

The Simple Country Lass

By W. E. Hill

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The Great Northwest. Once upon a time Mary, the prairie belle, would have to go out and round up a few hundred steers, shoot up a bad man or two and break in a pinto pony before breakfast, this being all in the day's work. The present day daughter of the ranch does not have to do her part so strenuously, because, as you've heard before, times have changed. It's a dude ranch now and daughter helps pop meet the upkeep by keeping the rich easterners amused.



The Old South. R. F. D. routes through the sunny south used to be noted for the dark eyed southern beauties—the Dixie dreams who said, "Who dat dar?" and talked about "Befo' de waw," in the approved Alabama dialect. What's more, they would just as lief spit in a Yankee's eye as not. Today, the sunny south is not as blooming as it used to be. There are just as many beautiful country lasses down there as of yore, but they are, most of them, away on trips to Hollywood or Atlantic City, competing for Miss Universe or Miss World in beauty contests.



The Middle West. In the early 1900's, a country lass in a pink sunbonnet, poking around in a hay stack or a wheat field with a pitchfork, was a pleasing sight out Michigan way (or even as far east as Indianny). The advent of the radio has changed all this because, it is sad to relate, a modern farmer's daughter seems to prefer to stay indoors and listen to the loud speaker, rather than help her father with the haying.



The Dairy Maid. Modern farm life has been pretty well revolutionized by radios, flivvers, and patent milkers till you'd hardly recognize it from the suburbs. Back in the dark ages, before cream separators and such, Gladys, the farmer's lovely daughter, had to work early and late helping dad with the Guernseys and the Holsteins till she grew to hate the sight of the bovine species. Cows, being very sensitive creatures, would feel this keenly, and it would curdle the milk time and again. But in these enlightened times, a dairy maid encounters little or no drudgery, having only the pleasantest relations with the cows. She can even go over her part in the Little Drama Group play while the hired man and the patent milkers do the work.



New England Spinster. Rural communities throughout New England used to be famed for their old maids, but in this day and age they seem to have vanished along with the two seated surrey and the soapstone warmers. In their stead New England is now peopled largely with unrepressed bachelor girls who sell antiques and tea at fabulous prices in Ye Olde Time Gift Shoppes.



Along the Mississippi. Down on the levee, Louisiana Liza was to her day, with her bandana and her ample skirts, what Harlem Hattie (in circle) is to this hot sax age. Hattie left the truly rural life for the big city and has done rather well, as you can see by her spangles. She goes home and gives the country folks a little excitement now and then.



Minnie, the country beauty on the left, was the fast girl of her day in the little hamlet wherein she was reared. O, how people talked! She was always chasing the boys in high school and when Minnie was suspected of putting rouge on her cheeks it was almost too much. Eloped with a commercial traveler from a corset concern, and that was the last of Minnie. To the right of Minnie is Mabel, Minnie's 1929 successor, so to speak. Mabel chases after the boys, tells rough stories to the drummers at the Commercial house that terrorize them, and hits the high spots generally. However, only a few very antiquated Victorians think Mabel is anything but a normal, healthy girl. The moral—if you must have one—is that Minnie lived too soon.