"Miss Edgerton's Ye Colonial Shoppe" or Women in the Trade, Part Two

by Jeanne Schinto

"You've sold all my things. You've sold my mother's china. You sold the rugs. You sold the portraits. You've made a business out of it—selling the past. What kind of a business is that—selling the past?"

–from "Publick House," John Cheever,
The New Yorker, August 16, 1941

John Cheever's "Publick House" captures perfectly the stress that a family feels when somebody decides to run an antiques shop in the household where everybody else is trying to carry on their lives. As often happened in the early to mid-20th century, that someone was a woman more often than not. In Cheever's story we see the situation through the eyes of an antiques-dealing woman's son, but it's the young man's grandfather who finally voices their mutual frustration.

In Cheever's own life, there was a "proprietress" mother, although her shop, unlike the fictional one in "Publick House," was outside the family residence. Mrs. Cheever opened the Mary Cheever Gift Shoppe in Quincy, Massachusetts, in 1926, after her husband, John's father, lost his position in the shoe business. The stock market crash meant there was no going back to work for him. Instead, the shop supported the Cheever household and paid John's way through prep school at Thayer Academy—at least until he was expelled. Thereafter, as Scott Donaldson wrote in his 1988 biography of Cheever:

"The very word 'antique' would set his teeth on edge. He deeply hated the fact of his mother's gift shop. For one thing, his mother's highly visible employment as shopkeeper called attention to the family's financial predicament, and hence its difference from others. Though around the country women were beginning to break away from the drudgery of housekeeping and take jobs of their own, it is safe to say that the Cheevers were the only householders in Wollaston [Massachusetts] and John the only boy at Thayer with an unemployed father and a mother in trade. He felt the social humiliation..."[1]

Cheever wasn't alone in his shame over a working mother. It took decades for Victorian attitudes on that subject to be eased. But as I have discovered in researching advertisements in *The Magazine Antiques* and other primary materials, women in the early days of the trade found ways around the stigma and awkwardness associated with their engagement in money exchange. Whether they were consciously warding against their social discomfiture is hard to say. What can be argued is that their business strategies affected not only what types of antiques they sold and to whom they sold them, but how they sold them and how much profit they were willing to make.

One of the primary ways women smoothed their transition from homemaker to moneymaker was to emphasize to potential customers that a visit to their shop would include socializing—tea drinking, eating, even bridge and board games. The business card of Emily F. Peacock of Miss Peacock's Antique Shop in Freehold, New Jersey, for example, which I found among the papers of collector Francis Garvan at the Smithsonian Institution's Archives of American Art in Washington, D.C., issued this two-word invitation, presumably to the world at large: "Afternoon Tea."

In the December 1924 issue of *The Magazine Antiques*, a Mrs. Caliga of Danvers, Massachusetts, whose business was in the James Putnam House ("Furnished in Antiques"), advertised that she offered "Luncheons, Dinners, Teas, Bridge Parties, Social Gatherings, [and] Mah Jong Parties," along with her "Rare Old Oriental Art Objects."

The cover of *The New Yorker* for March 31, 1951, by Garrett Price (1896-1979). If there exists a better illustration of the woman-to-woman sales dynamic in the antiques trade of the period, I haven't found it yet.

Marie Gouin Armstrong of The Stepping Stone in Connecticut ("7 minutes from New Haven Station") emphasized in her March 1924 ad in the same magazine that her shop was "Known from Coast to Coast for Its Hospitality to Lovers of Antiques."

Almost a quarter century later, in January 1948, a columnist for that magazine paid The Cavalier Shop in Georgetown, Washington, D.C., a compliment with this observation: "Miss Finerty, greeting you at the door as if you had dropped in for tea, puts you at your ease at once."

It's not possible to determine from the evidence that I have so far collected which women had the refreshments business first and added antiques second and which did the reverse. But it's easy to imagine that the food and drink provided the surer stream of sales, even if they were for smaller sums than the objects brought.

Cheever's fictional Publick House owner, whose restaurant business is inaugurated after her antiques supply is nearly depleted, unfortunately owes so much money at the food market, it won't allow her to shop there anymore. Meanwhile, the "tired-looking widow of about fifty" tries to keep a group of her customers engaged with chatter that's part sales pitch, part historic-house commentary. "This used to be the post road, you know. Can't you just see the stagecoaches coming up from Portland, blowing their horns? Yes, the rugs are for sale—real Maine hooked rugs. The small one is fifteen dollars."

Another way that women selling antiques masked their profit seeking was to make it seem like a hobby rather than a business. Their buying trips were described in their magazine ads with words such as "quest" and "sojourn." In the 1930's, after the death of a Miss Crimmins, who started her business in a small apartment in Boston, a writer for *The Magazine Antiques* recalled "a handful of attractive English antiques, the carefully selected fruit of a summer's sojourn in the British Isles." And the same columnist who admired Miss Finerty of D.C.'s way of putting customers at ease noted that her "particular *hobby* and interest [was] children's things, such as dolls with delicate china heads and hands and feet, eighteenth-century alphabet plates, and tea sets" (italics mine).

Mrs. Baugh (no first name given) of The Blue Eagle Antique Shop in Media, Pennsylvania, spun a paragraph-long tale in her November 1926 ad in *The Magazine Antiques* before she got to the sales pitch: "My grandmother was two years old when Washington died. Sitting at her feet as a little child, I listened to the stories of the long ago as my mother did before me, drinking in and treasuring each word. Her grandfather owned the Valley Forge Furnaces; an uncle owned and lived at the headquarters when Washington was there. The memory of their lives has enriched mine.

"I collect treasures of those days because I love them. May I have the pleasure of showing them to you?" Note, however, that she didn't use the word "sell."

Mrs. Julia Cordley of Washington, D.C., who ran ads in *The Magazine Antiques* in the 1920's, didn't either. Instead, she periodically announced that she was "in Europe in quest of additions to her present rare collection of antiques" and that upon her return "her customers and others [would] be invited to *inspect* her finds" (italics mine).

Then there are examples of women seeming to give excuses for opening shops. Marion Booth Trask, for one, said in her November 1926 ad in *The Magazine Antiques*: "For the past four years, I have been in Europe collecting antiques which I have sold to merchants and decorators." Her next step was to reach out to the retail trade, but she phrased it, "To add to my clientele I am opening a studio in New York."

Likewise, a columnist for *The Magazine Antiques* wrote in January 1938 of Marguerite Bach's decision to move her business in back country Greenwich, Connecticut (presumably her residence), into the town's business district: "[She] found that visitors to her Round Hill antiques shop were wearing the proverbial doorward path. Nevertheless, in the belief that some of the pilgrims might prefer a shorter route, Mrs. Bach has opened a branch..."

In female dealers' ads from the 1920's through the 1950's, I found a not-for-profit conceit prevalent. Flora Howard Haggard, who was listed as an exhibitor at the Antiques Exhibition at Boston's Commodore Hotel in March 1929 and at the International Antiques Exposition in New York City in March 1930, ran ads in *The Magazine Antiques* illustrated with a hand-drawn map leading to her home and shop on Olmstead Lane in Ridgefield, Connecticut. Her mid-1930's summer ads did mention she was in business, but only in a "cute" way: "Free ice and free air, but I have to charge a little for the antiques."

These ads should be distinguished from those written by dealers who were merely trying to cut their losses in hard times. For example, Mrs. Richard B. Gregg of Boston, intimating that she was being forced to sell good items at below cost, ran this ad in the January 1938 issue: "Around a nucleus of furniture made for my own family by the original craftsmen, I have built a collection of English and American antiques. Whatever knowledge and taste I possess have gone into the selection of these usually fine pieces which I now offer for sale at far less than they cost me."

In the 1950's, with the economy restored, Mrs. Raymond Davies, who was quoted in a "Talk of the Town" story in the April 24, 1954, issue of *The New Yorker*, hinted of a profit

Miss Carey "Antiquaire" of 85 Chestnut Street, Boston was prompted to place this ad in the February 1930 issue of *The Magazine Antiques* after the magazine put an image of this same plate on its previous month's cover. Note, however, that Miss Carey declared herself merely the "owner" of the plate set; she didn't actually say they were for sale.

Mrs. Caliga's place in Danvers, Massachusetts, *The Magazine Antiques*, December 1924.

motive in her future. "We used to live on the Island, but we moved to Squankum, New Jersey, near Spring Lake, five years ago," she told the reporter who visited her booth at the Country Antiques Fair at the 71st Regiment Armory. "I took this up to keep from going crazy...I'm trying to build up a retirement business against the time when my husband retires; he's regional manager for New York City of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. American blown glass is my specialty. The whole thing is a lifesaver."[2]

Of course, women who didn't really need the money have always dabbled in antiques. Even when paid work for women remained socially unacceptable, it was apparently all right for women to sell to their friends. A story in the *New York Times* on August 11, 1935, recounted that historic villages on Long Island, from Oyster Bay to Westbury, were "dotted with business enterprises that have been started by, and are entirely managed and conducted by women in society." Naming blueblood names, the reporter's story noted: "Mrs. Reginald Rose, the former Miss Bertha Benkard, sister-in-law of Mrs. John W. Mackay, and Mrs. Antonio Ponvert Jr. of Glen Head, the former Katherine Steele, both of whom have country homes to manage and two small children to be responsible for, have, according to their own admission, made an even greater success this year in their new antique shop."

The reporter gave this reason for their success: the two young society women and their assistants spoke to their customers "in their own language." The reference was to class, not gender, but most women who founded businesses of any kind in those years established ones that marketed products and services to other women. It's a phenomenon that continues to some extent.

The female narrator of Louise Erdrich's short story "The Painted Drum," from the March 3, 2003, issue of *The New Yorker*, has a business of cleaning out estates. We are told her mother started it two decades earlier. "We are fair, discreet, honest, and knowledgeable," declares the narrator, whose specialty on the side is Native Americana (and who, before the story is over, has stolen a tribal drum). "We are well known in our part of New Hampshire, and well respected, I think." Then she speaks candidly about how their gender works to their advantage. "More often than not, it is the women of the family who get stuck dealing with the physical estate, the possessions, and we are also women. We understand what it is like to face a mountain of petty decisions when in grief."

In the December 1926 issue of *The Magazine Antiques*, Elmer Rice of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, advertised a collection of 11 pieces of "Early Furniture…collected by [him] personally in Remote Sections of Pennsylvania." His mention of remoteness was meant to reassure potential customers that the merchandise was fresh, but it reminded me that some members of the so-called weaker sex may not have wanted to travel the same isolated roads as Rice.

Even if they had wanted to, they might not have had a car—or known how to drive. In the 1920's, driving was still a "male-dominated activity," according to the 1991 book *Taking the Wheel: Women and the Coming of the Motor Age* by Virginia Scharff.[3] Even when more women did get into the driver's seat, Scharff writes, they were generally driving in order to shop or chauffeur other family members, not to conduct business. No wonder so many female antiques dealers had shops at home.

Yet, in the Francis Garvan papers, I found a surprising number of examples of women who were cruising the countryside looking for items to sell him. On the evidence of their correspondence, a couple of them appear to have been employed as his exclusive picker/scouts. I am most grateful for the thorough reports written by one of them, Mrs. Thomas Starr Taylor of Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Mary Darlington Taylor was the daughter-in-law of Henry Hammond Taylor (b. 1878), who authored *Knowing, Collecting and Restoring Early American Furniture* (1930). In *History of Bridgeport and Vicinity*, published in 1917, he was described as mayor of Bridgeport for one term as well as a one-time member of its city council; he was also a member of the Sons of the American Revolution whose maternal great-grandfather, Andrew Porter, was one of Washington's generals in the Revolutionary War.[4]

Given that background, he was well positioned to be a collector/dealer of the period. His relationship with Garvan is probably made clear in other boxes of materials in the archives that I'll look at another time. During the time I spent there last fall, I concentrated only on Mary D. Taylor, who, on Garvan's behalf, visited private collections and historical societies as well as other dealers along the Connecticut coast.

It's a small state, but she racked up the distances, driving 1200 miles in July 1931 alone, for which she was paid 2¢ a mile ($24). She also charged for meals, $1 a day for 20 days. The amount of her salary beyond that was not mentioned in the letters I read. She typed her reports, single-spaced and crowded with all sorts of vivid details about the business.

On July 24, 1931, she wrote: "I stopped all the way down the post road to Greenwich day before yesterday, but almost all the dealers in that section are New York people who go from place to place, and do not maintain any connection with the old time residents of the district. There was nothing which is not refinished and the general tone of their shops is not very trust inspiring. They buy their wares from scouts, and do not keep in touch with the people near at hand. Further up the coast, the dealers are nearly all old residents of the towns, and are apt to know of pieces beyond their means, but which they can handle on commission."

One of the primary ways women smoothed their transition from homemaker to moneymaker was to emphasize to potential customers that a visit to their shop would include socializing.

On July 29, 1931, she visited Mrs. L. Glenn, who was "running a tea room and shop in the old Pelatiah Leete house on Leete's Island. The house was built in 1730..." Through her, Taylor had a bead on "a very exquisite Samuel McIntire room. Are you at all interested in any more McIntire interiors?" she asked Garvan.

She then visited the headquarters of the "Dorothy Whitfield historical society," in a house built in 1660. "The curator of this building is not a Guilford woman, and is new this year so knows none of the local people." Apparently, she was working through historical societies to get to private collections.

Old Stone House was the next stop on her itinerary. "The curator is a Guilford woman, and is descended from one of the 1639 families. She seemed much interested in the collection at Yale, and was very nice about letting me go through all the old documents and papers. But she said she knew of nothing left in town that one could see, let alone buy."

She didn't work only with women. That same day, she visited a dealer named Mr. Redfield and another man named Pierre Houpere. "[Houpere] has lived alone in an old wreck of a house for years," she wrote, "and occasionally gets some very good pieces of furniture. He doesn't advertise, and does almost all his business with old customers who know their way to his place," which she described as "some miles up behind Clinton." Houpere "had a nice little Durrie painting, but wanted a frightful price for it [$250], so I said nothing more." Then she and Houpere drove "twenty miles over the hills" to see a painted room. "It can be bought for the price of replacement...," she told Garvan.

On August 28, 1931, she wrote of serendipity. "On the way into Simsbury I stopped to ask my way of an old man in North Bloomfield who runs a gas station and hot dog stand. He looked like an old timer and we got into a conversation. He said that he knew everyone and every house in the vicinity, and that for twenty years he had hunted antiques in the neighborhood." He knew of some paneled rooms. "I tried to get him to take me to the house then, but there was no way of gaining admission. So we are to go there next week."

In Norwalk she called "on the widow of old Dr. Coburn." She described him as "a pioneer antiquer" and Mrs. Coburn as "a delightful old lady, who seems to live entirely in the past. She speaks of the Doctor as though he had just gone out of the door to make a call, and would come in at any minute, and I think she almost believes it herself. He had been very fond of the pieces they had collected, and I don't imagine she will ever sell them. But they will come on the market some day, so I went over them rather carefully, and am including a report."

In an undated letter, circa September 1931 (according to a penciled notation, perhaps an archivist's), Taylor mentioned a visit "up the shore line," where in the Post Road Antique Shop, run by a Mrs. Curtis, she "found a nice bulbous can with an elaborate handle made by Joseph Edwards for an ancestor of hers." The trouble was, the cann was "owned by her and her sister, and she would set no price, nor say that it could be bought. I didn't press the point, for there is no danger of its going elsewhere. Would this interest you?"

One can't help but admire Taylor's initiative and her patience. I was even more impressed by her description of how she handled an accident on her way home. "[M]y steering knuckle gave, and after turning around several times, I jumped a three or four foot bank and ended up in a weeping mulberry tree, headed in the opposite direction. The tree and the car took the worst of the damage, but I was rather shaken up and battered about. So I had to remain at home on Thursday and Friday, during which time I correlated the data on the Clark family."

"The next thing was to decide on a name for our newly acquired place of business. First of all, we determined that it was not to be a 'shoppe'!"
–From *Intimate Incidents of an Antique Shop* (1932), Huldah Wellington Spaulding of Treasure Shop, Hyannis, Massachusetts.

Real progress for women seeking financial and other freedoms continued from the 1920's through the Second World War. In the postwar period there was the well-documented backlash, leading to the mid-century era so well portrayed currently in the TV series *Mad Men*. On April 3, 1960, a *New York Times* story was headlined "Suburban Wives Join Job Hunters." It reported on a survey of 200 upper-income women in Westchester County—college-educated women aged 25 to 35.

Fantasy played a large part in occupational choice, the writer noted. "Witness the small businesses which open and close with sad regularity, as one woman's husband reminds her that he liked her to come along on business trips; another woman forgets until spring the beauties of golf. And then who will tend the antiques shop?"

One step forward, one step back. Needless to say, there was no mention of hardworking women such as Florene Maine of Ridgefield, Connecticut; Mrs. Greer of Middleburg, Virginia; Harriette Miller's Whimsey Antiques, Arlington, Vermont; Eleanor Sawyer of Charlestown, New Hampshire; Dorothy G. Hale of Chicago; Sarah Potter Conover of New York City; and of course Elinor Gordon of Villanova, Pennsylvania—just to name a few who had established thriving antiques business by then.

I should, however, qualify the word "hardworking." After a visit to the City of Boston Archives in West Roxbury,

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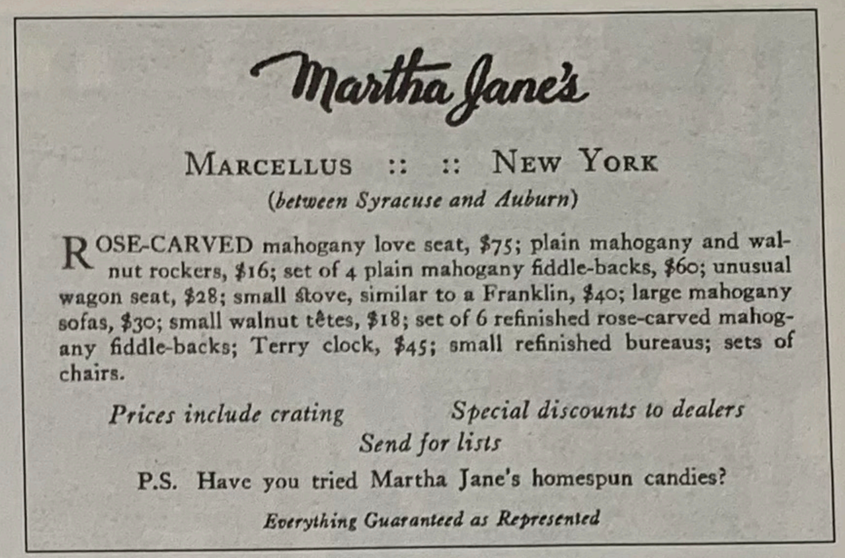
Dorothy O. Schubart of New Rochelle, New York, brought up the subject of investment in this ad in *The Magazine Antiques*, June 1930, but couldn't resist adding another adage about homemaking.



"Have you tried Martha Jane's homespun candies?" is the postscript at the bottom of this ad for Martha Jane of Marcellus, New York ("between Syracuse and Auburn"), in the January 1928 issue of *The Magazine Antiques*.

Some of the numerous record books at the City of Boston Archives containing copies of each "Certificate of Married Woman Doing Business on Separate Account," 1862-1974. Schinto photo.

Massachusetts, I came to realize anew just how hard some of our ancestors worked to make a living. I also understood a little better why middle- and upper-class women of the same period wanted to keep their social distance from those who worked physically hard, even if it meant spurning the advantages of a paycheck of their own. There is nothing glamorous about fingers worked to the bone.

I went to the archives after I learned of an 1862 law that required married women doing business separately from their husbands to file a certificate with the state. Initially, I thought it was one of those repressive measures designed, back in the bad old days, if not to keep women in their place then at least to keep tabs on them. Considering how long it took for women to get the vote, I didn't think my idea farfetched, but in fact that wasn't why the legislation was passed. According to the archives, where all of Boston's certificates are kept, the law was intended to waylay the fraud that was occurring with some frequency when a husband, pursued by creditors, asserted that his business was actually not his but being carried on by his wife. In that way he was able to keep them from seizing "her" property.

The law's effectiveness would be difficult to discover, but that wasn't my interest in it anyway. What I realized was that the certificates, filed through 1974 when the law was finally repealed, would be an unprecedented trove of information about what kinds of businesses women (married ones, anyway) were engaged in during those years.

I already knew that a 19th-century woman in need of income most often ran a boarding house, operated a grocery store or restaurant, and/or made clothing. What I didn't know before my archives research was that women in numbers great and small also were engaged in tobacco selling, blacksmithing, concrete paving, feather sorting, horseshoeing, oyster wholesaling, sewing machine and clock repairing, selling hair, shaving hair, cutting hair, servicing milk routes, theatrical-ticket printing, cake peddling, grease collecting, complexion beautifying, and on and on, ingeniously and imaginatively, even if not always lucratively, as one could imagine in the case of the merry-go-round operators, clairvoyant physicians (which I took to be psychics), elocutionists, and bird exhibitors.

Quite a few women were involved in buying and selling secondhand furniture. Many others bought and sold what was matter-of-factly termed "junk." Still others dealt in used clothing and "rags." More than a few pursued these activities in combination. Some 1880's and 1890's examples give an indication of the ethnic groups most often involved in these various enterprises and the parts of the city where they were taking place:

• Mamie Jacobs, wife of Jacob Jacobs, was a "dealer in new & second hand clothing and other articles, and pawn broker" at 928 Washington Street in Boston's South End.

• Jennie Schultz, wife of Louis Schultz, was "buying, collecting, and selling all kinds of metals, bottles, rags, etc., doing the general business of a junk dealer" at 172 Braman Street in East Boston.

• Rosa Mosessohn, wife of Morris Mosessohn, was a "pawnbroker & trading in new & second hand goods, etc. also musical instruments, etc." at 40 Pleasant Street in Charlestown.

• Mary A. Woods, wife of George M. Woods, was a "general pedler [sic] and dealer in provisions, fish & second hand metals, rags, and junk in East Boston & vicinity without keeping a shop, with stable." Her address, listed as 3 Davenport Place, seems no longer to exist, perhaps demolished with the coming of highways and/or urban renewal.

• Sadie Cohen, wife of Jacob Cohen, was in the "wholesale and retail junk business" at 343 Charles Street in Boston's West End.

THE STEPPING STONE
Known from Coast to Coast for Its Hospitality to Lovers of Antiques

The STEPPING STONE

Within this interesting 200-year-old house you will find these quaint and fine old things:

Large stretcher tables; small club-foot tables; candle and sewing stands; Pembroke and gate-leg tables; maple dressing table; maple high-post bed; mahogany high-post, field and low-post beds; early rush-seat chairs; set of fan-back Windsors; arm Windsors; Hitchcock chairs; pair Boston rockers; curly maple bench; maple chest, apple wood serpentine front, fluted corners; maple work stand; slant top desk; compass desk; melodeon desk; pine secretary; cherry secretary; mahogany secretary; brasses; andirons; astral lamps; glass lamps; ship lamps; pewter lamps; candlesticks; hooked rugs; pewter; prints; needlework picture; mirrors; ship models; Lowestoft; lustre teaset; and fine old silver.

MARIE GOUIN ARMSTRONG
277 ELM STREET :: WEST HAVEN, CONN.
Seven minutes from New Haven Station

Here's the ad for The Stepping Stone in *The Magazine Antiques*, March 1924. "Known from Coast to Coast for Its Hospitality to Lovers of Antiques" is printed below the photograph of the house.

• Ida Aaronson, wife of Julius Aaronson, was a "dealer in junk, metals, bottles, rags, and other personal property" at 64 Pitts Street (today unknown).

• Rebecca Winstein, wife of Aaron Winstein, was "buying and selling new and second hand furniture" at 46 Leverett Street (today unknown).

• Annie A. Cohen, wife of Max Cohen, was "buying, selling, leasing, and dealing in new and second hand furniture, stoves, carpets, and household goods of every description" at 36-38 Prince Street in Boston's North End.

Not many (or any) of these women can reasonably be called precursors of antiques dealers. They were simply gleaners, trying to scratch a living out of the castoffs of others. But after many hours I did find in this archives the first Boston woman who used the word "antique" in the description of her business when filing one of these certificates. Her name is Susie M. Lagerquist, her husband's name was Errick Lagerquist, and the location at which she was engaged in the business of "Antique and modern furniture" was listed as 58 Thayer Street. The form is dated March 18, 1887.

A few months later, on November 26, 1887, she filed again, because the law said a change in the business required it. Now she was "manufacturing & dealing in modern & antique furniture" with a partner, Charles E. Rosling, as Lagerquist & Rosling at 618 Harrison Avenue. That lasted only a few months. Apparently, the partnership was dissolved, because on May 4, 1888, she got another certificate stating that this time she was sole proprietor at the same address.

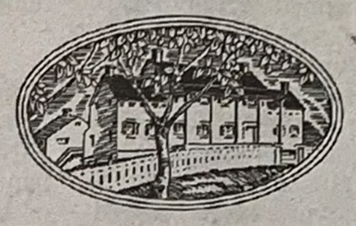
On April 29, 1901, a second woman, Catharine Zytkewicz, wife of Stanislaw Zytkewicz, filed for a certificate as a "dealer in antique articles of every kind, nature, and description, cabinet maker, and upholsterer" at 40 Charles Street, the neighborhood where Israel Sack would later set up shop.

Unsurprisingly, it's not until 1920 that the "antiques" designation begins to appear with some frequency. On November 10, 1920, for example, Clara Tremblay, wife of Wilfred Tremblay, filed for being engaged in the business of "Furniture in general, viz., Antiques and colonial reproductions and repairing," as the Tremblay Furniture Company at 46 Roxbury Street. On December 29, 1920, May L. Underwood of Brookline filed to say her business was "Antiques" at 87 Cambridge Street, "and I propose to carry on said business using the name of The Hancock Shop." Her husband was Charles F. Underwood.

On July 14, 1921, Jane Frances Enright, 33 River Street, Beacon Hill, married to John E. Enright, filed to say she was doing business in "Antiques" as "Jane Frances * Lowestoft Shop."

In the future I'll report on my second visit to the archives, among other things. In the meantime, if readers have information about any of the women named above or primary materials about other female antiques dealers in the early days of the trade that you would like to share, please contact me at <poorstreet@comcast.net>.

SILVERMINE TAVERN & GALLERIES



SILVERMINE, NORWALK, CONN.

An Inn such as our forefathers frequented — overlooking an old mill pond. Three buildings furnished throughout with things of other days — spacious galleries of prints, paintings, objects of art and decorations.
Come for luncheon, tea, or dinner. Spend the night if you wish. Browse about to your heart's content. Everything is for sale but no one will ask you to buy.

ELLEN HEATH, *Manager*
Telephone, NORWALK 2300

In the May 1929 issue of *The Magazine Antiques*, Ellen Heath of Silvermine Tavern & Galleries, Norwalk, Connecticut, advertised her inn along with her luncheon, tea, and dinner service. She also mentioned that her three buildings were furnished throughout with "things of other days." "Browse about to your heart's content," she suggested, then emphasized her super soft sell, "Everything is for sale but no one will ask you to buy."

Endnotes

1. Scott Donaldson, *John Cheever: A Biography* (New York: Random House, 1988), p. 31.
2. *The New Yorker*, April 24, 1954, p. 25.
3. Virginia Scharff, *Taking the Wheel: Women and the Coming of the Motor Age* (New York: The Free Press, 1991), p. 117.
4. *History of Bridgeport and Vicinity*, Vol. 2 (New York & Chicago: The S.J. Clarke Publishing Co., 1917), p. 746.