Three Generations In Little Brown House

From "The Farmer's Wife"

It was like a ride through a park,—that half day's trip THROUGH MARYLAND.

The train circled through dells and foersts, and skirted grassy slopes, with here and there the clustered spires of a tiny town in a sheltered valley.

"The clustered spires of Frederick stand,

Green-walled by the hills of MARYLAND

Whittier's lines were floating through my mind when abruptly the train set me down, not "in Frederick town," but in another quaint, picturesque Southern village, older than the nearby city of Baltimore, with an historic Customs House which dates back to Lord Baltimore's time. No big-wigged spirits of the past walk there, however, for the building, prosaically enough, is converted into a "strictly modern up-to-date apartment house. Such is American progress. Electric refrigerators, thermostats and other contrivances of "this terrible mechanical age" hold sway where once gay uniformed officers were wont to strut and demand tribute.

But THE TOWN, charming as it is, was not my goal, and I was soon bowling over a hard-surfaced highway as smooth as a floor, to the farm of Mrs. W. H. MORRIS, Master Farm Homemaker. To myself I pictured her large, forceful, dominating, the image which the word, "master" calls up.

My first surprise was the home,—not at all the white-pillared Southern colonial mansion I expected, but a little brown house, trim, upright, brown-shingled, set off by porches and window frames of canary yellow. It drew back shyly behind a primly-cropped and fenced lawn, and snuggled down under giant trees. But written large all over it was "home", for houses like people have auras, and you can sense their nature as far as you can see them. Quite evidently there was a homemaker here. Now to see this "master." The screen door creaked ever so gently open and I faced the shyest, sweetest little wisp of a woman one could find in a week of Sundays, with grey hair parted Madonno-wise on either side of her head and a face so gentle, so earnest that it called up the image of Jane Addams during the war. About her floated just a touch of wistful sadness which was soon explained. Two years before, she had lost her husband,—Wilbur Morris, the great oak of her life, and she was like one who had been suddenly uprooted.

"I didn't expect to be the one to be left," she said,"—not having had good health.

"Never anything was too much trouble for my husband to do for me." she said. "And he was always good to the children."

It had been a boy and girl romance the young folks having grown up on nearby farms., Margaret Hendrickson always a frail, shy girl, was the oldest of a family of six children on a farm of 370 acres. Her mother was a busy woman and very particular housekeeper, hard to suit. From the time Margaret was twelve years old she was accustomed to get up at four oclock to see to breakfast and to help with the morning work and from the time she could toddle she tried to cook and learned to sew. Being ambitious, she went through the rural school and four years of high school in town, and then settled down at home to help her mother, especially with the cooking and sewing.

"I loved to sew," she explained. "If I have any gift I think that must be it."

At twenty-four Wilbur Morris carried her off to their own home.

"He had the house all fixed up comfortably," she explained, "and had a cook who stayed with us for eighteen years. To this day, she thinks the children belong to her."

In the course of years, there were five little folks in the little brown house, and Mrs. Morris became what Our Farm Women call "just a mother Every bit of her slight strength and her great heart was poured into the care of her flock. A baby cry in the night and she was wide awake and across the hall before the second wail. In the torture of earache she hovered over the little sufferer's bed, wringing out hot fomentations, crooning mother comfort and mother songs, and talking of the compassion of the Gentle One who "carries the lambs in his bosom—like Father." Through the measles and other sieges of childhood, Mother was right there to tuck in little flying arms and to read Bible stories and fairy stories and adventure stories.

When school days came, she smoothed out knotted foreheads with help over the hard places in lessons. She packed lunch boxes with gorgeous sandwiches, frosted cake, raisin cookies, apples and everything dear to the heart (and more especially to the tummy) of childhood. She visited school and straightened out diplomatic situations with Dear Teacher, and best of all she came on Fridays and special program days to sit with flushed face and brimming eyes while one of her chicks spoke his "piece," sang his song, or said his little say. When the youngster rose, choked as to throat, swimming as to head, with heart like a burst flywheel there was Mother looking encouragement at him, and he was himself again.

All the red-letter days were celebrated. February 14, with homemade valentines done with colored crayons, the choicest always for Dear Teacher; Easter with colored eggs, some of them blown and painted; birthdays with a grand cake with candles; Christmas with a wonderful festooned tree; frequent parties with games and cup cakes, white frosted and covered with little colored candies.

And always Mother was at home, just darning stockings or making something good for dinner,—always stitching, stitching away on a new dress or shirt or other wearable, or ready to bind up a cut finger, or mend a kite, or find the invariably missing necessity, or smooth out spots in the making.

It was not all play. Each child had his chores, and all fitted into their niches like necessary parts of one machine. And over it all, and in it all, and through it all was Father,—loving, kindly, comfortable Father. And so—the children throve.

"And heavens rich instincts in them grew

As effortless as woodland nooks.

Send violets up, and paint them blue."

"I never worked outside," Mrs. Morris said. "My husband didn't want me to, and it was not done by the women of Kent Couty until just the last few years. Besides, I was busy enough with the house and the children and neighboring.

"Neighboring" has been a large part of Mrs. Morris' profession,—the natural overflow of mothering. Wherever there was sickness, or death, there was Mrs. Morris, quiet, self-effacing, skillful as a nurse, and fitting in like one of the family.

Church life and community life have been other phases of her home-making profession. Sh ehas been president of the Women's Bible Class, and vice president of the Ladies' Aid and the Community Club.

Meantime her children were growing up,—as the best of children will. The two older girls married happily, and the son settled in business in a nearby city. Then suddenly Death, deaf to pleading stalked through the little brown house.

"I don't know how I've gone on Mrs. Morris said, "Except that the Lord has helped me."

Two children were left at home—Wilbur, Jr., then 18 years of age and a born farmer, and Sarah Frances, 15, still in high school. Sheltered as she had always been, Mrs. Morris had now to take hold of everything and run the farm.

"I help outside," she told me, "when Wilbur is sick or away,—do anything that is needed."

The farm consists of eightly acres diversified, with a small herd of registered Ayrshires, and a flock of 200 White Plymouth Rocks. Marketing is comparatively simple, the milk being shipped to Philadelphia and the eggs sold to a hatchery.

The flock is Mrs. Morris' own particular care, and her success as a poultry lady is proved by the fact that the one and only time she has exhibited she took first prize on every thing. She has also taken prizes on her canned fruits, vegetables and bread. Her native good sense and long experience have been supplemented by a four-year short course at the state agriculture college. Next year, she will receive her certificate and be "a real college woman."

"I'm doing my best to keep up with my children," she explained.

The children in their turn are doing their best "to keep up with Mother." Wilbur is an All-Star member of the 4-H Club, has for some years held office in the calf, pig and poultry divisions, and now is the calf club's president. He was on a demonstration team at College Park last summer and his team came in first. At various times he has won trips to Camp Vail, to the National Stock Show at Detroit, and to the Madison Square Garden Poultry Show at Atlantic City. In church work he is also active, as vice-president of the Christian Endeavor, and the County School Association.

Sarah Frances was graduated from high school last spring, with the honor of winning the Mathematics Medal for four years. She has been in the Girl's Club since she was ten years old, has been presiding officer several years, and is now president of the County Federation of Girls. Last summer she was on a College Park demonstration team which came in first on cotton school dresses in the style show. She has the record of making a dress complete in one evening, and took first prize on a charming creation—nothing less—that she was wearing the day I was there. Her goal is to become a Home Economics specialist or dietitian.

At family reunions the little brown house shelters three generations, as there are two lovely little grand-Ann, named for Grandma, daughter of Mrs. Lilan Morris Richardson of Baltimore, and two-year-old Jeanne, daughter of Mrs. Eunice Morris Cornell of Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Cornell was visiting her mother when I was there. So was baby Jeanne, —looking like a little apple blossom.

"Mother never let us go around with holes or patches," said Mrs. Cornell, "and I try to do as well by my daughter."

"Why, I don't feel that I am a success," said Mrs Morris in parting,"—unless taking care of my children is success."

What greater? She is an immortal painter, laying on rich colors in living souls, instead of on dead canvas. Mothering, neighboring, giving the cup of cold water,—

"She doeth little kindness,

Which most leave undone or despise,

For naught that sets on heart at ease,

Is low esteemed in her eyes."

Famed for Oleanders

Galveston, Texas, located on the island of Galveston, is known as the Oleander city because of the twenty-eight varieties of that flower which may be found there.

COMMISSIONERS MEET AT EASTON

The annual meeting of the County Commissioners' Association of the Eastern Shore of Maryland was held in the court house in Easton Monday and was presided over by J. McKenney Willis, of Easton, president of the association.

Representatives from all the Shore counties, excepting Somerset, were present. Kent was represented by County Commissioner Wilson, Wood and Loller, ex-Commissioner Jones and Johnson, Engineer Taylor, Supervisor of Assessments Thos J. Davis, Marion deK. Smith, Simon Westcott and Treasurer Clarence Newsome.

The address of welcome was delivered by Henry H. Balch, of Easton, which was responded to by J. H. C. Legg, of Queen Anne's county, and Representative T.Alan Goldsborough.

The visitors were entertained at dinner at the Hotel Avon by the Commissioners of Talbot county.

At the afternoon session the following officers were elected:

President, M. Clifford Smith, Wicomico county; vice president, Harry T. Hopkins, Queen Anne's county; secretary-treasurer, Horace Clark, of Wicomico county.

A resolution was adopted making all former county commissioners and Henry Herbert Balch and Henry P. Turner, the two former secretary-treasurers, life members of the association without the right to vote, after which the association adjourned.

The next meeting will be held in Salisbury, October 19.

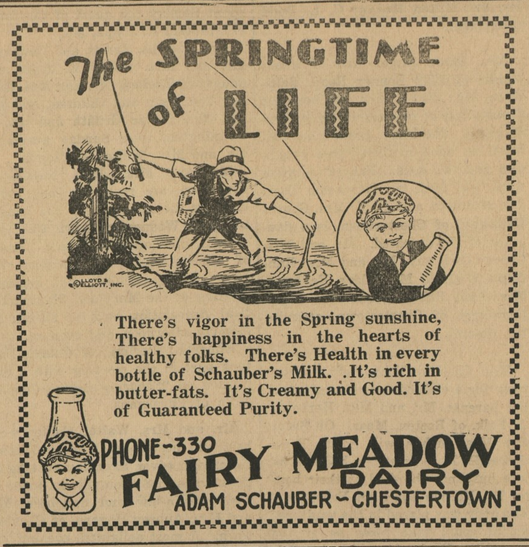
Editorial

Christian Church History

Magdeburg centuries was the name given to the first great work of Protestant divines on the history of the Christian church. It was begun at Magdeburg by Matthias Flacius in 1552 and published at Basel in 1560-74. They were called centuries because each volume contains the history of a century and there were 13 volumes, carrying the history of the church from the First to the Fourteenth century—Pathfinder Magazine.

Yellowstone's Attractions

There are more than 4,000 hot springs in Yellowstone National park, large and small, and 100 geysers, big and little.



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ADAM SCHAUBER—CHESTERTOWN

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THE NAME "Case-Osborne" represents the highest in mower quality—the utmost value in years of unfailing service. It's standard the world over.

DURABILITY is built into every part—the flexible action of the steel cutter bar that cuts fast and clean, through all kinds of crops; over rough or smooth ground.

Ball and socket joint on inside shoe provides adjustments for taking up wear *without replacing parts.* Counter-clockwise crankshaft motion reduces cutting friction; lightens draft. Both are exclusive Case features of real value insuring long life.

The thrust of the spur and internal gears is balanced with the bevel gears—automatically maintaining proper mesh; reduces wear on both the gears and bearings. Oversize working parts—ample lubrication.

See this efficient, light running mower. Get all details of its simple, rugged construction. Come in today.

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THE NEW ALL WHITE PORCELAIN-ON-STEEL FRIGIDAIRES ARE SOLD WITH A 3 YEAR COMPLETE GUARANTEE

Baldwin Electrical Corporation
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Terms will be arranged to suit the purchaser

... is the refrigerator manufactured by a reliable company?

... Is there plenty of shelf space?

... Is the cabinet itself well designed, sturdily built and properly insulated?

... Is there provision for the freezing of an adequate supply of ice cubes? (Quantity of ice rather than number of cubes)

... Will the refrigerator constantly maintain a proper temperature?

... Can the freezing of ice cubes and desserts be speeded up?

... Can this extra freezing speed for ice cubes be had *without affecting the temperature on the food shelves?*

... Is there a place to keep ice cream, meat, fish, game, "quick frosted" foods or extra supply of ice cubes at a *below* freezing temperature indefinitely?

... Are these various temperatures (*a.* extra fast freezing; *b.* fast freezing *c.* below freezing for storage, and *d* normal food preservation temperature) *automatically* maintained?

... Does the refrigerating unit operate frequently or at infrequent intervals? (The fewer the "stops" and "starts" the longer the unit will last and the less it costs to run).

... How long will the cooling unit continue to cool the refrigerator even though the current is shut off? (Should continue for 10 or 12 hours).

... Can the back parts of all shelves, even the lowest, be reached without kneeling or sitting down?

... Has provision been made for keeping vegetables fresh and crisp?

... Can the top of the refrigerator be used to "set things down for a moment" while the contents of the cabinet are being re-arranged?

... Is the refrigerator a thing of beauty in design and finish?

... Has the experience of users over a considerable period of time shown that the refrigerator is long-lived and dependable?

CERTAINLY SEE OTHERS — BUT BE SURE TO SEE KELVINATOR

We welcome . . . yes, urge . . . any comparison that will bring out ALL the facts about Kelvinator and any other refrigerator

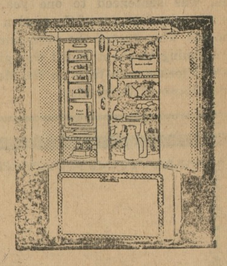
Amid to-day's confusion of statements; of individual "features" and "innovations"; there *had* to be a sane, common-sense method of selecting a refrigerator.

There *had* to be a standard form or formula which presented ALL essential features in their true light and in their proper importance.

Here it is, for the first time. Check the questions on the left carefully, and you will recognize its fairness.

Now the selection of a refrigerator becomes a simple and accurate matter. Note those features which you regard as essential. Then shop. See any "make" you may have in mind. *See* them *all* if you wish. But apply this standard method of rating to each and every one.

We can predict your conclusion in advance. After your investigation (make it as thorough as you wish), you will find that Kelvinator, and Kelvinator alone, is the *one* electric refrigerator in which ALL of these essential points are combined.



We do not ask you to take our word for it. We simply ask you to make the investigation before you sign an order. Let your own good judgment prevail, but be *sure* to include Kelvinator among those you investigate. We'll rest our case there.

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CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND

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REVISES *all past ideas of what a CHICK STARTER* SHOULD BE!

IT SETS A NEW Standard of Chick Starter RESULTS!

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Seed Corn Disinfection with SEMESAN, JR.

is profitable Crop Protection. Makes early planting safer. Produces better germination and stands. Effective in controlling certain diseases. Improves quality and crop yield. Harmless to good seed corn. Is easily applied. Two ounce Semesan, Jr., treats one bushel seed corn. Is a good disinfectant only. Cost from 2 to 7 cents an acre, depending upon quality of seed sown per acre.

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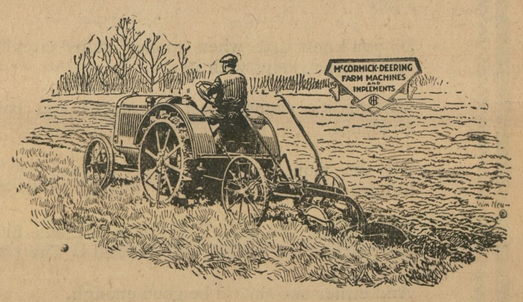

FARMING is on a profitable basis where the McCormick - Deering 10-20 Tractor is at work. It enables its owners to reduce production costs and accomplish most with least labor—to make full use of man-power, acreage, crop and season.

The efficient 4-cylinder engine provides plenty of power to handle all the jobs on the average farm. Its reserve power is matched by the reserve strength made possible by the rigid one-piece main frame—the foundation for the engine, clutch, and transmission and differential assemblies

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