



### The Things That Have Disappeared

This department has received an interesting letter from a friend in Louisville, Ky. The name is blurred, but appears to be Mrs. John B. Render. But no matter. The letter refers to a recent article in this department under the head of "Things That Have Disappeared." The Louisville correspondent writes as follows:

"I suppose I should begin by saying that I am 'a constant reader' of The Commoner, but that is not true, as I am not so fortunate. But my mother sent me a copy of The Commoner containing your article, 'Things That Have Disappeared' with the article marked, and I much enjoyed reading it. It started me to looking backward. Although not so old, I can look back quite a ways. Do you remember the big glass jar that always stood on the mantel shelf in the parlor and always full of candy apples and pears? And candy hearts, all religiously kept from one Christmas to the next? And the tall glass jar of peach preserves kept on the highest shelf in the closet—O, so high!

"And there was the horsehair sofa, so slippery and so springy. When two or three of the children sat on it during prayers, when the preacher came, if one moved down the whole bunch would slide.

"The silver caster. Do you remember it? With its vinegar cruet, the salt shaker, the mustard pot and the pepper box. It always had the place of honor in the center of the dining table.

"And the glass pitcher! What a thing it was to own a glass pitcher. Especially well-to-do folks owned two. Then there was the crocheted chair tidy, and the 'air castle,' and the 'memory box.' Remember the mottoes? You have seen them—all marked in bright colored zephyr on perforated cardboard. Remember the old side-saddle with its red carpet seat? And the flybrush made of peacock feathers and only used when company came. Remember the blue-backed spelling book? I used to wonder if any one ever lived long enough to spell through it.

"Who ever sees a bootjack these days? Or a pair of 'side lace' shoes? And last but not least, the accordion. It was kept on the center table in the parlor. When company came we took it out and played 'I have some friends in glory,' 'Sweet by and by,' and 'Home over there.' It was considered a great accomplishment to be able to play on the accordion. Yes, of course new things have taken the place of the old things—new things better adapted to us, and us to them. But what can take the place of the old accordion? Surely nothing, unless it is the automatic piano. That does—in sound."

Speaking of accordions reminds me the architect of this department of something. Years ago—years on end—he was a printer on the old Atchison County Mail at Rock Port, Mo. A jolly bunch of young folks we had in the old town those days. Seven miles away from a railroad, we just had to frame up our own amusements, and the club dance was the favorite. We would meet about every Friday evening, five or six congenial couples, and proceed to the home of some member. Then we would spend the evening dancing in the biggest room of the house. We didn't have

any renowned orchestra. No, we just danced to the music of an accordion. That instrument was played by a fellow who couldn't do anything else—but he beat the world playing the accordion. Honestly, he would start to playing a waltz and go sound asleep, never missing a note. We'd have to go and kick him on the shins to wake him up so we could dance something else.

How we would like to call the roll of that bunch of jolly young folks and have every one answer "Here!" But that can never be. Some of them long since answered "present" to a heavenly roll call. Others are scattered to the four points of the compass. Nearly all of those who are still in the flesh are fathers and mothers of boys and girls as old as we were in those good old Rock Port days. Yes, some of them are grandfathers and grandmothers—young ones, to be sure.

And the old side-saddle! Many's the time we've seen the little mother put the old side-saddle on "Bill" and prepare to ride to the little country church. She'd mount little sister in front, and the writer would clamber on behind. Old "Bill" was a very sedate animal, and his back was about as wide as a city residence lot. The writer's then short and chubby legs would stick out at right angles to his body, and when old "Bill" trotted a small boy would bounce up and down like a rubber ball.

The "copper-toed shoes" are well remembered. But the joy of being the possessor of a pair of "copper-toes" wasn't in it with the joy felt when the writer donned his first pair of "box-toed shoes." This was almost equal to the joy experienced when he was privileged to wear the first collar that wasn't attached to the shirt as a constituent part thereof. Then there was the huge woolen "comforter" or "nubia" or whatever they were. What has become of them? And the "hat marks" worked in silk floss on ribbon by the fairest of fair hands! And the old autograph album, and the "spice apple," and "Fox Book of Martyrs." Say, didn't some member of the family play the flute? We'd give a lot to see the father pick up that old yellow flute and play "The old musician and his harp," or "Wearing of the green."

Maybe we have more enjoyable things at hand these days, but we'd like mighty well to drop about thirty or thirty-five years and spend a week or two in the old days and among the old friends and the old ways.

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What particular form of dementia inflicted the party who invented this season's style of feminine headgear?

Why does a little man love to sport a huge mustache, and a big man allow a fuzzy little one grow on his lip?

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If everything is created for a purpose will some body kindly explain the good purpose served by the cockroach?



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