

OLD TIME DAYS and WAYS

Did you ever wonder what they ate, and how they cooked it in the very new New England of an hundred years ago? Or, have you supposed that, like the old woman in Mother Goose, they "lived upon nothing but victuals and drink"?

They certainly did; but with smaller variety in material and fewer utensils, their food necessarily differed widely from ours, and many delicious old fashioned dishes are now almost forgotten.

The whole country was new then, and Vermont was farther inland, practically, than the remotest corner of Arizona is now; and the food of each family was almost wholly produced on the farm upon which they lived, so that the sturdy determined settlers were independent of foreign lands.

I have often heard Madame Thankful Whitney's cooking highly spoken of, and some of her recipes have passed down to me, but I suppose the dear old people who told them to me, would think the same dishes if cooked in modern stoves and ranges, lacked a peculiar appetizing flavor which is imparted only from the brick oven, the bake-kettle or the fire-place, or more probably from Madame Whitney's skillful handling and compounding; it certainly did require more skill to cook then than now.

The very earliest settlers in Vermont used generally to come in small companies, all men, bringing with them little besides a change of clothing, a gun, an axe, and a small supply of flour and salt. There would perhaps be two horses belonging to a party of five or six, and on these they bound the more unwieldy articles; the rest they strapped upon their backs. When they found a favorable location, they built a cabin of bark and bushes, selected and staked out their farms and each immediately began to clear his own.

They could shoot game enough for their meat supply, and the handiest one of their number was deputed to make unleavened bread as often as occasion required; and they did their cooking in a little fireplace in, or near, the cabin.

Week after week they chopped down the great primeval trees; when a sufficient quantity had been felled in any one of the lots, they all worked together to pile the brush and logs for burning. The huge fires were a wild and

splendid sight, especially at night, and frightened the wolves to safe distances for some time. After the burning, if it was in season, they immediately sowed wheat, bought at the nearest settlement, and patiently hoed it in. The land was too rough for the use of plow and harrow, therefore as fast as the wheat was scattered the ground was mellowed and the seed covered by means of a hand hoe. It sprung up quickly, and produced an abundant crop. —(To Be Continued).

After the wheat was sown, they built substantial log cabins on their farms in the midst of the clearing. "Didn't they leave a single tree to shade their houses?" someone wonders. No; they were too wise to do that. The first blast of wind might have blown them over and perhaps crushed their little cabins. Forest trees do not send out their roots widely and bracingly, like those which grow in open land, and they do not stand stoutly alone. The cabins completed, the clearings were left in the care of one man, while the rest went back to the home State for their families. It was not safe to leave wheat fields unwatched; and with all the care, very likely the bears got half of the crops.

The food for the family during the first year was principally wild game and wheat. The pigs and sheep and calves which they had laboriously driven from the old home were altogether too precious to be killed until they were sure of others. They often boiled their wheat, and corn, too, after they began to raise it, whole, or else they cracked it in a mortar; for the grist mill might be twenty or thirty miles away, and of course, they went to it as seldom as possible.

But Mr. Whitney brought his family to an improved farm; that is a small clearing had been made upon it a few years before, and an unfinished frame house built, also a log stable, I think, around which had been stacked the wild hay cut in the clearing. O, how they shivered, in that unfinished house that first winter, though Mr. Whitney kept his hammers and saws flying, sealing and battening the cracks; for he was a notable carpenter. It is said, "Pride will keep one warm," but their pride in their board house was not sufficient to keep them half as warm as their neighbors were in their snug, cozy log cabins. Did you ever live in a log house?

Then I wish you could, for just one

winter; you would never pity the early settlers again simply on the score of their houses. They were, perhaps, a trifle too dark in the day time, since the logs could not be cut through too often for window space; but they were very warm. The settlers, to be sure, built frame houses as soon as possible, both because they could be made more roomy and because they liked to build "for good." A log house was erected for temporary accommodation without foundation stones; consequently sagged, sank, and leaned, and seldom lasted many years. —(To Be Continued).

Evanston Children Name Books Liked

"Robinson Crusoe" was voted to head the list of books for children in the third, fourth and fifth grades by the majority of 2,000 children who were recently asked by a librarian in Evanston, Ill., what books were so good that they recommended them for vacation reading. "Pinnocchio," "Eskimo Twins," "Green Door," "Dutch Twins" and "Seven Peas in a Pod," were also recommended in this group.

"King Arthur" headed the list for books for sixth grade children. "Penrod," "Huckleberry Fin," and "Treasure Island," were also voted upon by large numbers.

"Tom Sawyer" received the most votes for seventh and eighth grades, and was followed closely by "A Connecticut Yankee," "Captains Courageous," "Little Women," "Call of the Wild," and "The Last of the Mohicans."

Other delightful stories named were: "Just So" stories, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Little Count of Normandy," "East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon," "Tale of Two Cities," and "Spanish Chest."

Modern Story of Tortoise and Hare

If light and sound were running a race, such as the hare and the tortoise once did in the old days of fable, light would go rushing along at the rate of about one hundred and eighty-six thousand, six hundred miles a second, while sound would go crawling after at the rate of one thousand and ninety-one feet a second. In other words, light would have speeded about seventy-two times around the earth while sound was slowly and laboriously traversing one-hundred-and-twenty-thousandth of its circumference.

The Pirates' Cave

When the Banshee Screams

Most fellows never like to own up that they're afraid, even though when they're saying "I'm not scared," their teeth are chattering. Last night when we were sitting around the campfire, Jim started telling a scary ghost story. It was sort of gloomy in the woods anyway; felt like it was going to storm any minute.

We were glad there were seven of us together—or nine, because there was John Clark, the older boy we took with us, and a chum of his, who had just come out to spend a few days.

"It's funny," John spoke up when Jim was through, "the way boys like to scare themselves, isn't it? Bet none of you would like to go after water about now." Nobody said anything, and John laughed.

When Fear Creeps In

"There's something about being in the woods that makes people easily scared anyway," said John's chum, Dick Morris. "Little things seem much worse. People get easily panic-stricken by being lost. They lose all control of themselves, when, if they would just sit down and figure things out quietly they'd find they didn't have so much to worry about, after all."

"I remember one time I was doing some mountain climbing, all by myself. It was late in the season and the regular tourists had all gone home. I went along for a while without seeing anybody. It was late afternoon and beginning to get a little dark, and I wasn't just sure where I was going."

The Banshee Cries

"Suddenly I heard the most horrible screech, a sort of long-drawn-out wail. I stopped so quickly I almost lost my balance. It seemed to come from just above me, but there was no one in sight. I can tell you I felt queer. I remembered stories I had heard from old Irishmen of the banshee, a ghost with a weird shriek which appears just before a death is to take place."

"I'm not superstitious, but it gave me a chill. However, I went on, and after a few minutes the cry came again. This time it was even more blood-curdling than before. There was something human about it, too. Though darkness was com-

ing, it was still light enough for me to see that no one was in sight.

Tracking the Ghost

"I gritted my teeth and went on, until I had almost reached the top. It was very barren up there—only a pile of jumbled rocks. As I stopped to look around again, a gust of wind rushed against me, and at the same time the cry was repeated. Then I realized that my banshee was only the wind in the rock crevices. And that's the way with most outdoor bugaboos." —AL STUBBS, Scribe of the Pirate Seven.

Martha's Dream

Once upon a time there was an old woman, and she had a daughter. Her daughter's name was Martha.

One day Martha's mother told her she was going to the woods, and she told Martha to stay at home and not to let any body in.

Martha said she would obey, so her mother kissed her good-bye and started out for the woods. While she was gone Martha did all the work and when she was through she was very tired, so she lay down and fell asleep. While she was sleeping she dreamed she fell into a lake and the wind drew her far from shore. She screamed and nobody answered. She was drowning and nobody was there to help her. And just then, her mother woke her. She told her mother about the dream and said, "Mother, my! I'm glad that wasn't true." —Theresa Falcone, grade 5A, Whitewater school.

The Fun Box

"Now," said the music teacher, after explaining terms used in the lesson, "if 'f' means forte, what does 'ff' mean?"

"Eighty!" shouted Freddy.

A Riddle, Perhaps

"Could you put yourself through a keyhole?"

"Of course. Just write 'yourself' on a slip of paper, wad it up, and push it through."

Did You Know?

The Chinese are very peaceable. They dislike fighting of any sort, and the clash of arms has no attraction for them. It is only sixty years ago that the Chinese council, when they were attacked by enemies, ordered their soldiers to go out and try to frighten them away by making faces at them.

Bright Pupil

Teacher: "Name three plays of Shakespeare."

Pupil: "King Liar, McBath, and Omelet."

Helping Dad

A preacher was in the midst of a sermon, when he happened to raise his eyes and saw his young son sitting in the balcony and engaged busily in pelting certain members of the congregation with horse-chestnuts.

The preacher was about to speak out and settle his young hopeful, when the boy cried out cheerfully, seeing his father watching him, "You 'tend to your preaching, Daddy; I'm keepin' 'em awake!"

WANT ADS

BICYCLE—For sale; in fair shape. Has extra tire. Will sell cheap. Inquire of L. E. Anderson, 230 S. 11th St.

BOY'S MACKINAW—For sale; all-wool; good as new; size from 12 to 14 years; will sell at low price. Also paper carrier's bag and boy's stocking cheap. Call soon at 715 South Eleventh street.

THE DAYS OF REAL SPORT

By Briggs

