

tobacco, and broken-up pieces of course earthenware.

Dentists of today suggest diluted lime water as one of the best mouth washes, although advertisers lead us to believe that we cannot survive without their products. The most popular mouth wash in old New England, called "Dentum Conservator," was made and sold by the manufacturers of "Bryson's Famous Bug Liquid." This fact must have added greatly to its popularity.

Appalling advertisements from New England papers of 1795 give clues to the way missing teeth were replaced and dental plates were constructed:

"Live teeth! Those persons inclined to dispose of live teeth may apply to the Templeman."

"A generous price paid for human front teeth perfectly sound by Dr. Skinner." Present-day dental plates are entirely artificial and constructed by accurate, sanitary methods.

Modern dentistry is a very axacting profession; it takes years of practice, study, schooling, and consumes every minute of the active dentist's time. The first dentists in our country became official over-night, were self-taught, and performed other duties in addition to this one. Paul Revere was a silversmith, engraver, and set teeth; Isaac Greenwood performed dental services, made umbrellas, dice, chessmen, and sold cane for hoop petticoats; William Greenwood pulled teeth and sold pianos.

With all the modern instruments and anesthetics, going to the dentist holds little or no fear for most of us. One of the cruellest instruments of torture of the eighteenth century, however, was the key-draught teeth-puller. It always caused unutterable anguish and usually broke the jawbone when used.

Think about these things and be glad that you and your teeth live today, and did not exist "yesterday!"

## Grandmother Looks On

ROSEMARY RONSHEIM

Pretend for a little while that you are seventy or eighty years old. Put yourself in the position of your grandmother who has come to live with you since grandfather died. It is seven-thirty in the morning and you are sitting in the living room. You have probably received a brief "good-morning" when you stepped into the kitchen and may have been brushed aside as someone leaped to save the burning toast. You very sensibly have announced, "I'll go away until the children are off to school."

In the kitchen, the children are casting

meaningful glances at one another signifying that grandmother loves the role of the martyr. You didn't intend for it to sound that way; you were merely being sensible. Wanting to help the children get to school on time, you carefully watch the clock, since it is the one little way you can be of some good in the home. At exactly a quarter till eight you call out, as you have every morning since school began, "Children, the bus goes in five minutes."

You know this is an important matter and wonder why you never receive any thanks. There is only a grumbling and

then a mad rush to find books. No one says "good-bye" to you. They are all so wrapped up in their lives—that life in which you have no share. In the rush to get to school or to go out in the evening, no one tells you what happened at school or what dinner party they are attending. You are reminded of the parties you had in your home. Neighbors came in for popcorn and a few hands of euchre. There was Jake Thompson. Poor Jake, killed when his horse ran away with him. You wonder where Emma, his wife, is. You are lonesome for your friends and feel like an outsider.

Your daughter-in-law flies through the room on her way to dress for Red Cross. "Mother Robbins, Ted and I are having club here tonight. I know you won't want to be here so I've arranged for you to stay all night at Cousin Ann's."

"Anything you arrange for me is all right, dear. I know you need my room for a guest room. If there were some place else I could go . . ." But you hear the shower running and know she is deep in thought about tonight's dinner. Now, why hadn't someone mentioned to you that they were having a dinner. You might have curled your hair a bit and stayed at home. They don't understand that you would occasionally like to stay home with the guests or have a friend in. You realize, though, that they don't want an old woman around.

Then, as you are sitting by the radio waiting for Ma Perkins, you ask yourself, "Is this why I walked four miles a day to school when I was young? Is this why I helped mother rear eight children? Was it for this that I worked my fingers to the bone rearing my family and later helping to rear theirs? Was it so that I could have as my guest, Ma Perkins? Was it so that I could get room and board in my son's

home when I was too old to be of good to anyone?"

Now, stop pretending you are old and be yourself again. Did you mumble a "mornin'" into your cereal when grandmother came into the kitchen this morning? Did you grumble about her being an old busy-body and fail to thank her when she told you the time? Had you not included her in the conversation about the party? There are so many little things you can do which will seem big to an old person. A few minutes of your time will mean hours of memories for them. When grandmother comes out of her room with a bit of late news, give her credit for being the first to tell you about it. Ask her opinion. Since the radio is her best friend, she will probably surprise you by knowing about current problems. She thinks that by being out every day or in school, you are ahead of her on current events and will be pleased to find that she isn't lagging. When you are planning a party or going to a dance, it is a temptation to keep it a secret from grandmother because she always adds her "two cents' worth." If you take a minute or two to tell her your plans and even ask her what flowers she thinks you should use for a centerpiece or which of your formals is the most becoming, she will have had her "two cents' worth" during the conversation and will not add it at an inopportune moment. Grandmother will feel even more included in the family if she has a share in the work. Perhaps she loves flowers and could fix an attractive centerpiece for you. Maybe, at the last minute, you find that the buckle has come off your formal or that a button is dangling from your "tux." Ask her to fix it for you. She will have a share in the evening's gayety and will be delighted.

The day after a dance or the evening



after you have had lunch with a friend, take a few minutes to sit down and tell grandmother some humorous incident or about your friend's new job. Of course, it won't help grandmother a bit if you perch on the arm of a chair with an eye cocked on the clock and hastily tell her that Mary is working at the telephone office. Give yourself ten minutes. Relax in a chair and tell her how Mary got the job and whether she says "Number, please" or takes dictation. You needn't feel any more "martyrish" about giving up ten minutes than grandmother did about waiting an hour for breakfast, because you will not be losing this time. You will enjoy watching grandmother laugh at your tale of woe about dropping the oranges on the bus. It will be a happier home for all if she sings out merrily, "Hope the buckle doesn't fall off," as you go out to the dance, instead of mumbling, "No one ever tells me anything."

Remember that old people have had a

lot of experience and have made mistakes which they see you making. They don't want to see you hurt and frequently can't resist offering a suggestion. This does not mean that old people are perfect nor that they aren't at times exasperating. It is only natural that we should resent their "Take your umbrella," and that we should recognize it as martyrdom when they say, "If it weren't for me you could go to the lakes this week-end." It is suggested, though, that there will be few excuses for an old person's martyrdom and for your resentment of them if, by putting yourself in their place occasionally, you see that they need only a little of your time and a voice in the family discussions to make them feel rewarded for the trails of their lives. When we make them a true branch on the tree and not a grafted one, we will begin to gain from their presence and they from ours for as Francis Bacon wrote, "... the virtues of either age may correct the defects of both."

## The Village Store

BILL OSBORN

I sometimes wonder if my great-grandfather would recognize our village store. To be sure, the size and general shape of today's shop would differ little from the one he knew, but might he not be surprised to see the fire-engine red of the Coca-Cola signs plastered abundantly over the dark brown clapboards? I feel sure, Quaker that he was, that his sense of propriety would be greatly shocked by the pictures of girls in scanty clothing which the owner insists on displaying on the outside walls in the most prominent places. His advertising shouts and pleads with you

to buy his wares. Large, boisterous, multi-colored letters carry messages which claim nothing less than the superlative.

Let us examine more closely the outside appearance of the building. Strangely enough, its proportion is approximately that of the golden mean. It is about thirty feet long by nineteen feet wide. Like the Parthenon, it is not too large. A rusty pump is located west of the store with the usual chipped enamelware cup hanging from it by a stiff piece of wire. The bread box and two vacant windows with massive red shutters are in front.