



ONE BOY'S WAY OF CARRYING MUGS.



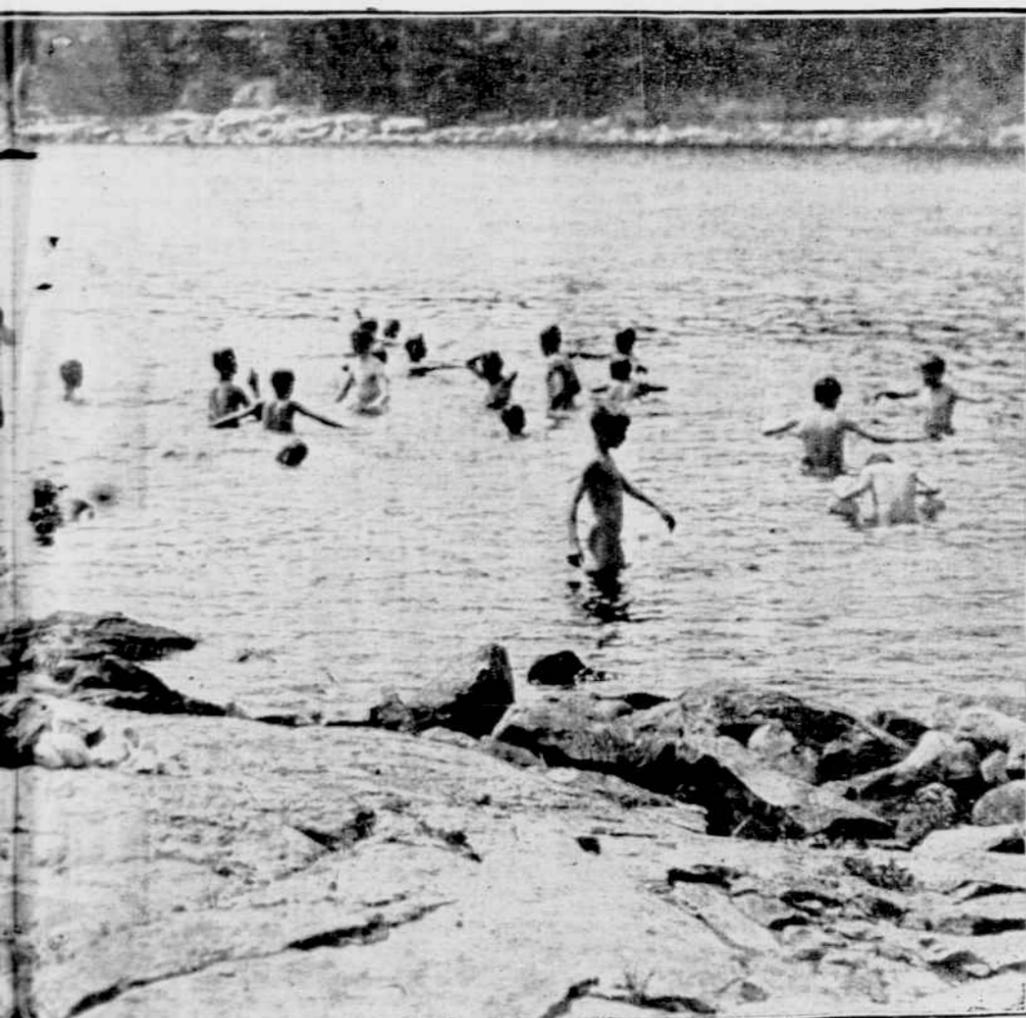
WAITING FOR DINNER.



FIELD SPORTS AT CAMP DUDLEY.



CAMP LEADERS AND HIS "FAMILY."



CAMP DUDLEY.

RELICS OF OLDEN DAYS.

Many Are To Be Found in Attics of New-England Farmhouses.

One has only to visit the oldtime attics of New-England farmhouses to receive ocular proof of the fact that "the world do move" along the line of labor saving inventions and of articles of general utility. One here gets proof of the fact that customs change, and if proof were needed of the fact that Dame Fashion is a fickle creature such proof could here be found in abundance. If one would hark back to the past and find one's self in an atmosphere reminiscent of days of long ago, one should visit an old New-England attic in which the family heirlooms have been preserved throughout many generations. There are many such attics still uninvaded by the eager searcher for genuine four poster bedsteads and "highboys" that bear the sure mark of real antiquity. There are attics in which these searchers would "go wild," but not even this degree of eager enthusiasm and of longing could induce the owners of these ancient relics to part with a single one of them. Endearment and sacred by lifelong associations and by the touch of vanished hands, some of these relics are not to be purchased with any amount of money eager buyers may offer for them.

"What! Sell my own great-grandmother's four poster bedstead, that was a part of her wedding setting out and that she slept on sixty years and that she died on? Why, my grandmother and my mother were both born on that bedstead, and so was I. Sell it? Well, I guess I'll be a good deal poorer than I be at the present time before I sell it. That bedstead come to me by will, and it's going to my daughter by will along with great-grandmother's silver spoons."

There are in the old attics of New-England many articles of furniture that have been mentioned in more than one will. It was not uncommon in the olden days to mention every article of furniture, every household utensil, down to a single teacup or spoon, in one's will. It was the custom to give in such full detail a list of one's possessions that not even a shoe-buckle or a candlestick was overlooked.

"That warming pan has been in our family nearly two hundred years," said an old woman, showing the writer some of her attic treasures. "It was the custom, you know, to fill the pan with hot coals and pass it between the sheets of the bed on cold winter nights. And this little old foot stove came to me from my grandmother. She carried it to church hundreds of times, and sat with her feet on it during those long, long sermons in the unheated churches they had in those days. And you know it was the custom for the minister to preach all the way from two to three hours, and nowadays people begin to yawn and they make complaint if the preacher holds forth longer than thirty minutes, even in the beautiful and luxuriously comfortable churches we have in this day. Think of what it used to be when folks rode eight or ten miles to church in the biting cold and then had to sit in a church like a refrigerator without a sign of a stove in it. I guess these little foot stoves came in very handy in those days."

One is sure to find in the old attic the spinning wheel without which no young woman felt that she could begin her married life in the days of long ago. Her evenings were spent before it and her spinning was her "pick up" work throughout the entire day. The old loom, clumsy and with tremendous possibilities as a producer of backache, bears silent testimony to the days when nearly every housewife wove the cloth for the garments of the entire family. She wove her own sheets and bedspreads, or "kiverlids," as they were sometimes called. If she had a carpet at all it was made of the strips of rags she had cut and sewn together with patient care and then woven into a carpet with her own hands. Rag carpets are still woven in some rural homes, but the linen sheets and the blue and white or blue and red bedspreads are woven no more.

The old churn, an object of loathing to the

boys and girls who had to work its dasher up and down, up and down, before the butter would come, has had its usefulness brought to a close by the modern creamery, and the custom of buttermaking has become obsolete in nearly all farmhouses. The "creamery man," an unheard of individual a quarter of a century ago, now goes his rounds collecting the milk and cream from the farms, and the rural housewife does not make even the butter used by her own family.

Hanging from some dust covered beam in the attic are the old candle moulds in which the housewife used to mould her candles, if she did not make them by the slower process of "dipping" them. What housewife of to-day "dips taller" or would "dip" it without protest? When she thinks of her candle dipping days and of the flickering, feeble light her candles produced, when compared to the lamps she has to-day, the housewife is inclined to regard the Standard Oil Company as something of a blessing, after all. She is also thankful that customs change even in the matter of diet, and that the farmer who once lived almost wholly on pork, when it came to meat, now uses almost no pork at all. Butchering day has become a thing of the past on many farms, and lard has almost disappeared from some pantries in which it was never absent in the days of long ago. The housewife does not fry everything in a sputtering lake of fat as she once did, although there are rural localities in which the frying pan still takes first rank as a cooking utensil, and everything that can be fried goes into it.

Rusty old scythes bear testimony to the fact that time was when the sound of the reaper and mower was not heard in the land, and the farmer swung his scythe from morning until night, cutting less with it in a day than he can now cut in an hour with the mower of modern invention. The farmer of to-day owes much to the inventive genius of the men of recent years, for his barn is supplied with labor saving implements of which his ancestors on the farm he now owns knew nothing. He may work as hard as they did, but he has the satisfaction of knowing that his work counts for much more with the implements he has at hand.

We are not, like the people of many other lands, conservative in regard to adopting new customs and new inventions when we see that they are better than old customs and old inventions. We are not bound by custom nor by sentiment to the ways of our ancestors, although the writer knows of one old woman living in the heart of the city of Boston who to-day prepares all of her meals over the coals in the fireplace in which her mother and her grandmother cooked. She will have nothing to do with any "newfangled" ways of cooking, and that blessing of the housewife of to-day, the beautifully appointed kitchen range, has no charms for her.

Modern invention has driven to the attic many household utensils once in common and wearisome use, and custom has wrought such changes that if our ancestors who have been lying in their graves these hundred years could come back to earth they would be almost helpless on a farm or in a kitchen of to-day, while a great, noisy, odoriferous, touring car of an automobile would no doubt cause some of them to feel that some of our modern methods of locomotion are open to criticism and some of our inventions are not unmixt blessings.

THEY HAD A COMMON INTEREST.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt was talking about a young couple whose engagement had just been announced. The man was a lawyer, with more conceit than ability; the girl was pretty, of the modest, simple minded, humble type.

"They will be very happy," said Mrs. Catt. "Their life after marriage will be an ideal one."

"Why do you think so?" a spinster asked in a sour voice.

"Because," said Mrs. Catt, "they are both deeply interested in the same thing."

"Both deeply interested in the same thing? What thing is that?" the spinster cried incredulously.

"Him," said Mrs. Catt.