

## Gram Says

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Each year as spring paints her grasses with tiny wild flowers and her trees and bushes with new leaves and blossoms, I think, how I would like to express what I see and feel in either a poem or on a painting.

It's this time of year when we women turn the house upside down to, as we say, do our spring house cleaning. I wonder why. So many housewives always have clean homes.

But for me, I seem to be one who is determined to go through that old established custom, or habit, of cleaning and really for the life of me I cannot figure out if I like it—or is it because it needs to be cleaned.

Each time I start with plenty of pep and the same dream of making the rooms, and everything in them, into something which I never am able to quite satisfy, after it is completed.

The first day things move along in a satisfactory manner and at night with a feeling of, let's say, relief, and of course tiredness, we prepare to sleep and with me it's not all rest. I seem to spend most of the night cleaning (of course in my dreams).

Next day and many more days that follow, I move from room to room and each day I lose more and more of that energy, which is not as efficient as in years previous.

When I find I have finally reached the kitchen I take my time cleaning cabinets and washing piles of dishes (which I seldom use).

But it's that back porch which is always a problem. You can imagine what it looked like. Each day as I cleaned I had a certain amount of this and that with no place to store, so it was carried to the porch. "What sight!" Some was returned to drawers, others to an old trunk and after my patience had worn thin I carried the remainder to the yard and a match completed that job. Why do we insist on keeping so many things to pile about and collect dust?

Well, it's all over and now I know it did need cleaning. But with all of that, there are still curtains to be hung, furniture to be polished, plants to be moved—with my ambition at a low ebb. I am pleased that the house has a new sparkle, but for me there are very few sparks left.

Gram—S. E. B.

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