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REMINISCENCE.

We Grandma's oft resort to thoughts of days beyond recall,
On eagles wings those years have fled,since we were babes in cradle bed,
Dolled up in dresses thrice our length,tight bands to give our backs more strength,
Our feet tied up in barrow coats,and fuss and frills around our throats,
When time for sleep or when we cried,that cradle rocked from side to side,
Our little forms a keeping step,and strange to say,through all we slept.
But every time we'd fret or fuss,the answer was- more food for us.
Weaker and wiser,so they say,the world is growing day by day,
As far as raising babies go,it really seems to us as though,it might be true,
For modern ways are better than in former days,
For one thing barrow coats are out and baby's free to kick about,
No long tailed dresses to annoy,or squelch the baby's squeals of joy.
Four hour feedings on the dot,no matter if he cries or not,
Then let him burp and down he goes,to bassinette all set to doze.
Expectant mothers in these days,use common sense in many ways,
They wear their clothing loose and free,and see their Doc. periodically,
While,fifty years ago or so,expectant mothers-do you know-went all squeezed up in corset steel,
no matter how it made them feel,
And,see their Doctors?No Siree-twas bad enough when it had to be,
Twas very foolish,we allow,mock modesty we call it now.
Nine days we had to lie in bed,to get our strength back,so Doc. said,
But now he boosts you out of bed,and makes you walk around instead.
When old enough to go to school,our dresses,which was then the rule,
Were made way down below the knee,while in these days,the children go,
With dresses not made down below,but up above the knee a bit,
Which looks much better,we admit.
In days of old,when nights were cold,it took three fleeces from the fold,to dress a
lady fair,
But-in these days,of jazz and bob,a little silk worm does the job,with yards galore
to spare.
But-even tho' we're Grandma's now,we're glad to be alive somehow,
And have a share of modern things,and get a chance to try our wings,
In using power gadgets fine,that's come into your house and mine.
Push in a plug,away she goes,awashing all the family's clothes,
Backbreaking hours of work is floored,arubbing clothes with tub and board.
Another plug,the iron is hot,there's no more need of constant trot,
From sweltering stove to iron board,the heat supply comes through a cord.
Our men folks too,don't work so hard,removing from the old barn yard,
That smelly mound,way out on range,-that's something years will never change-
With bucket,loader,spreader fit,they sure do make short work of it.
'Tis very wonderful indeed,just living in these days of speed.
Get all dressed up,step in the car,turn on the key and there you are-
A whirring down the paved highway,you reach your destination fine,
Not late,but in the nick of time,all spick and span and good as new,
No horse hairs plastered over you,or road dust ground into your clothes,and
even smeared around your nose.
And then we have the telephone,it's fine indeed,that we must own,
For visiting we have no time,we just call our neighbor on the line.

Even cows are milked by milk machine-which must be any woman's dream,
But most of us still milk in pails,and bear the switching of their tails,
And chicks are raised in brooder pen-instead of with a lousy hen,
Oh,yes,we could go on and on,comparing methods past and gone,
With modern methods of to-day,which should make work seem more like play.
But peopleseem as busy now,as in the days of Ox and plow,
But- are we happier to-day,than in those years that've gone for aye?
In any case,while life shall last,we'll cherish memories of the past.

Written by Mrs. Stanley Smith forthe

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