

SARA WARE BASSETT



THE STORY OF  
GLASS

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# THE STORY OF GLASS

*by*

SARA WARE BASSETT



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### **PLEASE NOTE**

These books were written about 100 years ago and show the way people talked, thought, and acted back then. They tell the story of how resources like cotton, lumber, leather, and gold were developed—a process that depended on the hard work of many people. Sometimes the work was done by those who made the profits, and other times it was done by people who were not free, including enslaved individuals.

We know that some parts of these stories include ideas that we now understand to be hurtful and unfair. Our aim in republishing these books is not to support those old views but to share our history so we can all learn from it. By looking at the past, including its mistakes, we hope to learn important lessons that will help us create a kinder and fairer future.

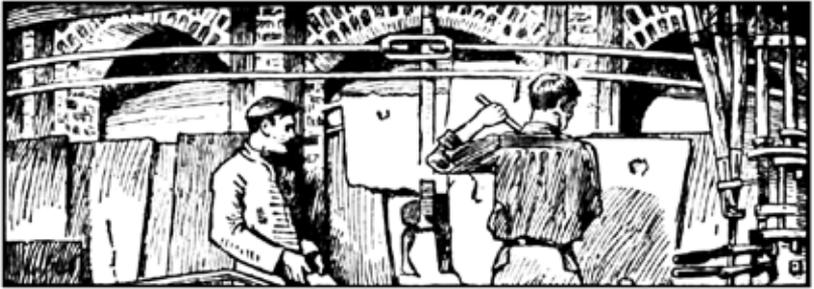
We invite you to read these stories with an awareness of their time and to think about how far we have come—and how much work there is still to do.

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*To G. C.*

*a patient listener and a helpful critic I inscribe  
this book as a reminder of many happy hours  
which we spent together in the Old World  
S. W. B.*



## CHAPTER I

# A FRIENDLY FEUD



JEAN CABOT “lived around.” She did not live around because nobody wanted her, however; on the contrary, she lived around because so many people wanted her. Both her father and mother had died when Jean was a baby and so until she was twelve years old she had been brought up by a cousin of her mother’s. Then the cousin had married a missionary and had gone to teach the children in China, and China, as you will agree, was no place for an American girl to go to school. Therefore Jean was sent to Boston and put in charge of her uncle, Mr. Robert Cabot. Uncle Bob was delighted with the arrangement, for they were great friends, Jean and this boy-uncle of hers.

But no sooner did she arrive in Boston and settle down to live on Beacon Hill than up rose Uncle Tom Curtis, Jean’s other uncle, who lived in Pittsburgh. He made a dreadful fuss because Jean had gone to Uncle Bob’s to live. *He* wanted her out in Pittsburgh, and he wrote that Fräulein Decker, who

was his housekeeper, and had been governess to Jean's own mother, wanted her too.

That started Hannah, Uncle Bob's housekeeper.

"The very idea," she said, "of that German woman thinking they want Jean in Pittsburgh as much as we want her here in Boston. Didn't I bring up Jean's father, I'd like to know; and her Uncle Bob as well? I guess I can be trusted to bring up another Cabot. It's ridiculous—that's what it is—perfectly *ree-diculous!*" That was Hannah's favorite expression—"Ree-diculous!" "I'd like my job," went on Hannah, "sending that precious child to Pittsburgh where her white dresses would get all grimed up with coal soot."

But Hannah's scorn of Pittsburgh did not settle the matter.

Instead Mr. Carleton, Uncle Tom Curtis's lawyer, came to Boston as fast as he could get there and one afternoon presented himself at Uncle Bob's house on Beacon Hill. Uncle Bob was in the library when he arrived and the two men sat down before the fire, for it was a chilly day in early spring. After they had said a few pleasant things about the weather, and Uncle Bob had inquired for Uncle Tom, they really got started on what they wanted to say and my—how they did talk! It was all good-natured talk, for Uncle Bob liked Uncle Tom Curtis very much; nevertheless Uncle Bob and Uncle Tom's lawyer did talk pretty hard and pretty fast, for they had lots of things to say.

At last Uncle Bob Cabot rose from his leather chair and going to the fireplace gave the blazing logs a vicious little poke.

He was becoming nettled. Anybody could see that.

"The Curtises have not a whit more title to the child than I have," he burst out. "You are a lawyer, Carleton, and you

know that. I am just as much Jean's uncle as Tom Curtis is; in fact I think I am more her uncle because I am her father's own brother. I'm a Cabot, and so is Jean. I should think that ought to be enough. Who would she live with, if not with the Cabots?"

Mr. Carleton cleared his throat.

"You certainly have a strong claim to the little girl," he agreed. "But you see my other client puts up an equally convincing story. In fact, he uses almost your identical words. He says he is Jean's mother's own brother, and argues no one can have a closer right than that."

"But what does he know about bringing up a little girl? Isn't he an old bachelor?"

"You are not married yourself, Mr. Cabot."

"Well, no. So I'm not. However, that's neither here nor there. Tom Curtis is fifty if he's a day. He is too old to bring up a child, Carleton."

"He complains that you are only thirty, and too young."

Mr. Robert Cabot, who was walking excitedly about the room, turned quickly.

"But I have Hannah. You do not know Hannah or you would feel differently. It is hard to tell you what Hannah is. You just have to know her. She is the mainspring of my household. Not only does she cook, clean, mend, and market for me; she does a score of things besides. Why, I couldn't live without her. She is one of those motherly souls whose wisdom is of the sages. She has been in our family since I was a baby. Most of my bringing up, in fact, was due to her and," he added whimsically, "behold the work of her hands!"

Mr. Carleton smiled.

"I cannot deny the product is good, Mr. Cabot. But again, all these arguments you put forth Mr. Tom Curtis also reechoes in behalf of his German Fräulein. She too has been for years in the Curtis family and brought up their children, and Mr. Curtis feels that since she trained Jean's mother she is eminently the person to train Jean."

"Humph!"

"The claims seem about equal."

"No, they're not. That's where you are wrong. Allowing everything else to be equal even you must grant that there is one serious objection of which you have not spoken. Mr. Tom Curtis lives in *Pittsburgh!* That is enough to overthrow the whole thing. *Pittsburgh!* Think of bringing up a child in Pittsburgh when she could be brought up in Boston. Boston, my good man, is intellectually—well, of course I do not wish to appear prejudiced, but you will, I am sure, admit that Boston——"

Mr. Bob Cabot dropped helplessly into his chair, leaving the sentence unfinished. There seemed to be no words in the English language adequate to express what, in Mr. Bob Cabot's estimation, Boston actually was.

Mr. Carleton started to laugh, but after glancing furtively at Mr. Bob Cabot he changed his mind and coughed instead.

"We all grant Boston is without an intellectual peer," he answered with a grave inclination of his head. "Even I, who was born in Indiana, grant that, although out in my state we think we run you a close second. Boston moreover has a background of which we in the West cannot boast—history, you know, and all that sort of thing. It would be a great privilege for little Miss Jean Cabot to receive a home and an

education in Boston. There are, however, many fine things in Pittsburgh; it is not all soot, or panting factories.”

“I suppose not. Jean’s mother was a Pittsburgh girl, and certainly she was a wonderful type of woman. Yet you cannot tell what result a Boston environment might have had on such a nature as hers. She might have been even nearer perfection. Yet after all she was quite fine enough for human clay, Carleton, quite fine enough. And the little girl promises to be like her—an uncommonly sweet, gentle child, and pretty, too—very pretty. To send her to Pittsburgh—hang it all! Why must Tom Curtis live in Pittsburgh?”

“Mr. Curtis, as you seem to have forgotten, Mr. Cabot, is the owner of one of the largest plate glass factories in the country. He has built up a fortune by his business and he is no more ready to hurl his life’s work to the winds and come to Boston to live than you are to toss aside your own business and move to Pittsburgh. And by the way, speaking of business, Mr. Cabot, if it does not seem an impertinent question, what is *your* business?”

“My business? Well, for a good many years my chief business seemed to be getting over a bad knee I got when playing tackle on the Harvard football eleven. We wiped up the ground with Yale, though, so it was worth it. Of late I spend more or less time in seeing that Hannah does not feed me too well and starve herself. Part of my business, too, is to argue with disagreeable old lawyers like yourself, Carleton.” Mr. Bob Cabot chuckled. “When I am not doing some of these things and have the surplus time I am incidentally an interior decorator. Oh, I do not go out papering and painting; oh dear, no! I just tell other people how to spend a fortune furnishing

their houses. I advise brocade hangings, Italian marbles and every sort of rare and beautiful thing, and since I do not have these luxuries to pay for I find my vocation a tremendously interesting one."

"You have set a worthy example in your own house," observed Mr. Carleton, glancing about with admiration.

"Oh, I've done a little—not much. I like the old landscape paper in this library; some of my antique furniture, too, is rather nice. I picked up many of the best pieces in the South. The house itself came to me from my father, and I have altered it very little, as I was anxious to keep its old colonial atmosphere. Hannah and I live here most peacefully with a waitress and inside man to help us. With Jean added to the household we shall have just the touch of young life that we need. I am very fond of children, and——"

"You seem very certain that Jean is to settle with you, Mr. Cabot. Now let me own up to something; although Mr. Tom Curtis sent me to have this talk with you and pave the way, it chances—no, chance is not the right word—on the contrary it is an intentional fact that Mr. Tom Curtis is at this very moment here in Boston."

Mr. Bob Cabot started.

"Tom Curtis here!"

"Yes. He is putting up at the University Club, and he wanted me to ask you if you would be so good as to dine there with him to-night."

"So he has come over to enter the fray himself, has he? Well, well! Why didn't he come right here? Of course I'll join him. I always liked Tom Curtis. The only things I have against him are that he *will* live in Pittsburgh—and that he wants Jean."

Mr. Carleton rose with satisfaction. At least part of his mission had been successfully accomplished. He could afford to overlook the slur on Pittsburgh which, as it happened, was his home as well as that of Mr. Tom Curtis.

"Then I'll call up Mr. Curtis," he said, "and tell him he may expect you. Will seven o'clock be all right?"

"Certainly. I suppose I shall not see you again, Carleton?"

Mr. Carleton hesitated.

"It is just possible that I may drop in on you and Mr. Curtis after dinner."

"Oh, I see. A plot."

"Not at all. I have some business to settle with Mr. Curtis before I return to Pittsburgh."

"Going back to that grimy coal hole, are you?" blustered Mr. Bob Cabot. "How you fellows can live there when you might spend your days in Bost——"

The door slammed.

Mr. Carleton was gone.

Shrugging his shoulders Mr. Bob Cabot glanced at the clock. He had just about time to dash off a necessary letter, dress, and get to the University Club.

"Hannah!" he called.

A small dark-haired woman appeared in the doorway. She had sharp little black eyes that twinkled a great deal, and she had a mouth that turned up at the corners; furthermore she had a plump figure neatly dressed in gray, and a white apron tied behind in an enormous and very spirited bow.

"Yes, Mr. Bob."

"Hannah, Mr. Tom Curtis is in town with a rascal of a lawyer. They have come to see about taking Jean to live in Pittsburgh."

"Pittsburgh! My soul, Mr. Bob! You'll not let her go, of course. Pittsburgh, indeed! Don't we know that Boston——"

"We certainly do, Hannah. Nobody knows what Boston is better than we do. But Mr. Tom Curtis unfortunately was not born in Boston."

"More's the pity! Still, I suppose he cannot be blamed for that. It wasn't really his fault."

Mr. Bob Cabot laughed and dropped a big, kindly hand on the shoulder of the woman beside him.

"I will try and impress upon him all that he has missed when I see him to-night. I am to dine with him at the University Club at seven."

"You're not dining out!" ejaculated Hannah in dismay.

"I'm afraid so."

"Oh, Mr. Bob! And fried chicken for dinner—just the way you like it, too."

"I'm sorry, Hannah."

"And me browning all those sweet potatoes!"

"I'm lots more disappointed than you are—truly I am. It can't be helped, though. Now let me finish this letter and you go and lay out my dress shirt and studs and things, or I'll be late."

Hannah darted from the room.

"I made you a Brown Betty pudding, too, Mr. Bob!" she called over her shoulder. "But no matter. There is no evil without some good; your trousers are freshly pressed and handsome as pictures—if I do say it as shouldn't. I'll lay 'em out for you, and your dinner coat as well. But to think of that pudding! Why couldn't Mr. Curtis have invited you the night the beef stew was scorched."

Promptly on the stroke of seven Uncle Bob Cabot presented himself at the University Club, where Uncle Tom Curtis was waiting for him, and the two men grasped hands cordially. How big Uncle Tom Curtis looked and, despite Hannah's remarks, how rosy and how clean! And what a nice smile he had! The dinner was extraordinarily good. The filet was done to a turn, and there was just enough seasoning on the mushrooms. As for the grilled potatoes, even Hannah herself couldn't have improved upon them. An old Harvard "grad" came over from the next table and greeted Uncle Tom Curtis, telling him he did not look a day older than when he was in college, and in spite of his gray hairs Uncle Tom Curtis seemed to believe it. Then they talked of the last Harvard boat race; the winning eleven; the D. K. E. with its initiation pranks; and the old professors. And after the other man had left the waiter brought coffee which was deliciously hot and cheese that was exactly ripe enough. Uncle Tom Curtis seemed to have no end of stories at which Uncle Bob Cabot laughed until he was very red in the face, and afterward Uncle Bob told some stories and Uncle Tom Curtis sat back in his chair and laughed and wiped his eyes and mopped his forehead. Then Uncle Bob said that of course the Club was all very well, but he should insist on Uncle Tom's tossing his things into his grip and coming over to Beacon Hill with him to finish up his Boston visit.

They did not talk about Jean any more that night, but the next morning after breakfast they went at the discussion and were just in the midst of it when who should walk in but Jean herself. She had been spending two or three days with a friend of her mother who lived in the suburbs.

"Uncle Bob!" she called as she dashed her hat and muff down upon the settle in the hall. "Uncle Bob! Oh, I had a perfectly lovely time. And what do you think! Mrs. Chandler has three darling Irish terrier puppies, and she is going to give me one if you are willing that I should have it. You do like puppies, don't you? I know you'd like these anyway; they are so blinky, and fat, and little."

Tossing her coat on top of the hat and muff she ran up the front stairs and into the library.

"Why, Uncle Tom Curtis!" she cried. "Whatever brought you here?"

Fluttering to the big man's side she gave him a prodigious hug and at the same time dropped a butterfly kiss on the top of his shiny bald head. The next instant she was perched on the arm of Uncle Bob's chair, eyeing her two uncles expectantly.

"You both look so hot and so—well, almost cross, you know. What is the matter?"

"We are talking about you, honey," ventured Uncle Bob after a short, uneasy silence.

"About *me*! And it makes you look as solemn and ruffled up as this? Whatever have I done? Did Mrs. Chandler telephone you about the puppy? Don't worry. I do not mind if I don't have it—really I don't."

"No, dear, it wasn't the puppy. You shall have all the puppies you want so far as I'm concerned," Uncle Bob answered, stroking the tiny hand that nestled in his. "No, your Uncle Tom and I were talking about where you are to live."

"But I thought I was to live here."

"I thought so too," agreed Uncle Bob. "Uncle Tom, though,

is not satisfied with that arrangement. He says he wants you to come and live with him."

"But I couldn't leave you, Uncle Bob—you know that; at least, not for all the time. If there were only two of me and I could live with each of you how nice it would be. Of course I'd love to be with Uncle Tom sometimes. Why couldn't I live with one of you part of the time and with the other the rest of the year? I'd rather be here in the summer, though, I think, because it's near the ocean."

How simple the great tangle over which the two men had argued suddenly seemed!

"Jean has settled it herself!" Uncle Tom exclaimed. "It shall be Pittsburgh winters and Boston summers. I wonder we didn't solve it that way in the beginning."

So everybody was pleased. Even Hannah admitted that if that was the best that could be done she would put up with it; but she made Uncle Tom Curtis promise to lay in a big supply of soap.

"You must scrub her face and hands three times a day, and at least once between meals if she is to live in Pittsburgh," remarked she. "And please remember to have the grime soaked out of her white dresses, Mr. Curtis. Borax and a little ammonia will do it," she concluded seriously.

"We will wash not only the clothes in ammonia water, but Jean if you say so, Hannah," promised Uncle Tom.

At this everybody laughed.

Then by and by they had luncheon, and Uncle Tom Curtis said it was a much better meal than he had had at the Club the night before; and Hannah said that maybe Pittsburgh was not so black as it was painted; and Uncle Bob said he'd send

the inside man to the Chandlers' to get the puppy that very afternoon. And he did. And the puppy came, and he was very small, and very fat, and very wobbly. His head was much too large for him and so were his feet.

“You must name him Beacon Hill and call him Beacon for short, Jean,” said Uncle Tom Curtis—which, coming from Uncle Tom Curtis, who thought there was no place on earth like Pittsburgh, was a generous condescension.



## CHAPTER II

# JEAN HAS A SURPRISE AND GIVES ONE



UNCLE TOM CURTIS returned to Pittsburgh the next day, leaving Jean and Beacon to stay with Uncle Bob until October. It was now April, and on the Common and Public Garden the trees, which were beginning to break into delicate foliage, were invaded by scores of scampering gray squirrels so tame that they would eat out of one's hand. Often in the morning when Jean walked to the office with Uncle Bob she would stop to feed these hungry little creatures and also the flocks of friendly pigeons clustering along the walks. Of course Beacon had to be left behind when the family went on such strolls, for he was far too fond of chasing everything he saw; afternoon was his gala time. Then, while Jean flew on roller skates along the broad asphalt Esplanade bordering the Charles River, Beacon would race up and down dodging the skaters, playing with the children, and nearly tripping up the throngs of nurse-maids who trundled their wee charges in the bright sunshine.

How quickly the days passed!

Already the Beacon Hill house had become a real home, and Uncle Bob dearer each moment she stayed in it.

“You know, Uncle Bob, you would be really perfect if only you liked dolls and could tie hair ribbons,” said Jean teasingly.

Uncle Bob shook his head ruefully.

“I never could care for sawdust people,” said he, “when there were so many interesting real ones in the world. As for the hair ribbons, perhaps I might learn to tie those in time, although I doubt if I ever could make as perky a bow as Hannah does. I like the *perk* but I haven’t the faintest idea how to get it.”

Jean laughed.

She and her uncle had many a joke together.

“He is better at a joke than Uncle Tom is,” confided Jean to Hannah.

In fact Uncle Bob joked so much that it was hard to tell when he was serious, and so one day when he came into the library where Jean was and swept all the dolls on the couch over into the corner, laughingly demanding how Jean would like to go to Europe, she paid no attention to him.

“Seems to me you are not a very enthusiastic or grateful young woman,” said he at last tweaking a curl that hung low on her cheek. “Here I am inviting you to tour the world with me and all you say is: ‘I’ll think about it!’ How’s that for gratitude?”

“If you had any intention of taking me I might be more grateful,” Jean answered, fastening the gown of the doll she was dressing, and holding her at arm’s length to enjoy the effect.

“But I am entirely serious, my young friend; I never was

more so. I am imploring you to go to Italy, for go I must, and I have no mind to leave you behind.”

“To Italy? To real Italy, Uncle Bob? Do you mean it?”

“I surely do, dear child. Behold me, solemn as an owl. Ah, now you begin to listen. It would serve you right if I should refuse to take such an ungrateful lady. What say you? Should you like to go?”

“Like it! I’d love it! I’ve never been on an ocean trip in all my life.”

“You may not care to go on another after you’ve been on this one,” chuckled Uncle Bob. “However, the fact remains that we are going. I have charge of decorating a very beautiful house in the suburbs and I am going over to Florence to order some marble stairways and fireplaces. That is my excuse. Incidentally we can make a pleasant trip out of it and see many places besides Italy.”

“Could we go to Venice?” burst out Jean. “Venice is in Italy, isn’t it? I’d like of all places to see Venice with its water streets and its gondolas.”

“Yes, honey, you certainly shall see Venice and ride in all the gondolas you like.”

“Splendid!” cried Jean, clapping her hands. “When can we start? Let’s go right away,” and springing up from the couch she whirled toward the door.

“Slowly, slowly!” protested Uncle Bob. “Come back here to me a moment, you flyaway. Many things must be decided before we sail for Italy. In the first place there is Hannah; what shall we do with her?”

“Oh, Hannah must come along with us,” Jean answered. “She’ll have to. We never could think of going to Europe and leaving good old Hannah, who is so kind to both of us, now could

we? Besides, she has to fix my hair every morning, and mend my clothes. I'd be coming to pieces all over Europe if Hannah didn't go."

"Well, then, that settles it. Hannah goes. I never could consent to escort a young lady who might drop to pieces at any moment and strew her belongings all along the route from Italy to Scotland. Now about Esther, the waitress. She wants to go West and visit her brother; this will be just the chance. Suppose we tie a long string to her and let her go. Then we come to Beacon."

"Beacon would go with us, of course," Jean replied quickly. "You may be sure I'd never leave Beacon at home. I'd rather not go myself."

"But, girlie, we couldn't very well——"

"Why, Uncle Bob! You don't mean to say you thought of leaving Beacon! If you did I simply sha'n't go. That's all there is about it. I shall never, never be parted from Beacon——never!"

"Listen, dear. Beacon wouldn't enjoy going. We could not get for him the food to which he is accustomed, nor would they admit him to the picture galleries which we shall visit. I doubt if he would even care for the gondolas."

"No, I'm sure he would not like the gondolas," admitted Jean smiling faintly, "because Hannah and I tried him on the swan-boats in the Public Garden and he hated them; he just barked and snarled all the time, and wriggled about so in my arms that he nearly went overboard and carried me with him."

"That's just it! That is precisely the way he would feel on shipboard. Now my plan is this. We'll send him out to Pittsburgh for Uncle Tom to take care of until you get back. Then when you go out there in October your doggie will be

nicely settled in his other home and waiting for you. In fact," confessed Uncle Bob a little sheepishly, "I wrote Uncle Tom and asked how he would feel about adding a puppy to his household. This is his answer:

*"European plan excellent. Send Beacon. Next best thing to Jean."*

"Dear Uncle Tom! He is awfully good, isn't he?"

"Yes, he is. I fancy he will decide so, too, when he finds all his sofa cushions torn, and his shoes chewed up," chuckled Uncle Bob. "Let him take his turn at it."

Beacon provided for, the remainder of the European plan seemed simple enough. To be sure there was Hannah, who at first flatly refused to be separated from the golden dome of the State House or from the Boston "Evening Transcript." At last, however, after much persuasion she consented to suffer these deprivations for the common good, and brought herself to purchasing the necessary clothing for Jean and herself. To these she added French, German and Italian dictionaries because, as she explained: "We might get lost or parted from your Uncle Bob somehow, and you never can tell what will happen in those heathen countries where the poor people cannot speak English. How men and women can live in places where they talk those dreadful languages and use that queer money when they might come over here to Boston——"

"That's right, Hannah," agreed Uncle Bob, playfully urging her on.

"And all that strange weather! Why, I read only the other day that in Italy they just have summer all the year round. So foolish! They never get any snow at all—think of that! It is such a slack and lazy way to do always to be wearing one set of things and never getting out any winter flannels. I

shouldn't know where I was if I didn't chalk off the seasons by my house cleaning, preserving, getting out the furs, and putting them away. I just know those Italians live without any system. How could they be expected to have any when it's summer all the time?"

She sniffed scornfully.

In fact Hannah sniffed a good many times before the great ship which was carrying them to Naples docked beneath the shadow of Vesuvius. The staterooms she termed little coops, and the berths nothing more nor less than shelves.

"When I go to bed, Mr. Bob, I feel exactly as if I was a sheet put away in the linen closet."

Uncle Bob and Jean both laughed. Hannah kept them royally entertained.

"As for these clocks that strike every hour but the right one—I've nothing to say," she went on. "If the captain prefers to ring two when he means nine, well and good. He runs the ship and it is his lookout, although I will say it is hard on the rest of us. He explains that it has something to do with the watch—whose watch I don't know; his own, I suppose. Evidently he has some queer way of telling time, some theory he is free to work out when he is here in the middle of the ocean away from land. Be glad, Jean, that you learned to tell time properly, and that you live with people who are content to use the old method and do not set themselves up to invent a system that is a puzzle to every one but themselves."

Thus Hannah measured every new experience, applying to it the Beacon Hill standard. If it conformed to what was done in Boston it was quite correct, but if it varied in the least it was condemned as "ridiculous."

To Jean, on the contrary, the voyage was one of unending delight. She proved herself an excellent sailor, and was never tired of playing shuffle-board on the deck or pacing to and fro with Uncle Bob in the fresh breeze. And when at last Gibraltar was reached and she actually beheld the coasts of Spain, Africa and Italy, her wonder grew until she said she had to pinch herself to be sure she was alive and not dreaming. It was a journey of marvels.

“I feel exactly as if I had gone down the rabbit hole with Alice,” she exclaimed, squeezing Uncle Bob’s arm as they were disembarking at Naples.

Uncle Bob was in such a hurry to reach Florence that the travelers did not stay long in Naples—only long enough to visit the famous Aquarium with its myriad of strange sea creatures, and to take a flying glimpse of the Museum. It was at the latter place that Jean saw the celebrated Naples Vase which, Uncle Bob told her, was found over a hundred years ago in a tomb in Pompeii.

“It probably was made by very skilful Grecian workmen about the year 70 A.D. Think how wonderful it is that there were artists living many thousands of years ago who knew how to make such a beautiful thing. Look closely at it, Jean, for it is one of the art treasures of the world.”

Jean looked.

The vase, scarcely more than a foot in height, was of dark blue glass, and had upon it in white a design of delicate Grecian figures.

“It was first made with a coating of white opaque glass entirely over the blue,” Uncle Bob explained. “Then the artist with extreme care and some sharp instrument cut this