

It was Saturday afternoon, and she was busy with paint and brush. She was not working on canvas. She was painting the kitchen. She was painting it yellow. "That's for sunshine," she said. "Why should the room where I spend so many hours a day be ugly and barren? Why should just anything be good enough for the kitchen? It shouldn't. I'm tired of looking at the smoky, dark walls, poorly-curtained windows, and tables and chairs, none of which match."

Then she told how she was going to paint the kitchen furniture the same sunny yellow to match the woodwork, how she was going to calcimine the walls a light spring-like green, put yellow and green gingham Dutch curtains at the windows to hang over dotted muslin sash curtains, and add a rocking chair to the room's equipment. I'm going to have it as comfortable and attractive as possible. If there's any room in the house where there's need of sunshine, it's the kitchen. It's a good place for a bouquet of flowers, too."

—*The Labour World*

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"As for the kitchen stool, she was essentially stupid. She says so herself. She never had any kitchen stool until a short time ago. "Then it suddenly occurred to me, why should I always stand up when I wash the dishes, why should I stand up when I wipe them, why should I stand when I pare potatoes, fix the vegetables at the sink; why shouldn't I sit, unless I want to stand? Then I got one of those high stools, and it's a blessing. Sometimes I wonder how many miles I walk about the house."

—*The Labour World*