

THINGS THAT HAVE DISAPPEARED

Ever stop to think, you middle aged people, of the things that were so familiar in your early days but which have practically disappeared? It will be interesting to recall some of them.

For instance, there is the "button strings" that the girls used to make. Every girl in the neighborhood had a button string, and the girl who could get the greatest variety of buttons on her string was the envied one.

Then there was the "what-not," often made of spools, always three-cornered, and always used to hold the trinkets of no intrinsic value but of incalculable worth from a sentimental point of view. Usually a china vase occupied the top shelf and was always in imminent danger of falling off when a heavy man or woman walked across the floor.

Then there was the "hair wreath," made of some deceased relative's hair and wrought around a photograph of the original owner. This was enclosed in a deep glass case and hung on the parlor wall.

Remember the old home's kitchen? To be sure, and you remember the cupboard with the tin doors, and the doors perforated with holes in a most intricate pattern. The upper part held the chinaware, and the lower part usually held a supply of bread, cookies, etc. That is, it would hold cookies for a little while. Funny how rapidly cookies would leak out through those tiny holes in the tin front.

From the kitchen to the parlor of the old home is not a far cry, but thank goodness the old-fashioned "parlor" has practically disappeared. If it boasted an ingrain carpet it

wouldn't do to let the sun shine in for that would fade the carpet. And of all the gloomy, uncomfortable, appalling places within memory, the old-time "parlor" is entitled, to first place. The carpet was laid over straw, and it usually took about six months for the straw to settle until the carpet did not resemble the waves of the ocean in a storm.

And the "spare bed room!" Gee whiz, how cold that room could get in winter! Peary in his dashes for the pole never endured the agony of cold like the unfortunate guest who was consigned to the old time "spare bed room" on a January night.

Remember the aroma that filled the house when mother made "salt risin" bread? That is, it was delightful if you liked that sort of aroma. But no matter how it smelled, didn't it taste good?

If the "button strings" have disappeared—along with the autograph you can bet the girls have something else in place thereof, and something much more expensive. The "what not" has given way to the expensive china closet, the tin-front cupboard has given way to the patented kitchen cabinet, the "hair wreath" has given way to etchings and artist's proofs, and the dismal old parlor has given way to the sunny front room with its rugs and hard wood floors and windows that seldom have the curtains drawn. The "spare bed room" is now warmed by the furnace, and "salt risin" bread is an almost forgotten luxury—for luxury it would be compared with the baker's bread of today.

After all, it is much more pleasant to sit and recall those old times and old things than it would be to have to endure them again after experience with more modern things.