

on the beauty of the roses in a copper bowl. Jenny's face lighted up. "It ought to be beautiful," she said, "Your mother painted it for a wedding present for my father." I reiterate that whenever I think of Jenny Martin, I think of the term gallant.

The Tubbs Family

The farm house across the street from us had been vacant for a time. When my mother announced that a new family named "Tubbs" was moving in, I couldn't wait for an excuse to go over and get acquainted. There were three children -- Orrin, Nellie, about my age, and Lena, several years younger.

Orrin looked like his father, very much the farmer. Nellie resembled her mother with round face and beautiful expressive brown eyes. Lena was like a doll---curly blond hair, blue eyes, rosy cheeks.

From the first day I entered very much into the life of the family and enjoyed the farm activities. We played in the hay mows; gathered eggs from the chicken house; watched the milking of the cows and made sure the barn cats received their share; played house in the orchard apple trees.

There was no ice, no electric refrigerators. All the milk had to be carried in big crocks down cellar and laid up on high shelves. Later the crocks of milk were brought up again for skimming. I loved to take the flat skimmer, slip it under the thick yellow layer of cream, lift it carefully to let the excess milk flow out through the skimmer holes, then put the cream into large earthen jars for butter making. Occasionally I was allowed