

FAMILY HISTORY. By Pearl Levins .

This is a tale of my Grandma,
A lady of pleasant renown ;
Who did all her chores both in and outdoors
In a calico floor length gown.
She carried the water in from the creek
And she packed in the wood that she burned;
Her home made bread was always spread
With the butter she thriftily churned.

Grandma was terribly thorough-
She swept and dusted and scrubbed.
In a kitchen bright every Saturday night
Her soiled little cherubs she tubbed,
And that in a tub made of wood.
Then she tucked them away
Where not tattle tell gray
Had ever been known to exist;
Then she cleaned up the mess
And proceeded - I guess-
To the next thing that came on her list

Grandma had nothing electric-
Her lamps were to fill and to trim,
Her laundry routine, if you know what I mean
Was quite undilutedly grim.
And not only mending, but making of clothes
Was a thing Grandma took in her stride;
While many a quilt from odd pieces she built
And her rugs were the family's pride.

Though Grandma did oodles of cooking
Her pantry was very austere,
The crispie and puff and such frivolous stuff
Had not yet provided their cheer.
The sugar and tea and flour seemed to be
The main thing her grocer supplied.
On Grandma's full pens of good healthy hens
And her own busy hands,
And the garden, she largely relied.

Grandma-and this may surprise you !
Had visitors calling galore,
At a social "to do " there was not a soul who
Enjoyed herself longer or more:
When a book came along
Grandma went for it strong,
An shelliked scraps of news of all brands,
'Till at ninety odd years, (99 years, 11 months and 3 days)
With no fuss and no fears,
She folded her worn old hands .

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I don't know how she did it -
I've pondered the question a lot !
For now, you and I, with our gadget supply
Have scarcely the time for a thought.
The things that we own, take for instance the phone !
Seem to clutter our lives up no end;
And the Jones' of course
Are of worry a source,
With their urging to get and to spend.