

1926

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Recommended Citation

Pugh, Gale (1926) "The Charm of Old Furniture---Daybeds," *The Iowa Homemaker*: Vol. 6 : No. 7 , Article 5.
Available at: <http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/homemaker/vol6/iss7/5>

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The Charm of Old Furniture---Daybeds

By GALE PUGH

YEARS ago, when tolerance was low, we found people leaving countries because they could not believe that which they most desired to. At this time our great-grandfathers came to this country on their poor little ships to seek freedom. With them they brought those pieces of furniture which were most needed and most treasured. In later generations the urge again became strong and with the covered wagon and mule team they took their possessions to strange lands. By this means we have had brought to the mid-west many lovely pieces of old furniture: father's arm chair, mother's sewing rocker and grandmother's day-bed. Today we no longer find people moving because of religious intolerance or national tyranny, but rather moved by some urge. Depressed by the luxuriousness of overstuffed day-ports, and the gaudy display of much of the commercial wares, they hunt out those pieces of loveliness that our grandmothers have so carefully preserved. Throughout the country we see eager, anxious little ladies peering from their Fords onto the porch of a wayside farmhouse at a precious Jenny Lind day-bed.

Day-bed is a purely American expression. It has sprung from the more pretentious French phrase, "chaise-louge," which in turn is a one-armed reclining chair. Those day-beds having the spindle backs have been said to have been turned to the wall, forming a sort of pen for the children to sleep in during the day. After their bed time they were pulled out and used by the older people.



A daybed forms the center of a cozy unit.

There have been brought into our own state many day-beds. Some have been carefully taken care of by loving hands, and others have been discarded, mutilated, and often chopped for kindling by careless admirers of "the latest out." Much of this old furniture is lovely in design, delicate in technique and of the most beautiful wood. The turning of the Jenny Lind type is most

attractive when the spools are of several sizes, rather than of a monotonous sameness. They are conservative in style, and are most suited to a domestic home, or a quaint farmhouse type of a room. The structural design is simple, well-proportioned and of such a nature that makes them more valued by the dealers and purchasers.

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A Visit to a Basket Maker's Home

By BARBARA DEWELL

ONE bright summer morning, after a refreshing shower, I got one of the boys to saddle my horse, Lady, and I started off down the valley; by the Old Mill, which stands where Roarin' Forks dashes over big rocks and rushes on its way into the Little Pigeon river. I stopped Lady on the bridge and looked up the stream; the sun was just coming out and made the drops of rain still clinging to every leaf and twig look like miniature rainbows. The passion flowers were just beginning to bloom and bright green shoots of fern were growing on the water's edge, bending over the stream and nearly touching the water.

But Lady was impatient to be on, and loath to stand and look at passion flowers and ferns, so I gave her her head and off she went, making her heels sing a tune as they hit against the rocky road. On we went down the road, past the Oakleys and

the Clabos houses and I waved a greeting to the families working in the fields and stopped a minute to play with a two-year-old baby, whose mother was busily hoeing corn. I stopped at Mac McCarter's, for he was seated out under his little shed busily engaged in making baskets. I had intended to take a long ride up the Little Dudley way and then home by the Roarin' Forks road, but Mac's cordial, "Better light 'n come in—must see the baby, too; cutest little feller y' ever laid eyes on—the missus will be glad to see y', too—" sounded too inviting, so I "lighted" and tied my horse to a rail of the picket fence.

Mac lived in one of the most picturesque houses along the road. A hand hewn picket fence enclosed it. Several strings of bright red peppers were strung around the front door and a big bunch of baskets hung on either side. Mac's house stood facing the road; be-

hind it flowed the Little Pigeon river, and from the river rose a high mountain covered with pines and hemlocks. Mac's house was not large; only two rooms, a living room and bed room in one and a kitchen, but it was neat and clean and cozy. Mac escorted me into the living room, where I was greeted by Mrs. McCarter and their children, Carl, Eveline, Flora and Hugh. The baby lay wrapped in a blanket on the bed. Mac, grinning behind his long, shaggy mustache, brought me the baby so I might see its big blue eyes. The baby was sleeping peacefully, utterly oblivious of the attention he was receiving, but I am sure that his eyes were blue if they were like those of the other children.

So we sat and talked and Mac asked for suggestions of names for the baby. He wanted an unusual name, for there were so many McCarters that an un-

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Cherish Your Old Furniture

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The wood in most is of a lovely walnut, maple or mahogany, but often when being re-finished we find small pieces of ash or some less expensive wood being used to finish out a spindle or rung. This brings to mind the fact that many articles have become so dilapidated and in such poor condition that unless they are especially good in design it would perhaps be folly to have a refinisher work on them. One has to be a shrewd judge of woods and a keen observer of small details to be a successful purchaser of old furniture.

There were made, in the period just prior to the Civil War, many lovely day-beds. The cabinet makers seemed to have that true sense of proportion which many have lacked and who left a clumsy and ugly product. The commercial feeling of going into your neighbor's house and finding a reproduction of your article is entirely missing; and in its place there is the touch of rareness, delicacy and individuality.

The Jenny Lind day-bed is not the only type common to America. We have always felt a strong affection for France and the French type of design since the days when Lafayette so valiantly came to give us aid. From this sentiment there has sprung the Empire furniture. It is more lavish in design

and suited to an almost purely social home. Many authorities, however, say that the Empire period is American, in as much as France dismissed it after only a few years of popularity. From this French influence much English design has been adapted. The old sofas are perhaps a direct derivative of this period.

In the various towns of Iowa we find dealers who are feverishly trying to gather just such pieces of furniture as the American day-bed and the sofa. Some have settings in their own homes to display their finds; others are less fond of their goods and treat them with less care; they store them in dark, damp basements, where vermin molest and dust collect. Then, of course, there is the entirely commercial type of dealer who has his own store. In the country homes there are often some day-beds found for sale and which may be purchased for a song, but there seems to be a premium placed upon them today, which the owners are beginning to realize. One who is fortunate enough to own a family day-bed and the history of which is known is to be greatly envied and should be very proud of his possession. If one is not fond of or cannot truly value this sort of a gift, it is so much kinder to sell all his old pieces to a dealer, who in turn will resell it to an appreciative buyer, than to allow them to deteriorate on a front porch, in a basement, and, more cruel than any, to be used for the winter's supply of fire wood.

to be used as fruit baskets. Wall baskets, flat on one side so that they could be hung against the wall, for newspapers, letters or magazines, or they might even be used to hold the bright golden rod or Indian paint brush. There were big wood baskets, magazine baskets, waste baskets, sewing baskets, and small baskets just large enough to hold a vase for flowers. And so many types of baskets, some made of hickory splits, either in the natural light yellow shade or dyed red or blue or green with Diamond dyes, or a lovely rich brown with walnut dye that Mac made himself. There were baskets made of reeds and hickory bark; lovely things, every one, and of perfect workmanship.

So I bought and bought, a magazine basket, a wall basket and a vase, only the flatness of my purse finally saved me from buying everything Mac had to sell. When I finally took my leave, Mac and the children came to help tie my possessions on my horse. I mounted and decided that I would have to turn homeward instead of taking my trip up Little Dudley way.

Just as I was ready to leave, Eveline came running with a big bouquet of red rambler roses and then I started off, horse, baskets and roses. Lady walked very sedately home. As I came thru the big iron gate and rode slowly up the lane to "Home," I knew the family within must have thought that they were to be visited by a basket peddler, for I am sure that I couldn't have been mistaken for Sir Galahad.

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A Visit to a Basket Maker's Home

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common name was needed to designate one from another. "And of course," said Mac, "I believe in only one name for you know all Bible characters had only one name, the given name and the surname."

Mac was a typical mountaineer. He had to work hard for his living, for he had a large family to feed, but he was kindly and gentle, had a good sense of humor and a great pride in his children. He was always interested in their play, their schooling and their work. Finally the conversation turned to Mac's chief occupation, basket making. Carl brought in a little basket he had made, but on a smaller scale, just large enough to hold several books and serve as a book rack for a desk.

Of course, Mac and the children had to take me out to the shed to look over the baskets that he had ready to take to the school to sell. Baskets of all kinds were everywhere. Here were oblong oval baskets, "watermelon baskets," as Mac called them, made of white or beacon or vari-colored splits,

Storage in the Home

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trouble to the housewife. Few women know just how to prevent the little worms that are so often found in cereals such as cornmeal, flour and oatmeal. If cereal foods are kept dry and in clean containers, much of the trouble of these pests will be avoided. Containers should be of tin or wood in order to keep out any mice which might happen to be looking for some food. Everyone knows that germs breed in dirt, and if the container is dirty, one cannot hope to keep food for any length of time and know it is still usable.

In packing apples and other thin skinned fruits for storage, one must be careful not to bruise the skin. A slight bruise will increase rapidly, other conditions as temperature and light being favorable. It is far better to preserve or store by cooking the bruised fruit and vegetables than to take a chance on keeping it with perfect fruit. Decay spreads quickly. A single apple may in the time of a week or two spoil an entire box of otherwise perfect fruit.

Because of these household disturb-

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