

In The Good Old Times---and Now

In the March of Progress
We Have Not Given Eye

to the
Pictur-
esque,
But if
Speed and
Comfort
Count for
Anything
We Have
Both



In the Good Old Times—

THE dance (as shown above) was slow and stately and everybody was taught to watch their step and see that it was graceful. Contra dances like the minuet or Virginia reel were all the vogue. Couples stood opposite each other and no man touched more than his partner's hand. Mrs. Grundy frowned severely on people who failed to "mind their manners" and romped through a dance. For music someone thumped on the spinet or played the fiddle. A modern dance to "canned music" (above to right). There is nothing slow and stately about this.



Who ever imagined that crinolines could be made on a machine like this.



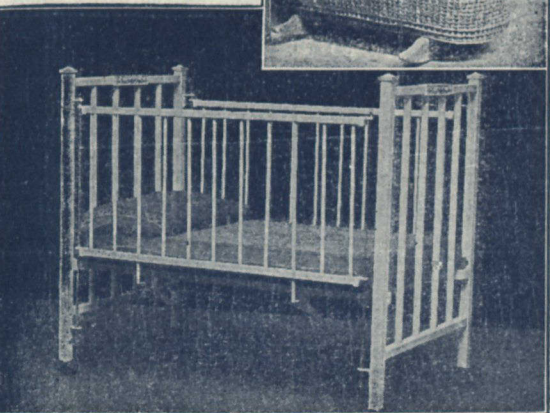
In Grandma's Day—

HER sewing machine was a clumsy looking contraption like the one above to right, which was considered a marvellous invention when it was first exhibited in 1863. It was run by foot power and was said by the papers to be a wonderful aid to "industrious females" and they were advised never to allow it to be "monopolised by men."

Now—

THE very newest type of sewing machine is run by electricity. It is so small it can easily be packed in a trunk and used anywhere there is electric current without effort or fatigue. It has gone through many changes in the last half century but still continues to be an invaluable aid to "industrious females" and thus far no man with the possible exception of the tailor has even tried to "monopolize" it.

The "Rock-a-Bye Baby" idea has passed with the old wicker cradle.



In the Good Old Times—

IN the good old times babies were put in hot, stuffy cradles on feather beds that were not made over once in a generation. Even the slightest draught was kept away from them and it was firmly believed that night air would kill them. They were rocked each time they cried until they grew too dizzy to utter a sound. This cradle was brought over in the Mayflower and belonged to Peregrine White the first little Pilgrim born in America. It is of heavy woven wicker work with solid wooden rockers that must have given the occupant an awful jolt every time it swung back and forth. Modern child specialists tell us that constant rocking will effect even the strongest brain.

Now—

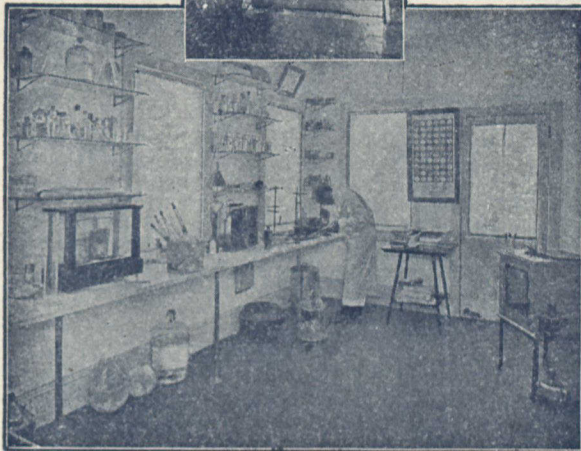
CONTRAST with the old cradle the hygienic crib used for babies of to-day. There are open sides so that the infant can get the best of ventilation. It is made of white enamelled metal that can be washed off if desired and has a hair mattress laid on woven wire springs. The side next the mother's bed can be let down at a touch of the foot for convenience in lifting out the baby.

In the Good Old Times—

WATER came from the old bucket attached to the well sweep of the old-fashioned well and a slender pole was used to draw it up instead of a rope or chain.

Now—

TO-DAY if you want a drink of water you go out to the refrigerator and pour it from a bottle that you have bought from some spring water company that not only pipes it from a spring high up on a wooded hill where nothing but the rain from Heaven can drain into it, but also conducts hourly tests by chemists in its bacteriological and chemical laboratories to discover if the water is still running pure.

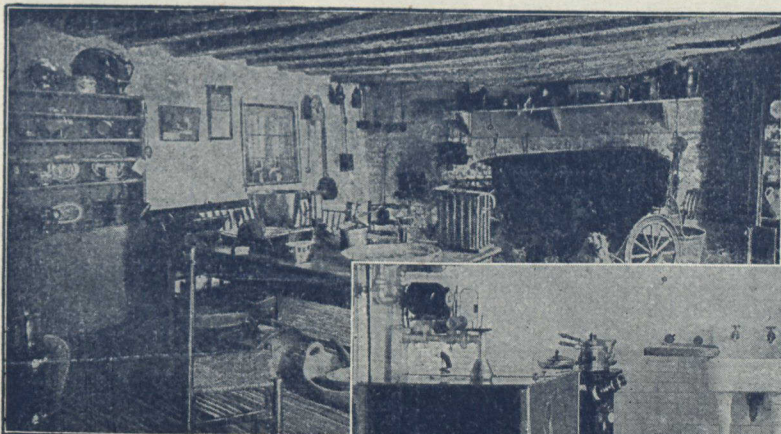


In the Good Old Times—

THE kitchen was the family sitting room. All the cooking was done in a huge fireplace which burned logs of wood. All pots and kettles were of iron or copper and were held over the fire by the swinging crane with its pot hooks. There were ovens in the brickwork that were heated by building a fire in them until they were very hot and then after sweeping out the ashes putting in the food to be cooked. Most of the tableware was of pewter and needed polishing every day. In those days the home did the work of the cannery and the mill for in it was manufactured all that was needed, both to eat and to wear. (See photo below.)

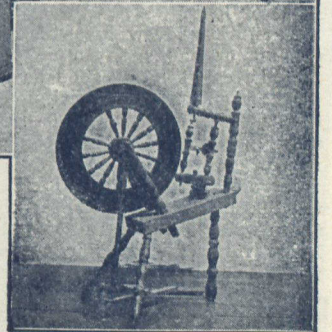
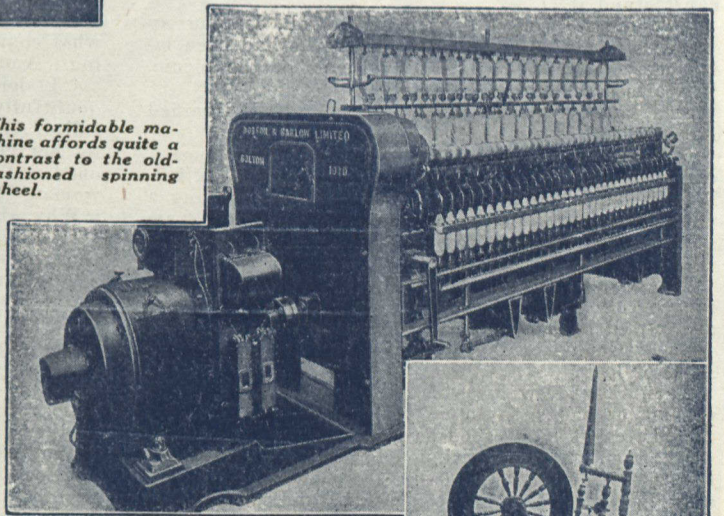
Now—

THE up-to-date kitchen is entirely run by electricity and nearly all the housewife has to do is to press the button. It has an electric stove, and electric dishwashing machine at one side of the sink, an electric steam table for keeping food warm, and the newest thing of all a refrigerator with its own ice-making plant. There is also in the left foreground a new vacuum washtub that at the touch of a button washes the clothes.

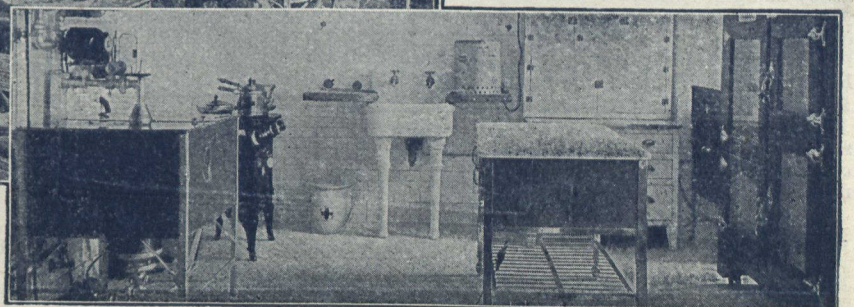


The photo does not show as clearly as it might the cooking utensils hanging over the fire-place.

This formidable machine affords quite a contrast to the old-fashioned spinning wheel.



The modern kitchen (below) has not the charm of the old one, but it bespeaks efficiency.



In the Good Old Times—

A WOMAN was never for one minute allowed to forget her age. Even if she were barely forty, black was considered the only permissible colour for one of her advanced years. She wore close bonnets tied under the chin with wide ribbons and over it a Chantilly veil that could be thrown back or worn over the face. A long "pelisse" covered her dress of silk heavy enough to "stand alone." This was made with skirt six yards or more around the bottom and worn over a big hoop skirt. The bodice was perfectly plain and seemed to fit the figure. At her neck she wore a small round lace collar fastened with a huge cameo pin or hair brooch.

Now—

THE woman of forty is as young as she ever was and looks—because she takes care of herself and cultivates her health as well as her mind. She takes as keen a delight in the fads and fashions, even to summer furs, as does her daughter and she looks and feels young because she is young physically.

In the Good Old Times—

THE thread was spun in the home by the housewife. All the flax and wool raised on the place passed through her spinning wheel and if she worked hard she perhaps reeled off two or three dozen yards a day. Afterwards she wove the thread into cloth in a hand loom and then made it into garments for the family. This is the earliest type of spinning wheel used in this country. It was brought to New England in the Mayflower and perhaps Priscilla herself was running it when she made her famous reply to John Alden.

Now—

WE have speeded up this old industry and spin all our thread on a wonderful machine that runs off more than one million yards a day. This is called a "ring spinning frame" and is run not by a blushing Priscilla, in the privacy of the home, but by a greasy-looking alien from some unpronounceable part of Europe amid the roar of a huge cotton mill.