

After the table was cleared and the dishes done, (Agnes and I usually helped), Mrs. K left us to our own devices while she "dressed up." Later she appeared beautifully gowned and with a face nearly as white as alabaster. We had never heard the term "make-up" and I was vaguely puzzled by the extreme whiteness of Mrs. K's complexion until I inadvertently one time saw her apply powder out of a box with a soft little pad of cotton to cheeks, forehead, neck. Rouge wasn't used until much later and at the time would have been considered "not quite nice." I even in the back of my mind had a little doubt about the powder.

When Agnes and I were alone we usually went to the piano. Both of us were taking lessons from a charming young woman from Charlotte, graduate of Oberlin Conservatory. I must admit, however, that Agnes played infinitely better than I did. Her rendition of a Chopin waltz opened my ears for the first time to the beauty of great music. I sat beside the piano in the big rocking chair and admired, enviously, what Agnes played. For diversion we went to the mantel (no fireplace, just a pretense) and picked cloves off the bark of a dried apple - "pomander" it was called which housewives made every fall. The cloves were sharp and pleasant to the taste. We were careful to pick off the back only--until one day Mrs. K., in a burst of zeal for dusting, turned the pomander around. My ears burned a long time with the sharp "dressing down" we received for eating the parlor ornaments.

Beside the pomander was the rose jar. All housekeepers