tablespoons of borax into a paper bag, and with it one large or two or three small feathers. These she carries about until the salt disappears. Then she shakes them free from the mixture. Finely knitted wool articles and laces are sometimes cleaned in this way.

STAIN REMOVAL

To remove scorch marks, bake an onion then squeeze out the juice and mix it with an ounce of fuller's earth, a wineglass of vinegar, and a small amount of shredded soap. Heat together till the soap has melted, leave till cold and then apply to the scorched linen. Let it dry on and then wash in the usual way.

Yellow stains left by sewing-machine oil on white may be removed by rubbing the spot with a cloth wet with ammonia, before washing with soap.

Lemon juice and salt will take rust out of white clothes. Apply to stain and hang in sun.

In removing paint and grease; take two pieces of brown paper, put one under the garment, have the grease spot on the paper, the other piece over the garment. Put a warm iron on the top paper; it will extract most of the grease. If any is left take a white flannel and wet with benzine. Rub the spot gently. To remove paint, rub with benzine.

Grease stains on leather may be removed by carefully applying benzine or perfectly pure turpentine. Wash the spots over afterward with well beaten white of an egg or a good leather reviver.

Grease may be removed from silk by applying magnesia on the wrong side.

An emergency cleanser for tea, coffee, ice cream or other edible dropped on one's clothes at a public function is cologne. It can be used alike on white or colored fabrics, cotton or woollen goods, without injury. This is an agreeable substitute for the usual unpleasant remedies.

To keep silk dresses free from dust, take a half yard of cheesecloth, and go over the entire garment inside and out, every fold, seam and strap, wiping until the original color returns.

Acid stains will usually disappear under a bath of alcohol; likewise medicine stains.

A friend, who is her own maid-of-all-work, has found a way to make her tablecloth do service for a little longer time, even after numerous spots disfigure its snowy whiteness. She rubs a piece of chalk over the spots as they appear. This has a magical effect, and completely conceals them from view. If the spots are of grease the chalk has a tendency to absorb it, instead of simply concealing.

Ink spots on linen can be removed by dipping the article in pure melted tallow. Wash out the tallow, and the ink will come with it.

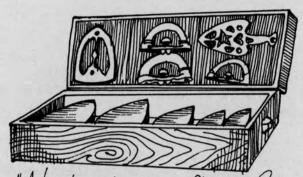
Another method of ink removal is to dip the soiled article immediately into buttermilk. Sweet milk will work as well. Repeat until signs of the spot have vanished.

If ink has hardened several of the commercial eradicators can be trusted to take out the spot without holes. The woman who fears to use acids will have to fall back on lemon and salt plentifully applied with hours of hot sun. One laundress dips her ink-stained garments in hot tallow then applies hot water and borax.

Acid stains may also be removed by wetting the spots and laying on them salts of wormwood. Let this stand for a few minutes, then rub the stain without using more water.

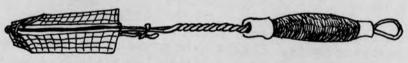
Cloth balls are very handy to have in the house for removing spots. Take a half pound of dry fuller's earth and moisten it with a little lemon juice. Then add half an ounce of finely pulverized pearl ash and work into a thick paste. Roll into small balls and set them in the sun to dry. In a few hours they will be ready to use. When required the stained cloth should be moistened with warm water and rubbed with the balls. Place in the sun to dry, and then brush off the powder, or wash if necessary.

Saa krons



"A handsome Wedding or Christman Gife" This Case of Sad Irons Contained a Set of Cold Handle Sad Irone, a Polishing Iron, and a Girl's Iron.

Soap Shaker_



Placing lestover bits of Soap in the shaker and shaking vigorously in laundry or dish water would produce numerous suds.

If by accident soot should be dropped on the carpet, cover it thickly with salt, and both may be swept up clean and dry without soiling the carpet.

When you wish to use ox gall for cleansing carpets use a tablespoon to a quart of warm water. Use a sponge, and clean the carpet upon the floor where it will be stretched tight. Sweep and dust clean before using the mixture.

IRONING

To wash irons, make a good soapsuds in a dish large enough for a flatiron. As each iron is taken from the stove dip it in the suds lightly. There is no danger of burning the hands, as the hot iron being placed in the water throws the steam to the sides instead of straight up, as when water is boiling. This cleans the irons and makes them much smoother than any wax and there is no danger of grease getting on the clothes.

Add a pinch of salt to starch. It will keep the irons from sticking.

Iron lace on the right side first, then on the wrong side, to bring out the pattern. Another way to do up lace is to wrap it tightly round a bottle when wet and leave it to dry.

Be sure to iron garments with the straight of the goods and thus prevent stretching of the bias seams.

REMODELING FROCKS

There never was a season when the styles lent themselves so readily to the adaptation of faded dresses--odds and ends of remmants--as the present. When pretty, delicately colored frocks lose their color in streaks or patches it is quite unnecessary to relegate them to the rag bag, for the good parts may be preserved, and combined with other materials into effective garments.

For example; when a dress is dull, in all probility it is also ready for a tubbing. Before discarding it try washing. Quite often colors are restored by a thorough cleansing in water.

At any rate, there will be no risk in trying the tubbing if the following advice is adhered to: Soak the dress in salt water before putting it through the usual wash, if the color is blue or pink.

For green or mauves use a weak solution of vinegar and water. A teaspoonful of ammonia or methylated spirits added to the last rinsing water will often restore a faded color.

If starch is required it should never be used hot. If the starch has been made very thin this task is not a difficult one, and is a much better plan to try the starched garment first and then dampen and roll before ironing. By the latter process the result is apt to be blotches, streaks, and unsightly spots.

If the faded streaked appearance is beyond restoration then the best plan will be to wash the garment in hot water causing it to fade alike.

When faded uniformly any trimming such as folds can be ripped off and new materials, in a darker shade, substituted.

Cuffs, yokes, of the new material, or hems on the sleeves will transform the faded frock into a smart looking and serviceable costume.

Frayed and faded hems can be neatly mended and then covered with a deep fold of some new, contrasting fabric, and as a waist usually fades on the shoulders first it is an easy matter to cut this portion away and substitute a guimpe. Goods matching the fold on the skirt should trim the top. If the upper parts of the sleeves have faded take the under portions of Jap sleeves and trim them to match the waist.

It must be borne in mind that plain weaves must be bought when the dress to be trimmed is either figured, dotted, checked or plaited, and that fancy material is used when the background is plain. Very fine dresses on the lingerie order, but colored, usually lose their brightness during repeated washings, and when they reach the faded stage may be boiled white and used afterward for dainty petticoats.

They seldom come out of the ordeal sufficiently clear looking to be worth afterward as a dress, still they make excellent petticoats for use under

dancing frocks.

If the desire is to bleach a colored dress the garment should be put into a boiler, after wetting it, of boiling water, to which has been added a strong soap, shredded, and a handful of washing soda, a cupful of Javelle water. When white the dress should be rinsed in several waters.

Gingham or chambray shirts that have faded in streaks, but otherwise retain their color, make

excellent petticoats for everyday wear.

The buttons of these skirts should be cut offthey will probably be worn--and a ruffle of new goods to match or in a contrasting color used to replace the part removed.

MISCELLANEOUS

Dry salt and a brush will take dust from velvet, plush and heavy embroidery that cannot be washed.

Furs that become greasy in wear can be rubbed with turpentine previous to cleaning them with warm bran.

Thread collars and cuffs on a piece of string or tape, and tie or pin the ends of tape to line. It prevents dirty pinmarks and doesn't pull the ends of collars out of place; and on a cold day saves the fingers so much in hanging up.

To improve an eiderdown quilt--when it has become hard and lost all its elasticity, hang it in the shade for a few hours, shaking it occasionally.

The quilt will then be as good as new.

Velvet which has been spotted with rain should never be rubbed dry. Shake the velvet lightly and then leave it; the water will probably evaporate and leave no mark, whereas if rubbed, the pile will not rise and leave spots.

To clean a leghorn hat, stir one teaspoon of powdered sulphur into the juice of a lemon. Brush this mixture well into the hat with a toothbrush, and when quite clean place it under a tap and let the water run over it to free it from the sulphur. Dry in the air, out of the sun. Brush over with white of an egg.

Instead of creasing and breaking the silk of a valuable parasol by folding it tightly, make a cover of black silkateen with a long black tape drawstring at the top. Slip the parasol in it and hang in the closet by the tapestring.

It is a good plan to always have on hand a few dainties carefully stowed away for an unexpected guest. It will save time and worry.

The Dressing Table

HAIR

Hair, when removed by illness or old age, has been restored by the following simple means; though they are not likely to prove efficacious in all cases. Rub the bald places frequently with an onion.

An egg shampoo is taken by adding a tablespoonful of soft water to each raw egg and beating the two. Two eggs are enough for a good cleaning. The mixture is rubbed thoroughly into the scalp and hair before applying water, and is washed off in several different warm waters, using no soap. It tends to make the hair light and fluffy.

To make the hair of a young girl grow, beat up half an ounce of glycerine with one egg white and eight ounces of cold water. Apply this very freely once daily. Comb the hair thoroughly and let the girl go hatless into the sunshine and wind.

A preparation of one ounce of flower of sulphur and one quart of soft water if applied thoroughly to the scalp night and morning will remove every trace of dandruff and render the hair rich and glossy. The best cleansing agent for greasy hair is a solution of one tablespoonful of tincture of quillaia in one quart of hot water.

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Peroxide of hydrogen causes fading hair to turn grey. Borax and ammonia lighten the color of brown hair.

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To make an elder flower pomatum take of elder flower oil, four ounces; fine mutton suet, two ounces, best lard, two ounces; melt the suet and lard together, with as little heat as possible. Add the elder oil, and beat up the mixture with a fork (to make it light) till nearly cold. If agreeable, any other perfume may be added before the pomatum is set.

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To make elder flower oil for the hair take of the best almond or olive oil, one pound; elder flowers (free from stalk), two ounces; place the flowers in the oil in a jar or wide-mouthed bottle; let them remain forty-eight hours; then strain. The oil must now stand in a quiet and cool place for at least a month, in order to clear itself. The bright part being poured off is fit for use. If considered too strong, plain oil may be added.

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One of the best methods of cleaning hair brushes is to put a full teaspoonful of household ammonia into a basin of warm water. Dip the bristles in and rub briskly with the hand, or, better still, with another brush. When thoroughly cleaned put in the sun to dry, bristle side up.

SKIN

It might prove to be rather a difficult matter to convince the average woman that her wilted, dry, and prematurely old-looking skin is due to a prolonged season of lack of perfect cleanliness.

There is no use looking reproachful; not one woman in ten really has a clean face. If you think your duty done by a dab with a wet cloth night and morning with possibly an extra dab between if you have a social engagement on, then is your face not clean and never has been.

It is not necessary to spend money you do not own on getting a clean face. Cream lotions and massage are desirable; they are not indispensable.

What is indispensable if your skin would be clean and smooth? A good complexion brush with stiff bristles, cost from .75, will last for years if kept sanitary.

With such a brush and pure soap and water one can get beneath the upper layer of skin into the underlying tissues and the dead wilted look will disappear with increased circulation.

Do not wash with hard water. If your water has lime in it, or if filtered with alum, see that it is softened with a pinch of borax, soda, or a drop or two of benzine.

Fill small cloths of cheesecloth with oatmeal or barley and use them at least once a day when washing your face.

Skim milk is a cheap and effective cleanser for the face. So also is a wash basin filled with lukewarm water in which a potato or slices of lemon have been soaked.

Much vinegar causes gastric catarrh, whereof comes indigestion, which in turn gives rise to redness of the nose. The girl who takes vinegar to make her skin white makes a mistake.

FOOT CARE

Feet that are sore from new spring shoes can be relieved by soaking for fifteen minutes every night in hot water in which an ounce of alum is dissolved in the proportion of two gallons of water. Dry thoroughly; rub them well with cold cream or sweet almond oil and dust with talcum powder. Place corn plasters over the spots where callouses threaten to appear. This is a great protection and will frequently entirely prevent them. A strip of surgeon's plaster prevents new shoes from blistering the heels.

Boots and shoes for summer wear should, as a rule, be worn half a size larger than those worn during the winter. The leather should be light, but not too thin. Brown shoes are cooler than black.

REMEDIES

For toothache take two or three drops of oil of juniper used every morning on the toothbrush after brushing the teeth.

An invaluable dentifrice can be made by dissolving two ounces of borax in three pints of hot water. Before quite cold, add one teaspoonful of tincture of myrrh and one tablespoonful of spirit of camphor; bottle the mixture for use. A small wineglass of the solution, added to half a pint of tepid water, is sufficient for each application. This solution, applied daily, preserves and beautifies the teeth, extirpates all tartarous adhesion, produces a pearl-like whiteness, arrests decay, and induces a healthy action in the gums.

Mustard poultices should be made with cold water, if you wish them to be hot; for the heat of the mustard is caused by an oil, and this oil is formed in the mustard by the action of cold water and is prevented from forming by hot water.

The most useful of all drugs for rickets is iron, not lime. Lime is useful, but iron compels the system to assimilate it.

Malt preparations are the best remedies for dyspepsia caused by foods containing starch.

Milk is constipating. When on a milk diet drink a saline draught once or twice weekly.

Acids taken before meals, and alkalis taken after meals, lessen acidity. Never take tea or coffee with any meal containing fresh meat.

Gargle a bad sore throat with a strong solution of lemon juice and water.

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The juice of half a lemon in a cup of black coffee without sugar will cure sick headache.

. . .

A strong unsweetened lemonade taken before breakfast will prevent and cure a bilious attack.

. . .

Lemon juice added to milk until it curds and these curds then bound upon parts swollen from rheumatism will bring relief.

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Lemon juice mixed very thick with sugar will relieve that tickling cough that is so annoying.

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A hot lemonade taken before going to bed will cure a cold on the lungs.

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A cloth saturated in lemon juice and bound about a cut or wound will stop its bleeding.

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Diluted lemon juice applied to the skin at night is helpful in removing tan and freckles.

. . .

Raw onions and salt pounded in a mortar makes a poultice excellent for neuralgia.

Wet cooking soda spread upon a thin cloth and bound over a corn will remove it.

An infusion of peach tree leaves is good for sick stomach and will stop vomiting.

A hop pillow will induce sleep.

A little dry sugar eaten slowly will cure hiccoughs.

Chewing dry scorched bread will relieve vomiting.

A sure cure for inflammatory rheumatism is made by taking one ounce pulverized saltpeter and putting it into a pint of sweet oil. Bathe the parts affected and a sound cure will speedily be made.

Caster oil may be comfortable taken in hot milk, in a half wineglass of weak punch, in hot water sweetened and highly flavored with essence of peppermint or wintergreen.

Horseradish leaves bound on the back of the neck will often relieve headache.

Syrup made of horseradish root boiled in water sweetened is good for hoarseness and also for rheumatism.

Peppermint water disguises the nauseous taste of Epsom salts.

A little salt under the tongue will stop nose bleeds.

SCENTED BAGS

AND OTHER DAINTIES

When changing your sheets and pillow cases, put a few dried lavender leaves in the cases. The leaves can be used over and over again, since the fragrance is lasting. This is what grandmother used to do.

Fill sachet bags with herbs to scent your linen.

Dried lavender flowers (powdered)--10 ounces powdered benzoin--3 ounces cypress powder--6 ounces oil of lavender--1½ drams

Cypress powder is made from reindeer moss, which is carefully picked over and then reduced to a powder.

A delightful sachet can be made of the dried lavender flowers alone, tied up in silkoline bags. Lavender flowers dried and mixed with a small quantity of orris root and powdered cloves will keep moths away.

Here's another scented bag: Florentine orrisroot--1½ pound calamus aromaticus--½ pound yellow sandal-wood--¼ pound gum-benjamin--5 ounces cloves--½ ounce

Beat the whole into a powder and fill your bags with it. The bags are best made of very thin silk which is called "Persian". They are made about four inches square.

HOW TO PACK

The French woman packs in one trunk what the American woman puts in three. First she begins with the dress skirt, which is always placed in the bottom of the trunk. At each end are strips of tape securely tacked along the edge and to this tape the skirt is pinned with long hat pins, both at the belt and hem, which prevents it from slipping to one end.

Drawers are neatly rolled from the band to the hem and the ruffles are folded back, making pads to insert in the fronts of soft lingerie dresses that are liable to be crushed. Stockings are rolled from tip to top and used instead of tissue paper in stuffing sleeves. Nightgowns, chemises, and starched articles are folded flat and square, as they come from the laundry. They take up little space.

Handkerchiefs, belts, pins and small articles are placed in labeled boxes. A fine hat placed in a box is held with stout hatpins driven through the crown of the hat into the box and plumes are protected with tissue paper. In some trunks there is a tray for shirtwaists and they are separated from each other with strips of canvas hooked with metal hooks into metal rings on each side.

RULES FOR THE GUESTS

The girl who goes to other people's houses as a guest, either for a fortnight or a weekend, should be careful about remembering certain things. She does not want her hostess to hope at her departure that she will never come again.

If you are a guest, observe these rules:

Be punctual at meals.

Don't make engagements until you consult your hostess.

Don't write to friends and ask them to call until you are sure that such visitors will be welcomed by your hostess.

Don't have your breakfast taken to your room unless the hostess urges it.

Don't fail to provide your own writing paper, stamps, and pen.

Carry your own soap and washcloth.

Don't follow your hostess in all her tasks. Let her have some time to herself.

Don't stay beyond the day set for your departure unless something unusual happens or your hostess urges it.

Take a half hour every morning for putting away your clothes and straightening your room. Don't leave everything for the housemaid.

Attend to your own laundry and be prompt about paying for it.

Upkeep

A rumor is wafted from England that seems almost too good to be true, but it has the authority of a well-known weekly paper there. It says that the solution of the servant problem has not arrived, oh no, but dawned. Gentlewomen are stepping into the breach left yawning when girls took to leaving domestic service for shops and factories. It will be so nice, says the herald who spreads these tidings, to have for "help" women who know--as all gentlewomen do--how to arrange flowers, handle china and drape curtains. This optimist doesn't say anything about carrying coal, building fires, paring potatoes and basting meat. Do the gentlewomen know how to do these things, and will they do them?

FURNITURE POLISH

For an all-round furniture polish, a woman who has used it for years advises the following: Two cups of strong clear coffee, one-half cup of pure olive oil; mix well while the coffee is warm and shake. Apply with a piece of cotton flannel and rub well, then polish with a soft cloth. It will keep everything like a looking glass; for finger marks and blue grey spots on furniture it has no equal. Use it from your piano to kitchen. In cold weather set a bottle in a pan of warm water and use it warm. Once used, always used, and your home won't smell like a paint shop, as with other polishes. Shake well before using.

Another superior polish is this: Make a mixture of three parts linseed oil and one part spirits of turpentine. This covers the disfigured surface and restores wood to its natural color, leaving a luster upon the surface. Rub dry with a woollen cloth.

This polish works as well as the above: Mix one part of alcohol, one of vinegar, and one of sweet oil, or rather more of the last. Shake the bottle well daily for three weeks; it is then fit for use. The longer it is kept the better it is. The furniture must be rubbed until the polish is dry.

INJURED FURNITURE

A piece of furniture that is badly soiled needs to be washed off first with a flannel cloth dipped in equal parts of vinegar and water; dry instantly and thoroughly and then polish with a clean rag dipped in linseed oil and wrung out. A little elbow grease is also very necessary.

To renovate scratched furniture dissolve beeswax in turpentine, making it of the consistency of molasses; apply with a woollen cloth, then rub briskly with a dry piece of flannel. The improvement is wonderful.

Marks on tables caused by hot dishes may be removed by paraffin rubbed in well with a soft cloth, finishing with a little methylated spirit, rubbed dry with another cloth.

To remove a dent from the surface of furniture wet the dent with warm water, soak in warm water a piece of heavy brown paper, double the paper four or five thicknesses. Lay it over the dent and set over it a hot flatiron. Leave the iron on the paper until the moisture in the paper has been absorbed. If by that time the dent has not been removed repeat until the surface is undented.

To remove ink stains from mahogany, rosewood or black walnut furniture, put half a dozen drops of spirits of nitre in a spoonful of water and touch the stain with a feather made wet with the mixture. As soon as the ink disappears rub the place with a cloth which has been dampened with cold water, or the nitre will leave a white spot that will not be easy to remove. If the ink spot still appears after washing off the nitre apply the treatment the second time.

Alcohol cleans piano keys.

For sponging out bureau drawers or sideboards use tepid water containing a small quantity of thymolin.

To clean a clock lay in the bottom a rag saturated with kerosene. The funes loosen the dirt and cause it to drop out. In a few days place another cloth saturated in kerosene in the clock. The funes lubricate the works.

A paste of salad oil and salt is said to remove the white marks on polished trays or tables occasioned by placing upon them heated dishes. The mixture should be spread lightly over the stain and allowed to remain for an hour. It may then be removed with a soft, dry cloth. The discoloration will vanish with it.

PREVENTIVE MAINTENANCE

Given a little ordinary care, mahogany furniture need not be "done over" in a lifetime. But it must be kept from drying, else it will crack or look dull. It must also be kept clean. Dirt discolors and injures, entirely preventing that even softness of color and surface so much desired, says the New York Herald.

All mahogany--once a year or twice, when it is in constant use--should be rubbed down with pumice stone and linseed oil. One housekeeper saves any olive oil that may have gone rancid for this purpose. The pumice stone is to be ground fine.

To use, the surface is moistened with oil, and then a wad of old cloth is dipped into oil then into pumice. The piece is gone over with this roughened swab, renewing the pumice, and adding oil as it is required to prevent scratching. Should the cloth become too dry the finish would be injured. To get into deep, carved places, a wooden stick can be wrapped with cloth and dipped into the cleansing combination.

This done, there should be a preparation of onethird turpentine, one-third vinegar and one-third linseed oil. This is to be well shaken, and then put on as a wash, using a cloth for the purpose. Every grain of pumice must be taken off with this and the surface dried.

It is then ready for the finishing polish, which should be a thin liquid.

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To prevent glassware from being easily broken put in a kettle of cold water, heat gradually until water has reached the boiling point. Set aside. When water is cold take out glass. This is a most desirable way to toughen lamp chimneys.

CARPETS

The following suggestion is for those women who must make new things out of old ones. Looking at that old carpet over which the two, four or six little pairs of feet have run all winter, and seeing the number of holes and thin places in it, they are perhaps at a loss to know how to get it cleaned and have enough left over to cover the floor.

If you want to turn your carpet other side up, the first thing to do is sew patches on the side now up, every hole and thin place and sew up all rents in seams. Then turn it over and neatly fell down all raw edges, cutting out to make neat patches. Do not hang on a line and beat, but put on the grass and clean by shaking and sweeping. When taking up carpets throw wet corn meal thickly over the floor and the dirtiest room can be swept without raising any dust whatever.

An old recommendation often given young housekeepers is to use tea leaves in sweeping carpets, but their use on delicate colors should be avoided, as they will surely stain light carpets.

To remove oil from your carpet make a paste of fuller's earth and soft cold water. Spread thinly on the stained areas. Let it dry thoroughly and brush off with a still brush. All traces of grease will disappear.

FLOORS

For filling cracks in the floors dissolve half a pound of alum, add four quarts water, put old newspapers in the solution, and let soak till they form a pulp. Press this in the cracks and when dry it becomes hard. Let come above the crack and plane off smooth when dry.

Oak or stained floors and wainscots should be scoured if very dirty, and sponged over after with water tinged with yellow ochre to restore the color; then rubbed with linseed oil and polished.

A good way to stain steps that are in use is to stain every alternate one the first day, requiring members of the family to go upstairs two steps at a time. The next day repeat the operation on the other steps.

MISCELLANEOUS

Sunshine should not be excluded from living rooms even in July.

Rub brass bird-cages with sweet oil after washing them.

Pictures upon the walls should be suggestive of sweet and beautiful things.

Apply the white of an egg with a camel's hair brush to fly specks on gilt frames and they will disappear.

To clean rattan furniture dissolve one teaspoon of potash in a quart of warm water and scrub with a whisk broom.

A novice can paint a wondow sash nearly as well as a professional painter by using to cover the glass a piece of tin with a handle, the size of the pane. To imitate frost glass, which shuts off prying eyes, but not the light, put some putty in cheesecloth and twist to form a pad, then pat the glass until well covered with a milky stain. When dry apply a coat of white varnish.

To remove old wall paper, set a boiler twothirds full of boiling water in the room and drop in several hissing hot bricks. Close the room at once and leave until the steam has thoroughly penetrated the paper. To scrape, use a knife, or better still, a hoe.

Bric-a-brac containing mother-of-pearl should never be cleaned with soap and water. Instead, it should be rubbed with a cloth dipped into whiting and water.

Common dry salt is the best for cleaning marble. It requires no preparation and may be rubbed directly on the tarnished surface leaving the marble shining and clean. A house decorator gives this important advice to women who are arranging their homes: They should not hang curtains of one color against a wall paper of another color. They should not join carpets of opposite colors. They should not put different papers on the walls of adjoining rooms which have wide archways or folding doors between.

A rusty grate should be well rubbed over with paraffin, left for a day or two, and then brushed over with black lead mixed to a rather soft paste. Afterward, polish in the usual way.

If windows are hard to move, melt a tablespoon of lard and pour a little between window frame and casing. Put a little on the roller and rope as well. It works like magic.

To clean and brighten an old dusty chest get half a pint of beer and heat until it is 98 degrees. With a stiff brush go over all the carved parts and get out as much dust as possible; then brush over with the hot beer. When thoroughly dry polish with beeswax and turpentine using a brush for the carved parts. The kind of brush that is usually sold as a shoe brush does very well.

All kinds of lacquer ware that have become dull or stained can be made to look like new again if rubbed with flour and polished with a soft duster.

Clean plaster of paris ornaments with wet starch, brushing off when dry.

Children

ASLEEP AND AWAKE

A word to mothers whose children are restless at night. Before you pin or tuck them in, be sure they are not covered too warmly.

You would hardly believe how little covering a

well, healthy child requires.

Ladies' World states that babies who take naps out of doors in baby carriages can be counted on to take particularly long naps if not covered too warmly. Sleeping out in the open pure air promotes healthy and rosy babies.

Much is preached about the discipline and care of children. Every child has a disposition of its own, and to treat each child successfully its own disposition must be understood. No one rule will

answer for all.

Frequently we find, in the same family, two children quite unlike in both temperment and disposition. A word to one may be enough to command instant obedience while the other will take severe punishment and yet be unconquered.

It is a question whether too much punishment is wise. When a child is old enough to understand he may be talked to like an older person, if the mother has patience to explain things in a reasonable way. Usually it is the punishment, then the talk--then if absolutely necessary, the punishment.

Children should have "grit", if a good heart goes with it; a temper, with ability to control it; fortitude to face the world and a strong will to do a good battle in it, as he grows older. A child with no courage to do, and will-power of his own,

has no attractions.

CLOTHING

Who would think that men's shirts too worn around the neck band for further use make the finest rompers for wee tots. Use the front of the shirt for the back and the back for the front and set in tucks for the yoke. The tops of the sleeves will make the legs.

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Mothers who have trouble in keeping baby's woollen stockings from shrinking will find the following plan helpful: Take a pair of baby's shoes he has just left off, stuff them well, and after washing the stockings in the usual way draw them over the shoes to dry. This will be found quite as effective as the wooden frames sold for the purpose.

Infants' robes and clothes generally should not be made very long, for the weight of them, though they be only made of calico and fine materials, bears down the waist and tiny body of the baby, who is not strong enough to bear any strain at all. A sensible and experienced nurse that I know persuades all mothers to make their babies' robes at the most three-quarters of a yard long. The infant's feet should, of course, be well covered, and that is positively all that is necessary.

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Children should wear dogskin gloves on the street, made exactly like father's.



Child's Wight Drawers

Canton or French Glannel, Cambric, or enderdown flamel are all used for these garments, which are more practical for the restless child during the cold winter nights. A simple pattern, It is extremely easy to make.

If your child likes to play in water a useful suggestion is to make paper cuffs and line the inside of the child's sleeves. This will keep the little arms from becoming wet and chapped.

A mother who realizes the importance of early teaching a child to sew lately bought a whole set of doll's patterns, and passed an entire day, with her daughter, cutting them out and basting them together. The child helped to finish them, often doing almost the entire work herself. A few garments were made from scrap pieces, but the most were the result of definite shopping, so that the child might learn also something of materials, and the amount necessary for her purposes.

The little garments are made carefully quite as good as are those for real live people. Dolly's winter wardrobe is almost done. In the spring her summer clothes will be made. Thus the child is taught a great deal in the guise of play, which she might otherwise find hard to learn, and there is no doubt that such things learned when one is young are much easier to master. Look at the desperately hard time women have who have had to teach themselves when they grew up.

TOILET TRAINING

A child should not be toilet trained until the age of two. On his second birthday I take the entire day and train him. From that day on he is completely trained. I have done this with all my children and it works.

GAMES TO ENTERTAIN YOUNG PEOPLE

A ROUND OF AMUSEMENTS FOR THANKSGIVING DAY 1889

After the Thanksgiving feast the young folks of the household will seek some other kind of entertainment, and games will doubtless be in order. To help make the day a merry one for them the Boston Herald presents below a varied collection of pastimes, from which selections can be made that will suit any youthful company, and afford much joyful recreation.

CROSS QUESTIONS

To play this game it is best to sit in a circle, and until the end of the game no one must speak above a whisper.

The first player whispers a question to his neighbor, such as: "Do you like roses?" This question now belongs to the second player, and he must remember it.

The second player answers: "Yes, they smell so sweetly," and this answer belongs to the first player. The second player now asks his neighbor a question, taking care to remember the answer, as it will belong to him. Perhaps he has asked his neighbor, "Are you fond of potatoes?" And the answer may have been, "Yes, when they are fried!"

So that the second player has now a question and an answer belonging to him, which he must remember.

The game goes on until everyone has been asked a question and given an answer, and each player must be sure and bear in mind that it is the question he is asked, and the answer his neighbor gives which belongs to him.

At the end of the game each player gives his question and answer aloud, in the following manner:

"I was asked: "Do you like roses?" and the answer was: "Yes, when they are fried!" The next

player says: "I was asked: "Are you fond of potatoes?" and the answer was: "Yes, they are very pretty, but they don't wear well."

WONDERFUL PENDULUM

If you fill a wine glass with water and place a thick piece of paper over it so that no air can get in, you will find that you can turn the glass upside down without spilling a drop of water, because the pressure of the air on the outside will keep the paper from falling off. It is on this principle that the present pendulum is to be made. Take a piece of cardboard larger than the mouth of the glass; pass a cord through a small hole in the centre of the card, and fasten it by means of a knot on the underside, then carefully cover the hole with wax, so that no air may get in.

Place your cardboard over the glass full of water, and by making a loop in the end of the cord, you can hang the glass from a hook in the ceiling without any fear of its falling off. In order to make sure that no air can get into the glass, it is wise to smear the rim with tallow before laying the cardboard on.

FORBIDDEN LETTER

The idea of this game is to try how many sentences can be spoken without containing a certain letter which has been agreed upon. Supposing, for instance, the letter "f" is not to be introduced. The first player might ask: "Is this a new game to you?" The second player could answer: "Oh no! I played it years ago when quite a youngster."

He would, perhaps, turn to the third player and ask: "You remember it, do you not?" The third player might answer: "Yes, but we used to play it differently." This player, having used a word with an "f" it it must pay a forfeit and remain out.

The answers must be given at once, without hesitation, and the player who avoids for the greatest length of time using a word containing the forbidden letter wins the game.

JUDGE AND JURY

The company should be seated in two lines facing each other, and one of the party should then be elected to act as judge. Each person has to remember who is sitting exactly opposite, because when the judge asks a question of any one, it is not the person directly asked who has to reply but the person opposite to the judge. For instance, if the judge, addressing one of the company, asks: "Do you like apples?" the person spoken to must remain silent, while the person sitting opposite him must reply, before the judge can count 10; the penalty on failing to do this is a forfeit. A rule with regard to the answers is that the reply must not be less than two words in length, and must not contain the words: "Yes," "no," "black," "white," or "grey." For the breaking of this rule a forfeit may also be claimed.

TO FIND AN OBJECT BLINDFOLDED

To play this trick, you must take one of your friends into your confidence. Borrow a watch and put it in your pocket, and then ask your audience to sit at the end of the room, blindfold your friend and lead him outside. Now say: "Ladies and Gentlemen, if you will give me some small object to hide, I promise you that the blind man will find it, although I shall not even tell him what he is to look for, and I shall lower the gas so that if the bandage should slip, he will still be unable to see." A key, pencil or any small thing having been handed to you, lower the gas and proceed to hide the object at the other end of the room, mentioning where you have put it, but not mentioning that you have placed the watch close beside it. You then request "Silence" and lead in the blind man and ask him to begin his search. He is guided, or course, by the ticking of the watch and knows that whatever he finds close to it is the object hidden. When he calls "Found" he must slip the watch into his pocket.

BLOWING THE FEATHER

A simple and successful game is the old-fashioned one called "Blowing the Feather." Having provided a sheet or tablecloth and a small feather such as sofa pillows are stuffed with, ask your guests (all but one) to be seated on the floor in a hollow The tablecloth or sheet is then spread so that the players can hold the edges of the sides and ends up just under their chins, thus stretching the cloth taut about a foot and a half above the floor. Upon the cloth the small feather is placed, and the player who is left out of the square is then told that he must do his best to catch it either in front of or upon some one of the seated players, who will then be obliged to take his place. At a signal the players on the floor begin to blow, and the feather flies hither and thither, never resting, while amid much laughter the player who is out flies hither and thither, too, until he catches it at last on some unwary indiviual or some one too weak from laughing to blow quickly and effectively.

MAGIC MUSIC

In this game some small object is hidden and the player whose business is to discover it searches about the room for it, his distance from it being indicated by the way in which a tune is played on the piano. When he is far from it the air moves slowly, but as he approaches it the tune quickens and becomes very loud if he lays his hand on the spot where the object is hidden.

THE NARRATIVE

All the players being seated around a table agree aloud upon the title of the story to be told. The leader of the game then begins the story by writing two or three lines as well as the first word of the following line. He then folds down his paper in such a way as to leave only the opening word of the unfinished line as a cue to the next player. The game continues in this manner till all the players have contributed to the story. The leader then reads aloud the entire disconnected narrative.

THE LAME LAMPLIGHTERS

Two persons kneel opposite each other, each on one knee only, holding the other leg off the ground. A lighted candle is given to one and an unlighted candle to the other. They then endeavor, each still on one knee, to perform the difficult feat of igniting the unlighted candle from the lighted one.

THE GOOSE'S HISTORY, OR CLAPPERTON

One of a number of players being chosen as leader, he proceeds to invent a story about a goose. When he mentions the words Doctor or Drake every person but the leader claps his hands once and twice if Doctor Drake is named, but is silent whenever the goose is mentioned. Any one clapping at the mention of the goose or omitting to clap at the proper time pays a forfeit, and all forfeits may be redeemed by repeating two lines of verse.

THE FLOUR MERCHANT

In this game the person chosen to be the Flour Merchant endeavors to dispose of his stock by asking all kinds of questions of the other players to induce them to purchase, and any person caught making use in his replies of the forbidden words, flour, I, yes, and no is considered out of the game.

BLIND-MAN'S-BUFF

Any number of players may join in this parlor game. The person chosen to be the blind man suffers himself to be blindfolded, and the other players then endeavor to avoid him. Any person touched by the blind man is then obliged to take the latter's place.

The Greenhouse

The Director of Ohio State Experiment Station, having conducted experiments upon the subject of insecticides, suggests that remedial measures can be grouped as follows:

- 1. Applying poison to the plant upon which the insects feed.
- 2. Applying substances directly to the body of the insect.
- 3. To hand-pick, trap and kill by miscellaneous means.

The following remedies are suggested: For the Currant and Gooseberry Worm.--

Cover the ground about the bushes with coal ashes to the depth of ten or twelve inches, extending two feet around.

For Codlin Moth or Apple Worm. -- Spread fresh gas lime two or three inches in depth under the trees when the trees are in blossom, and another application about six weeks later.

For Plum Curculio. -- Dip corn cobs or wooden rags in coal tar and hang about on the tree as soon as the blossoms have fallen, repeating the operation every two weeks.

For Vermin in Henneries and Stables.--

Thoroughly sprinkle with kerosene.

For Striped Cucumber or Squash Beetles. --Keep rags moistened with kerosene near the hills.

For the Green Fly on House Plants.--Make a solution of whale oil soap--one quarter of a pound of soap to six quarts of water. Sprinkle.

For the Saw-toothed Grain Beetle.—At times very destructive to wheat and corn. Both adult and larva feed upon the grain, hollowing it out, leaving only the hull. Fanning wheat will remove many beetles. In mills they should be caught in the waste spout when wheat is being ground and burned. The use of bisulphide of carbon in the stored grain is the best remedy.

For the Bean Weevil. -- This per can be kept out of beans and peas by using bisulphide of carbon regularly when the seeds are stored. Use in tight box or barrel as per amount given below.

Remedies.--Use 1 pound bisulphide of carbon in every 100 bushels of grain. It can be thrown directly upon grain and will not injure it. Best results obtained when distributed over surface of grain in pans or soup plates. Close bin or building over night. Have no fire of any kind around, as the fumes of bisulphide of carbon are explosive.

Every bin or granary should be cleaned very thoroughly before new grain is put in. A coat of whitewash and strong lye solution will destroy the hidden grain eaters.

In caring for rubber plants, tip out the plant to see just what the roots are doing and how dry they are. If they fill the ball of earth, the plant should be transplanted and kept moderately wet. If the plant loses its leaves it should not be pruned until the new shoots show, as it is not as free to throw out new branches as many plants.

Ferns will do better to grow as long as they will without repotting and to be kept in partial shade without much enriching of the soil.

Mignonette seed should be planted in the open ground where it is to remain in a dry, sunny, sandy place; it doesn't require much water or moving.

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Lilies of the Valley require sun to bloom well. At the same time they like rich soil, and as they bloom so early in the season all the sun they can get is not too much.

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To revive withered flowers, plunge the stalks into boiling water, and allow them to remain until the water is cold. By that time the flowers will have revived. Cut off the ends of the stalks and arrange the flowers in cold water. They will keep fresh for several days.

. . .

A young oak tree growing in a glass or vase of water is not only ornamental but interesting.

Place one or more acorns suspended by a thread within ½ inch of the surface of the water. Let them remain undisturbed for 7 or 8 weeks, save for the filling up of the glass to replace evaporation, and an occasional complete change of water, by a siphon; a little charcoal at the bottom is needed to keep the water pure, and hyacinth glasses are considered the best for the purpose. The acorns will throw roots down into the water and upward will shoot a slender stem with glossy leaves.

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To dry flowers place them in a large shallow pan or box and sift over them gently the finest, driest sand, giving them a bed of this sand at first, of course. By sifting it over very gradually and carefully the sand atoms will slowly form about the flower, which, because of the gradual drifting about and piling up of the atoms, keeps its shape even to the most delicate curing. After the flowers are all well covered from sight, keep the pan or box exposed to a gentle heat for some days, after which it is left to cool slowly, and the flowers, ferns, grasses, etc., thus treated are found to have kept their natural forms.

A packet of petunia seed sown in a sunny situation will give blossoms until after frost. These are more sure to grow if sown in a small box in the house and transplanted. If sown where they are to bloom great care must be taken, as the seeds are quite small. Seeds lighly covered and protected by a board or strong paper will survive the sun's hot rays and heavy rains until the plants are able to stand on their own.

Annual phlox, sold as phlox drummondi, is beautiful, easily grown and hardy; and a packet of mixed seeds will give many colors. Plant in a sunny location.

The Shirley poppy is another flower requiring but little care, but must be sown early; the middle of April is none to soon. Their time of blooming is very short but they are exquisitely lovely.

Border garden plots with sweet alyssum "little gem". It is white, low growing, dainty, sweet, and always in bloom.

The following hints and suggestions may quite possibly help to better results of past gardening failures.

Get fresh seeds from some reliable seedsman. To get the best results sow in boxes in the house from the middle of March to the middle of April. Verbenas and petunias, the finer sorts, certainly require this method.

Sow in shallow boxes of mellow soil, such as can be easily sifted through the fingers.

Have the soil well warmed, and pressed with a bit of board so that it is smooth.

Strew the seeds evenly, and cover to three times their size, press down again and sprinkle lightly with tepid water, either with the fingers or a fine hose. Cover with a folded paper and set in place. The best position is the range back of the kitchen stove. Some seeds germinate in 48 hours in such a position.

They will need looking at about every other day, and sprinkling lightly, but will require neither light nor air until they begin to come up, which will generally be from four days to as many

weeks, according to the varieties.

Just as soon as they're up put them in a cooler room, one without fire heat is best for all hardy and half-hardy kinds, and place as near the glass as possible. This and the cooler atmosphere makes them vigorous, and prevents their being "drawn". Transplant once into deeper boxes, lifting carefully on the point of a knife and setting well down into the fresh soil. Keep rather cool and do not overwater. They will be ready to set in open ground by May 20, and come into flower two months earlier than those sown outdoors.

For those sorts which do best sown where they are to grow it is best to sow early. Waiting for the ground to "get warm" is all humbug. The chances are that it will get so warm that it will burn up the seeds. Millions of innocents are slaughtered every year at the alter by this hoary-headed old moloch.

All seeds should be in the ground by May 10. They will thus get the benefit of coolness and moisture, which is impossible when the increased heat dries the top of the ground just as they are beginning to germinate. Having no depth of root, they are dried out in one day of hot sunshine past any chance of resurrection. Whereupon the disgusted amateur declares that the seeds were worthless, the seedsman a wretched fraud, and the whole business of flower growing a delusion and a snare-at least as far as the seeds are concerned.

Of course the time-honored geranium bed--that old reliable plant salamander--is still left to console all disappointed souls, and bid defiance

to heat and drouth as well as all the hosts of the insect world.

But even this "scarlet fever" which has grown to be an annual epidemic on everybody's lawn gets monotonous after a time, and one longs for the dainty variety of leaf and bloom gotten only through seed-sown plants.

The catalogs have an infinite array to choose from, but in making selections it is wise to include phlox drummondi and salpiglossis. The latter is an exceptionally fine annual but does best started indoors somewhere about the middle of April. Sown in open ground it quite often fails to come up.

Seeds of the petunia, sweet alyssum, bachelor's button, candytuft, and other annuals, which will transplant easily may be sown in boxes in a sunny window in March or April, and will be ready for the garden about the first part of June.

Salvia seeds gathered from old plants in the late fall will produce double flowers. If sown in the house they'll bloom in August.

Bronallia is a very desirable flower for those who desire blue, as a slight relief from the everlasting red geranium in gardens and as it is easily grown from slip or seed.

If cuttings are inserted at the side of the pot, so as to touch the pot in their whole length, they rarely fail to become rooted plants. If placed in a mere mass of earth away from the sides of the pots they will rarely throw out roots.



Wermin

To keep mice away from pantries and cupboards sprinkle cayenne pepper on the shelves. In boxes and wardrobes put lumps of camphor among the clothes for mice dislike the smell of it. The camphor must be renewed every now and then, for it evaporates in the air.

Benzine rubbed on the edges of carpet is a sure preventive of moths.

If carpets are badly infested with moths, they should be taken up and beaten thoroughly. Before relaying, scrub the floor with hot water, getting plenty of it in the seams and crevices. Give the floor time to dry, and then with a feather or small brush smear paraffin under the skirtboards and in the cracks. Place all around the edges a strip of tarred paper or heavy paper soaked in melted tallow. Either of these will prevent the insects from getting underneath the edges where the destruction generally begins. If their ravages are just beginning, and the carpet does not need otherwise taking up, put a wet cloth over the spots infested, and press heavily with a very hot iron. The steam thus driven through the carpet will destroy all eggs and larva.

A simpler method of ridding the carpets of moths is to rub powdered alum which comes in packages or in bulk, around the edges of carpets and into the furniture as well. Also sprinkle on clothing. It will not discolor anything. Moths will not eat anything it is on.

Purchase ten cents worth of oil of lavender and dilute with the same amount of water. With a hair brush or whisk broom shake it around the rooms. It is better than any fly paper.

Housekeepers who have had trouble with ants have found that borax is one of the best exterminators. Pantry shelves and cracks should be well sprinkled with it.

A little phosphorus bought of the druggist in bulk and beaten in with molasses makes a fine paste to disgust both roaches and rats. For the delectation of the latter, spread it on bread and distribute it near their favorite haunts.

If bothered by fleas get a sheet of sticky fly paper and place a piece of raw beef on it. Lay it on the floor. The fleas will be attracted to the meat and jump on the fly paper. There they will remain.

To get rid of household pests, such as the bedbug, carpet beetle and moth, benzine applied in a fine spray by means of a hand atomizer is a good remedy, since it destroys insects in all stages, including the egg. In using the benzine care must be taken that no fire or artificial light is in the room at the time or for some hours, as the vapor from the benzine is highly explosive.

Dalmation powder is recommended for the expelling of bedbugs in furniture. It must be blown into the infested parts as sprinkling would have no effect; get a regular blower and use the powder freely.

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GLOSSARY

- BENZINE—A volatile inflammable liquid derived from petroleum, used in cleaning.
- CATARRH--An inflammation in which there are congestion and swelling.
- CRETONNE--A strong unglazed cotton cloth, printed on one or both sides, often used for covering furniture or curtains etc.
- DALMATION POWDER--An insect powder.
- FIRKIN--A small wooden vessel or cask of indeterminate size, used for butter, lard, etc.
- FULLER'S EARTH—A white to brown, naturally occurring, earth substance, resembling potter's clay but lacking in plasticity, so called from its use in fulling cloth. It is also a filter medium in refining oils and fats.
- GLYCERIN--A sweet syrupy alcohol, colorless, odorless, it's an excellent solvent. It's obtained as a by-product in soap and candle making, an ingredient in preparations and ointments.
- HYDROCYANIC ACID—A colorless, mobile, volatile liquid of a characteristic peach-blossom odor and is one of the most deadly poisons. It is used as an insecticidal fumigant.
- INFUSION--The liquid obtained by steeping or soaking in water of any substance to extract its virtues.
- LITHARGE--The scum or foam of silver.
- OX GALL—The gall of an ox dried and used in medicine. The color is light chrome yellow.
- PEARLASH--Purified potash
- POMATUM-A pomade.
- POTASH--Potassium carbonate, obtained by leaching wood ashes, evaporating the lye (usually in iron pots) and calcining the residue.
- POULTICE--A soft composition--as of herbs--usually heated and spread on a cloth, to be applied

to sores or inflammations.

QUILLAIA-Bark, from the Soapbark tree in Chili, it is rich in saponin which is used in soaps and detergents.

QUININE—An alkaloid extracted from cinchona bark as a bitter white crystalline substance.

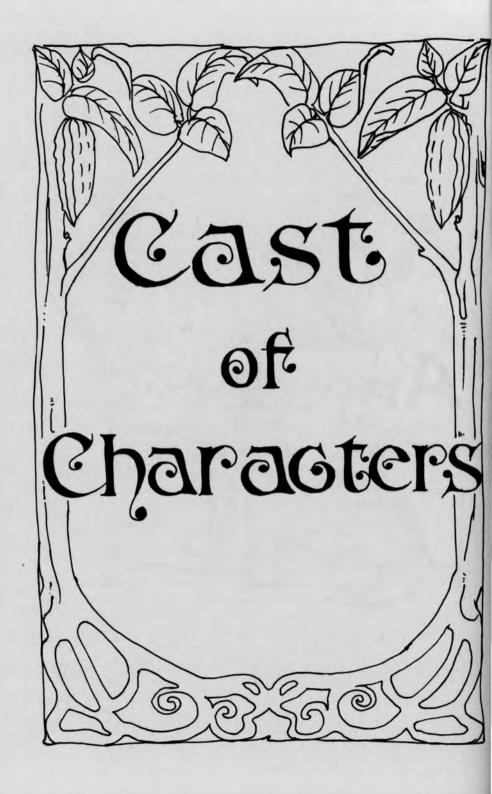
THERMOLIN--A preservative to combat odors.

WORMWOOD—A European woody herb of a slightly aromatic taste used as a tonic and to protect garments from moths.

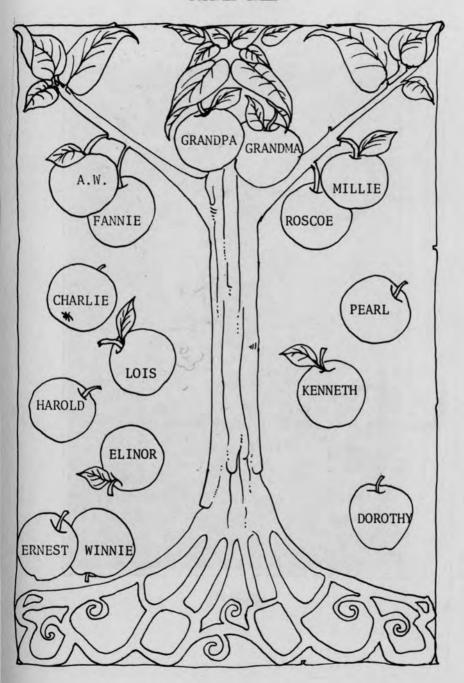
GRANDMA'S KITCHEN LIBRARY

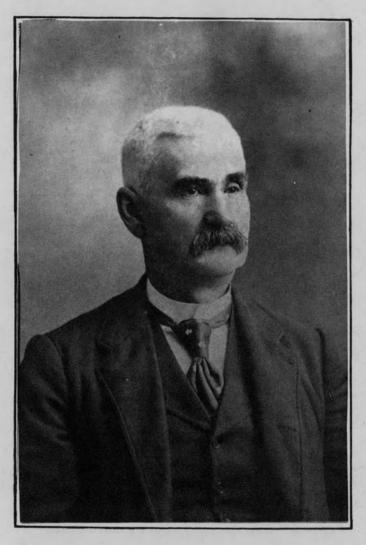
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FAMILY TREE





GRANDPA



GRANDMA



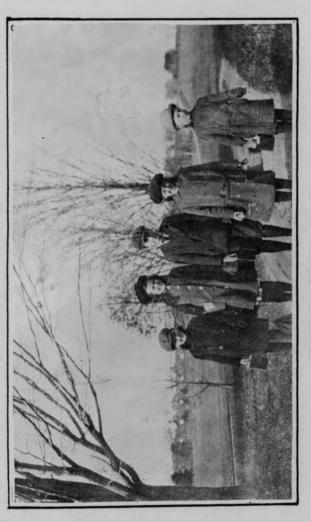
A.W.



FANNIE



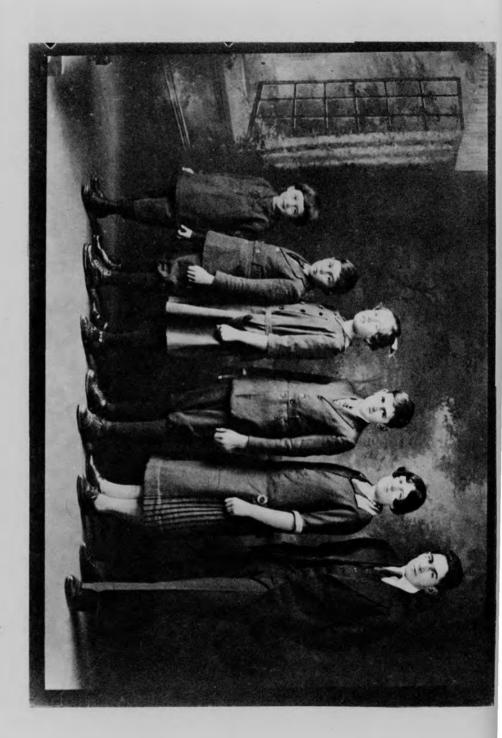
AUNT MILLIE AND UNCLE ROSCOE



WALKING HOME FROM SCHOOL HAROLD, PEARL, CHARLIE, LOIS, KENNETH



SARAH'S GRANDCHILDREN CHARLIE PEARL, LOIS KENNETH, ELINOR, HAROLD



WINTHROP, ERNEST, ELINOR, HAROLD, LOIS, AND CHARLES THE BROWN CHILDREN

Grandpa & The Ghildren

THE PUBLIC MENACE

When Grandpa was a small child, his parents took him to Boston for a brief visit. For Grandpa it was quite an event, having never been beyond the dirt and gravel pikes of rural New Hampshire.

Boston in 1840 was quite a spectacle for a young country boy to behold. Walking with his new city friends that first day, Grandpa was fascinated by the closeknit buildings and narrow cobblestone streets that meandered through the old city. Unmindful of where he was stepping, he suddenly tripped on a cobblestone and sprained his ankle.

With a good deal of ceremony, Grandpa was doc-

tored, fed, and bedded for the night.

The next morning everyone was suddenly awakened by a loud commotion outside the house. Rushing out into the street they saw a gathering of people howling and laughing uncontrollably. In the midst of the crowd, causing the uproar, sat Grandpa systematically breaking up the cobblestones with a hammer near as large as he was. Seems he was very concerned with the public menace produced by the presence of cobblestones and had taken it upon himself to rid Boston of this public menace so no one else would get hurt.



GRANDPA'S VACCINATION

Grandpa's mother and aunt went out of town one day leaving the two young cousins with John Berry Brown (1799-1858). Cousin had been vaccinated for smallpox but Grandpa hadn't. He couldn't help but admire that impressive scar, the likes of which was certain testimony to a good deal of courage.

After satisfying himself that the pain was not too great to bear, Grandpa announced that he, too, would be vaccinated, saying it as though it were a sacrament akin to baptism or burial. The two boys set about finding a way to get Grandpa vaccinated.

It was too far to the doctor's; they didn't

have any money, anyway.

All the men were in the fields haying; the women were boiling clothes, and John Berry Brown didn't appear to be the vaccinating type although he knew that placing a fresh wound against a vaccination would be successful.

Finally, and after no small amount of frustration, Grandpa rolled up his sleeve, stuck out his arm, closed his eyes and clenched his teeth. Old John Berry Brown ceremoniously cleansed his jackknife in the pickle brine and did what had to be done.

THE DUTY

In the mid nineteenth century it was the custom when someone died for the body to remain in the home until burial. It was also the custom to never leave the corpse unattended; usually this presented no problem as most homes had an adequate enough supply of people to serve as stiff-sitters when the need occurred.

Not so when the old man on Coffin's Mill Road died; he was a widower and lived alone. This was quite inconvenient as the townspeople had to devise a schedule so as to be sure the body was never alone in the house. Unfortunately, it was Grandpa and a young friend whose duty it was to sit with the

body on the night before the burial. Grandpa was just a teenager and not too thrilled at the idea of spending a cold winter night in an old house in the middle of nowhere with a corpse.

Resolved, the boys mustered their courage and

prepared for the vigil.

So as to be quite sure no unwanted ghost or goblin would intrude, the boys lit every lamp in the small cottage. Brightly lighted, the place seemed bearable if not cheery and the boys settled down to a serious game of checkers. Time went by and not much happened; the wind could faintly be heard as well as the occasional bay of a distant wolf.

As the night wore on, Grandpa noticed that the room seemed to be getting darker. He couldn't account for this until it became quite dark and he looked up from the checkerboard to discover that only one lamp remained lit; the others had run out of oil, one by one.

Immediately the boys began looking for some lamp oil, none was to be found. It seemed to be colder; the boys realized they had let the fire burn out and suddenly it was pitch black; the last lamp had run out of oil.

It was so dark the boys couldn't even see each other. The wind seemed so much louder; the wolves sounded so much closer. Windows rattled, the floor creaked, and the wind sounded more like someone sighing than wind. Neither boy dared move for fear some sinister demon from the fiery depths would devour them if aroused.

If only it weren't so cold.

"C-r-r-e-e-a-a-ck-k-k!"

"What was that?"

"I don't know, sounded like the glass in the coffin."

"You mean someone's trying to get in?"

"Or trying to get out."

Not wanting to interfere with the comings and goings of the spirit world, Grandpa and his friend left the premises, custom to the contrary notwithstanding.

The next afternoon Grandpa saw the undertaker

trot up to the hitching post. Certain that his early departure from the watch was about to bring upon him the unbridled wrath of the Everlasting, Grandpa marched out the door to face destiny.

"Why'd you boys let the fire go out last night? It got so cold in that old house that the glass in my brand new twenty dollar coffin cracked right down the middle!"

THAT FOOL COLT

During the nineteenth century cattle drives were still the only means of moving large herds from one place to another. Drives would commence every year in the month of May. Herds from as far away as Maine and Massachusetts would be driven to Grandpa's pasture land after many days on the road. It was an exciting event for children along the way and for their heroes, the farmhands of New England, who became the daring cowboys of Buntline novels, at least in their own eyes and the eyes of the children.

For landowners and gardening farmwomen, however, cattle drives were nothing more than a cause for consternation as they vainly tried to save fields and gardens from the many hooves.

May 20 was Pasture Day, the day the cattle always arrived. Sunnyside was bustling with the activity of various herds arriving. Grandpa would greet each arriving farmer, exchange pleasantries, appropriately tag each head, and set them out to graze for the Summer.

On October 20, the distant farmers would return, gather their cattle and begin the drive home where the cattle would wait out the Winter eating grain in a warm barn.

One year a young colt came with one of the herds. Grandpa studied it with a careful eye and without any explanation, proclaimed the colt to be a fool.

All Summer, the colt would stand on the stone bridge over the brook and gaze into the water below. From morning to evening, all the colt did was stand



on the bridge and stare into the brook. Every day Grandpa would check on the colt; he'd walk up the hill, look down at the bridge, see the colt, and shake his head.

Finally came Departure Day, October 20. Grandpa, the farmer who owned the colt, and a number of farmhands walked to the top of the hill, looked down at the bridge, and saw the colt still staring at his own reflection. Grandpa shook his head, everyone else laughed.

Suddenly, and for no apparent reason, the colt fell off the bridge into the brook and drowned.

Everyone became quite excited at this sight and wondered what had happened to make the horse fall into the creek. Everyone was excited that is, except Grandpa.

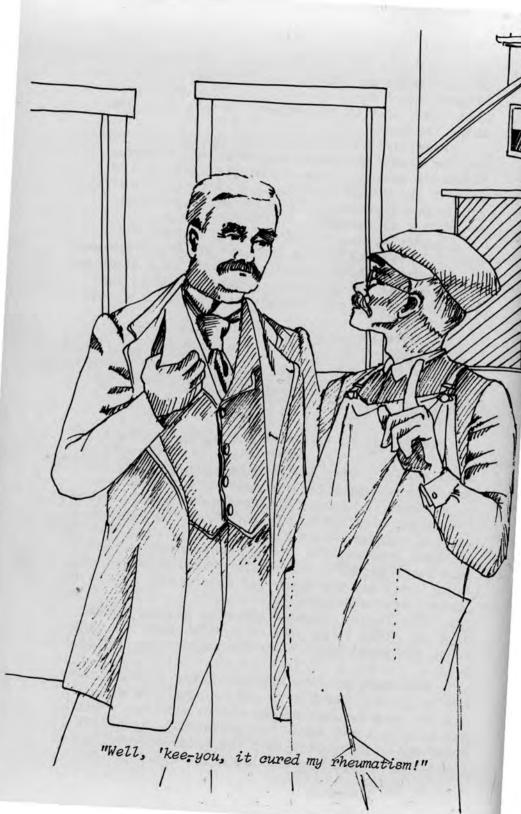
"I said it was a fool."

THE CURE

Years ago it was quite common to harvest marsh land: in the Summer farmers from all over would go down to the marshes at low tide, cut the hay, and put it on staddles to be picked up in the Wintertime. Then, the ground was frozen and could support the weight of a loaded sleigh. When the snow was deep, the ground and shore water well frozen, and the tide was low, the farmers would return and collect their marsh hay. In turn it would be fed to young stock and was a special favorite of cattle who favored its salty taste.

John Thayer, himself somewhat salty, was always the first to collect his marsh hay, not always being too particular about the temperature or the tide.

One year, old John hitched up his team and set out to get his marsh hay, and as usual, he was first. All day long he stacked his sleigh with hay until he had quite a heavy load. Unfortunately, he hadn't taken note of the fact that the tide had come in and the air had warmed up considerably.



Crossing the river, the ice broke and the sleigh sank seat deep in salt water; the horses drowned and there sat John Thayer with the reins still in his hands. Sadly, no one saw this, and John Thayer had the dismal choice of either swimming through the cold water or waiting until morning when the tide would again be out and he could walk ashore. John Thayer had the night to mull the advantages of being first to gather marsh hay.

A day or two passed and Grandpa decided to transact some business with John Thayer; more likely he used that as an excuse to get in a little ribbing at John's expense. Grandpa inquired as to the depth of the marsh this time of year, the weight of hay, the inability of horses to breathe water, and the strange habit ice had of melting as the air became warm.

John Thayer, who never let a situation get him down, who never admitted to a mistake, finally had enough of Grandpa's teasing and said; "Well, 'kee-you, it cured my rheumatism!"

OLD TIME CURES

Grandpa insisted that old time medicines and cures were far superior to the new fangled and complicated medications available at the turn of the century. Such old time medicines were available at Apothecary shops which could always be distinguished easily as they had a bowl of colored water in the window just asa barber shop displays a red and blue pole. The Apothecary shop was the source of chemicals, medicines, gunpowder, candy, and various patented tin goods. One such place was Buzzie's Store in which, maintained Grandpa, the greatest medical cure of all time had been performed.

Old Buzzie was fond of children and equally fond of money: nobody could really tell which fondness caused him to get in an ample stock of fireworks

each fourth of July.

The fourth of July in 1865 was a very special



one as it was the first Independence Day after the Civil War and people thought they had a good deal to celebrate. Not to be caught short, Buzzie had ordered extra fireworks including the very lastest of

products, the pinwheel.

On the third of July Grandpa was in Buzzie's acquiring a few necessities. He noticed two small boys inspecting the display of fireworks, giving special attention to the pinwheels. As Grandpa was leaving, a wrinkled old lady hobbled through the door slowly and in what appeared to be great pain. She asked Buzzie for some arthritis cure which she looked like she very much needed. Buzzie fetched the medicine and gave it to the old lady who in return gave him an old conestoga quarter. She uncorked the bottle and took a healthy slug of cure.

Just then, one of the pinwheels accidentally got lit and dropped into the fireworks display. Whistles screamed, rockets soared, pinwheels spun, sparklers

sparkled.

Without taking the bottle from her lips, the old lady dropped her cane, jumped through the window, and ran down the street, all signs of arthritis completely gone.

"Yes," Grandpa would reminisce; "Nothing beats

the old time cures."

GRANDPA'S SLEEPING POEM

Repeat slowly until sleepy:

The Owl, the eel, and the warming pan, Went to call on the soapfat man.

The soapfat man was not within, He'd gone for a ride on a rolling pin.

They all came back by the way of the town, And turned the Meeting House upside down.

GRANDPA'S SHOWER SONG

Repeat vigorously until clean:

As I was walking down the street, Hi ho, hi ho, A pretty girl I chanced to meet, Hi ho, hi ho, hi ho. A rig-a-chig-chig and away we go, Away we go, away we go, A rig-a-chig-chig and away we go Hi ho, hi ho, hi ho.

GRANDPA'S REMEDY FOR OLD AGE

"Keep an active interest in all matters of living and have stimulating friends: keep an interest in life by cultivating the next generation, for what life there is, is theirs."

A BOAT

When they were small children, Mildred had something A.W. decided that he wanted. He asked her if he could have it: being a good Yankee, Mildred decided that he could have it, if he made her a boat.

A.W. agreed and told Mildred he'd go right out to his father's shop where he was never supposed to go, and make her a boat. Mildred agreed and gave A.W. what he wanted and he went right out to the shop.

A few minutes later he returned with a large shingle in his hand which he proudly gave to his sister. On it were painted the words, A BOAT.

A.W. Brown was not to be out-Yankeed.

THE DEEPEST WELL IN MASSACHUSETTS

A.W. went to Cushing Academy. One of his class-mates, and in later years a good friend was Lewis Piper from Ashby, Massachusetts whose singular distinction was that his father had the deepest well in Massachusetts. Lewis Piper never tired of expounding the virtues and depth of his father's well which was absolutely the deepest well imaginable.

Some years later, Lewis Piper sent word to A.W. that his well pump had given out, would he please

come to Massachusetts and fix it?

Remembering the youthful descriptions of this magificent shaft which must travel halfway to the center of the earth, A.W. began gathering every piece of well pipe in Southern New Hampshire; he was determined not to be outdone by Lewis Piper's well.

Finally, after several hundreds of feet of pipe were loaded, A.W. set out to fix the deepest well in

Massachusetts.

When he arrived at Piper's farm, A.W. had all the pipe unloaded and stacked by the well opening for easy access. He climbed to the top of the well house with five hundred feet of string and began lowering it slowly into the well to get some idea of what he was in for. Hardly had he started unraveling the string when it seemed to get stuck. No matter how many times he'd lower the string into the well hole it got stuck. Trouble was, as they eventually discovered, the well was only twenty feet deep.

Considering the trouble A.W. went to, you might think he'd be somewhat upset with Lewis Piper for exaggerating so much about the depth of the well.

There sat A.W. on top of the well house with five hundred feet of well pipe on the ground, four hundred eighty feet of string in his hand, and only twenty feet of string in the well. He turned to Lewis Piper and, peering over his little round spectacles remarked; "Filled in a mite, hasn't it?"

. . .

YOUNG REBELS

Every generation is rebellious and subject to shocking behavior; the only thing that differs from generation to generation is the definition of the word shocking. . .

The presence of an older chaperone at social functions for people of courting age was, in the 1890's, an old and hallowed tradition. To the young people, however, it was as cumbersome and irritating as was the Saturday night curfew for the bobby soxers of the 1950's. As with every generation, these young people made every attempt to subvert tradition. Two of the more successful ways of arranging unchaperoned functions were to have bicycle rides and "clubs" which met regularly.

For the last hundred years, the bicycle has enjoyed periodic popularity, indeed we are now in the midst of a bicycle fad. At no time, however, has the bicycle been as popular as it was in the 1890's. People were crazed by the new contraptions and attempted every conceivable stunt with them. Ministers damned them from the pulpit and declared they were the most sinful things since the Hebrews carved the golden calf while Moses was mountain climbing. Some churches banned them: some towns banned them. Nevertheless, bicycling was New England's number one sport for ten years or more.

For some reason, parents deemed bicycling to be a consuming enough occupation to render chaperoning unnecessary. Perhaps they thought the young ones would be more interested in the machinery than in each other. Needless to say bicycling became an instant favorite to the younger generation.

A typical Saturday would find a group of people in their early twenties riding an empty coal barge eight or ten miles down the river and then bicycling home in the moonlight.

It is interesting to note that a bicycle trip in the moonlight always took several hours longer than the same trip by daylight.

The other popular diversionary tactic used to shed chaperones was to form clubs. Girls would form literary clubs, sewing clubs, dance clubs; young gentlemen formed debating clubs, gaming clubs, or as in this particular case, the Ananias or liars club. Since membership was restricted by sex, no chaperone was thought necessary for the clubs' weekly meetings. Any joint functions would be attended.

No one could help it if two groups of different gender occasionally and accidentally ended up at the

same place at the same time.

Biking and clubbing, that's how A.W. courted Fannie, how Roscoe courted Mildred.

Those young rebels!

GRANDMA REMEMBERS

August 11, 1904

"Arthur (A.W.) and Lewis Piper went to the clubhouse in the evening by the invitation of Miss Fannie Wadleigh. The company included her brother and two visitors from Salem, Massachusetts. No others present! Rather a singular proceeding (yet rather transparent) as she is supposed to be engaged to Everett Mace of Kensington. We learn she is trying very hard to be agreeable to Arthur.

From the diaries of Sarah Norris Brown (1841-1917)

THE WEIGHT OF DETERMINATION

A.W. had been cocking up hay all afternoon by himself. He'd built a good number of haycocks when suddenly he noticed an ominous black cloud. The closer the cloud got, the more it looked like a cyclone.

It was too late to try to make for the house, and since he'd been through a cyclone once before, down at the beach, he knew he'd better find some place secure and soon. He studied the haycocks



carefully. . .he looked at the sky. . .he looked at

the ground.

A.W. stamped out his cigar stub and stuck his pitchfork into the ground as hard as he possibly could. He took one last look at the sky and then lay flat out on the ground with his head tucked and his hands and arms wrapped solidly around the pitchfork.

It was a terrible blow.

When it was over, A.W. got up, dusted his overalls, lit a cigar, and looked around the field to see what, if any, damage had been done.

There wasn't a single haycock left in the field.

Haycocks weigh nearly a ton apiece; the pitchfork weighed two pounds and A.W. weighed a hundred and forty pounds.

The difference, according to A.W., was made up by the weight of determination.

MORSE COWED AND REMORSE

Among their many friends, A.W. and Fannie counted one James Morse and his Wagnarian wife, Cassie, who had many outstanding qualities, the first four hundred of which were pounds.

Pour James and Cassie, they couldn't do any-

thing right.

When they visited, James always insisted on helping to pitch hay. Unfortunately, he also insisted on using our biggest hayfork, a whopping twelve footer. He always managed to jab at least one of us each time he helped.

Another time James Morse climbed to the top of the very highest cherry tree that Sunnyside could boast. It was still early in the year and the cherries weren't yet ripe, but James had noticed that at the very top of the tree there were perhaps a handful of reddish cherries which looked ripe enough. He was determined to have them, so he climbed the tree.

We were all up at the house when the peaceful sounds of Summer were shattered by a terrible scream.

We started for the orchard to see what had taken place. As we approached, one of the farmhands came racing towards us, excited and out of breath.

"Mr. Morse just fell from the top of the cherry

tree."

If this were really true, we knew that James Morse were likely dead as it was a very tall tree.

Fearing the worst, we broke for the orchard at a gallop. When we got there, there was no James Morse to be found. Cassie was terrified. Still, there was no James Morse, not under a tree, in a tree, or by a tree. There was nothing to be found at all, save a pile of green manure which A.W. had put there in the morning. It was ten feet high.

Sure that somewhere in the vacinity there was a mortally injured half-crazed cityslicker, we began

to organize into search parties.

Just then there was some noise from the direction of the manure pile. We all looked: the pile shifted. Out from the bottom crawled James Morse, dazed but uninjured, and covered with New Hampshire's greenest and freshest manure.

The whole time we were cleaning up poor James Morse, A.W. seemed very pleased with himself. Just as we finished A.W. turned to Morse:

"You don't have to thank me, you're perfectly welcome."

"Thank you for what?"

"Putting that pile of manure under the cherry tree."

"Why should I thank you for that? Look at me, look at my clothes. Why should I thank you for building a manure pile that I fell plumb through?"

"It saved your life, didn't it?"

But James couldn't hold a candle to Cassie: she was absolutely unwieldy and had to be helped in and out of autos, up steps, everywhere. Nice lady, just enormous. One visit found Cassie deciding it was time to take a bath. For a person of Cassie Morse's stature, taking a bath was no small enterprise. A.W. filled the brand new Italian tub, a masterpiece of plumbing design with lion's paws for feet, builtin drain and tap, and beautiful white porcelain finish. As soon as the water was drawn, everyone went

downstairs or outside so Cassie could set about taking her bath in privacy.

Five minutes didn't pass before frightful shouts of terror began to echo out from the bathroom. Cassie Morse had fallen in the tub and couldn't get out.

Whether it was compassion for Cassie Morse or just plain curiosity, everyone immediately got involved in the effort to extricate Cassie.

James rushed upstairs to get a preliminary view of the situation. He returned to the parlor and announced that it wasn't just that Cassie couldn't get up, she was tightly squeezed by the sides of the tub and was hence stuck.

"Jim, you go get some lard and grease her up, then I'll come up and help you yank you out." "Can't do that, A.W., Cassie's modest."

"No need for modesty, it's a professional visit; I'm a plumber."

Somehow James was able to get Cassie out of the tub without help from A.W. or anyone else, but she was a little the worse for wear. So was the bathroom, water everywhere, puddles on the floor, runs on the walls, and splashes on the ceiling, even on the ceiling. "That's no surprise," thought A.W., "It's a twenty gallon tub and I nearly filled it."

Then A.W. glanced at the tub, there wasn't a drop left in it.

LORD MOSELEY

Mrs. Jones, a friend of Grandma's, had a small business of selling butter and eggs in Newburyport. Weekly she would hitch up her team and travel the cobblestone streets of that town making her deliveries. One day she was taken quite ill and her husband, a quiet and gentle farmer, offered to make the deliveries for her.

He stopped at the door of the Moseley estate; it was a beautiful and rather formidable home. Knocking on the front door he was greeted by none other than "Lord Moseley", as he called himself, who

stated, imperiously; "Lady Moseley's butter goes to the rear door."

The farmer gazed quietly into Lord Moseley's eyes and said firmly, "Lady Jones' butter doesn't come to any of your doors anymore!"

CALEB CUSHING

There was a gentleman who lived in Newburyport whose name was Caleb Cushing. He cut quite a swath; he had beautiful carriages, lovely horses and a coachman, the works. One day he was riding along a very muddy road and there was a little boy standing by the roadside; a tattered little boy. As they went by, Caleb's horses and carriage splashed the boy all over with mud. Caleb burst out roaring and laughing; he thought it was the funniest thing he'd ever seen.

Many years afterward, Caleb Cushing's name came up in Washington to be a member of the Supreme Bench. As his name came up, a Senator from California stood up and said, "I object! I used to live in Newburyport when I was a little boy and one day, when I was standing beside the road Mr. Caleb Cushing rode by in his carriage and splashed mud on me. He didn't get out to help me, he just laughed. I object!" Caleb Cushing did not get named to the Supreme Court.

"A.W.BROWN AND SONS"

So reads the sign on the little building on High Street. That sign has hung there for nearly seventy-five years. If it could talk, it would have a lot to say, some are just as glad it can't. . .

On his way to church every Sunday, A.W. invariably got detoured at the plumbing shop and missed services altogether. This was just as well as he always wore overalls on Sunday morning. . .they were clean overalls, fastidiously so, but nevertheless they were

overalls and not generally accepted church attire during the first fifty years of this century.

A.W. preferred to do his meditating in the privacy of his shop where holy canon was no obstacle to overalls and cigar smoke. Nowhere in his reading of scripture had he ever seen mention of either overalls or cigar smoke, and reckoning the Almighty had no real objection to these human peculiarities, decided religious canon was just a polite way of saying house rules. A.W. figured that since it was his plumbing shop, the Lord would allow him to set the house rules...more often than not, A.W. spent Sunday morning in his shop and not in his pew.

One particular minister had an irritating habit of seeking out delinquent parishoners when he saw them on the street; he gratuitiously inquired as to their health, business, or whatever else might have kept them from recent services.

Needless to say, this minister was not one of A. W,'s favorite people, so whenever he'd see the man coming, he would cross the street, go in a door, anything to avoid the unctuous confrontation. Being clever, usually A.W. succeeded in just missing the man.

A period of months passed and the minister had not seen A.W. in church or on the street although he was sure he'd got a glimpse of him a number of times. Fully determined, the minister waited for A.W. around the corner on High Street and caught A.W. coming around with an ice cream cone. Knowing he was finally trapped, A.W. resolved to end this unwelcome interview as quickly as possible, and before his ice cream melted.

Using his heaviest ammunition in the hope of appealing to A.W.'s sense of compassion, the minister began:

"Dear Mr. Brown, how we've missed you at services these last few Sundays, we hope you're not angry with us."

"I have no quarrel with the Lord, but he does hire some mighty cheap help."



"Oh, are you a plumber too?"

Some thought it strange that A.W. decided to become a plumber. After all, he was born of gentry; his father had served in the state legislature and in Congress; he was very quick witted, and comparatively well educated. Why should he choose to be a plumber? Some maintained that he wasn't really a plumber, that his shop was just a front for his true occupation which was observing and tinkering, learning everything about the world and the people in it.

A.W. never worried about assuming an occupation

considered below him.

"Of all the jobs I've seen men do, mine seems to be as directly useful as any, much more useful than most."

The impeccably dressed gentleman who walked through the door of the shop looked more pretentious than distinguished. A.W. did not like pretense.

He also appeared to be in quite a rush. A.W.

did not like to hurry.

"Quickly, I need a washer, my pipe is leaking!"
A.W. slowly looked up at him. The phone rang:
without hesitating to choose, A.W. picked up the
phone. It was the wrong number, but A.W. chatted
briefly before hanging up. A little girl came into
the shop.

"Man, I need a washer!"

"Can I help you little lady?"

"My good man, do you know who I am, I'm Ogden Nash!"

"Oh! Are you a plumber, too?"

In the old days, as we've often heard, it was common practice for men to sit around the cracker



A.W. invited his friends to "take a seat".

barrel on empty nail kegs and swap lies. A.W. ran a plumbing shop, so there was no cracker barrel and no empty nail kegs. There was an old pot bellied stove and various display commodes on view in the shop. Frequently A.W. would invite his friends to "take a seat" and discuss politics, cars, or whatever the consuming passion was on that day. Strangers never quite knew what to say when they walked through the door to see six or seven grown men calmly sitting on commodes and chatting. More often than not, people would quickly step outside to be sure they'd read the sign right.

As the years went by, the men got older and stiffer and the commodes got lower and lower. Obviously this was not an agreeable situation and would sooner or later have to be addressed.

One morning I heard a horrible commotion on High Street from the direction of A.W. Brown & Sons. A group of middle aged ladies were getting off a bus in front of the plumbing shop, looking into the window, and then shrieking down the street. I hurried to the shop to see what the matter was.

When I got there no one was on the sidewalk, but I looked into the shop window: there were five commodes lined up at the back of the display case facing into the shop. The commodes were sitting on a sill a few inches above the regular floor level. The seats of the toilets were just under the level of the display window floor. If anyone were sitting on one of these commodes it would appear quite obvious that they were being used for the purpose intended. That was the trouble: four of the five seats were occupied! I rushed into the shop to make A.W. aware of what his rearrangement looked like from outside.

Before I could open my mouth, A.W. looked up at me from his seat against the back wall and with a twinkle in his eye pointed to the one unoccupied commode and said: "take a seat."

A CRIPPLE

Fannie was a very liberated woman: while other

wives were hardly allowed to ride in father's motor car, she not only rode, she was the annointed family chauffeur. One is tempted to suspect that this was due less to A.W.'s considerate nature and more to the fact that he could concentrate more heavily on his cigar and the surroundings without the distraction of driving.

One Sunday they were out riding in their Model T Ford and got out of gas. Being the driver, naturally Fannie was held responsible for the upkeep of

the car, including gasoline.

"You got out of gas, you go get some."

Fannie hiked down the road and A.W. sat in the car, concentrating on his cigar and the surroundings.

Some while later, Fannie returned accompanied by a man carrying a five gallon can of gas. He noticed A.W. sitting in the car and didn't quite know how to react. Without saying anything, the man put the gasoline in the car. He finished and as he started down the road he turned to Fannie who was very petite and lovely and said apologetically;

"I'm sorry, I didn't know your husband was a

cripple."

AUNTIE'S BRAINS

One Summer at Sunnyside one of the aunts came to visit and while she was there she made a large batch of quince preserve. She loaded the jars on a tray and took them down cellar to put away in the preserve closet. When she got almost to the foot of the stairs, she stubbed her toe and fell, smashing a good share of the preserves. Getting up, she found she was covered, her hands went to her head, also covered with preserve, and she cried, "Oh, my brains are falling out, my brains are falling out!"

Sarah, s. Grandchildren

ORIGIN OF THE SPECIES

There's not a child been born yet that sooner or later didn't get around to asking that dreaded question; "where do babies come from?" The six of us were no exceptions. We were quite seriously told, and we quite seriously believed, that babies came down from heaven.

This was as good a story as any and left us knowing as much as any other child in our generation, and more than a good number of adults.

As we grew older, we had some interesting and imaginative discussions about how the babies got down from heaven without getting smashed to bits when they landed. We all had occasion to see a hen's egg fall from the basket and smash on the ground.

"How does a baby fall from heaven?" we wondered. We were all pretty sure that a baby is heavier than an egg and that heaven was a good deal farther off the ground than any egg basket, no matter how



DOROTHY

tall the person carrying the basket.

"Does anyone remember coming down from heaven?"
Charlie, the oldest, said he couldn't remember,
it was too long ago. Even Winnie couldn't remember,
and he was the youngest. What we needed was a younger
person.

Our little cousin, Dorothy, was the youngest member of the family; she was only three years old. If anyone would be able to remember coming down from heaven it would be cousin Dorothy.

We asked her.

"Oh! Yes! I came floating down through the air and there were lots of angels saying; "This is a holy little baby!"

THE GOLD STANDARD

We grew up before the tooth fairy went into business. But for shedding baby teeth we did not go unrewarded: we were told that the new tooth would grow in solid gold if we only kept our tongue out of the hole left by the departed tooth. . .and that is very hard to do.

As to which system is more successful. . .well, that's hard to say. Most kids today find coins under the pillow where they put the tooth the night before, but then, again, there are an awful lot of people our age who have gold teeth.

THERE WERE SIX OF US

Mother had made one of her beautiful cakes. After frosting it she put it on the shelf of the service pantry between the kitchen and the dining room. Thinking it safe she went into the sewing room to complete some leftover morning chores before commencing the evening meal.

Some time had passed when Mother heard Aunt

Millie calling up the back stairs;

"Fannie, you'd better come see what little Charlie's done."

Mother raced downstairs, through the dining room where we were playing, and into the service pantry. We heard a scream.

There was Charlie, sitting on the counter writing on the cake. Of course, he had to lick the excess frosting that built up on his finger. . . I guess Mother wasn't too pleased; the next thing we saw was Charlie running out of the pantry. full speed.

Then we heard a thud. Charlie stopped running. turned around smiling, and calmly walked back into the pantry.

A moment or so passed, and hearing so sounds of violence, we timidly tiptoed up to the pantry door and peeked in.

There was Charlie, sitting on the floor, eating the remains of the cake which Mother had thrown against the door in disgust. Charlie's smile seemed even bigger than before, but that could have been the excess of cake surrounding his mouth.

One night at the table and after supper, Mother brought out a freshly baked apple pie, the first of the season. Father cut it into nine equal pieces, giving himself the largest of the equal pieces. The remaining pieces were distributed to Mother, Grandma, and the six of us.

Charlie complained bitterly that his particular piece was not as big as Lois' which was definitely unjust. Receiving no sympathy from anyone at the table, Charlie decided to protest this discrimination by staging a sit down boycott under the dining table for the duration of dessert.

Hearing no particular concerns registered from above, Charlie decided he'd better forsake principle for pie, even a small piece. He ascended from beneath gazing hungrily at his plate, which, very much to his surprise was missing, including the pie that was on it. Charlie looked around the room; all his



brothers and sisters were smiling. Lois seemed to be smiling the most; he looked down at her dessert plate which was empty. Unfortunately for Charlie, it was stacked on top of another dessert plate, equally empty.

While Charlie was under the table, Lois ate his

pie.

When we were very little, Father gave each of us a little bank in which to keep coins. Lois, who was very generous minded told her little brother, Harold, that he could keep his coins in her bank.

Harold took an aptitude test at M.I.T. It was a very lengthly test designed to take much longer to finish than the three hours allotted by the examiners.

After an hour of the time had passed, Harold got up, walked up to the proctor's desk, laid his papers down, and stood there.

"What's the matter, are you having difficulty?"
"No sir, I'm not. I'm finished, may I be excused?"

"Young man, no one has ever finished this test in three hours, let alone one. Wouldn't you like to check your answers?"

"No, sir, I've checked them. . .twice. May I be excused?"

"Wait in my office until I check your paper."
Harold walked into the professor's office and began studying the titles of the countless volumes which covered every wall. Twenty minutes must have passed when the professor came into the room, very excited.

"Harold Brown?"

"Yes sir."

"You scored a 99 on this test, and in a fraction of the time it should have taken just to get through it. How did you learn all this?"

"Sir, there was nothing on that test that my

Father hasn't taught me."

Elinor was always accused of being pokey. According to Father she was not pokey, just deliberate. But to the rest of us she was just plain pokey, and took a good deal of verbal abuse for it. We began calling her Speed, an appropriate nickname we thought; since she was so slow we lengthened the name to Speedometer which became awkward to say after awhile so we just called her Dometer. Elinor never seemed too upset by this teasing and just smiled, very much in the same way Father smiled. She knew she wasn't

One day Elinor's pace paid off for her in a very handsome way: Lois and cousin Pearl had been told to babysit for Elinor until Mother returned from the village. Being young and curious, the girls quickly forgot about little Dometer who went crawling around the barnyard at will. Elinor decided to fully examine the scaffold in the barn so she began climbing the stairs which reached the second story hayloft.

Lois and Pearl thought they heard a faint moaning and looked up. Mother was driving in, so the noise must have come from the car. Halfway up the drive, Mother stopped the car, got out, and began racing toward the barn frantically. One of the hired men was walking towards her carrying Elinor. Lois and Pearl ran towards Mother and the hired man:

"What happened?" cried Mother.

pokey, just deliberate, very deliberate.

"Dunno," replied the hired man, "I wuz just mending up an I saw her fall from the scaffold."

"Is she hurt?"

"Dunno."

Mother took Elinor in her arms and began checking her limb for limb to see if any damages had been suffered. Little Dometer seemed alright and was able to walk into the house under her own steam to change clothes.

Mother then turned her unbridled wrath to Lois who was supposed to have been watching Elinor.

"Your dear little sister could have been killed

while you were playing, what do you have to say for yourself?"

Lois tried to reassure Mother as only a child could; "Oh! I knew she wouldn't get hurt if she fell."

"How'd you know she wouldn't get hurt?"
"Simple, she falls too slow."

Without answering, Mother grabbed Lois and the nearest switch and proceeded to teach her oldest daughter the real meaning of the word deliberate.

Ernest and Winnie were constantly being told to stay out of the cherry tree because the cherries weren't ripe yet. Well, there were a few ripe ones, right at the very top. Having forgotten what had happened to James Morse when he tried to do the same thing, Ernest and Winnie began climbing the cherry tree. After all, Father was at the plumbing shop and Mother was inside. Who would know?

They climbed and climbed. Boy, those cherries were a long way up.

Just as the boys were three fourths of the way up the tree, they heard a tremendous clap of thunder. Climbing down consumed far less time than climbing up.

When they got down, they peered into the sky; there wasn't a cloud to be seen. They ran back to the house a little puzzled, a little frightened: when they learned no one else heard the thunder, they decided to give the cherry tree wide berth until someone else had safely procured some fruit.

That same particular Summer, Ernest and Winnie had charge of the haying operation. It was a bumper crop and some of the hay had to be left outside one night until some reorganization of the barn would allow us to put all the hay inside for its much needed Winter use.

In the middle of the night it began raining some,



not an all out cloudburst, just enough to get the hay wet. Ernie who was a light sleeper immediately awoke. He decided he'd better hook up the hay wagons which had been left outside, and get them under cover even just temporarily. He got up, put on his clothes, went downstairs and out through the kitchen to the barn.

As soon as Ernie started up the tractor, Winnie, who was not such a light sleeper, awoke. Hearing the tractor he thought it was time to get up and begin the day's work. It was pitch black in the room, so Winnie decided to open the window blinds to shed a little light on the subject. Of course, being the middle of the night, it was as dark outside as it was inside. For Winnie, only one thing could account for this:

"I'm blind, I'm blind!" Winnie screamed as he ran into the hall. By this time there was a good deal of commotion and a number of us were running into the hall and each other, proclaiming blindness.

A single flick of Father's hand against the wall switch provided instant cure for everyone's affliction. Realizing what had happened, we all sat down on the hall floor laughing uncontrollably.

Finished with getting the hay in, Ernest returned to the house to find the rest of us sitting on the upstairs hall floor laughing fitfully. He somehow could not seem to appreciate the humor or haying at that hour of the morning which he thought was the cause of our addle-headedness. He brushed passed us, undressed, and went back to bed unaware of the blindness plague and Father's miraculous cure.

Being the youngest, sometimes Winnie had to be quite inventive to hold his own with five older brothers and sisters. To get even with Harold whenever they didn't see eye to eye in a given situation, Winnie would run upstairs, grab Harold's clothes from his chair and throw them out the window.

This worked quite effectively until one day Harold switched chairs on Winnie who, that day, ended up throwing his own clothes out the window. On Children's Sunday, June 1918 we all got gussied up and went to Sunday School to hear our cousins Kenneth and Pearl recite their first pieces:

"Although I'm just a resident of Rockingham County now,

I mean to be President as soon as I know how.

And if I have a word to say, as ruler of the nation,

Each day will be a holiday, and every month. . .vacation." quoth Kenneth

"I picked this pink rosebud for Children's Day,

It looked so pretty and bright and gay, Grandpa said, 'well, well, who's here? Two little pink rosebuds, so sweet and dear.'

Now I've looked in the air,
And I've looked on the ground,
I've looked very carefully all around,
This is the only rosebud I can see,
Now where could that other rosebud be?"
quoth Pearl

Grandpa put a fence around the park where he kept sheep and hens. As we began arriving, he gradually replaced the livestock with swings, seesaws, and a nice big sandbox, all of which was supposed to keep us fully occupied and therefore out of trouble.

It was from this park that one day we saw the queen drive by; at least Charlie said it was the queen, and he was the oldest and ought to know.

There were six big black horses with tall plumes and beautifully decorated harnesses. Driving the horses was a very tall angular man all in black wearing a tall silk hat with a piece of cloth hanging

from it, draped along his shoulders.
Behind the rich leather driver's seat was a beautifully carved wooden coach. Actually it looked more like a fancy wagon than a coach, but we attributed that to the fact that the queen's coach was a pullman and could be converted to a sleeper to accommodate her majesty on long trips such as the one to New Hampshire. We really didn't know where England was, but we were pretty sure it was farther than Boston which we knew to be a very long trip.

As the coach got closer, sure enough it was the queen's, all laid out as a pullman sleeper, complete with a glass enclosed bed for the queen.

We ran down to the road shouting;

"Long live the Queen, long live the Queen!"

Just then we noticed Mother coming out the front door waving her hands. When she heard us shout "Long live the Queen," she covered her face with her hands and ran inside.

I guess she was afraid we'd awaken the Oueen.

THE TRUTH ABOUT SANTA CLAUS

As Charlie, the oldest, Lois, the most curious, and Harold, the smartest, got a little older, there began to arise some misgivings as to the authenticity of Santa Claus. As the Christmas season grew near and everyone began to get that magic tingle that comes only then, Charlie, Lois and Harold remained unmoved and skeptical. They would have done Scrooge proud.

Somehow throughout this period of heresy, our parents were able to maintain the magic of Christmas for themselves and the younger children. They even tried to soften the skeptics, but they remained un-moved right up to bedtime on Christmas Eve. What we didn't know is that they were fixing to fix Santa Claus and someone else was fixing to fix them.

Very late Christmas Eve, long after Mother and Father had retired, Charlie, Lois, Harold, and Elinor tiptoed downstairs one by one and regrouped behind



There, in father's own chair, sat Santa Claus.

the sliding parlor door. Charlie had oiled it after supper so it wouldn't squeak and Lois had covered the light with red crepe paper so it would be very dim. Harold slid his arm between the doors and pushed the lightswitch. Quietly they slid the parlor doors open and stepped into the room where we always had Christmas at Sunnyside. There was the tree, beautifully decorated; it must have been the tallest Christmas tree anywhere.

Their eyes climbed down the tree to the pile of

presents underneath, the biggest pile ever.

There were a few coals remaining in the fireplace. One rolled onto the hearth next to Father's chair.

"Agh!"

"Sh-h-h!"

"Dearie"

"Shhhhh!!!"

There, not twenty feet from the four little children, in Father's own chair, sat Santa Claus! His big green sack was by his feet, full of toys yet to be delivered.

The children were dumbstruck.

"Look!" said Lois, "in the top of Santa's bag, the Noah's Ark I asked for!"

"And that's my hobby horse next to it," whispered Elinor almost inaudibly.

Just then, Santa moved his head a little and the brave foursome lit out of the room and up the stairs in the fastest if not the quietest time ever.

It was always our custom to get up early Christmas morning and gather by the tree. This particular Christmas the four oldest Brown children were a little late.

"Maybe I should roust them" offered Mother.

"Never mind, they'll be down soon enough" answered Father with a chuckle that said more than his words.

In truth, Charlie, Lois, Harold, and Elinor hadn't over-slept, they were secretly meeting in an upstairs closet to assess the events of the night before and what was likely to happen when they adjourned and went downstairs. There was some trepidation among this red-eyed crew whose skepticism seemed to have left them a little the worse for wear at this

point. It was Charlie who managed to get hold of the situation first.

"That was probably Papa in a Santa suit. How could Santa deliver all those presents all over the world and still have time to take a nap in Papa's chair? Come on, we'll go downstairs just like nothing happened at all. Lois, you'll find your Noah's Ark and Elinor, you'll find your hobby horse. I tell you, it was Papa trying to teach us a lesson. But we'll know when you get those toys we saw last night because only Mama and Papa knew that's what you wanted. You just wait!"

They gathered themselves together and stumbled into the parlor as if nothing had happened.

"Morning children. . .sleep well?"

"Y-y-yessir!"

"Best open some presents."

Quickly the children cased the room. No Noah's Ark. No hobby horse. The children eyed each other not knowing what to think.

"Something wrong, children?"

"N-n-no sir."

"Well, then, Merry Christmas!"

The Noah's Ark and hobby horse were never seen, and that was in 1918.

THE WORLD'S VERY FIRST OUTDOOR HOME BARBEQUE

Mother used to make the most wonderful picnic lunches anyone ever tasted, anywhere. She would fry chicken, make a variety of delicious sandwiches, and bring along a host of treats from the preserve closet, pickles, relishes, conserves, chutneys, condiments of all descriptions.

Dessert would consist of freshly baked raspberry and Banberry tarts and whatever fruit the season would allow.

In the days of early motoring, it was customary for families to take long rides on a Sunday afternoon eventually stopping at a pleasant spot to partake of a picnic lunch, which was usually prepared Saturday night or just before church that day. Our family was no exception to this custom.

In most families, Father would choose the destination for these weekly Summer outings. Not so with us: A.W. Brown didn't really care where we went, so long as the ride to and from provided ample sights of interest for him to observe and contemplate. This left the choosing of the destination up to Mother, Grandma, and the six of us.

Not surprisingly, the discussions and debates which dealt with the choosing of a destination were intense, lively, and chaotic. They provided early and effective instruction in the arts of wheeling and dealing. After many suggestions, much reaction, some threats, and an occasional outburst ot tears all nine of us would take our assigned pews in the Studebaker and off we'd go.

One particular Sunday, we could not reach a consensus even after the usual regression of behavior. No one would give an inch. No one would even talk. The chicken was getting cold, the sandwiches soggy, and a colony of ants was marching on the tarts.

Without speaking, Father picked up the picnic basket, walked to the wicker table on the west piazza set up the lunch and began to eat. Silently, the rest of us followed suit.

And that is the true story of how our family began a new American tradition.

PREPARING FOR M.I.T.

Harold and his cousin Kenneth were the same age and in the same class in school. Naturally, they were always in competition for each other in a friendly, familial sort of way.

This competition certainly did the boys no harm as in every contest, spelling bee, test, riddle, or whatever, Harold and Kenneth would come in first, second, or tied, as they did for the highest honors at high school graduation. This carried on into their college years at M.I.T. from which they both

were graduated.

In spite of this competition, Harold and Kenneth were closest of friends and very supportive of each other's endeavors. On occasion, they would even team up to attack a particular dilemma. It was on these occasions that Sunnyside and all therein were most vulnerable. . .

"I wonder what makes a dynamite cap work?"

"I wonder why they call it a cap? You can't wear it, and it doesn't come on bottles."

"I wonder. . ."

"You know we can't go in there, we'd get skinned good!"

"No one will ever know if we do, and we'll never know if we don't."

"Huh?"

Looking around and seeing no one, the boys made a beeline to their Grandfather's shop, a palace of infinite mechanical marvels. Searching about, the boys eventually came upon a wooden crate marked, "CAUTION: BLASTING CAPS." They opened the crate and took out several of the innocent looking discs. They appeared puzzled and a bit disappointed. . .

"They're like coins with no faces."

"Not even a fuse."

"Let's open one up, then we can figure out how it works."

"Sure, but how do we open it up, it looks solid."
"Can't be. . ."

"Hey, there's Papa's hammer, let's bust it open on the chopping block."

"Good idea!"

Fetching the hammer, the boys went over by the door to the chopping block and put one of the blasting caps on top. Since the block was over both their heads, only an approximate aim could be obtained. . .

"You missed. . .you missed again, here let me

try."

"Aw! You missed too. . .let's turn the head of the hammer sideways and both hold the handle, that way we're bound to get it."

"ONE!"

"TWO!!"



"They're ready for M.I.T., but is M.I.T. ready for them?"

"THRE-E-EEE!!!"
"CA-BLAMMM!"

A.W. was standing by the barn when the boys evacuated the shop, looking a little like the moral of a fable. They didn't see him, but he got a good look at them and chuckled. Harold was quivering so much his stomach looked like it had electric cars running inside it and his shirt looked like it had been used to put out cigars. If the boys had been six inches taller, their heads would have blown right off. If no more knowledgeable, the boys were certainly wiser for the experience.

A.W. thought to himself; "They're ready for M.I.T. alright, but is M.I.T. ready for them?"

LOIS AND PEARL

As with Harold and Kenneth, Lois and her cousin Pearl were approximately the same age. They were constant companions and did many things together or at least to each other.

Actually, Pearl was older than Lois by about three months and seldom left that fact out of any conversation with Lois. When they played, Pearl should be the leader so she claimed, because she was the oldest.

"I'm the smartest, because I was born first. . I can sew better because I was born first. . . I'm simply better because I was born first!"

"Never mind the bornness," replied Lois, her dan-

der finally up, "you'll die first!"

When Pearl was a very young girl, she was very impressed with Lois! mother, Aunt Fannie. She was beautiful, fine mannered, artistic, and little Pearl tried to please and emulate her in every way.

One day, Grandpa took Pearl on his knee and said; "You think your Aunt Fannie is just about the most wonderful person who ever lived, don't you?"

". . .well. . .maybe George Washington was better."

Pearl may have had a three month advantage on Lois, but the younger always made up and sometimes more than made up the difference with her insatiable curiosity. Lois' curiosity was on a par with Harold's smartness. Some even say that she was much more curious than Harold was smart; she was able to muster catastrophe without help from anyone. Such was the time that Lois absolutely had to know how you could put an ear of corn in the top of a cornsheller and have kernels and a skinned cob come out the bottom.

Of course the most obvious way to figure out how something works is to stick your hand in the object and turn the crank. This is exactly what little Lois did.

"YYEOOWCHH!" she hollered. Her hand was stuck in the cornsheller and she couldn't get it out. No matter what she did, her hand only got stuck tighter and tighter.



CORNSHELLER SUE

"Help! Help!"
Not only had Lois managed to get in this fix all by herself, she'd managed to do it with absolutely no one else anywhere within earshot. So, there she sat, captive to the cornsheller, and with no hope of immediate rescue.

Little Lois had a good deal of time to ponder the merits and consequences of her curiosity. . .

"What if the cornhouse got hit by lightening and burnt up, I'd by fried!" The sun was shining. "What if a bear came out of the woods and ate me, they'd never know til shuckin' time." There hadn't been a bear in thirty years, but Lois didn't know that.

As the hours added, the fears multiplied and it wasn't long before every bolt, nut, pin, screw, or washer that could come off that cornsheller was off. Still, Lois was stuck, and it seemed like forever.

Eventually, she heard some voices, the hired man and her brothers. Lois was hoping the hired man would discover her and free her before the boys saw that a fix she was in. If found out, she knew that more than just a few remarks would be made about the incident. No such luck. Her brothers were the first to profit from Lois' curiosity.

It wouldn't have made any difference. Her hand was badly mangled and had to be stitched and wrapped in a large bandage which had to be worn for a number of weeks.

During this period Lois was commonly referred to as Cornsheller Sue, a name which stuck even after the bandage came off.

One Christmas Pearl received a little box in her stocking. In it was a piece of coal with a note attached to it:

"It's too bad you get only one piece, but coal is heavy and hard to carry, and since it's wartime, it's hard to get hold of, anyway. Even though you get only one piece, remember that you deserve a whole load of it; you've been very hard on your little brother."

MY WILL LOIS BROWN SUNDAY, FEBURARY 18, 1923

Lundrey Feburary 19,920
My WillMy WillMy doll to Elinor.
My alsons to Elinor.
My delesses to Elinor.
My delesses to Elinor.
All my girlish staff to Elinor.
Weent my washcloth doll
My with companions which el
hove saved to Feal.
My calf to Harold & hope
he will never never sell by

My doll to Elinor.
My ribbons to Elinor.
My dresses to Elinor.
All my jerully to Elinor.
All my girlish stuff to Elinor.
Except my washcloth doll
My Uth companions which I
have saved to Pearl.
My calf to Harold. I hope
he will never never sell her.

My games to Ernest. my Wash cloth doll to My Pribocrytion of With Companion to Charles Clarane not got much many my fant you and Testingen Jors Brown Sun 8 m Feb. 18.1923 M & Mangton

My games to Ernest.
My Wash cloth doll to
Winnie.
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companion to Charlie.
I have not got much mony.

My Last Will
And Testiment
Lois Brown
Hampton Falls

Feb. 18, 1923 N.H.

Sun P.M.

Lois and Pearl each had on a very pretty flowered dimity in the style of the day. They combed their hair and did themselves up in fine fashion. Soon, there seemed to be some conflict over who was the prettiest. They decided to ask someone to judge who was the prettiest so as to settle this thing. They could agree on no one because no matter who they thought of, one of them was more closely related than the other. Finally they decided to ask the hired man who near as either of them could tell, was related to no one at all.

They ran outside and down the road where the hapless farm hand was digging a trench.

"Which of us is prettiest?" They chimed in unison.

Without hesitating an instant, the hired hand looked up and said; "Why, misses, you both look the prettiest!"

Lois and Pearl had just finished reading a tragic story about death. Greatly moved, they decided to end their own lives just as tragically. Not that they had anything against life, they didn't; they thought life was just fine; but the dying in the story was surely grand, and there just didn't seem to be much else to do on a cloudy Summer afternoon.

The girls knew that their fathers used something called paris green to kill insects. They decided that would do, so they set out in search of some. They searched Sunnyside up and down: nowhere could they find any paris green. In fact, the only green thing in the whole of Sunnyside was the chicken house which had been painted green some years earlier.

Lois and Pearl decided that chicken house green was probably just as lethal as paris green. Gamely, the two little girls took up licking positions next to the old hen house, squinched their eyes, and began licking.

After some few minutes they decided they'd licked a lethal enough dose. Besides, they both were feeling a little sickly. They stopped licking and



wandered off to die.

No mention was ever made of this and no one would have ever known, save for the two little clean spots on an otherwise very dirty green hen house.

FATHER'S ICE CREAM CONE

On Sunday afternoons during the twenties, we used to go for nice long rides in Father's seven passenger Studebaker. This Studebaker was truly a magnificent car, one of the finest built and best looking motor cars of its era. And when they said seven passenger, they meant it, for this car could easily transport Mother, Father, Grandma, and the six of us. That seven passenger Studebaker could accommodate nine anytime. What it couldn't accommodate, however, was nine people accompanied by Father's cigar smoke: Father sat in the middle jump seat so that we would profit equally from the fumes. I might also add that the middle jump seat of a seven passenger Studebaker provided the best view.

We children were not always anxious to partake of this weekly pilgrimage as we had a tendency to get carsick, either one at a time or collectively. This tendency was greater during foul or cold weather when the car had to be enclosed keeping out the elements and keeping in Father's cigar smoke.

As this Sunday tradition developed, Father found a number of ways to coax us into the car and to encourage good health for the duration. The most successful method implemented by Father was to tell us that if we were good and if we didn't get sick, he'd buy us all ice cream cones on the way home.

Needless to say, the Brown children went to some lengths to meet Father's standards, especially little Dometer who got the sickest and who also had to sit right next to Father. The person riding shotgun was the luckiest as whenever that queazy feeling began, all he or she had to do was stick the head out the window to prevent a worsening of the situation. As



for the rest of us, we strained our very souls to the limit in order to keep things in their proper places. In those days, ice cream cones were very

precious things.

One particular Sunday, one of the rare days when no unscheduled stops had to be made, we pulled into Higgins' Ice Cream Parlor in Exeter. After the usual confusion of selecting flavors, Father went in to fetch the cones. Mouths watering, we remained in the car for what seemed like hours before Father returned. Finally we saw Father walking to the car with a bouquet of cones in his hands and balanced on his forearms. There were raspberry red ones, yellow ones, orange ones, every possible color and flavor.

"Charlie, open the door!...CHARLIE! OPEN THE CAR DOOR!!"

Startled, Charlie swung open the car door with such authority that it caught Father under the forearm and all the cones, save one, went catapulting into the air like a shower of fireworks on the fourth of July. To us, it was more like watching a rainbow of dreams vanish before our very disappointed eyes.

Our attentions were equally divided into three areas of concern; 1) grief for losing the cones, 2) Father's likely reaction, 3) who would get the

one remaining cone.

Without speaking, Father opened the back door, climbed into his seat, and ate the ice cream cone.

EDITOR'S POSTSCRIPT

When we published the Sunnyside Files of Sarah Norris Brown, we had no inkling of the overwhelming

response it would receive.

Almost immediately we began receiving pleasant letters from people with familial interests or merely casual interest in the ways of a time and place that is today all but erased from our increasingly prefabricated world.

Most of these letters expressed some disappointment that there wasn't more story to read. We were, too, but we had found all there was to be found. . .

or so we thought.

Shortly after publication, we received a very large envelope which contained over fifty years of clippings, file cards, and notes of Sarah Norris Brown which were previously not known to exist. Since then we have received photo albums, another generation of diaries, momentoes, and most recently a packet of beautifully written letters dating to the beginning of the nineteenth century. It didn't take us long to come to the conclusion that a second Sunnyside book would be inevitable.

Even as we put this second book to press, there is a growing feeling that yet another book is to be written before the saga of Sunnyside is fully told.

Then, again, is any story ever fully told?

G.C. Gemeinschaft Farms Sept. 27, 1976



Photo by Gary Crowell

THE AUTHOR