

F.M.S.M.B.

In the frenzy of spring housecleaning I was pulling boxes from drawers and cupboards. When I came upon one, yellowed with age, containing pictures and photographs, I paused, as I always did at such times, to glance through them.

They evoked a long train of memories, hoary with age, and for a time I lived completely in the past.

My granddaughter Sally, who had been assisting me, looked over my shoulder. "What funny costumes!" she cried. "Who are these people, grandmother? Are they some of your antecedents?" Sally was acquiring an enlarged vocabulary.

"Yes," I answered, "this lady in the frilled organdy bonnet is your great, great, great-grandmother. She is wearing the silk shawl brought from India by her husband--this gentleman with the heavy whiskers.

"The young boy in this daguerreotype, with the old fashioned suit and beautiful sensitive face, was your great, great Uncle, who was drowned at fourteen, a sorrow never forgotten even in my generation."

"Look at this funny group," continued Sally, picking up another picture." These are more modern! Why, grandmother, that looks as if it might be you when you were about my age. Is it, and why is that girl standing with a banner in her hand? I can barely make out some letters on it. What does it all mean?"

"Yes, Sally," I smiled reminiscently, "I am in that group. We were all (as you would express it now) 'teen-agers.' I don't need to read the letters on the banner, I know them well. F.M.S.M.B."

"What in the world can that mean?" inquired Sally, with eager