

The Old Folks at Home

By W. E. Hill

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Once upon a time grandpa and grandma sat side by side in the gloaming—or so we liked to think—and dreamed of long, long ago. But in these gayer days grandpa and grandma meet in a perfect blaze of light at cocktail hour, and if they think of long ago, it's usually grandma—or "tante," as she prefers to be called—saying: "Poppa, this gin isn't nearly as good as what you used to get!"

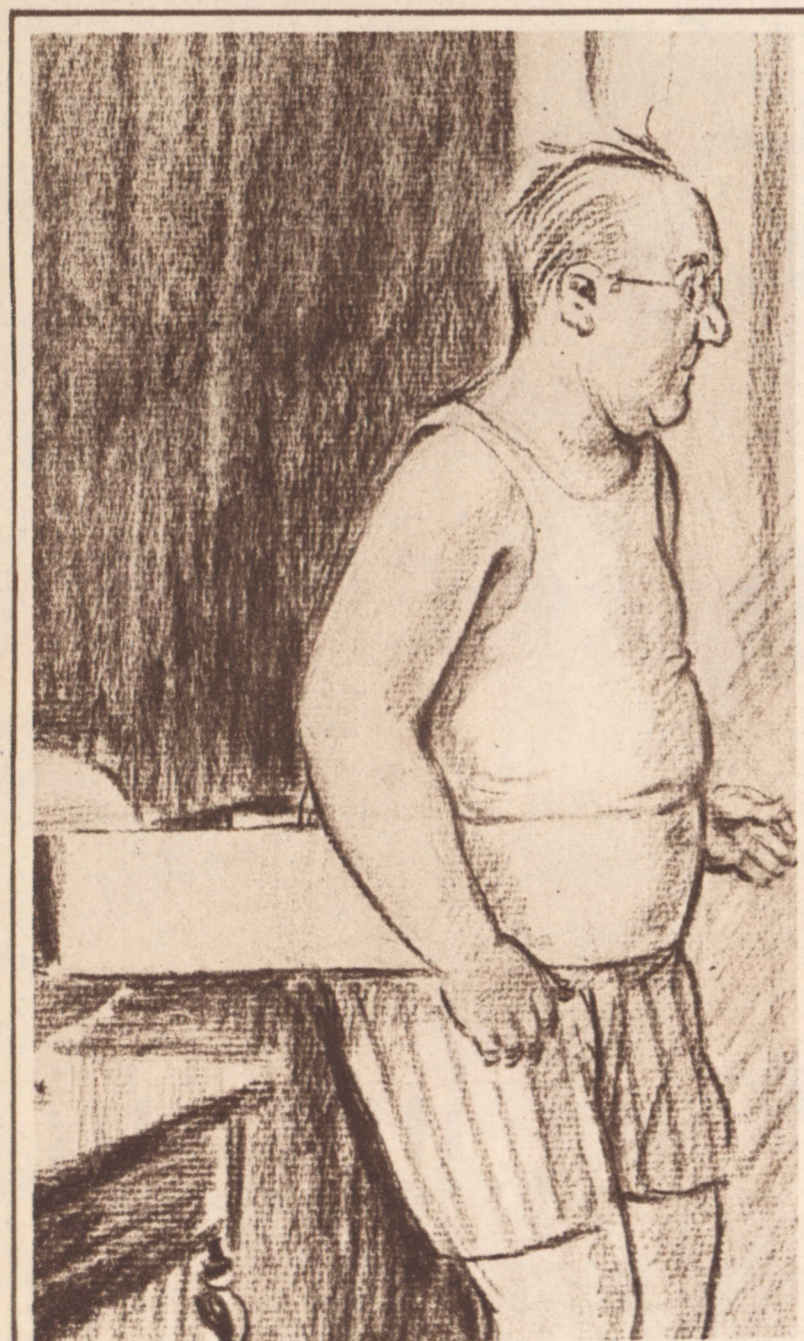
Maiden ladies around the home had a terrible time of it in the dark ages before any one knew about inferiorities and frustrations. A maiden lady of the gay '90s would sit under the gaslight of an evening and read Augusta Evans or Miss Ainsworth while their inhibitions ran riot. Nowadays all a bachelor girl has to do if she feels wild is to turn on the radio and listen to "I Wanna Be Bad With You, Big Boy," or the latest torch ballad, and there are all the old inhibitions right out in the open where they can't hurt anybody!



Twenty or thirty years ago the old folks at home were just as worried as they are today over the young folks. "Horace," the distracted mother of the 1909 duo at the left is saying, "it's 9:30 and that young man calling on Madge hasn't left yet! Oughtn't you go down and do something about it?" At the right of the picture, an equally upset mamma of 1929 is exclaiming: "It's 5:30 A. M., Joe, and Madelyne hasn't come home yet! Oughtn't you do something about it?"



Gone are the days when the old folks at home just sat and let the crow's feet and the double chin have their way. Today grandma has her facial at home or abroad, and what she doesn't know about skin rejuvenators, face blemish removers, and puffy eye paters! And she won't mind a bit if you call her "girlie" now and then.



Maybe the old boys of today are no vainer than the generation who came before. Maybe in the old days they let their boyish figures go because they had no reducing machines to play with after office hours.

The old folks at home are not home nearly so much as they used to be. In the good old days grandma used to put out grandpa's slippers and push up the easy chair at what was then known as eventide. This nice old custom has been lost to posterity, because grandma seldom gets home from her bridge club till after 6:30. Here's grandma, if you please, with first prize—a bottle of rose bath salts.

"I cannot sing the old songs," warbled the ballad singer, and probably he had in mind "Silver Threads Among the Gold." There is very little point to such a sentiment today, because more and more grandmas are seeking the henna wash and refusing to grow older than 30 odd.

Men folks around the home, particularly the boys on the shady side of 50, have improved a lot in their dreamland attire. The nightie of other days has given way to the near silk all over design pajamas.