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THE

# PANTALETTE DOLL

## BY PATTEN BEARD



PICTURED BY

## ELEANORE MINEAN HURDARD







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Book 9

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TO-DAY





# THE PANTALETTE DOLL



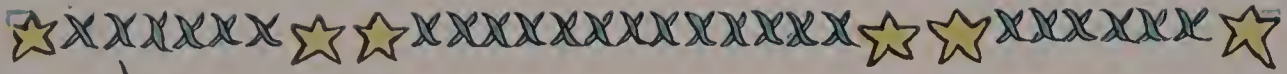












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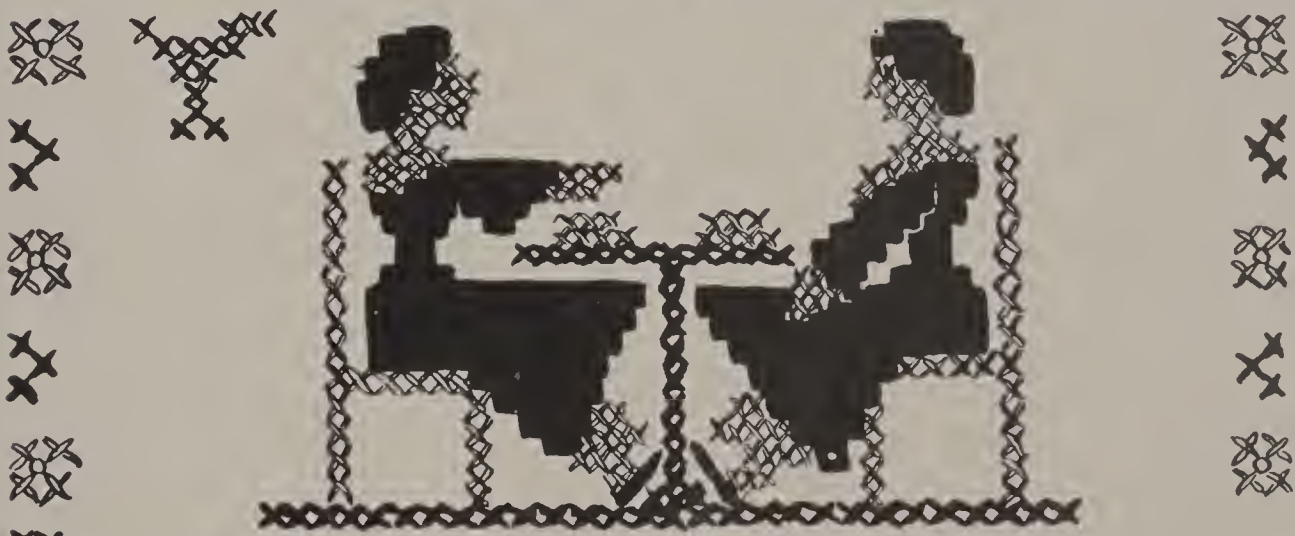
THE

# PANTALETTE DOLL

FROM THE METROPOLITAN  
MUSEUM

PATTEN DEARD

AUTHOR OF "WHAT HAPPENED AFTER"



PICTURED BY

ELEANORE MINEAH HUBBARD

ALBERT WHITMAN  
& CO.  
CHICAGO



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NOTE

The doll, trunk and dinner set described in this story are now in the Eudora Collection in The Metropolitan Museum, where anyone who asks may have access to it and see it.

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Once Mallory's Aunt  
showed her the Baby Robins.



# THE PANTALETTE DOLL



## THE ATTIC

An old-fashioned attic we know is a splendid place for play, because it holds such a wealth of treasure in its carpet-bags, its leather and hair trunks, and its old bandboxes. Its low green-shuttered windows under the eaves are exactly the right height to suggest that some corner be made into a playhouse for dolls.

Apartment houses do not have attics. Neither do modern bungalows which would scorn anything so old-fashioned. But the very old house that belonged to little Mallory Deming's great-grandfather had a real, old-fashioned attic. The story of what it held for a child of to-day makes this the story of a dear old attic and also the story of little Mallory.

To begin with, Mallory did not live in Great-grandfather's old home. She lived in a city apartment with Mother and Father. Only, at times of family gatherings such as Thanksgiving and Christmas, she and Mother and

Father would sometimes take the train and go to Narrawalke which lies on the shores of Long Island Sound somewhere in Connecticut.

There, long ago, long before there was any railroad, Great-grandfather had chosen to build alone upon a beautiful hillside a home so perfect in its setting of old-fashioned garden, terraced upon the green hillside with a background of rugged Connecticut granite at the hill's summit, that Mallory even as a very tiny little girl felt very proud of belonging to it.

It was always a treat to go there on a visit, to play in the old-fashioned fountain with its pink-tinted shells, to sit in the old summerhouses and look off over the garden's spacious loveliness; to play hide and seek around the great box-bush Great-grandfather had planted; to climb about the long old grape arbor and pick grapes that were great purple clusters, and to find armfuls of apples under the orchard trees back of the house.

But perhaps it was the old, old attic that had the strongest call.

Its door opened upon a short flight of back stairs and two inviting steps drew aside there at the top to stop before an old door. Upon the door was a latch that one had to lift. There was no door knob.

When Mallory slept in the room next to the attic stairs, she often wished that she might go up there and play.



Yet though she had been up there many times with Aunt Esther who lived in Great-grandfather's house, she never was allowed to go there to stay. The visits were so full of many happy things to do that the attic door remained closed fast to little girls' play.

Once, when she had been very tiny—perhaps about four or five—Mallory remembered being taken up the steep stairs that rose behind the latched door. At the top was a small shuttered window and Aunt Esther had led Mallory toward it very cautiously to peep between the shutters and see the marvel of a robin's nest, built close by upon a cornice.

Mallory had never forgotten the robin's nest. Though that robin and its brood flew away, yet there were new robins that came to build homes there in other spring-times. Somehow the robin's nest seemed a symbol of the life of the old house where many children had grown up and flown away upon the wings of the years.

Somewhere in the attic, so Aunt Esther said, there were trunks full of Great-grandmother's dresses, not at all like the dresses of to-day. Some time, Aunt Esther promised, when there was plenty of time and nothing else to do, she would take Mallory up to the attic and show her these. She believed, too, that there were even some toys that had belonged to Grandmother and Great-grandmother.

Always, Mallory had looked forward to the time when

she and Aunt Esther would go up to the attic together and see these wonderful things. But the time never came and the old attic remained full of its secrets and its treasures, uninvestigated, though it held its promise that Aunt Esther had made.

Then Aunt Esther went away and for a long time the very old house was closed so that nobody went there except, once in a while, Father. George, who had been the coachman before Aunt Esther had had a car, lived there as caretaker. It was not till Mallory was about nine that suddenly and most unexpectedly it was decided that she and Mother and Father should go to make their home in the very old house. At once Mallory had said, "Oh, the attic! Then I shall play in the attic!"

"Yes," Mother answered, "exactly as I used to do myself when I was little. I think there are some very interesting old toys up there. We will hunt for them and see what they are like. It seems to me that I remember a dear funny old doll but I don't remember whether it belonged there or whether it belonged in my little friend's attic."

"Oh, I hope it is there!" laughed Mallory. "I would love to have an old-fashioned doll! I never saw one! I always thought your doll was very old, Mother! But think of Grandmother's doll or one that belonged to Great-grandmother!"

"You will want to leave all your old toys behind, Mal-



lory," teased Father. "You won't want them any more!"

But Mallory took the suggestion seriously.

"Well," she considered, thoughtfully, "I might leave some of them that I have outgrown and don't play with. There's the doll house—I'd like to take that; and there's the big doll baby that says 'Ma-ma-a' and that, too, I would like to take. I'll go over my toys and pick out those I want to keep."

"You can give away the old ones you don't want."

"Yes," returned Mallory. "Some of the children I know will like them. The nicest ones we can take up to the hospital as we did last Christmas. When are we going to move?"

"The first of May," said Mother. "That is, it looks so now. That will be in two weeks."

"And what's going to become of the things that are here?"

"They will be sold!" said Father. "All but some things we shall want to keep, like the books and some of the pictures."

"My things in my room?"

"Yes, indeed! You'll have to sleep in a four-poster bed, Mallory, just like a little old-fashioned girl!"

"Oh!" laughed Mallory, "is it the same bed I used to have when I went to visit Aunt Esther?"

"The very same! With a patchwork quilt over it, no

doubt the same one that Grandmother used to tuck over me when I was small," Mother answered.

"I'll have the back room next to the attic door, then," Mallory added eagerly. "That's where the four-poster bed is. Mornings I'll wake up and see the birds in the appletree just outside the window. I just love that room. It's right next door to the attic. I shall have a play place in the attic. I shall go there first thing!"

"Yes, yes," assented Mother. Mallory quietly left the room to think over the coming change.

She went to her own small cubby-hole of a bedroom that she had had ever since she was a baby. She sat down on her bright-patterned window seat beside the doll house, chin in hand, elbow on window ledge, gazing vacantly off to the brick wall of the apartment opposite. She did not see the wall. She was merely considering matters.

"It's queer the way things are," she said to herself. "Great-grandfather's very old house seems more *home* than here. Maybe it's because apartments are so like each other. But there's only once in a while a place like Great-grandfather's house that has been a home so long and for so many people that everybody feels it. Perhaps that's why I feel it, too. The apartment won't miss us but I expect the old house is glad we're coming. I shall go right up to the attic, first thing—soon's I get there."



Whereupon she fell to considering what toys to give away and what ones to take. The strange thing about the choice was that she chose entirely with a view to the playhouse she was to have up in Great-grandfather's old-fashioned attic.

She would take the big doll's toy furniture, of course. It would be splendid to put that right in the corner where the window facing the front garden let in the full sunlight on the wide floor. There were no blinds closed there. It was away under the eaves that were supported by heavy Y-beams and long oaken pins and it was close to the place where a strange hoopskirt of long ago hung on a hand-wrought nail. Aunt Esther had once shown it to Mallory and remarked upon the nail. She had even made Mallory run her fingers over it to feel how rough and strong it was.

The window there looked over the garden where the fountain sparkled; over the tree-tops to the summer-house standing at the head of a long flight of stone steps going down the hill at the front, with a privet hedge at each side of the railing. This met the drive halfway down the hill. On the other side of the drive, it joined a tar walk that ran sedately by its side under elms and chestnut trees to the entrance gate at the foot of the hill.

There at the foot of the hill lay the strange old rambling frame buildings of the town. When Great-grandfather



*Grandfather built a big house on the hill*

had built the house, it had been far out of the town. But the town had grown and now it surrounded the hill on which the house stood.

Far over the tree-tops that one saw from the small square attic window was the distant vista of Long Island Sound, blue or gray as the day happened to be. Sometimes even, white sails like gulls could be seen. The water made Mallory think of the beach. No doubt there would be picnics.

There surely would be other children to play with. Mallory had always wanted a little girl for a friend. Somehow, she had never found the right one in the city. Some of them did not even like to play with dolls, while Mallory loved to play with them and dress them.

She began to wonder what she might find in those old trunks in the attic which she and the new little friend would open and investigate. Of course, there would be





*Mallory helps pack*

that little friend—there would have to be. A little girl with whom to play in the attic!

“We will make houses up in that corner,” thought Mallory, “and we will dress up in the things we find in the trunks. Oh, I can hardly wait for the first of May to come!”

Once started, the days that brought the great day nearer fairly flew. Father’s books were packed into wooden boxes, Mallory helping to wrap each precious volume in paper while he fitted each parcel into its place.

Then Mother had no end of things with which she, too, needed help and Mallory’s clothes were sorted and packed, except those that were immediately needed. The toys were also packed and given away. By and by some

of the furniture that had been sold to friends was removed. The rest was to belong to the new family who were coming to live in the same apartment.

Next, the dining-room things took flight and there came a morning that was deliciously like a picnic. Mother had to make coffee in a saucepan for she had nothing else and Father drank his coffee sitting on a packingbox with no saucer for his cup. Nobody had napkins. There was only a spoon with which to butter the morning rolls. But nobody cared about this and everybody was happy.

That day was long. The van and the men were late. When they finally came, Mallory skipped about very much in the way, trying to see everything that was going on, being told please to step aside quickly, dodging here and there and peering down into the street from an open window to see things go into the van below.

Late in the afternoon while she was still running aimlessly about Mallory decided that after living so long in one place, it was too bad to feel glad to leave her home. She originated a play in which she went to all the familiar bits of furniture and patted them and said, "Good-bye, Table!" or "Good-bye, Bed! Good-bye, Bedroom." The apartment ought to be treated politely, even if she were leaving it, she thought. She went from room to room till she suddenly heard Father's voice: "Mallory, Mallory! Get your things on! Taxi's here!"



Into her soft brown coat she wriggled and pushed her small hat down over her curls.

"I'm coming," she called and ran to the hall where Father was holding open the door and the elevator was waiting. It was but a twinkle after that to the Grand Central Station. Even then it was hard to realize that they were truly on the way to Narrawalke!

No sooner were they seated than the train drew out. Through the tunnel and the long gray masonry of the cut, went the train, faster and faster. It seemed in some strange way to read Mallory's thoughts for as it sped past woods and meadows, past towns and houses, it said over and over again: "To-Great-grandfather's-house-with-its-attic! To-Great-grandfather's-house-with-its-attic! To-Great-grandfather's-house-with-its-attic!"

When Mallory tried to make the train's voice say something different, it only turned into: "The attic! The attic! The attic! The attic!"

At last, because of the excitement of the day and the monotonous voice of the train, she fell fast asleep when it was too dark to look out of the window any more. With her head pillowed on Mother's arm, she gave in to drowsiness.

It was Father, standing in the aisle, who wakened her. She blinked and rubbed her eyes. "Why, I was dreaming," she murmured, half awake. "I—I was, I was play-

ing in the attic at Great-grandfather's house. And there was another little girl there too; I don't know who she was. And we had a doll. I don't know what doll——”

“Sleepyhead,” laughed Father.

“Here, put your hand into the sleeve of your coat, dear,” urged Mother. “Tell me the dream some other time. Now we must hurry.”

“Train's getting in on time,” explained Father and fastened the coat she was too sleepy to button herself.

Then the train came to an abrupt stop with such a jerk that the people who were standing in the aisle teetered like a row of dominoes about to fall over. The conductor was calling, “Narrawalke! Narrawalke!” Somehow, it really felt like coming Home!

The conductor helped Mother and Mallory down the high step of the train. Then there was a bustle and in the crowd Father saying:

“Here! Here's the car. How-do, George! Everything right up at the old place?”

Then George was saying, just as he used to do when Mallory was a baby: “How-do, Miss!” Soon they were driving through the streets of the little old town where the shops were so unlike city shops and where all was very dark.

Then, with a sharp turn, they came in full view of the very old house gleaming white in the moonlight upon its





*"Hello! hello, nice house"*

dark setting of hillside, its windows sending out wide welcoming shafts of light to those who were coming to live in it.

Into the drive the car turned and Mallory felt George change the gears as they went up the steep hill. Soon the car came to a stop beside the old carriage-block. George opened the door of the car and Mallory jumped out.

She stood looking up at the great Doric pillars while Father and Mother were getting out with bags and George was helping with luggage. Then she quietly pattered to the side of a big white column and placed her little gloved hand upon it. Just as she had talked to the apartment, so she whispered: "Hello! Hello, nice house." Nobody heard it. She felt rather self-conscious but it seemed the natural thing to do to return the new home's welcome.

She did not go right in with the others. She ran all

around the house where shadows lay deep. Then, opening a side door, unnoticed, she ran up the back-stairs while Mother and Father were in their rooms taking off traveling things and disposing of bags.

It was at bed time that Mallory confided to Mother what she had done upon her arrival. "You know, Mother," she said, softly snuggled in the big four-poster bed with the gay quilt over her and the light turned low, "what I did when you and Father were taking off your coats in your rooms?"

"No, dear," half-questioned Mother.

"Well, Mother, I just couldn't wait to see the attic," Mallory confessed. "It seemed as if I just had to find out right off whether there *was* a robin's nest in the old place again this spring, so I opened the attic door and I went right up the stairs in the dark!"

"And you saw the robin with his head under his wing?"

"No, I didn't," confessed Mallory with a little low laugh, "it was too dark in the shadow under the eaves to see. But I looked out and I saw a star in the branches of an elm and I heard the fountain's voice down in the garden. I suppose little children long ago looked at the very same stars, didn't they?"

For answer, Mother squeezed Mallory's little hand quite tight.

"And what else did you see?" she questioned.

“Oh, just shadows of old things,” said Mallory softly, “and the corner where I am going to have a playhouse. I shall go up there to-morrow to play.”

“Yes, dearest,” returned Mother, giving Mallory her good-night kiss, “and I hope you will have a splendid playtime. I am very happy that Great-grandfather’s attic is going to give its treasures to my own little girl.”

“Do you suppose there will be another little girl to play with?”

“I hope so. But go to sleep now, dear! We won’t talk any more now,” said Mallory’s mother as she went softly from the darkened room where the moonlight fell in patches upon the floor. In the velvety duskiness of the dark outside the window, Mallory could see the apple-tree’s branches and then she fell fast asleep.







## THE OTHER LITTLE GIRL

In the morning when Mallory woke, the sun was shining right into the pink blossoms of the apple-tree and a spring robin was singing somewhere hidden in the branches. It was going to be a perfect day, far too perfect to miss a moment by lying abed till it was time to dress.

Mallory threw aside the patchwork quilt and began to dress, careful not to waken Mother in the next room. Mother had said she was tired out and had suggested a late breakfast. It was not yet seven and breakfast was at half-past eight.

Mallory slipped into her scarlet dressing-gown and was soon splashing about as if she were a canary in its bath-tub. The bath was part of the delicious freshness of the morning. She would have liked to shout and sing but there was the danger of waking others. So she towelled off with the vim that might otherwise have gone into song. Afterwards, it was but a minute to brush hair to a slicking and slip into clothes. There was the red gingham and

the scarlet sweater. Mother had put them out last night. Just a second—and then to open the bed as she had been taught, throwing open wide the chamber window to let in fresh morning air!

Oh, how lovely everything was! How different from living in the city! Mallory put her head out of the window and sniffed the scent of pink blossoms, fragrant and delicious. She looked off toward the hill at the back of the house where the rocks were—rocks and meadow with stone walls and a tree or two. From the rocks up there, one could look far off over Long Island Sound and even see Long Island upon a clear day.

The rocks were such a fine place to play for they lay in terraces irregular in outline, rising one above the other and suggesting the mapping-out of rooms if one wanted to play house. Aunt Esther and Mother had played house there ever so many years ago. Perhaps even before that, children had played there in the same way.

Mallory watched a bluebird alight upon a bit of stone garden-wall and wondered what she should do with the precious time before breakfast. All outdoors was calling, but there was the attic.

“I will do both,” said Mallory to herself. “First, I’ll take a peep in the attic and see what’s there; then I’ll go outdoors. I’ll look around and see if I can find any other children to play with.”

She shut the chamber door carefully and lifted the latch of the attic door that was next to her own door opening on the small back hall landing. It was a big white door and opened directly upon the attic stair on which there was faded red and yellow ingrain carpet of queer old-fashioned pattern, big red and yellow cabbage roses. The stair was steep. Its steps went straight up without stair-rail.

But at the top there was a railing, just a short one to fence off the flooring for safety's sake. At the top of the stair was the window she had always called "The Robin's Window" because of the nests that had been there. Softly she climbed the stair and peeped through the open green shutters to see if, indeed, the robins had built there.

There indeed was a nest! In it were four gaping little robin throats waiting to be filled. The air was full of the hungry squawk of the open beaks waiting to be filled, wide yellow beaks. The little birds were so funny! They had queer quill-like feathers and just a suggestion of down.

Suddenly came Mother Robin with a fat bug to go down the first throat that offered. Mallory had to keep very quiet indeed lest Mother Robin see her and fly away. She held her breath till the four had each been satisfied. Then Mother Robin flew off again and there was quiet in the nest. For a long time Mallory watched the robins, then she turned about to find what else there might be to see.



The attic was filled with many old things, quantities of old furniture, funny old what-nots, cane-seated chairs with straight backs, queer old beds, queer marble-topped stands, an old spinning-wheel half covered with a bit of sheeting. What a lot of strange old trunks, boxes, band-boxes and odd things! Whatever could be in them all? They were piled one on the other. It would take lots of time to go through them,—and how dusty everything was!

Over in a dim corner she spied the outline of a little model schooner under a glass case. It seemed quite complete, even to its ropes and wheel. But it was old—very old—and quite, quite deep with attic dust. She managed to pull the case out toward the window to look at it better; the boat couldn't be sailed in the fountain as she had hoped. It was really almost coming to pieces.

She edged the case nearer into the light of the window where the blind was open and caught a glimpse of the rocks and the hillside—why! There was a little girl up there. She was just about Mallory's own age. She looked for a moment toward the house then turned and went away, and was soon lost to sight beyond the orchard trees upon the slope of the hill.

Mallory forgot about the treasures that the attic might hold. She forgot about the trunks, the boxes, the model ship in its case, the robin's nest, and even the spot near the window where she had planned to have the play-

house. She jumped to her feet and ran down the attic stairs as fast as her two feet could scamper. She was down the backstairs in a twinkling and around through the dining-room to the hall where the side door opened on the garden.

In a flash of scarlet, she was on the tar garden-walk, making for the orchard upon the hill at the back of the house. It lay on its slope of hillside pink with the glory of full-laden bloom. Mallory, regardless of hat, raced up the hill.

"I'll catch her," she panted. "I'll catch her. Oh, I think she looked ever so nice. I know she will like to play the things I do. I wonder why she was looking down at the house? I wonder if she was looking for *me*? Was she expecting *me*? How funny she should be there anyway!"

But there was no glimpse of the other little girl's brown dress and blue cap as Mallory came to the gate at the top of the hill and stood looking to right and left. On the other side of the gate stretched a long meadow-like plateau broken only by stray flat rocks.

To the right were the terraced rocks, to the left a wide meadow opened out. *There* were rocks too and a steep ledge known as The Precipice. Below it there was actually a little cave.

"I'll go there and see if she's there," decided Mallory,



Mallory and Jane become friends

loping over the soft, springy meadow. "I wonder whether she's there or whether she's gone home. Wonder if I ever will know her. Wonder why she came here. Wonder what her name is."

But, turning into the larger meadow she gasped, for there *was* the other little girl.

"Hello!" cried Mallory, coming toward her at full speed. "I saw you from the attic window and I ran right up here to find out about you!"

"Well, I came up here to see *you!*" the other little girl replied, quite as if it were a matter of course. "But I didn't think you'd be up quite so early. I knew you'd be here this morning. You came last night. I've been waiting for you."

"Waiting for *me?*"



“Um-hum!” she nodded, laughing. “I know all about you.”

Mallory stared. Then she too began to laugh at the gay surprise of it all.

“Well!” she exclaimed. “What do you know about me and what’s your name? You’d better tell me about yourself too. I was just hoping there’d be somebody to play with and I looked out of the window and I saw *you!*”

“You’re Mallory Deming,” explained the little girl in brown, taking off her blue cap to let the fresh spring breeze blow through her bobbed hair. “I think I am going to like you. I liked you when I heard about your coming. So I kept waiting till you should arrive and I came up here to see if I could catch a glimpse of you. I always get up early and I often play here on the rocks. It’s quite near our house.”

She pointed to a long low white house whose roof could be seen at the edge of the meadows where a road passed.

“That’s it—the long white house. It’s a very old house,” she explained. “We’ve always lived there. I’m Jane, Jane Taylor. I haven’t any brothers or sisters. I live all alone with my mother.”

“Oh,” said Mallory. It must be then that Jane’s father was not living. She felt sorry. “What did you hear about me?” she asked, sitting down upon the rock beside Jane. “Was it nice?”

“If it hadn’t been nice, do you suppose I’d be here?” returned Jane, giving Mallory a delicious poke with her forefinger. “Silly! Of course it was nice. My mother knows your mother. She used to play with her when she was little. But that was long ago. Perhaps your mother has forgotten all about her. It’s long since Mother saw your mother but she hasn’t forgotten. They played house right here where you and I are!”

“Did they?”

“And she says they used to have lots of fun too.”

“Think of it!”

“And Mother knew all about you when you were a baby—same time I was. You hear about people in a little town,” explained Jane, wisely. “Mother heard. When I was little we’d walk over here just for fun afternoons to sit on the rocks maybe. Mother would tell me stories about how she had played here with another little girl who had grown up and gone away to the city to live. She said she had a little girl of her own now and she hoped some day, maybe—she hoped you and your mother might come back to live at the old place. And you did,” she ended, triumphantly. “So you see I’ve really known you a very long time.”

“Just think of it,” smiled Mallory. “Seems as if we were just born to play together!”

Jane laughed and nodded.

“What do you like best to play?” she inquired anxiously. “I like to play—but I won’t tell you till you tell me first.”

Yet Mallory hesitated. Just supposing she were to hit the wrong sort of play with this splendid new friend who had known her always. “I’m scared to say,” she hesitated. “Maybe you wouldn’t like it, and then——”

“Oh, but I might like it, too.”

“Well,” said Mallory, “I’ll tell you. It’s something lots of girls don’t care about.”

“Is it?”

“Well,” repeated Mallory, “I’ll tell you. It’s—I just *adore* dolls!”

Jane bounded to her feet. “Really?” she exclaimed delightedly. “That’s just what I adore most myself. I love to make believe with them and dress them. I love to play house!”

“Oh, oh!” exclaimed Mallory. “All the time when we were packing to come up here—down in that stuffy city I was hoping there’d be somebody here who’d like to play dolls with me. And do you know what?”

“What?”

“Well——”

“Well?”

“It was just before I saw you that I was up in the attic. I went up there to see a corner where I wanted to make a playhouse for my dolls when they come. So I woke up



early and I went up there and poked about to see what was what,—and then—” She laughed. “I saw you,” she said. “So I forgot all about the playhouse and I dashed right up through the orchard to look and see if I could play with you.”

“How funny,” echoed Jane. “Both of us not really knowing each other but looking for each other. We just ought to be splendid friends.”

“I should think so!”

“Tell me about your dolls.”

“Well, I gave away the rag ones that I had when I was very little. Mother and I sent them to the hospital. When we packed up, we did not see much use in keeping *them*. But my baby doll that says ‘Mama’ I brought with me. Her name is Tootsie. And I brought Jack, my boy doll, and Marigold.”

“Marigold?”

“Yes, Marigold is an English doll. She’s very pretty and not very big; just fun to dress. She has golden hair. Mother says she looks like a little English girl—*exactly!*”

“She must be pretty. I suppose you’ll laugh when I tell you about my doll.”

“Why?”

“I only have one,” said Jane. “But she seems so really alive. Sometimes I do feel she really *is* alive! Her name is Edith, Baby Edith. She was Mother’s doll. But she’s

the nicest ever and she can talk too. You pull a cord with a blue bead and she says 'Papa' and one with a white bead says 'Mama.' I have a whole doll set of table, bed, chairs and they are all hers. I sew dresses for her. She is my only big doll and I love her. You will too. I'll put her in her carriage and wheel her over next time I come here." She put on the blue cap. "It must be breakfast time," she said. "I must go back now, and I'm so glad I know you. I shall tell Mother all about you!"

"Oh don't go yet."

"I'll come back."

"When?"

"The first chance I get."

"How'll I know you are here?"

"I could come down to the house."

"Of course!"

"But, if it were some time very early in the morning, I'd wait up here."

"And I'd look out of the window and see you, and then I'd dash up too!"

They were entranced.

"You bring your doll and I'll see if I can bring mine, after breakfast, maybe. And we'll play house up here or go up into the attic. You *must* see the attic! We can dress up in the funny dresses that are in the trunks and play house in the corner by the window that looks off over the lawn."

"I'd love to."

"Which would be most fun—the outdoor house or the attic?"

"I don't know. Which do you think?"

Mallory hesitated. "Well," she said, "I'd say the attic! I never have played in an attic! I know I'd just love it! One can play outdoors every single day."

"Yes, I think the attic is most fun, too. We can dress up."

"And you'll come over after breakfast?"

"As soon as I can. I help Mother with the dishes and I help clean up too. There might be some errands to do."

"Well, come as soon as ever you can," agreed Mallory. "Oh, dear. Mother is calling me. It must be my breakfast time too."

The two parted. Jane went over the stone fence into the green meadow beyond. She turned to wave a hand and called, "I'll be over soon."

Mallory waved her answer. Then she sped down the hill of the orchard and rushed into the dining-room where Mother was sitting at one end of the table and Father was hidden behind the folds of his morning *Times*.

"Mother, Mother!" she cried, flinging herself with a bear-hug upon her mother. "You know the most exciting thing has happened. I've met Jane Taylor; and she says you used to play with her mother up on the rocks when you were a little girl!"



“Why, so I did!” exclaimed Mother. “I haven’t forgotten in the least. I have seen little Jane Taylor’s mother only once since you and Jane were just little babies, I think. Somehow, we never met much after we grew up. But we will have to begin again, thanks to you and Jane and our having moved here to stay,” she laughed. “I shall enjoy it as much as you, Mallory,” she said. “Oh, don’t be so boisterous, dear; go and kiss Father. You’re leaving him out.”

Whereupon, Mallory gave him the regular bear-hug squeeze that was her morning kiss.

“You know, Father,” she said, “this is the nicest house that ever was. With you and Mother, and the attic, and—and everything—I’m just going to be too happy for words!”

“Well, eat your breakfast quickly,” he urged. “It’s getting cold. It’s a good breakfast too!”

“I have to eat very fast,” declared Mallory. “Jane is coming over.”

She fell to buttering her toast. “I want to look up my box of toys before she comes,” she explained. “I wonder where it was put, Mother?”

“It must be with the other boxes out in the barn,” said Mother. “You’ll find it. George will open it for you, if you ask him.”

“Well, we’re going to play in the attic, Mother,” she

went on. "We're going to have a playhouse *there*, and dress up in the things that are in those funny old trunks."

"I don't think you'd better rummage, Mallory," her mother suggested. "There are some very valuable old things in those trunks."

"Oh, we won't hurt anything," Mallory declared. "We'll be careful."

"Put everything carefully back just as you find it, dear."

"Oh, of course, Mother!"

Mallory fell silent, planning. First of all there was the toy box to find. By the time it was opened no doubt Jane would be over.





### THE ATTIC PLAY CORNER

George was in the carriage-house that had been made over into a garage. He was working on the car.

“Good morning, Miss,” he said, as Mallory came bounding through the door.

“Good morning,” returned Mallory. “Do you know where my toy-box is? Mother said it was out in the barn and that you’d open it for me. I’m very anxious to open it. I’m going to start a playhouse up in the attic. Will you get it for me? Or are you too awfully busy just now?” She hoped he was not.

“No, Miss,” declared George. “I’ll come. All the boxes are in the big barn. Is the box marked?”

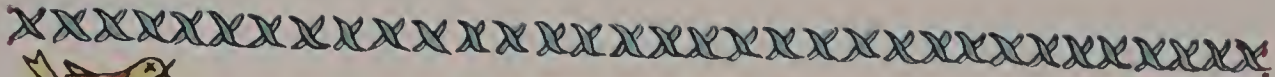
“Yes,” said Mallory. “It’s marked ‘Toys Handle Carefully, Breakable.’”

“Then we can find it. There’re no end of boxes there.”

The two left the carriage-house and went over to the big barn where they poked about hunting. But something must have happened to the toy-box for most certainly it was *not* there.

“You know, Miss,” George explained, “like as not, it





H

It was such a perfect morning!



may have been left behind somehow, or they might just have been careless when they unloaded and left it in the van covered with packing-covers.

"But it ought to be here," Mallory insisted. "You're quite sure it wasn't put anywhere else?"

George shook his head. "Everything's right here, Miss," he said. "They didn't put any boxes elsewhere. The furniture there was sent right into the house."

"Well, it isn't here. Maybe you'd better telephone down and ask. Oh, but they're in the city aren't they? I'll have Father do it. They ought to find the box right off and bring it up special delivery."

"So they should," agreed George. "I'm sorry, Miss. If that's all I'll be going back to the car."

"Yes," sighed Mallory. "If we can't find it, there won't be anything to open. It's too bad. It had the doll house in it in one big wooden box and the dolls and toy furniture were packed in another. Both were put into the wooden box and I saw the men pack them. It was done carefully. I don't see why they had to get lost."

"Nor I either, Miss," he said.

He went back to his car while Mallory stood there in the big barn still hopelessly peering around at the big crates. There were all Father's book-boxes, there were the boxes and barrels of Mother's china; and there were her own books and her own crated bookshelf.



But the toy box simply was not to be found. Well, it might have been left on the sidewalk by the movers. "I shall just ask Father to let me get new ones, if they're lost," mused Mallory. "No use to poke around here any more," and she slid through the crack of door George had left open and emerged into the full sunlight of outdoors.

There was Jane just coming down the path through the orchard wheeling a doll carriage. Mallory raced up the hill toward her.

"Oh," she cried. "It's too provoking. My box of toys has gone astray somehow in moving. We can't find it anywhere. Oh, is this your doll? Isn't she pretty!"

"Too bad," murmured Jane. "Never mind. We can play without them for a while. I dare say your father will find out about it and you'll get the box some time. Where shall we play?"

"We can go and plan the playhouse in the attic. Shall we?"

They agreed. Mallory examined Baby Edith and exclaimed upon her little white baby-cap. She pulled the blue bead to hear her say "Papa" and the white bead at the end of the other string to make her say "Mama." When she had again tucked her under the carriage robe of soft blue blanketing, they went slowly down the hill over the orchard path under the apple and pear trees where robins, bluebirds, catbirds and orioles were also thinking of making houses for themselves.



*Jane was coming with her doll carriage*

But as the two came out upon the lawn, they were met by Mother. She was going out in the car.

“Don’t you want to come along too?” she asked. “It’ll be a fine ride. I’m going away out to the Chestnut Hill Greenhouses to see about the garden.”

Jane looked at Mallory. Mallory looked at Jane.

“We can come back and play house after,” Jane suggested. “I don’t often have rides. It would be rather fun, and we can take the doll.”

She lifted Baby Edith from the carriage. Mallory ran into the house for wraps. They were soon in the big comfortable car swinging out of the driveway and down the elm-bordered avenue toward the open country of hills and woods, meadows and streams. All was abloom with spring freshness and orchards flowering everywhere.

When they came back, they stopped at Jane's home to make a little call and left her there. The morning had all gone and the playhouse in the attic had not even been planned yet. There was no chance to play with Jane that afternoon because she had to go to town with her mother to buy a pair of new shoes and select a spring coat.

Alone again, Mallory went to the attic to see just what furniture might be adapted to use for play-house-keeping. There were some broken chairs, a table, an old wooden cradle. She wedged them out of their corners and worked hard clearing a large space about the window that looked off over the lawn.

It grew quite warm in the attic by four o'clock. She sat down upon an old trunk to examine her work. It was fairly good; maybe it was just as well not to have had that toy furniture after all.

The chairs and table made quite a room in that corner. The low slope of the attic roof with its heavy beams came down to the top of the little window and suggested some cozy little house corner. Mallory found an old red curtain and hung it upon nailheads so as to form a partition.

She was quite satisfied with the afternoon's work. If Jane had been there, they could have moved more things and made a bigger space. When Jane did come, they would do it. They would make another room, maybe.

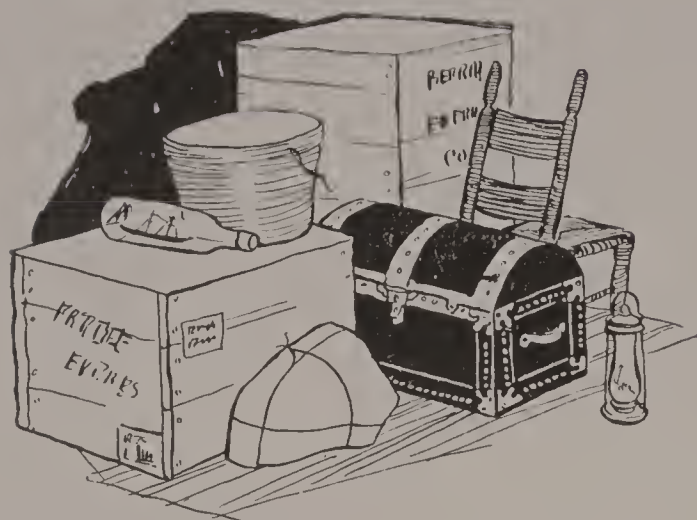


She looked at herself to find her clean red dress was all dusty and her hands were fairly black.

“Goodness,” she sighed. “I ought to have put on an apron,” and her eyes roved about among the old attic trunks, and boxes, and chairs and nobody-knows-what, searching for other things that might be put into the corner of the play-house by the window. She tried to open some of the old trunks to see what was in them. The table needed a table cover and the cradle needed something for mattress and spread. But the trunks were held fast by their locks. There was no use trying to open them.

She decided to wait till Jane came and go on with the play housekeeping then. So with a backward glance at her work and a long inspection of the young robins who seemed to have grown larger and stronger even in a day, she ran singing below to her room to change to clean things and wash off attic dustiness. Mother was out in the garden with Peter, the gardener. They were talking things over and going about from place to place where daffodils, tulips, crocuses already made the borders gay.

Mallory followed after them and was allotted a bit of garden space where she might herself plant seed under Peter’s supervision and have a garden of her own to care for. It was to be quite an intricate one—a round flower-bed in the centre and a path about this. At the end of the gravel path there was to be a trellis with a seat



*The old trunk in the attic*

under it. It was all lots of fun as Mallory had never before had a garden of her own.

When Mother went back into the house, Peter brought the seeds of morning-glories to plant. They were to be trained up over the little arbor. Besides these, there were other curious little seeds of various kinds. They looked quite dry and dead but Peter assured her that they would all come up as fine plants for the new delightful little garden that was all her very own.

The afternoon was gone in no time at all. Jane did not come. Probably she, too, had things to keep her busy after the downtown trip to the shops was accomplished. It was night and bedtime very soon. Somehow, as Mallory's head sank into the pillow that last rather curious little trunk up in the attic came back to her mind. The lock had been just a little loose; maybe tomorrow, she and Jane could pry it open. Then they would dress up with

the things that were in the little old trunk and play they were both old-fashioned ladies of long ago. And Baby Edith would be their child. Jane could be the mother and she would be the father. They'd have no end of sport.

Mallory fell asleep dreaming of the playhouse up in the attic. Somehow, quite mysteriously, she and Jane were taking a voyage on the little model schooner that was under the glass case up there in a corner of the attic. Baby Edith had come to life. She walked about and talked like a real person but she seemed to have grown up.

The dream was very confused for the toy-box came suddenly to light in the cabin of the little ship. How it got there, nobody knew. Father had telephoned to the city after supper and they had said that the box *had* been brought and put in the barn. The firm of movers quite insisted on this. But everybody knew it hadn't.

Father said they'd just have to accept the loss; and here in the dream was the lost toy-box upon the little ship. Mallory wanted to open it at once but it turned into a garden trellis; and the garden trellis all covered with morning-glories was so pretty that she and Jane decided they would have a picnic for fun right away on the bench under it. They forgot all about the toy-box.

The dream went right on with other absurdities and was finally lost in deep dreamless sleep.

Mallory was wakened early in the morning by Jane's



call from the rocks upon the hill. She jumped like a flash from the bed and poked her tousled head out of the window. "I'll be there in a little while," she called.

"Sleepyhead," called Jane back, and sat down upon a rock to wait for Mallory.

Mallory rushed through the process of dressing at a gallop. She was soon sitting on the rock beside Jane.

"I had to call you," declared Jane. "I know it's ever so early."

"I'm glad you did. You know, yesterday afternoon, I started to arrange the corner by the window in the attic. I made a darling room there. We don't need the toy furniture at all. Just wait till you see it! We'll play there after breakfast, shall we?"

Jane nodded. "I got the shoes," she said, "and a brown coat, ever so pretty. And Mother bought a hat to trim for me too. It's going to have a wreath of roses and forget-me-nots."

But Mallory wasn't so much interested in the clothes. She was all bubbling over with what she had done in the attic,—about the table, and the chairs, and the old wooden cradle; about the queer little trunk that had the loose lock, and her curiosity about what might be inside.

"We'll get a hammer and open it after breakfast," she said. "I think we ought to be able to get it open. It's the only trunk that we can open, I'm afraid. The others

are locked tight except some that have Aunt Esther's things in them. Mother told me not to touch those."

"Supposing it should contain a treasure!" Jane suggested. "Bags of gold!"

"They wouldn't be in a trunk. They'd be hidden somewhere. Nobody locks bags of gold up in a trunk, Jane! They put them in the bank." She laughed.

"But there might be something fine."

"No doubt there is."

"How big is the trunk?"

"Oh, just about so," explained Mallory measuring with hands. "It's all decorated with little brass knobs of tack-heads and it's black. It looks very old indeed."

"Fun to peek inside! I dare say we *will* find something."

It was a splendid mystery. No doubt that little old trunk with the loose lock held some sort of old treasure.

"There probably isn't anything in it but just old letters," Jane said finally. "That's what one always finds in attics, you know."

"But there might be dresses for us to dress up in," Mallory argued. "Wouldn't it be fun to find an old dress to go over the hoop skirt that's hanging up there on that attic nail? We'll try on the hoop skirt. There ought to be a queer bonnet or so. You know the kind they used to wear in Great-grandmother's time, with strings that tied under their chins and roses in a wreath around their

faces under the poke of the brim. Haven't you seen pictures of them?"

Jane nodded. "We have one. It's black," she laughed. "Imagine wearing anything like that!"

"Funny!"

"Yes, ever so funny; but in those days that sort of thing was fashionable!" The two giggled.

"Some day, I suppose our clothes will look exactly as funny," said Jane. "Maybe my new hat will be quite ridiculous when some little girl that is my grandchild finds it put away in a trunk in our attic."

"Come on up to the attic and let's look at that trunk," Mallory suggested. "See if you think we can open it; we can tiptoe so as not to wake Mother. We needn't talk very loud. That corner is right over her room so we'll have to be careful."

Hand in hand they ran down the hill of the orchard, opened the side door and found the maid dusting the living-room; they turned up the backstairs softly and opened the latch of the attic door carefully. At the top of the stair, they stopped to watch the robins and then turned to the playhouse corner. Jane exclaimed over its perfection.

"Just like a real little room," she cried with hushed voice, mindful of not waking Mallory's mother below. "Oh, it's dear, Mallory! I think it's like a real house, and so cozy."





*Mallory in her playhouse in the attic*

She sat down upon one of the cane-bottomed chairs and softly rocked the wooden cradle with her foot. "They used to knit or sew, you know, while they rocked the baby like this," she explained. "I wish we could get the spinning wheel over here. I'd like to see how it goes. Where's the trunk, Mallory?"

Mallory had been standing, looking pridefully at her afternoon's busy housemaking.

"Over there," said she pointing. "Come and see it!"

Jane jumped to her feet. Together they ran to the little trunk.

"You see how loose the lock is," said Mallory, moving it to and fro.

"Let me try!"

Yet try as she might, Jane could not budge the lock an inch more than had Mallory.

"It looks ever so interesting," she kept saying. "I *wish* we could open it."

"I could get a hammer only we'd wake Mother!"

"We'll have to wait. After breakfast we can try again. You can bring a hammer and break the lock. Will your mother let you? Have you asked her?"

"I forgot to," said Mallory. "But I'll ask her."

"I think I would," said Jane. "You see, it might be better."

"I suppose so."

"It won't possibly open *without* a hammer?" Again she tried the lock. But the old lock held fast.

"Mother said I could peep into things if I put everything back all right, only I was not to touch Aunt Esther's trunks or the boxes over in *that* corner."

She pointed to the spot where the model of the little schooner was pushed against old leather trunks and a queer old carpet-bag hung upon a nail overhead. The little strange old trunk was not so very far away from there, yet it could not be said to belong to that special place. It was wedged in behind a modern-looking trunk. A big basket-trunk showed on its other side.

"Let's see. We can't move it, can we?"

"Not without making a noise."

"We'll have to wait. I'll come back as soon as I can after I've done my practicing," sighed Jane. "Don't you open it till I come, will you?"

"No," promised Mallory. "And to be quite sure, I'll ask Mother about it. I know, though, she won't mind our opening it if we put things back carefully afterwards."

The two knelt beside the little trunk and tugged at the lock. "See, there's a nail that's gone," said Jane. "If we only had a hammer."

But it was useless. The little trunk guarded its treasure and was still tightly closed when the breakfast gong suddenly sounded below and brought the two little girls suddenly to their feet.

"Oh," cried Jane. "I have to go right home. And I promised to be back in time to set the breakfast table for Mother. Oh, dear! We did get up so *very* early."

As Jane's feet flew toward home, Mallory came into the dining-room.

"Hello," she greeted. "I've been up since six o'clock! Jane and I've been up in the attic. We want to open that funny little old trunk that's up there, may we, Mother?"

"I don't believe I know which one," said Mother absently as she poured out Father's hot coffee into the big blue Willow cup. "It isn't any of Aunt Esther's trunks, is it? I want to take care of those myself."

"No," said Mallory. "It isn't with the *very* old things in their corner either; you didn't want me to touch them. But this trunk isn't there. It's just a small trunk; it looks ever so interesting and the lock is loose; we'll put every-



thing back where we found it. We won't hurt anything."

"Well, that's all right, dear," mused Mother, turning the cream into her own cup. "But be very careful of any old things you might find and put everything back with care."

"Oh, yes, Mother," promised Mallory.

She could hardly wait for breakfast to be over and for Jane to come back and play in the attic: they were really going to open that mysterious old trunk and find out what might be inside. As soon as Mother and Father rose from the table, she went out to the tool house to find a hammer. Then she ran up the path toward the meadows to meet Jane coming down.





## THE TREASURE TRUNK

“Well,” called Jane as Mallory caught up with her half way down the orchard slope. “Now we are really going to have the fun in the attic, aren’t we?”

It seemed truly delightful. They could hardly wait to open the big white door of the attic and run up the steep stairs to where the little trunk lay.

But it was not as easy as they had thought it would be to force that lock. True, they had the hammer but even though the two worked hard at trying to break the nails that held the lock, it held fast. Moreover there was evidently a strong catch inside. The two hammered. They pried. They tugged and pulled. They worked for fully an hour and then sat down upon the floor to rest.

“I hadn’t any idea it would be so hard,” declared Mallory. “The idea that we can’t get into it or budge it!”

“The idea,” echoed Jane. She stopped for a moment and began to try to pry at the side of the trunk again. “It seems loose,” she remarked. “I don’t see why the catch won’t break. Your mother wouldn’t mind your breaking the lock, I hope. It’s just such an old trunk nobody will ever want to use it again.”

“Oh, that’s all right,” declared Mallory. “Now, let me try,” and she took the hammer and began again with a vim. Surely, the nails were getting much looser. Then very suddenly the lock gave way, the nails came out and there was the precious trunk all ready to be opened!

“There,” she exclaimed, triumphantly. “I did it!”

Jane thoughtfully picked up the small brass nails that had fallen from the lock. She put them carefully aside. “Now,” she agreed, “we’ll see.”

The lid of the trunk opened quite without any difficulty. The trunk was packed full of things. Over its top was spread some old-fashioned calico. It was a pattern of brown with tiny red buds in pink. They were enclosed in ovals of apple-green.

The calico was tucked tight down over the things that were put away in the trunk. Mallory lifted it off and then gave a little cry of surprise for the very first thing that came out of the trunk was a queer old-fashioned dress that must have once belonged to a little girl long ago.

“Look,” she cried, “Oh, look! Isn’t it funny, Jane? I do believe it will fit me. Oh, I think I’ll try it on.”

The dress had a low neck. It was of coral-colored silk. It had queer little puffs of short sleeves and both neck and sleeves were edged with rows of narrow black velvet ribbon. The short waist was full and was let into a very full gathered skirt, trimmed at the bottom with similar rows of black velvet. It was a charming little dress.



"But wait," urged Jane. "Wait a bit, Mallory. Maybe I'll find one too. What's next? Let's see."

Mallory, remembering Mother's caution, laid the coral dress carefully aside where it was out of the dust. "I don't know what Mother would say to our opening this," she mused. "But if we put the things back, it will be all right, I think. The trunk must be one that got pushed out of place. It probably belongs with those very very old things over in that other corner. But it's open now! Let's see. We'll be careful."

Next there were all manner of strange-looking petticoats, very full, very embroidered. And pantalettes too, long legs with frills that would come away down around the ankles. Imagine wearing things like that and having to run about and play in them. They would tear in no time, even though they were made of stout muslin. Mallory held them up to herself. Then she looked down at her own bare knees below her short bloomers and laughed. "Suppose you had had to dress in things like this," she giggled. "Just think of it!"

But Jane was already at the other things. She brought forth a little roll of striped stockings and some small thin-soled slippers that were slightly worn. They had straps and wee little black bows at the front. "Mallory, I do believe they'll fit," she exclaimed.

"I'll dress up and run downstairs to show Mother,"

laughed Mallory. "I think they must have belonged to my Great-grandmother."

"Look at the little hoop skirt," laughed Jane, lifting a queer contraption of hoops and tape. It fell in bell-shape. It had a band of tape at the top and a buckle that fastened to the side. "There are funny hard things next; boxes, I think. Shall we open them?"

Mallory laid the hoop skirt with the other things and fell on her knees before the trunk again. "Yes, let's see!" she exclaimed. She lifted another covering that was a small old-fashioned quilt made of odd bits of strange-patterned silks. Under it was a long linen sampler with a quaint pattern of roses about its border. It was done in cross-stitch. Inside this was a lettered alphabet very cunningly worked. Below it read:

THE WORK OF ANN MALLORY AGED NINE YEARS.

There followed a varied pattern of garden pinks and red roses. The date was given too, ever so long ago. This must be Great-grandmother's very own work, her very own little trunk containing all her own precious things that had been carefully kept all these years.

But the next thing that Mallory lifted from the old trunk was not a box at all, as she had supposed. It was a very tiny trunk, a doll's trunk about ten inches long and six inches deep. It was made of black leather and

trimmed with strips of tan. On this in rows were innumerable round brass-headed tacks, round and firm. There was a string tied at the front of the little trunk and to it was fastened a queer large key.

Mallory took the trunk in her lap and turned the key. Jane stood close beside her almost holding her breath. The lid came up without any trouble and, if you will believe it, inside there were wee doll dresses! Strange little dresses made with full skirts like the coral-colored silk of the child to whom the larger trunk and the small doll trunk had evidently belonged.

First there was a queer black silk. It had full sleeves trimmed with yellowed old lace; the lace about the neck was a trifle torn. Next there was a strange blue wool dress with tight bodice and full skirt. It fastened with queer old-fashioned hooks and eyes down the front.

After that there was an embroidered coat with large pattern of red roses upon soft blue, and a queer-looking wrapper-dress of calico in a quaint brown and red pattern. It had a wee pocket at the left side. This little calico doll dress was trimmed with plain strips of bias banding around the round collar and the hem of the skirt. If only there were a doll to fit these darling funny old dresses! But Baby Edith could no more have worn them than Mallory could herself.

That was all, no more—except a long straight white



slip that was in all probability a doll's nightgown. Malory sighed as she took it out. There was nothing else in the little trunk, nothing! Nor could a doll have been put into so small a toy trunk even if it had fitted these dresses. "I wish we'd find the doll," she said. "Oh, I just wish we would."

Yet the next thing to come from the trunk was not a doll at all. It was a package of strange-looking yellow-covered magazines done up in another wrapping of calico. They were copies of *Godey's Ladies' Book*, the old magazine that ladies long ago used to read as Mother now reads *The Woman's Home Companion* and *The Ladies Home Journal*.

They were full of queer pictures, steel engravings at the front and double columns of fine print with an occasional picture. At the back was an old colored fashion-plate with ladies in full hoopskirts and queer flowered bonnets, their hair dressed in short curls that fell to each side of their cheeks, and under the bonnets were clustered garlands of flowers close to the face.

The little girls pictured with these handsome ladies were dressed much as they; but skirts were shorter and there were the long white embroidered pantalettes coming from beneath, strange black-slipped little feet and white stockings. The little girls wore flat wide-brimmed hats trimmed with looped ribbon streamers. The boys had long trousers

and short jackets and wore small visored caps with tassels.

For a long time, the two little girls turned the leaves of the strange old magazines and wondered. People had dressed like that and they had not thought it strange: Whatever would those old-fashioned people have said to little girls nowadays in straight box dresses with full bloomers and socks?

Mallory carefully gathered up the copies of the old *Godey* books and tied them together. "Now, let's go on," she resumed, taking a box from the old trunk.

The box was carefully tied with tape. It was quite hard to free the knots. The box was heavy too. But when the last tape had been unknotted and the lid taken off, it contained packages wrapped in papers. Jane picked one out and unrolled it.

Then she gave a delighted squeal for there was a little doll-dish, an old-fashioned fruit dish! It was white with a raised red pattern of flowers done in dull red. Mallory was unwrapping more—little plates, a meat dish, vegetable dishes. It was a doll's dinner set.

The two little girls hardly spoke. They were so excited that there were no fitting words to utter. They cried, "Oh——" and "Ah——" as they set down one wee dish after the other till the attic floor near the corner of the old trunk was bright with the red of the toy dinner set.

"They belonged to the little girl who had the doll trunk."

“Perhaps we might find the doll. Oh, do you suppose so?”

There was a long lumpy package still at the bottom of the old trunk. It looked like a roll of linen, tightly wound. It was quite long and felt hard as Mallory drew it out. It was pinned tightly. “Oh, oh!” she exclaimed. “I do believe, Jane——”

“Is it the doll?” exclaimed Jane. “Oh, quick! Let’s find out.”

When the roll of linen had been unpinned and unwound, there was the doll! She was large, about twenty-two inches long. She had a composition head and painted curls clustering about it, even black curls. Her hair was parted on either side of her high wide forehead. Her complexion was a soft pale pink.

She had dark glass eyes set into her head under arching brows of black. Her lashes were painted dark. She had a little round nose, well modeled, and beneath it a rosebud mouth and dimpled chin. She looked very quaint and old-fashioned and not at all like the dolls little girls of to-day play with.

The doll had a cloth body, long unbending arms that tapered down and were sewed at the ends to represent the hands. She had an hourglass waist and wore a plain cotton chemise, a pair of long pantalettes trimmed with an edge of hand-made lace, a full white petticoat with





*Minerva and her belongings from the old trunk*

tucks and edging. She had white cotton stockings and strange black slippers that tied with ribbon laces. Her legs were jointed at the knees. They hung limp.

“Just look at her,” cried Mallory. “Isn’t she a darling! I shall ask Mother if I may not keep her to play with, and I shall have to find a name for her.”

“Mehitable,” suggested Jane. “That was my Great-grandmother’s name.”

“I don’t know,” mused Mallory. “I dare say she is already named. If any little girl made all those dresses and kept her so beautifully and played with her, I think she must have had a name. I shall try to find out what her real name was. There. See? There are some old letters and things. Maybe it might just happen that we could find out what her name was, her real name long ago!”

“It must be strange to have been packed away so long and then to be suddenly wakened up and see two strange-looking little girls instead of her own little girl mother,” mused Jane. “How different everything must seem to her. That little girl to whom she belonged must have been very very careful of her.”

“I dare say she was; she must have loved her.”

“She is lovable, isn’t she?”

“Yes, very! Cozy and comfortable. You feel you want to hold her and hug her.”

“But you must be polite. She looks prim.”

“I dare say she isn’t really prim all the way through; there’s fun in her.”

“Oh, yes.”

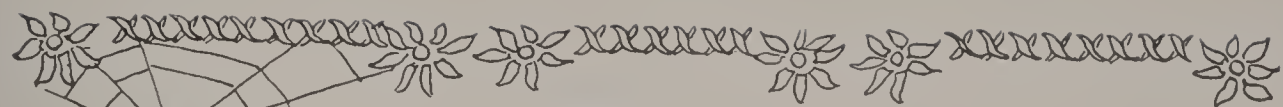
“What shall we do with her?”

“I tell you what. We’ll surprise Mother! We’ll dress her, and then I’ll dress up in the coral silk with all the fixings. And I’ll run out of the back door without Mother’s ever seeing me; and I’ll run around to the front door while you watch. Then I’ll ring the doorbell and we’ll see what happens!”

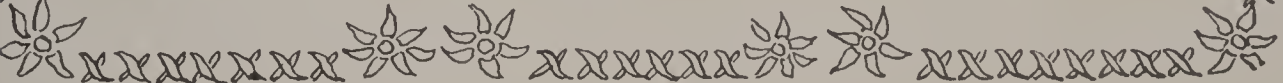
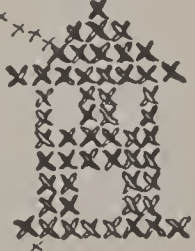
“And I’ll dress the doll. What dress’ll she put on?”

Mallory was already slipping her arms from the red gingham’s armholes. “I want to see if I can really wear the things,” she laughed. “The waist looks very tight; maybe I can squeeze myself. Oh, put the funny blue





Mallory puts on  
the hoop skirt!





wool dress on, Jane. Oh, isn't this all much more fun than you ever imagined? Now, how do you suppose we ever found *this* very trunk that is just right for us? It might have been some old uninteresting trunk that did not have toys or little girl dresses in it at all!"

She doubled up in a little heap as she looked at her ankles encased in their long trouser-like pantalettes of embroidery. "You don't know how queer I feel," she declared. "Oh, my!" She considered the heap of clothes. "I suppose that hoop skirt ought to go on next," she declared. And she slid it over her head.

"Put on the petticoat next," urged Jane. "I know it goes that way. Will it button?"

Mallory fastened the tape of the hoop skirt with its buckle and slid through the opening of the full white petticoat. "Not quite," she said. "I'll need to pin it but that won't matter much. Now for the dress. Won't Mother be surprised! Whatever will I do with my hair? They never would wear it my way! You can see by the picture. Let's see if I can fix mine a little like it! Oh, Jane, do go down to my room and bring me up a wet hair-brush. Put water on it. I won't put the silk dress on till you come."

Jane jumped to her feet. But the sight of Mallory arrayed in the white petticoat and long pantalettes hanging below was too much for her. She fairly shrieked in gales

of laughter. "You do look such a picture," she cried. "I just can't help it!"

"Well, when you try it on, you'll look the same," replied Mallory, walking back and forth over the attic floor. "Just wait till you try it. Do hurry with the hairbrush. It's getting near lunch time. We've been up here this whole morning! Wherever has time gone, do you suppose?"

"It's gone back over eighty years," said Jane, turning at the head of the attic stair. "That was the date on the sampler, anyhow."

"It might be even more."

"Maybe!" Mallory went to one of the high-backed chairs and sat primly erect with the doll upon her lap. "I hardly dare move any more," she said. "Come back quickly."

In a few moments, Jane's steps were heard outside the latched door of the attic. She was back with a dripping hairbrush and proceeded to "slick" Mallory's hair straight off her forehead. With a band of quaint old ribbon Jane tied it all down tightly, passing the ribbon in front of Mallory's ears. Mallory surveyed herself in a bit of cracked mirror that hung from the attic beams. "You wouldn't know me, would you?" she asked. "I certainly look as if I'd jumped right out of a Godey book. Now for the coral silk."

Jane slipped it over Mallory's smoothed hair and fastened it behind while Mallory drew her breath in as much as she could and exclaimed over the snugness of the tight fit. "But I can stand it," she declared. "Where are those funny stockings?"

The stockings went on as easily as had the other things. Cinderella herself could not have had less trouble in getting into the glass slipper than had Mallory in putting on those strange-looking little black slippers that had been worn long ago by Great-grandmother.

She stood finally triumphant before the mirror, perfect in her old-fashioned quaintness, doll in her arms. "I'm not myself," she declared. "Oh, it feels so funny! Now, Jane, you go ahead and watch out. If there's anybody around, you whistle. And I'll run back. Watch out! Don't let anybody see me now." She stepped softly down the attic stair after Jane, who peered to right and left as she went and called from time to time, "Oh, come on. Come on," as Mallory lingered, hesitating in the doorway.

The maids were in the kitchen. Nobody was about downstairs at all. The two managed to get outdoors quite without detection. Around the back of the big white house they ran and through the garden to the front doorway under its colonnade of great white pillars.

"You hide behind the big boxbush, Jane," whispered Mallory. "Watch!"





*Mallory goes to the door in costume*

Mallory ran up the short flight of steps that led to the big front door. She used the knocker and waited. Jane peeked from the side of the boxbush, laughing.

The two did not have long to wait for Vinci, the little housemaid, came to the door. It swung back. She gave a queer little cry of surprise.

“Oh, oh, this is not little Miss Mallory, is it?” she ejaculated, looking at the small figure in pink coral silk and pantalettes who stood in the doorway.

“Sh-h!” warned Mallory. “I’m not myself at all. I’m somebody else. And please is Mrs. Deming in? I would like very much to see her.” She walked into the parlor and sat down upon the old-fashioned sofa that was covered with old gold brocade.

Vinci stared in amazement. Then she laughed and turned upstairs to look for Mallory's mother. She understood. Her face was as sober as could be. She wasn't going to give her away if Mallory wanted to play a joke.

"Mrs. Deming will be down at once, Miss," she announced as she came back, but she went into the sitting-room and the door stayed open. Mallory waited. Mother did not come at once. Mallory wondered what Jane was doing and why she didn't go into the sitting room to watch the fun too.

She was surprised, suddenly, to hear the doorbell ring again and, thinking it must be Jane who was playing her side of the joke, she stayed where she was. Again came Vinci. There was a voice in the hall.

Before Mallory knew what was happening, into the parlor walked a lady very elegantly dressed in a tailor-made dress of gray cloth. She stared at the sight of Mallory sitting upon the gold brocade sofa with the doll in her arms. "Why, why, why——" she gasped, coming toward Mallory through the open doorway.

But just at that moment Mallory's mother came downstairs and she too drew back in amazement.

Mallory curtsied. "I have come from the Long Ago," she laughed. "And this is my doll."

"The very image of her Great-grandmother's portrait," declared the lady.

Mother laughed. "I suppose you found them all in the attic," said Mother. "You certainly did surprise us, Mallory. But dear, you had better not run about any more like that for those are very precious old things and you might hurt them. Did you find that doll in the attic too? Oh, isn't she a love of an old doll!"

Both Mother and the guest admired Mallory and the doll tremendously. They wanted to know all about everything that had been happening in the attic that morning. They were tremendously interested. Some day the guest wanted to see all the dinner-set, the trunk, the old dresses in the toy trunk, and the magazines. Her name was Miss Weed. She had come to have luncheon with Mother.

By the time Mallory found Jane, she had become quite used to walking about in the queer hoop skirt that had at first been so hard to manage that it went right up straight in front when she tried to sit on a chair. She didn't want to take off the coral silk at all. But she did.

The doll, meanwhile, lay in her wooden cradle in the corner that had been the playhouse. It was almost lunch time. Jane was going to stay. The two had to hurry. They folded the strange old things and put them back into the old trunk, the doll with them. Mother had said to do it.

"I wish we could keep *her* to play with," sighed Mallory, again in bloomers and short dress, socks and tan

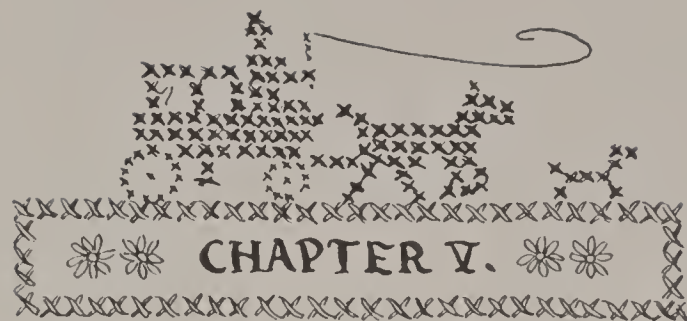


sandals. "I'm going to ask Mother to let me have her for keeps. I like her better than any doll I ever had. She's *real*. I'd like to play with her! And, besides that, my toy-box is lost and I have no dolls at all now! I ought to have her, for I know she wants somebody to love her and show her all the new things that have happened since she fell asleep in the old trunk and it was locked up and left long ago."

"There'd be lots of new things for her to see," suggested Jane.

With a backward glance at the closed lid of the old trunk, arm in arm, the two little girls went down the attic stair. It had been a wonderful morning. They felt very much awed at coming so close to the Long Ago.





## MINERVA IDA SEES TODAY

There was nobody at luncheon but Mother, Miss Weed, Jane and Mallory. Father had gone to the city early on the commuters' train. It was a lively luncheon, nevertheless, for Mallory and Jane had a great deal to tell about the wonderful old trunk and all that was in it; about the dinner-set, the wee doll trunk, the doll dresses, the Godey books, and the package of letters, the sampler and everything else.

Miss Weed evidently found it all quite as interesting as they did. She said she had an old doll too; some day, they should come to her house for a party and see her old doll whose name was Cornelia.

She said that Cornelia always sat in her parlor upon a table in a little twig chair made of willow and put together with pins. Mallory and Jane were anxious to see her. They said, if Mother would let them, they would bring their old doll.

Mother was going out right after luncheon but, nevertheless, she and Miss Weed were so interested in the things the children had chanced upon in the attic that they

were easily persuaded to mount the steep attic stairs before they left and have a peep at everything. Mallory lifted the trunk lid while the others stood about; one after the other, she showed all the wonderful treasures.

Mother said she would take the letters and look them over. She took the package and untied the tape that bound the yellowed papers tight. In an envelope, she came upon an old daguerreotype. It was a kind of small square pressed-leather box, flat with two covers that fastened with tiny hooks at one end.

As the hook was loosened, the covers opened like a book. On one side of this case was a red velvet stamping, on the other the picture of a child of long ago with full skirts and pantalettes, curls clustering about a sweet little round face.

In her arms she held the doll! It was the very little girl to whom all had belonged. Mother lifted a bit of writing from her lap which had fallen from the case as she opened it. It read, "Ann Mallory, aged nine with her doll, Minerva Ida Adams."

"Oh, we hoped we'd find out her name," cried Mallory, clapping her hands and dancing about as much as the attic space would allow. "Oh, Mother, she ought to belong to me. I haven't any doll. I want her to keep to play with. Please let me, please. I want her."

"Well," considered Mother, "I think she ought to be-





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What strange things  
there were to see!







*The picture of a child of long ago*

long to you, dear. And the toys ought to be yours too, if you could take very good care of them. They are such unusual old things that you would have to treat them with great care and respect.”

“Oh, I certainly would,” urged Mallory.

“We both would,” put in Jane. “We’d want to; you know, Mother let me have her old doll, Baby Edith. I take splendid care of her.” She held Baby Edith up for inspection. She was a jointed French Béb  Jumeau. “Mallory ought to have Minerva Ida Adams.”

“I’m sure she ought,” added Miss Weed. “But it seems to me that the dress and the letters should be put back into the old trunk and kept.”

“Yes,” agreed Mother. “That is what we will do. Mallory may have the doll and the toys, but the other things we will put back where they were.”

It was settled. Into the old trunk, Mother carefully



packed the clothes that had long ago been worn by Mallory's great-grandmother. The trunk and dinner set were left in the happy corner of the attic playhouse that was beside the window looking over the lawn.

"And now, children," suggested Mother, "it's by far too fine a day to miss the sunlight outdoors. You can play in the attic when it is stormy, but if I were you I would play outdoors this afternoon. Why don't you put Minerva's pelisse upon her? Put on her funny bonnet and take her out to see what the world nowadays looks like."

It seemed the very thing to do. So that queer little brown brocade wrap with the lace upon it was a "pelisse!" Mother said that ladies long ago wore just such quaint shoulder capes as that, long front pieces fastened it on. The pelisse had a funny red button-buckle and the bonnet of blue tied under Minerva's chin.

"What are the especially new things that have happened all these years since she's been shut up in that trunk?" inquired Mallory of Jane, when Miss Weed and Mother had gone downstairs after a hurried peep at the robins' nest at the head of the stairs.

Jane considered. "Why," she said, "there must have been no railways for one thing. People traveled by stage-coach and they used horses and carriages and buggies."

"Funny to think of not going about in a car," ejaculated Mallory; "but even when Mother was small there

were no automobiles at all. She remembers how people used to exclaim when they saw one in the street. I suppose all this town must be almost new to Minerva Ida Adams."

"It must be," Jane answered. "Mother has told me quite a little about this old town. It used to be just country with woods and meadows all around this hill. That was when this house was built. People thought it strange to build so far outside of the town. There were just a few wooden houses, two stories, down by the waterfront. There were a few little shops there then."

"And no trolley cars even," declared Mallory. "Just nothing, I suppose, but country roads."

"With here and there a homestead——"

"And in town, the Green with the churches."

Jane nodded. "They used to pasture the cows on the Green," she explained.

"And when anybody went calling, it was an all-day visit," she continued. "They'd arrive early in the morning and stay till quite late. The distances were so apt to be long that they couldn't make short visits; besides, they went so seldom, I suppose there was a lot to talk over when they came."

Suddenly Mallory suggested: "Let us take Minerva up on the rocks back of the house. I dare say she will not find changes there. Probably little Ann Mallory used to

play with her up there too, just as your mother and mine played. Would you like to go, Minerva, my dear?"

Minerva slightly inclined her head with its blue bonnet.

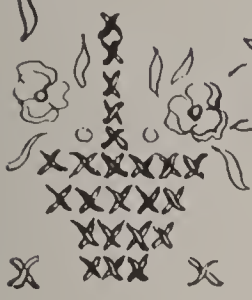
"I think," said Mallory, "she may be a little shy and not want to answer in words. I think she wants to go. We'll take her up there and show her the railway trains passing too. And we can see the trolley-cars and the automobiles. It will be fun to look down into the town and have her see it all and see how changed it is."

"Exactly," agreed Jane, taking her own doll and following Mallory down the steep attic stair past the robins' window.

"The old house must even be changed for her," suggested Mallory, as she and Jane passed through the old sitting-room on their way to the side-door. "But I think she'll remember the garden, and the summerhouses, and the old fountain."

Up there upon the further rocks on the other side of the orchard's stone wall, up at the top of the hill back of the big white house, Minerva Ida Adams resting upon a rock gazed off over the old town and seemed at home. "I'm sure she likes it," said Mallory. "She looks just as if she really did! You do, don't you, Minerva dear? I'm going to call you 'Minnie' if you don't mind. The other name is so very long. I think Ann Mallory must have called you 'Minnie.' Jane, let's play house right here."

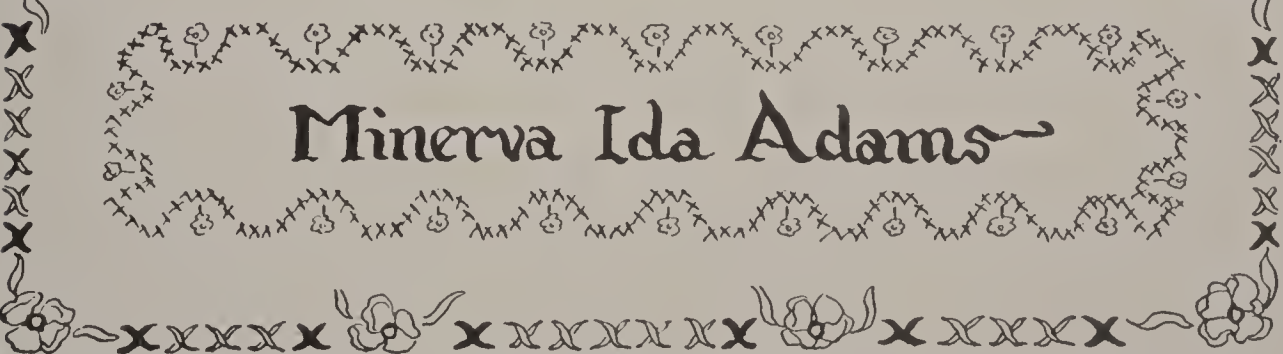
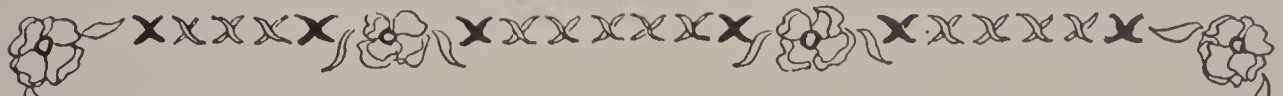




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Minerva Ida Adams

Jane agreed. There were two sets of rocks and she chose those by the little precipice for her home. Over there, she retired with Baby Edith. "You can come to call on me and spend the whole day by and by," she called. She set her doll down beside a clump of buttercups.

Mallory took Minnie into her lap. The doll was a delightfully comfortable doll to hold on one's lap because she was so soft. "Look," murmured Mallory. "See that smoke over there, Minnie? That's the place where the railway came long ago. It was after you were put away in the trunk and Ann Mallory had grown up and been married, I suppose.

"At first, Father said, there were three coaches just like big stagecoaches, with a queer engine and just one track. At night there were bright sparks from the wood that the engine burned. They didn't even have coal. Coal is what we burn nowadays, Minnie," she explained. "You didn't know anything about *that*," she laughed. "Now, did you?"

It was apparent from Minnie Ida's astonished silence that she had not and so Mallory went on. "Before you woke up from your long sleep like Rip Van Winkle, everybody just had wood or peat that was cut from swamp earth and dried. Isn't that what you remember? And big fireplaces where they cooked instead of on stoves, my

dear?" Still Minnie Ida kept her silence, listening. Her dark eyes seemed to receive the information intelligently, interestedly.

"Aren't you ever coming to see me in my house?" It was Jane's voice. She had been picking up pebbles that lay around the rocks. "I'm going to make a pie," she stated. "And down in the little cave is where I have my dishes. You never saw my dishes!" She ran down to the little cleft in the rocks where there was a very small cave. Its opening was hidden by a tangle of bushes.

Mallory watched her go. "By and by," she called back, "Minnie wants to know all about what's happened since she went to sleep up in the old trunk in the attic." She turned the old doll so that she faced about toward the town.

She continued. "Do you see those very high buildings? They're factories. They make all sorts of things. You never saw them. They've come since your day. And that long car that's ringing a gong. That's the trolley-car. It goes by electricity, the thing that makes lightning in the sky, Minnie," she explained. "People ride in that car as you no doubt rode about in a stage coach; or else they go in that funny sort of carriage that you see whizzing by. That is an automobile. It doesn't even need a horse to draw it!" Mallory was growing interested. The lesson given to Minerva Ida Adams was also showing Mallory the changes that years had wrought.



Here Jane emerged from the mouth of the little cave carrying something in her arms. It was too much for Mallory. She deposited dear Minnie upon the rock and ran down to see what the mysterious things were. They seemed small, perhaps toy dishes.

Yet what Jane brought in her arms was not a lot of toy dishes. It proved to be bits of old china that had been broken. There were also some jar-tops, some very old tin spoons, and odds and ends. "I leave them here," she said. "They're what I use for mud pies when I play house up here. I'll give you some."

She began to place the hoard in equal divisions upon the short stubby grass that grew about the rocky pastureland. "You couldn't play with the real dinner-set in a place like this; and Mother says that when she was little and played here, she used this kind of thing for play and mud pies when they made houses up here on the rocks. So I did it. It's fun. That big piece, you see, can be any kind of a dish we happen to need. I like to make believe!"

"So do I. I've been making believe that Minnie has to be told about all sorts of things that have happened since she was put away. It's a very long time ago," sighed Mallory. "I hadn't even got as far as railway trains yet."

"And you didn't map out your house?"

"No."

"Let's do it together!"

They came up the slope, each with the bits of broken dishes Jane had kept hidden in the cave. "When I play here, I'll show you how it is."

"Let's have it a very old house and not a new one," Mallory put in. "Then Minnie will be more at home."

"All right. This can be the kitchen. They ate in their kitchens, did you know *that*?"

"Oh, did they?"

Jane nodded wisely. "And there is its big big fireplace where they cooked. At its side is a big brick oven. They cooked in that too. Mother told me. We have a fireplace and an old oven in our house. I'll show them to you some time. You can stand in it and look right up and see the blue sky!"

"Seems to me I remember Father's telling me that there used to be something like that in our house," mused Mallory.

But Jane went on. "They didn't have bathrooms or bathtubs," she pursued. "They washed in bowls and had pitchers of cold water. And here's the bedroom. There's the four-poster bed, you see," and Jane pointed to a ledge of rock.

She went on. "Here's the parlor; that was only for very best, you know. The family sat in the sitting-room or in the kitchen. And here's the pantry. That's where you put your dishes, Mallory."

Obediently, Mallory laid the bits of broken crockery upon the shelf of rock that Jane indicated. "Down in the hollow there by the big butternut tree there's a spring where I get water for mud pie play."

Mallory was soon getting quite into the spirit of Jane's old-fashioned playhouse of make-believe. It seemed very real. She took off dear Minnie's bonnet and her pelisse and put her upon the imagined four-poster bed to rest.

"I'm making a batch of ginger cookies," explained Jane, "and a pie or so too." She turned to go back to her own playhouse. "Come and spend the day with me soon and I'll give you some!" She was gone, laughing.

Mallory fell to work over her own mud pies, just as little girls long ago must have done, just as little Ann Mallory might have played on those very rocks long long ago. The same blue spring sky overhead, the same blue water off over the houses and treetops below the high hill where stretched the waters of Long Island Sound.

She worked very hard, bringing water from the little spring in the hollow, using a bit of glass jar for a water bucket. She mixed the dry earth that she scraped from the ground. She added a pinch of this and a bit of that, stirring with the tin spoon in a broken blue earthen bowl. She added a few leaves from a little nearby plant.

Just as she had reached the critical stage where she was pouring the ingredients out into different bits of broken



saucers ready to be put into the big brick oven that Jane had talked about, she heard Mother's voice calling. Looking behind her she saw Jane's mother. The two had come over the rocks together from the back road.

"Just as we used to play," smiled Jane's mother. "It makes me feel as if I were Jane, quite a little girl again." The two laughed.

"Come, children," cried Mallory's mother. "We came to get you to take a ride. Bring Minerva Ida Adams for it will be an experience for her to go in an automobile. We'll show her all that has happened since she went to sleep!"

Jane came running. Her fingers were all dirty. "I'll have to wash in the spring first," she laughed. "I've been having a lovely time. But we must put our dishes away in the place where I keep them. If I don't the boys will find them when they come to fly kites here and I'll never have them to play with again. They throw them off the little precipice to see how far they can throw."

Mallory, too, gathered up the bits of china and carried them to the cave for safe keeping. There they were hidden under a bush where boys would not discover them. The two splashed their hands in the spring that was near the wee thread of brook in the hollow under the butternut tree.

When they returned, they found their two mothers

with Baby Edith and Minnie Ida Adams in their arms. Mallory's mother was telling how Mallory had found Minnie that very morning up in the old attic of the big white house; and she was describing the coral silk dress and the doll-trunk, the pantalettes, the toy dinner set, the playhouse corner of the attic, and the robins' nest quite as if she had herself been a little girl. "Miss Weed has an even older doll," she was saying. "It dates back to Colonial days."

"All this makes Baby Edith seem very young," smiled Jane's mother. "And yet that doll is thirty. Think of it!"

"Jane likes her much better than modern dolls," declared Mallory coming up.

"I certainly do," cried Jane, joining in. "And Mallory likes Minnie Ida better, I'm sure."

Then the four went down through the orchard to take Minnie Ida for her very first automobile drive.

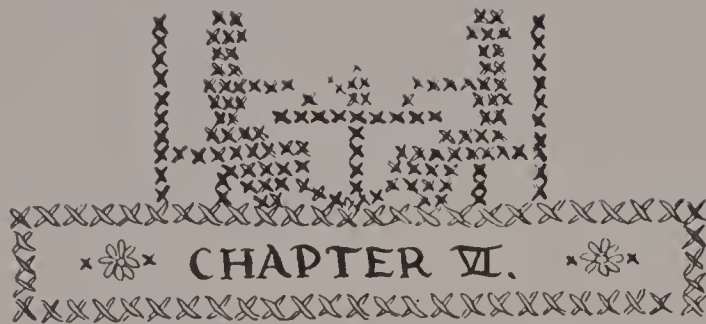
It certainly was a great event. Mallory had to sit with George in front so that Minerva Ida Adams might have a good view of all the wonders that had grown up in the town since her day. As the car whizzed over the smooth pavement of the elm-shaded avenue Jane, Jane's mother, Mallory's mother, Mallory and even George kept pointing out new wonders to the astonished dark eyes of Minnie Ida Adams, who sat spellbound, listening and looking.

Roadway, telephone poles, big high buildings, trucks,

bridges, railways, and electric-cars flew by until they reached the old Town House and the Green uptown with its churches. Minnie Ida Adams found that here there had been fewer changes. Though the residences were all new, yet the old historic Green was the same. After all some of the old life remained, as she did, to marvel at those younger days.







## CORNELIA OF LONG AGO

If we had been packed away in a trunk and then had wakened up generations later, what changes there would be! Minerva Ida Adams not only woke up but she also seemed to be deeply interested in all the new happenings that had come since her day. It became a kind of game that Jane and Mallory played, a wonderful game in which Minerva Ida had to be shown *everything*.

The two girls began to learn through it a great many interesting things they had never known of before. With Father to guide them they looked up pictures of old sailing vessels, stagecoaches and even the first railroads. They went to the Public Library with their mothers to see old histories and look at the pictures of what things used to be like. And Minnie Ida often went with them, being tremendously admired by everybody.

Stranger yet, Minnie Ida really did appear to be alive. She had great personality and charm, though she was only a doll. Her very intelligent face often seemed lit up with thoughts that might be passing through her mind. Mallory and Jane used to say they could tell what she was

thinking, and Father and Mother said they often could do the same.

For instance, Minnie Ida did not at all approve of slang. She liked quiet, refined manners; she disapproved of rough and tumble ways; she believed that all little girls should learn to sew and that they should not idle their time away nor play always but grow industrious and helpful. She thought one ought to read and memorize, do lessons daily, and learn to cook.

It was surprising that when Minnie Ida was about, both Mallory and Jane toned down to fit into her quiet reserve of good breeding. If they did not, Mallory said, she could plainly read disapproval upon Minnie Ida's face even though the doll said nothing.

Yet Minnie Ida was most lovable. She was a cozy kind of doll, one that could be loved and taken care of, dressed and undressed, waked up in the morning and put to bed at night. When Mallory was alone with her, Minnie Ida was so companionable that she seemed like a real person.

She even had a quaint sense of humor; and as for really being as prim as her clothes seemed to make her, no; Minnie Ida was not prim. She was human even though her body was only a cloth one with sewed joints. All who saw her realized this and spoke of it.

Everybody entered into Mallory's game about Minnie Ida. Everybody spoke to her when they met her out



*The market man would say, "And how do you do, today, Miss Adams?"*

walking with Jane, or going about in the car to market with Mother and Mallory; or taking a stroll with Father. It was always the same wherever Mallory carried Minnie Ida. The market man would say, "And how do you do today, Miss Adams?" The librarian would as like as not suggest that she had found a rare old print of the old Green, showing how it was in Miss Adams' day and would not Miss Minnie like to look at it a moment. The friends of Mother's that they met would invariably ask after Minnie's health and invite her to call upon them.

Thus Minerva Ida Adams' popularity grew and Mallory and Jane, falling into all the joy of the game that made Minnie Ida quite a personage, grew to think of her more and more as a living thing.





*Minerva gets a letter*

One day Mallory was alone. She was waiting for Jane to come over. It was a very rainy day, no playing outdoors on the rocks where the playhouses were having a fine showerbath. George and the car had swung down the drive to go to get Jane. She and Mallory were going to have an indoor playtime up under the eaves of the old, old attic in the playhouse corner by the window. Mallory had been impatiently waiting for Jane, her nose pressed tight against the glass and making blurs on the windowpanes.

Minnie Ida had not approved of the soiling of the window-glass. Mallory suddenly saw it. She drew away as she saw their postman coming through the downpour. Then she put Minnie Ida down and ran to the door. Then, with a tiny envelope in her hand, she ran back to the sitting-room where Minnie Ida was waiting on the old-fashioned sofa.

“Oh, Minnie,” she cried. “It’s for you. I’ll read it, dear,” she said, and tore open the envelope to find a small sheet of paper that read:

*My dear Miss Adams:*

*It will give me much pleasure if you will condescend to grace my humble abode on Thursday next when Cornelia will be at home to welcome and entertain you. If you will come about ten o’clock and spend the day with us, we will be overjoyed. And we hope that you will bring your friends, Mallory and Jane with you.*

*Cordially,*

*Cynthia Weed.*

She laid the tiny note in Minnie Ida’s lap and raced for the door again for George and the car were coming into the circle of the driveway in front of the house. And there was Jane in her bright yellow oilskin waterproof making a dash for the shelter of the veranda.

“News!” cried Mallory, opening the door. “You can’t guess what!”

“What?” inquired Jane, shedding her waterproof and rubbers. “Did you find anything new up in the attic? Have the little robins left the nest yet?”

But Mallory shook her head mysteriously. “Ask Minnie,” she said. “It’s something nice.”

Of course, seeing Minnie with the letter on her lap, Jane at once pounced upon it and read it. "What lots of fun," she said. "But, goodness! To have to wait four days! She doesn't include Baby Edith. I suppose I can take her?"

"I suppose it was because Baby Edith isn't so awfully old," suggested Mallory. "Cornelia must be over a hundred and Minnie dates back so far that the two probably think Baby Edith just a mere infant."

"I suppose so."

"Come on up to the playhouse in the attic and we'll play. We'll watch the robins. Mother Robin has to stay tight over them to keep them dry. They'll soon be leaving the nest, I dare say. Let's play house up in our corner of the attic."

So they ran up there where Jane had started a new corner of her own. Today they were busy filling it with other pieces of old furniture. Mother had lent a broom so that the attic dust could be swept up a little.

The rain upon the rafters overhead played a tune. It was jolly to be so dry and to hear the rain that pounded on the roof, now softer and then louder. Even if there was no sunlight and the attic was rather dark, yet it was cozy and cheerful.

Mallory had but recently discovered the door of the old smokehouse in the great chimney that ran up through



the attic. It was a strange, mysterious, smoky closet with an iron-faced door. There in olden days, meat had been hung to be smoked out. Walnut wood was used to burn beneath the closet.

Today Mallory had to show it to Jane who had never even heard of such a thing as a smokehouse in a chimney in the attic. But Minnie Ida appeared to know all about it. She sat quietly and watched the two for whom the day was all too short.

The great day appointed by Miss Weed to meet Cornelia soon arrived. The weather was unusually sunny and fine. Mallory had fairly begged to go to the party in the coral silk but Mother had said, "Oh, no dear!" Finally, at half past nine, she had dressed Minnie Ida in her best elegant black silk—the appropriate visiting dress for a state occasion—her bonnet and the brown brocaded pelisse. She herself had put on a pink linen instead of the coral silk.

George was at the door with the car. They were going over to call for Jane on the way. Waving goodbye to Mother, they promised to be polite and good and remember to tell Miss Weed on going home that they had had a very delightful day.

Then Minnie Ida, Mallory, George and the car were driving off to get Jane who was waiting upon her porch. Baby Edith also wore *her* best bib and tucker, as Jane did her best red and white challie.

Miss Weed was waiting. She seemed very happy to see Minerva Ida Adams, Mallory, Jane and Baby Edith whom she said she had not meant to overlook in the invitation. When they had all taken off their wraps and Minerva's pelisse with Baby Edith's hood had been laid beside Mallory's coat and Jane's brown jacket, they all tramped into the parlor where Cornelia was sitting in her little twig chair, ready to be introduced.

The piano upon which the chair was placed was a kind of ebony throne and Miss Weed said they must excuse Cornelia from rising because of her age. Her bones were a little brittle with time, she explained, even though she seemed quite well if she was treated carefully.

Cornelia was a small doll, not more than twelve inches long. She was dressed in a gay silk dress. She wore a cap upon her wooden painted head. Her wooden arms were close to her side and the hands rested upon her full silken skirt. With bright little eyes much like those of a vivacious old lady, she looked down at Mallory, Jane, Minnie and Baby Edith, smiling and happy at the various introductions that Miss Weed soberly gave.

"I think she dates back even as far as colonial days," Miss Weed explained to the children. "Isn't she a dear! I knew you would enjoy meeting her. She is very anxious to talk with Minerva Ida Adams. She has heard about Minnie from me but she considers Minnie as just a mere

child!" Miss Weed laughed. "Let's leave them together," she suggested. "Here," and she found a small chair and placed it for Minerva. It was an old doll chair, a little Boston rocker.

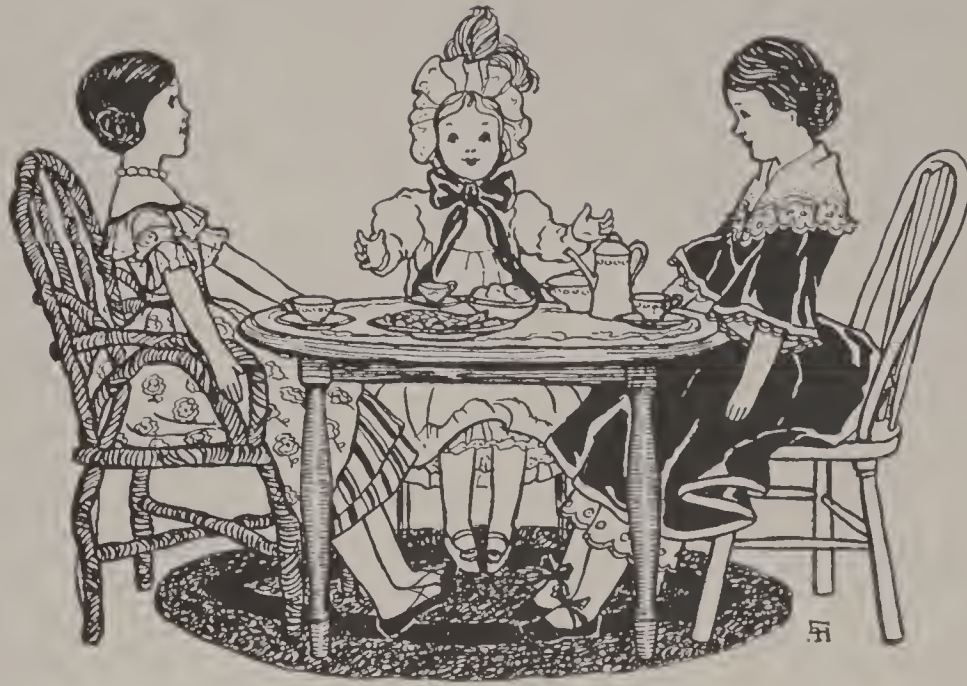
Minnie Ida bent forward in it as if listening eagerly to Cornelia's account of her own young days. Cornelia's eyes seemed to twinkle as she told her story, silently as dolls must talk to each other. Baby Edith, seated propped against a book nearby looked on. She was really too young at thirty even to be included in the conversation of those two more mature ones.

With Miss Weed the children ran off to see all the old-fashioned things that were waiting to be looked over in Miss Weed's old house. There was the big open fireplace that could be all shut up, if desired; the oven at its side; the queer horsehair chairs; the funny old clocks with painted glass pictures decorating their faces; the pewter ware.

There were the queer lovely tall lamps that were called "candle-lamps" and burned a fluid of sperm oil; the candle-moulds in which candles were made at home; the old-fashioned teacups that had no handles because people poured their tea into deep saucers from them and drank from the saucers.

Finally there were old old dresses and bonnets too, and a queer old reticule in which ladies of long ago carried





*The dolls have tea*

their sewing when they went to make calls or visits. Miss Weed's little house was a veritable museum of the past. There was so much to hear about that it was lunch time before anybody realized it.

Minerva, Cornelia and Baby Edith had a wee table made from a box. They had old-fashioned teacups to use and pewter spoons. And there was old-fashioned china on Miss Weed's pretty table. She said she had tried to make the same kind of a meal that people long ago might have had for their company.

It seemed quite interesting for everything was laid on the table at once and there were so many different kinds of food. Jams and preserves, and honey, and cookies, and cakes, and a chicken potpie as well as other kinds of pie.

It was not at all the kind of meal one would call a company luncheon nowadays, but oh, how good everything tasted! Mallory and Jane tried drinking from the saucers of the old cups but, really it was hard to do it and not soil the tablecloth.

After luncheon, Miss Weed had some old games. Among them was one called *The Mansion of Happiness*. The three put it upon a table on the porch and played it. It was a very fascinating old game in which everybody tried hard to reach The Mansion of Happiness at the centre of the game-board.

The children learned the rules of the game which were quite simple and rather like parchesi. Then Miss Weed thought that Cornelia, Minerva and Baby Edith would like to play also. So all played, Mallory making an extra play for Minnie; Miss Weed playing for Cornelia, and Jane for Baby Edith. It was a long game, and it seemed appropriate that Cornelia should win. After this, everybody went out into the old-fashioned garden where baby hyacinths were showing blue amid their leaves and where baby's breath was coming up also in the borders. Snowdrops had been up a long time ago. Tulips, crocuses, daffodils were beginning to blossom.

"I have an idea," said Miss Weed, suddenly. "I'm very much interested in The Fresh Air Fund, aren't you?"

Both Mallory and Jane were.

"I've been thinking. Why, if you please, shouldn't you and I, all of us, get up a Doll Show this spring? Why shouldn't we exhibit Cornelia, Minerva, Baby Edith and other dolls? Why shouldn't we dress dolls and sell them and have a bazaar in connection with the show? And why shouldn't we devote the money to charity?"

"What do you think? Mallory could wear the coral silk and Jane could wear a dress we might make like it. And there would be an old-fashioned darning-bag for grabs. Don't you think it would be fun? Shall we do it?"

Jane and Mallory declared that they'd just love to do it. Each felt that their mothers would highly approve of the good idea also. It was agreed that the Exhibition and Bazaar of Dolls should take place; moreover, Jane and Mallory would each dress some little dolls in old-fashioned full skirts and pantalettes. Everybody would help.

Maybe by June or a bit later there could be a bazaar. Then it was hoped there would be quite a lot of money to give many little poor city children a splendid happy outing in the country. How nice that would be and how delighted Minerva, Cornelia and Baby Edith were to help.

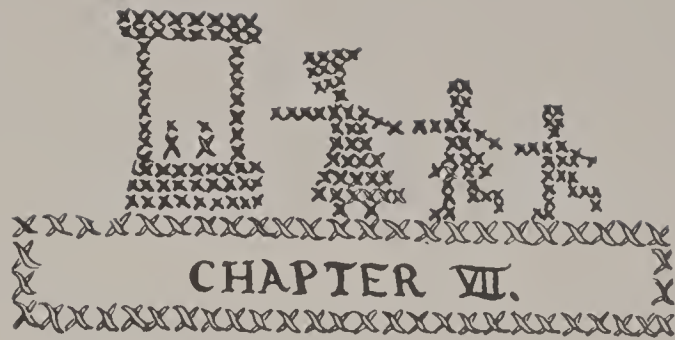
Miss Weed said she would go right to the city and get the little dolls to dress. Then the three of them would have some long happy times sewing together and planning other things that would come to pass for the bazaar and doll exhibition.



There was so much to talk over even now that it was a great surprise to find that George had come for Mallory and Jane with the car. Minerva could scarcely be torn away from her new and devoted friend, Cornelia. But everybody promised to come again soon.

Everybody remembered to tell Miss Weed what a perfectly lovely time they had had; everybody waved from the car as it turned to go up the avenue. And nobody could wait to tell Mother and Father all about the wonderful plan of the Doll Bazaar and Exhibition that was to be.





CHAPTER VII.

THE DOLL BAZAAR

Everyone was enthusiastic over the Doll Bazaar. Mother and Mrs. Taylor thought it a splendid idea and one of the church societies took it up at once when Miss Weed proposed the work. Some of the ladies sent to New York for toy catalogs to find out about dolls and prices of dolls in quantities.

Mallory and Jane were called upon to tell which ones were the nicest for dressing. Everybody was to dress a doll and some of the ladies volunteered to take even more. There was to be a prize for the best doll exhibited or dressed.

The toy catalogs were full of all kinds of dolls and toys, big dressed dolls and little tiny dolls. But none in them seemed quite so fascinating to Mallory and Jane as their own beloved Minnie Ida and Baby Edith. They played a great deal upon the rocks and in the attic while anxiously awaiting the shipment from New York. They planned how they would dress their little dolls for both just loved to sew doll dresses.

One day Mrs. Taylor and Mother came up into the

attic and opened some of the trunks to find delightful pieces of silks, gingham, muslin, and even bits of velvet and ribbons that might be used. When these had been carefully looked over, some of the pieces were given to Mallory and Jane to use for their sewing.

Besides this, Mother and Mrs. Taylor, Jane and Mallory went to town to buy materials for undergarments, soft white nainsook and yards and yards of narrow edging, narrow pink ribbon and narrow blue ribbon.

Then came the day when the church society came over to the big white house to get the dolls and to talk things over and plan for the bazaar. The big box was opened and the dolls were distributed for dressing. Nobody had ever seen so many dolls outside of a toyshop before.

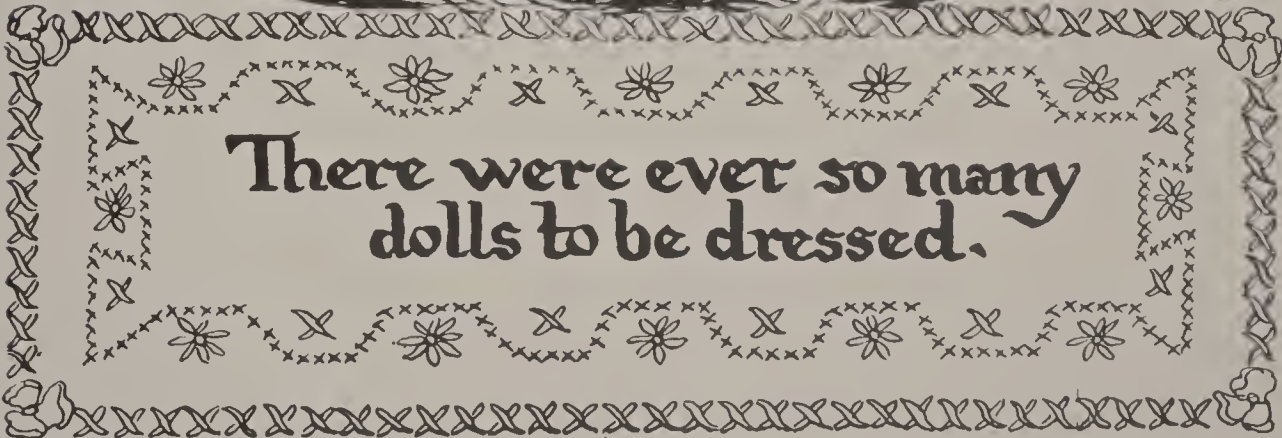
Mallory and Jane were each given six little dolls to dress. Some were made of china with arms and legs that moved. Some even had eyes that would open and shut. Some had fair hair and some had dark hair. Some had curls and some had straight bobbed hair. And some, even, had just little painted china heads. It was hard to tell which were the prettiest. All of them were charming.

After the society had broken up its meeting and had gone off in groups with its dolls, Mallory and Jane took their own darlings out to the summer house under the cedars at the end of the garden. There they stood them





There were ever so many  
dolls to be dressed.



up all in a row and planned which way would be the best to dress each. Meanwhile Minnie Ida and Baby Edith sat on the summerhouse seat and wished that some of the remnants of silks and gingham, the velvets and laces might fall to them.

Miss Weed was going to ask everybody who had an old doll to exhibit it; Cornelia and Minerva were to be on show too; Baby Edith was to wear her best little white dress with pink bows and she was going to be shown too. Mallory thought that Minerva Ida Adams had better wear her elegant black silk without its embroidered kerchief. That was the most dressy thing to wear to such a wonderful social event as The Doll Bazaar. The Great Day had been prolonged to three days. The Bazaar was to be widely advertised and keep open all that time.

Mother was making a queer old-fashioned little dress for Jane who was to sell flowers. It was a quaint pattern of calico with a very very full skirt. As a guide she had to borrow the coral silk from Mrs. Taylor, and the funny pantalettes as well. The ladies and children who helped with the bazaar were to dress in quaint old dresses of different periods. It was rumored that Miss Weed was to have an imitation doll house for her booth.

Admission would be ten cents just to go inside the door and look at what was there; inside was to be Minerva Ida Adams sitting at a doll table with the dinner set.



There was to be the funny little old-fashioned trunk, and Miss Weed's Boston rocker, Cornelia in her twig chair, and all the other old dolls that came to be exhibited. Baby Edith in her best white dress was to be in there too with Miss Weed.

Everybody who came to the show was to be given a blank card in order that upon it they might write the number of the doll they thought the very best of all. To this doll, there would be given the Big Prize, which was to be a gold piece.

As days passed, Mallory and Jane carried their little dolls about in baskets, taking great care not to muss their lovely hair. Mother and Mrs. Taylor had to help a lot with directing the children's work. They had their own dolls to dress too. They said they felt as if they were little girls again, just as they used to be long ago when they too had played together upon the rocks.

Some of the ladies were going to make lampshade dolls to sell, some were making rag babies. Miss Weed had bought a lot of delightful little trinkets that were to go into the grab bag that Mallory was to take charge of. It was to be a queer old darning bag. She and Mrs. Taylor and Mother, Mallory and Jane wrapped up these little toys for the grab bag.

There were many details to work out for the Bazaar. Every day brought it nearer and more exciting as dolls



were dressed and admired and carefully put away until the event. Mallory liked best to dress her little dolls as old-fashioned children in little dresses such as Minerva Ida wore; Jane was partial to baby dolls that had white dimity dresses and little white bonnets.

Mother dressed several lady dolls. Mrs. Taylor even made some gentlemen with tweed suits but she said they were very hard to dress and she was going to put a very good price upon them because they had taken so much time.

Jane and Mallory found added fun in naming each as the dolls came in, finished. Then numbers were pinned to their dresses and the names were written out very carefully. Father did this on his typewriter and he even named a few dolls though he had to be stopped from naming them because he chose such funny names. Mother said he could only name rag babies after he called one doll *Marioroaro Wehod Jinks*. She said it would never do to name a lady doll *that!*

But the doll was very prim in beribboned spangled tulle and Father insisted that the name fitted her. Afterwards when he named some of the rag babies, he was just twice as bad and he called one *Samuel Sawdust* and another *Mustard Pickles*. He insisted that *Mustard Pickles* should be *that* and nobody could coax him to change it.



*Some dolls father named*

New dolls came in to be named and put away. Some of the ladies found they could not possibly finish dressing the dolls they had taken. Miss Weed, Mrs. Taylor, Mother, Jane and Mallory had to help finish up these besides. The eventful time grew nearer and there was beginning to be talk about making the booths and trimming them.

Also, posters had to be put up. George carried these in the car while some of the ladies went with him. Every day grew closer to the bazaar's date. Then it arrived.

The day was beautiful with a clear sunny sky and nobody could have imagined a better one. From far and near, it was hoped that children and parents, teachers and aunts, uncles, cousins—everybody would come to see the dolls and to buy them.

By one o'clock Mallory was dressed in the coral silk and Jane in the quaint calico. The two hurried into the car with Minnie Ida and Baby Edith, together with other dolls, and Mother and Mrs. Taylor.

Everybody was busy arranging their booths with streamers and flowers. Miss Weed's little playhouse was charming. One had to stoop to go in at its door but that was half the fun. It was so small that only two people could enter at once. Mallory was to stand just outside with her bag of grabs.

Jane was to go about anywhere she chose with her basket of old-fashioned nosegays done up with lace-paper collars. The nosegays were prim bunches of charming old-fashioned flowers for it was flower time now and gardens had yielded their blossoms. Even Mallory's garden up at the big white house had contributed its share of flowers.

By half past two the doors were opened and people began to arrive. As the half hour passed, more and more arrived. Everybody marvelled at the lovely dolls. Even the boys who came enjoyed themselves. The grab bag flourished; the nosegays sold; and the little dolls that Mallory and Jane had dressed sold very quickly. As for the other dolls, *Mustard Pickles* was chosen at once. A gentleman bought him. He said he had always been very fond of mustard pickles and couldn't resist buying a doll by *that* name. "Impossible to leave it," he laughed.



People began coming in larger numbers at three o'clock. There began to be quite a crowd at the doors. Mallory had to have the grab bag refilled. Miss Weed said she had already made ten dollars just from tickets that were chances on one old doll that was to be raffled. It was an old wax doll with a kid body which had been donated for the purpose.

As everybody went about from booth to booth they admired this doll and that, selecting the one they wished to buy. They exclaimed delightedly over Mrs. Taylor's gentlemen in the tweed suits. They chuckled happily over *Marioroaro Wehod Jinks*. They bought gingerbread dolls and ate them; they bought paper dolls in sheets for ten cents each. All were served tea and ice cream, or lemonade and gingerpop together with dolls made of sticks of candy.

Then everybody crowded about the make-believe playhouse and went in two at a time to see what old-fashioned dolls looked like. They said they had never, never seen anything like *Cornelia* outside of a museum; and everybody said how cunning *Baby Edith* was. Some people said that their mothers had dolls like her but that they had *never* seen any doll quite equal to *Minerva Ida Adams*.

Miss Weed was kept busy telling how Mallory had found her up in the trunk in the attic of the big white house and how the trunk and dinnerset belonged to her

also. Then somebody would want to know if she was for sale, and mightn't they buy *her*; and somebody who was a collector of antiques became quite excited over her and begged to buy her for a fabulous sum.

But of course dear Minnie Ida Adams was not for sale. Nobody ever could or would sell her for she had been Great-grandmother's own precious doll. She was a member of the Deming family, and to Mallory, she was actually living and real.

The crowd grew and grew; more and more came. The bazaar was thriving. By half past five Mother came and got Mallory and Mrs. Taylor found Jane and the four went home. Miss Weed said she would watch out carefully for Baby Edith and Minnie Ida and that no collector would ever get a chance to carry either one of them away.

She had sold dozens of tickets for the wax doll. She said she thought (but she whispered this in Mallory's ear), she wouldn't wonder that Minerva Ida Adams might beat Cornelia as a prize winner. It was going to be quite exciting but Miss Weed *thought* that Minnie was in the lead, even though Cornelia was so old and wonderful.

When Mallory heard this she was simply delighted. But she was sorry for Baby Edith who seemed to keep in the background. She was sweet, they said when they saw her, but as for Minerva Ida Adams: she was the main attraction.



*Miss Weed whispered that Minnie Ida might win*

That was the first day of the bazaar. It had been a huge success and was quite worth all the trouble. Everybody who had come had said it was the greatest fun ever. The gentleman who had bought *Mustard Pickles* had sent his sister back to ask if they had a twin; he wanted that. Did they have *Sweet Pickles*? No, they had no *Sweet Pickles*. She bought *Marioroaro Wehod Jinks* instead.

When Mallory and Jane went to bed that night, they did not go to sleep for a very long time. There was so much to think about. But when finally each fell asleep, it was to visit a delightful Doll Land where dolls talked as if they were alive and where Minnie Ida Adams had a real old-fashioned house and a real party for Mallory and Jane with crumpets and cake.

Jane dreamed of flower gardens where she wheeled Baby Edith in a doll carriage and where they made a play with red, white, yellow and pink hollyhocks that they fashioned into dolls.



But, if that first day had been a success, it was as nothing to the next two days that the Doll Bazaar lasted! From far and near, the automobiles came with people to see The Show. It seemed that everybody who had a little girl or a baby in their family came bringing them to see the dolls. Did ever any baby or little girl see a pretty doll without begging Father or Mother or Auntie or Uncle to buy it for them!

Moreover, almost always the children got what they wanted. As for the boys who came, they surely enjoyed it too though, perhaps they appreciated best the grabs, the gingerbread dolls, the ice cream booth and the man who was dressed like a clown-doll.

More bouquets again. All were finally sold, Jane announced. More grabs needed in the darning bag, Mallory declared. And Minnie Ida Adams was still in the lead over dear Cornelia as the most wonderful doll exhibited. Mallory's heart went pit-a-pat when she heard this each time, not because she really needed the gold piece but because she did so want Minerva Ida Adams to win.

Wouldn't that just be splendid! Maybe Father would let the gold piece be made into a brooch for Mallory to wear always, a souvenir of the Great Event of the Doll Show and an honor for Minnie Ida that should be forever remembered.

That *was* the outcome after all. Miss Weed counted the cards herself. It was an exacting task, she declared;



*Miss Weed had a real doll's house at the Bazaar*

there were so many of them and one had to be so careful not to lose count. She had to get somebody to go over all the counts even after she had made them, for one had to be quite exact and sure.

Minerva Ida Adams won by such large majority that it was simply unbelievable. No wonder the collector had fairly begged to buy her. She was by far the most popular doll in the whole show!

When the announcement was made, Miss Weed's brother came and carried off Mallory and Minnie Ida Adams and lifted the two to the broad gay surface of one of the doll booths. Then the prize was awarded and Mallory's little heart danced for joy. Everybody applauded and said Mallory ought to have a prize too, for the coral silk and pantalettes were most unusual!

But when Mallory was lifted down from the booth she ran right to Jane with the prize in her hand.

"I, I think it's lovely, Jane," she said, "but I've been thinking. I'm not going to make the gold piece into a brooch. I'm going to spend it, if Mother and Father say yes. I've been thinking about it; we all worked so hard for the bazaar, you and Miss Weed, Mother, and your mother, and everybody. I'm going to have a party with the prize. It'll be Minnie Ida's party and you and Baby Edith will come; and the little girl who won the raffle and got the old wax doll, and Miss Weed and *everybody!*"

Jane smiled. "It's ever so lovely to do that, Mallory," she sighed happily. "But I think you ought to keep it."

"I'd like to share it," Mallory returned, "and that way I can."

When Miss Weed, Mother, Mrs. Taylor, Jane, Baby Edith, Mallory, Minnie Ida, and George were all in the automobile being driven back to the various homes where they lived, all agreed what a splendid success the Doll Exhibition was. They said how fine it was that everything had sold so well. They were delighted that there was such a profit over all the expenses incurred and joyous over the big check that was to go to The Fresh Air Fund.

Then Mallory told about her plan for Minnie Ida Adams' party and asked if Mother would please say yes



Mother did! She proposed that they should have a picnic at the beach. It was just like her to think of such a plan.

Excursion boats came up from the city to a nearby grove where there was also a stretch of sandy beach and a cluster of rocks. This would be ideal for the picnic party. As for the guests, what did Mallory say to asking some real Fresh Air children up from the city to the picnic?

The very thing. Mallory would send the gold piece down to the city and tell the people there to send up as many little poor city children as the money would bring upon the excursion steamer. Those who had helped with the Doll Show would help with the picnic. Mallory hugged Jane and Jane hugged Mallory. Both fairly squealed with joy in anticipation of the plan. It should be arranged after the Fourth of July sometime and as soon as possible, of course.

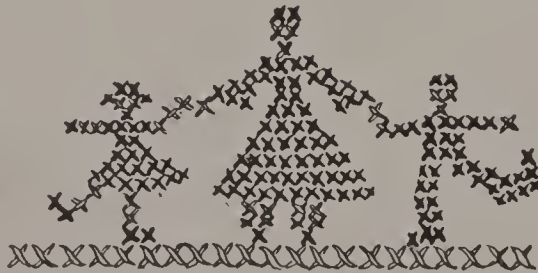
The automobile stopped at Miss Weed's to leave her at home with her precious Cornelia. Then they had to take Jane and Mother home with Baby Edith. It was a very sleepy, happy little Mallory that undressed dear Minnie Ida a half hour later and laid her in the wooden cradle up in the attic playhouse for the night.

When she had kissed her, she tucked her up and left her, going slowly down the attic stairs in the long twilight of summertime. The robins had long ago flown away

from the nest at the head of the stairs. It was time to go to sleep. Mallory went to kiss Father goodnight and to be congratulated by him and to give Mother her good-night hug. It had all been perfect.

Now there was to be a picnic: why, Minnie Ida Adams had probably never seen a real picnic. It was one of the things that must have happened since her time. Well, Minerva Ida Adams should surely go to this picnic and find out what fun picnics really were; at the beach, there were merry-go-rounds, and a circle-swing, and a roller coaster!

The bazaar had cleared five hundred dollars! Mallory herself had made \$26.15 with grabs; Jane, \$22.50 with the flowers!



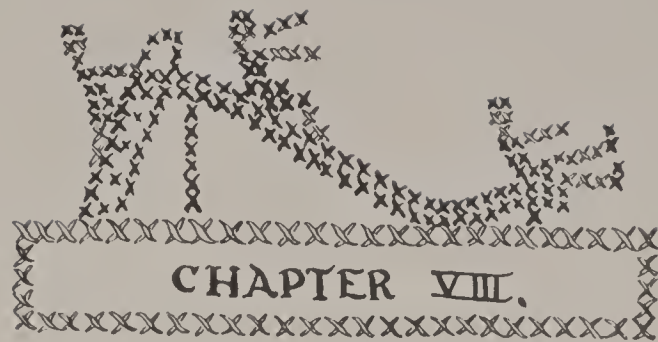




Minerva Ida Adams  
wins the gold piece!







CHAPTER VIII.

THE PICNIC

The bazaar money was sent to The Fresh Air Fund. With it went the invitation for the Roton Point Picnic and the request that the society send upon the excursion boat as many little children as the prize gold piece would bring up to the beach. They were to spend a happy day outdoors upon the sands as guests of Mallory.

The society wrote back that they wanted to thank all those who had contributed through the bazaar to the Fresh Air Fund and that they much appreciated the generous gift as well as the invitation for the children's picnic. They wrote that they would send up forty children and two ladies with them and that they would come up to Roton Point upon *The Serius* which was booked for an excursion on the thirteenth of July.

Later the date had to be changed to the end of the month as one of the ladies had been called out of town to take away another party of children for a ten-day vacation on a farm.

Mallory and Jane found it hard to wait. Yet there was always the picnic to talk about. And there was always

the picnic to plan for; what games might be played, also what everybody might take. The two went daily to bathe at The Country Club, and Baby Edith and Minnie Ida went with them. The two dolls had to stay in the car with George since bath houses were wet and it was only a precaution not to spot Minnie Ida's elegant black silk which was still her going-out dress. Minnie Ida had, of course, never known such a place as a country club in her days. At that time the Sewing Society which met around at its members' houses and made a quilt for the parson's donation party was the most important form of recreation that there was, aside perhaps from a sailing party on the water.

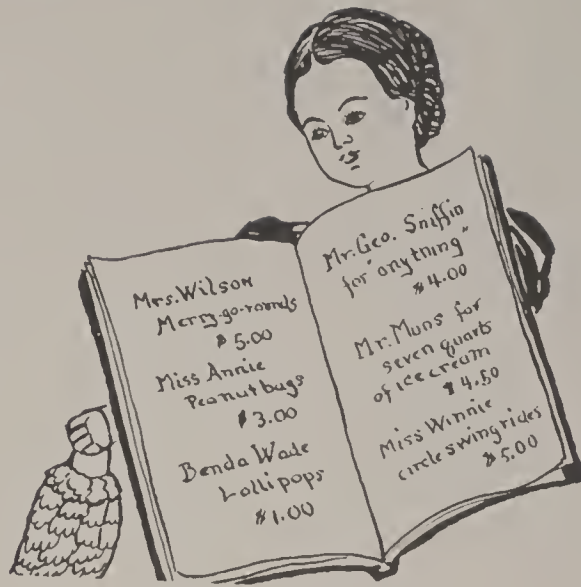
Minnie Ida no doubt enjoyed the time she spent watching the people at The Country Club, sitting with Baby Edith upon the back seat of the car while George read a magazine and waited for the children to have their swim. Sometimes, after the two were dressed again, Minnie Ida would go and sit on the warm sands with them for a while under a gay Japanese umbrella.

Everybody knew Minerva Ida Adams and found her quaint and interesting. Most of them had heard of her having taken the prize at the Doll Bazaar which they knew she was going to give for a picnic for the little poor children in the city.

Often when people came to speak with Miss Adams



sitting with Jane, and Mallory, and Baby Edith under the big gay Japanese umbrella, they asked her if they might not contribute something to her picnic fund by way of candy or ice cream; or some money for the poor children to ride upon the merry-go-round, or circle-swing, or roller coaster. Or, perhaps, might she not like to buy them peanuts or tin pails or shovels to use for sand play?



*Donations for the picnic*

Somebody was always suggesting something like this to dear Miss Adams. And Miss Adams always welcomed it with gratitude and polite thanks. She wore a little bag that Mallory had crocheted and in this was a little purse that had once belonged to Mallory. Father kept the money for Mallory. Evenings, he jotted it down in a little book. It looked very business-like as a record:

Mrs. Wilson, for merry-go-round rides. . . . .	\$5.00
Miss Annie James, for peanut bags. . . . .	3.00
Benda Wade, for lollipops. . . . .	1.00
Mr. George Sniffin, for "anything" . . . . .	4.00
Mr. Muns, for seven quarts of ice-cream. . . . .	4.50
Miss Winnie Means, for circle-swing rides. . . . .	5.00

Meanwhile, the days rapidly passed with many good

times. The attic was rather too warm for play except on rainy days. These came but seldom in July except after heavy storms. Yet Jane and Mallory, Baby Edith and dear Minnie Ida Adams played upon the rocks and in the garden. And mostly, they played house, as usual. The toy-box had never been found at all; it had just gone and nobody knew where. Father had recovered fifteen dollars for its loss. The movers had paid that.

Mallory was at the time so tremendously interested in the bazaar that she had wanted to buy the grabs for the grab bag with it. So Father had consented.

There was no need to have toy furniture when there was that happy playhouse up under the eaves by the window that looked off over the lawn. The wooden cradle was a most delightful resting place for Minnie Ida at night. Always, Mallory undressed her and laid her in there. She never forgot, nor was she ever too sleepy to undress Minnie and put her to bed.

Sometimes, if it was too warm up in the attic, Minnie would sleep downstairs with Mallory; sometimes, too, she would go over with Mallory to spend the night at Jane's. And then she had a most wonderful white-enamel doll bed to use while Baby Edith slept upon an improvised pillow.

Really, as days went by, one could almost feel that Minerva Ida Adams was getting more and more modern.

If she still preferred the attic with its old-fashioned furniture, yet it seemed she did not protest when modern things came her way.

But she often saw the humor of it all. As one looked at her, there would be a light in her dark eyes and a faint curve of polite smile suppressed. Minnie Ida never laughed at people or things that were not those to which she had been accustomed. Her behavior was always sincerely polite and always considerate for the feelings of others who might not look at things as she had been taught to when she was still a young doll.

Perhaps that was one reason why everybody was so truly fond of Minnie Ida Adams: she was always quiet but always a real friend. If Mallory ever was naughty, she might read disapproval of disobedience or pained grievance at bad behavior in dear Minnie Ida's brown eyes though with it there was always a shining light of love that said: "I love you, Mallory, even though you *were* naughty; I know you truly want to do right. Kiss me and we will stand together and be truly good. I am all yours."

It was strange that all this should be so—yet it was. Minnie Ida did not seem like a mere doll. She seemed



*Minerva looked like a modern doll in her new dress*



like a person. She was a person to Jane and Mallory. In fact she often seemed alive to Father and Mother though they smiled about it. They always played up to the part that Mallory and Jane took.

When it drew near the time for the picnic at the beach, Minnie Ida Adams asserted herself too. It was more than evident that she had fully set her heart upon wearing the best elegant black silk to the picnic party. And, of course, her calico wrapper was not at all the thing. The blue wool Minnie declared to be much too warm. No, there was only the black silk to wear.

“You should make her a dress,” Jane suggested. “She really ought not to wear her best dress. She ought not to——”

“Well, what shall I make?” asked Mallory. Somehow, nothing so well fitted Minnie Ida as her elegant best black silk. One could see she felt badly at not being allowed to wear it.

But as Jane was going to have a new pink gingham made for the eventful day, and as Mallory was having her pongee made over and lengthened, it seemed only right that something should be made for Minnie Ida that should especially fit the great occasion.

Jane had decided against taking Baby Edith. She was afraid that the little poor children would want to make her talk too much: Baby Edith’s inside talking gear had

lasted wonderfully for thirty years—"Think of Mother's having her and then my getting her to play with too," Jane would say. "I have to be careful. I'm terribly afraid the elastics on her are getting bad. And if so, she will have to go to the doll hospital and be restrung. If all those children wanted to keep on hearing her say 'Mama' and 'Papa' it would be hard for her to refuse. I might break her."

It did seem a wise thing to leave Baby Edith at home and Mother even believed it would be better were Mallory to leave Minnie Ida at home too. "There'll be so much going on," Mother urged. "You won't want to bother with a doll, dear!"

But Mallory almost cried. "Why, Mother," she protested. "It's her party. It all came from her prize; and she never has seen a merry-go-round, or a circle-swing, or a roller-coaster!"

"Deary, maybe she would be happier to stay home: she might not approve of such frivolous things!" Mother laughed.

"She *does*," protested Mallory. "She likes new things, Mother. She isn't half as old-fashioned and set in her ways as you think. She wants to go and see things. Besides that, it's really *all* her doings. If she hadn't been in the attic that day, Miss Weed would not have seen her; if Miss Weed had not seen her, Cornelia would not have

asked us over; if Cornelia had not asked us over, there probably would have been no Doll Bazaar for The Fresh Air Fund; if there had been no bazaar, there would have been no prize and if there had been no prize, there would have been no picnic! It's *her* picnic. I want to take her."

There was no disputing it. Mother even had to admit that Minerva Ida Adams seemed to like modern things and *might* like the thrill of a dip in the roller-coaster even though Mother did not herself approve of roller-coasters at all. And Mother also said that merry-go-round caliope music was the noisiest music possible. Mallory said Mother was the one who was old-fashioned. Mother replied that she no doubt was but anyway, she said if Minnie wanted to go and see and hear, she should.

Moreover, Mother gave Mallory a whole yard of pretty sprigged muslin to make Minnie a dress for the picnic. It had moss-rosebuds printed upon it and seemed the very thing. Mother helped Mallory to make a dress that was halfway between yesterday and today, feeling that dear Minnie, in the environment of circle-swings and merry-go-rounds would like to feel at home.

It was made long like Minnie's other dresses to cover her long pantalettes. It had a very full skirt that seemed in style. But it did not have modern bloomers or long straight waist; it was conservative like Minerva Ida Adams herself. It had a high neck and long sleeves. And Mal-



lory tied a chain of beads around Minnie's neck. She looked almost modern. Jane said she hardly knew her.

However, Mallory was not so much concerned, now the dress was made. All was well. There was only the general plan of the picnic party to think about now. The children were to arrive from the city about noon and were to be met at the pier. That seemed all settled. They were not to come unless the day was a good day. Were it stormy or rainy, it would be postponed to the very next and, were there doubt, the society would telegraph.

From the boat, the children should be taken to the grove and those who wished might then go in bathing or wading. Miss Weed, Mrs. Taylor and Mother would be on the watch. The gentleman who had bought *Mustard Pickles* at the Bazaar, having heard of the picnic, offered his services to watch out for the boys and said he would be glad to conduct some outdoor sports. Besides this, he gave generously to Miss Adams' little purse and increased the fund for the merry-go-round.

There were plain cakes, sandwiches, bananas, ginger cookies, and no end of good things that one might eat without suffering a stomach ache after. Everybody was to have ice-cream, not just a little cone but a big-sized saucerful!

The picnic was to be laid upon a table in the grove and Mallory and Jane had selected the fancy paper napkins

that had pictures of boats and fish and shells printed in gay colors. There were paper plates too; and everybody was to have a big paper cup of milk to drink.

After the picnic, the little ones were to have a quiet nap but the older ones were to go on the merry-go-round, the circle-swing, the roller-coaster. Afterwards, the little ones were to be taken while *Mr. The-Gentleman-Who-Bought-Mustard-Pickles* for his little four-year old son, was to conduct the outdoor sports. For prizes, Mallory and Jane bought little souvenirs of the beach. They were just little things that boys and girls would like. Some were just small boxes of candy.

The day before the picnic it *poured!* It poured so hard that Jane could not come over and Mallory had to spend the morning up under the eaves in the attic playhouse all alone. She had only the companionship of dear Minnie Ida Adams who sat in a chair facing the little window and looked dolefully out of the nearest pane of glass, gazing upon a wet, wet landscape that had no need at all of a fountain. The gravel walks were like brooks running between the shores of green lawn that bordered them! Supposing that tomorrow were such a day?

Mallory tried to paint. She dipped a brush into the color-box that lay on the table and tried to paint a paper doll's dress. But, invariably, her eyes left the paper-doll's dress and went with her thoughts outdoors. She searched the leaden skies for a trace of letup. There was none.



*The day before the picnic it poured and poured*

Down upon the attic roof came the thud-thud-thud of sweeping rain torrents. Usually, Mallory liked to be up there safely out of the rain, yet very much in it because of its noisy talk. Today, she longed to have the clatter upon the roof above her stop short. But it did not.

The day was a long one—even though about four Mother brought up a tray and she and Mallory, and Minnie Ida had tea. Instead of tea for Mallory there was cambric tea. Minnie Ida had that also. And the three nibbled bread and butter cut into thin slices, cookies and salted nuts.

Then, as the rain was making the attic really gloomy—Mother took Mallory and Minnie Ida downstairs and read aloud a good storybook till time to dress for dinner.



Mother was most comforting; she said she somehow felt sure it would be a clear day tomorrow because the skies simply wouldn't have any rain at all left after such a very rainy day as this!

At night when Jane looked from her little bedroom window it seemed unpromising. And when Mallory stood at her own, the darkness and the rain in the garden looked as if the skies might hold plenty more to come. She lay awake listening for a long time. Then, finally, she fell asleep. It was still to the patter-patter of raindrops that she drowsed off into dreamland.

But when she woke: ah, there was a day such as comes rarely. It was just exactly the right kind; clear, without wind, and yet a fine little soft breeze. The sky showed not a trace of a cloud that could possibly turn into a thunderhead. If Mallory had ordered the day for Minnie Ida's picnic, she could not have received a more perfect day. Oh joy!

Such a warble of song as came from the bathroom while Mallory dressed. Even the loud running of the bath faucet could not drown it. Yes, Mallory was happy, very happy. Breakfast was a mere incident. Then came the basket-packing and George carried all the things down to the beach. Jane arrived, also Miss Weed and the gentleman who had bought *Mustard Pickles*. He had an older little boy with him. His name was Bobby. But Bobby

was shy towards little girls and he clung to his father. Mallory and Jane did their best; he would not even speak to Minnie Ida Adams but turned his back. He said he did not play dolls.

Finally, it was eleven and George came back with the car. And Mrs. Taylor, Mother, Miss Weed, Mallory, Jane and Minnie Ida all climbed into the car. The gentleman and Father and the little boy who didn't like dolls went in another car.

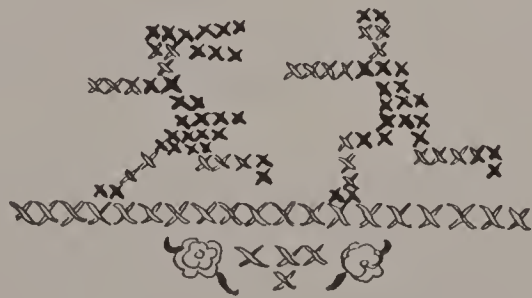
They were off! The picnic had started. Upon the boat plying up the Sound there were forty expectant little Fresh Air children coming toward Roton Point Grove—Chug-chug-chug! The steamer's wheel plunged through Long Island Sound and left a trail of white wake behind.

Meanwhile the two cars sped over the smooth macadam toward the beach. Up hill they went, around the curve by the powerhouse, and on to the salt meadows which showed vivid green beside the marshes where the tide was slowly lapping its way.

As they reached Roton Point Pleasure Park, in the dim distance Mallory and Jane spied just a faint trail of smoke upon the horizon, far away. It was the boat! But how surprisingly fast it came! On board the forty little children—to say nothing of the rest of the crowd—strained their eyes toward the shore. "There it is," they cried. "That's it—over there!"

Almost before one could realize it, the steamer *Serius* was tooting and the men on the wharf were getting ready the ropes. And Mallory and Jane were jumping up and down because they simply could not keep still. Minnie Ida Adams, in Mallory's arms, was forced to jump up and down too; she was probably so excited that she didn't know what was happening any more than Mallory did.

Then the gang-plank was put in place and the very first thing forty boys and girls from the Fresh Air Society soberly followed their two lady conductors upon shore. But if they did not dance for joy, it was only because they were upon their very best behavior. No sooner had they shaken hands than they just fairly set up a cheer and rushed pell-mell toward the grove while everybody ran with them, talking as fast as possible and trying to keep up.







CHAPTER IX.

THE CALAMITY

The steamer *Serius* carried an unusually large excursion that day.

With the children came others who had bought regular excursion tickets as had the Society for the Fresh Air Children. There were mothers with very tiny babies and oh, ever so many toddlers. As one looked, one marveled that one mother could keep track of so many small children all at once. But their eyes shone and they made for the sun upon the beach where, very soon, everybody was digging holes in the sand, everybody who could dig!

All the babies merely cooed and had to be stopped from trying to put sand into their mouths or prevented from swallowing clamshells. The safest thing was for them to sit upon ample laps under beach shelters while the toddlers gabbled delightedly and picked up gay pebbles that the tide had made into bright jewels.

As for Mallory and Minnie Ida's party of youngsters, the boys soon were off to the bathing pavilion to rush into

bathing suits. The boys paid no attention at all to Minerva Ida Adams. It was to be doubted if they really saw her at all for there were so many other things that were fairly screaming for attention—the boats, the beach, the peanut-stands and the booths where one could shoot or watch others take aim at dolls. “I didn’t know ’twas going to be like this! Snookie, come on quick! Here’s your ticket for the bathhouse and don’t you lose it. They won’t be handing out any more!”

The boys were gone in a flash of joy as soon as Mallory had handed out the tickets, standing beside Mother with Minnie Ida under her arm. Mallory just couldn’t make Minnie Ida give out the tickets as she had carefully planned: the doll was in the way. But still Mallory clung to her, running to the group of girls already occupied with the playground slide.

“Anybody here want to go in bathing?” Mallory inquired, handing Minnie over to Jane. “It’s my doll’s party, you know. It’s my doll who started it.”

But the girls had no thought of dolls: to them in the new wonders of the slide and bathhouse tickets, Minerva Ida Adams simply did not exist at all. If they saw her, they forgot at once. To them, it was Mallory’s picnic. They had greeted her; they had shaken hands and told her their names; they thanked her for the tickets and Mallory’s doll passed immediately from their memory.



*The steamer Serius*

Yet, Minnie Ida did not mind. She was surely glad that the children were having the time of their lives. She did not want to go down the playground slide for then she would have endangered the new sprigged muslin and shown far too much of pantalettes to have been proper. To slide down a playground slide you must wear bloomers and be a little girl in a stout gingham dress!

So Mother said she would take Minnie Ida with her and that Minnie Ida would doubtless prefer to remain under the shade of the trees with Miss Weed. It gave Mallory a chance to play with the little girls who did not care to use the bathhouse tickets at once.

She and Jane soon asked their names. There was Carrie Palinski and Mamie Fifer. There was Gertrude Sniffin, Helen Sniffin, Minna Sniffin. There was Emma Gluckstein and Rosalie Gluckstein. There was poor thin little Sadie Parillo who surely looked as if the outdoor sunshine of the beach would do her a world of good.



Sadie lived in a tenement down in lower New York on the East Side. She was just getting well from something and had been in the hospital a long time; but now she was ever so much better. "I'm glad I could come here," she beamed, laughing with sad little dark-circled eyes into Mallory's own happy blue eyes. "It isn't like playing in the street. My, but I wish we could stay here in the country forever!"

Although Mallory learned all the names and thought she remembered them, at once she forgot them. All she could remember was Sadie's queer name and Mamie Fifer. She called them "you" and got on famously that way at first. Little girls don't need to know other little girls' names when they play puss-in-the-corner or wade along the shore with skirts pinned up high with safety-pins and get their bloomers wet with water that comes most unexpectedly to splash them.

From the water came joyous shouts as Aron Isaacs plunged head first into the blue water to show how well he could swim. Angelo Parillo watched, dipping his feet in the safe shallow waters and then he ducked gloriously when he pretended to swim. And Abram Gluckstein called out: "Watch me, boys. I'll do a stunt!" And he proceeded to splash like a churning paddle wheel and do nothing worth watching at all.

The other boys just laughed at him and joked happily,



Some of the children went wading

crying: “*That* isn’t anything. We can do *that* in the city when the hose is turned on in the street for us down in the city! Why don’t you swim? Say, Abram, let’s see you stay under. Watch *me* stay under. I can keep my eyes open. You can’t!” So it went. The boys were exceedingly happy, grinning, cheering, splashing, swimming, basking in the glare of the warm summer sun on the hot sands, sunning their white skins in a desire to “get some tan.”

Meanwhile Mrs. Taylor and Mother, Miss Weed and Mallory began to think that it was getting near to lunch time. Jane and Mallory came back to the grove to be unpinned and to help. Their dresses were mussed, their hair was ruffed up by wind and their faces and hands were sandy.

Hurriedly they put on stockings and shoes for they were very anxious to arrange the plates and help with the picnic party. Miss Weed had to go and tell the Mustard

Pickle gentleman to call the boys in out of the water. Mallory never could seem to remember his name though it was only Mr. Williamson.

Although the boys didn't want to come out of the water they finally did, calling: "Eats! Come on and get into your clothes. The scoutmaster's calling!" And twenty reluctant boys went padding along the bathhouse planks dripping as they went, or lingered under the shower, or carried pails of water in which to dabble sandy feet.

The girls who had ventured out as far as their depth would permit turned toward the bathhouse too, saying: "My, I'm hungry, aren't you? Don't you hope the merry-go-round'll start soon? I can hardly wait to go on that roller-coaster, can you? It's just like what I saw in Coney when I was taken on a Sunday School party."

Mallory hurried with the plates and Jane with the napkins. There were the other things to put upon tables also; sandwiches, olives, cold meat, hardboiled eggs, paper cups, cake, fruit. Miss Weed, Mrs. Taylor and Mother were ever so busy bringing packages out of hampers. The two ladies who had come with the party of children ran off to hasten the dressing. The stray children from the further rocks who had not gone in bathing were still paddling about in search of clam shells. "Look what I found!" called one little girl, holding up a horseshoe crab by its long pointed tail. "I am going to take it



home to my brother. Do we have to go and eat? Seems as if we'd just come."

But they went. In a body they descended upon the tables under the trees in the grove. Their eyes danced at the sight of so many many good things spread out. "Can I help you to pass around things?" they volunteered. "Let me carry that pail. Oh, my, it's *lemonade!*"

Mr. Williamson laughed; Miss Weed laughed; Mother and Mrs. Taylor laughed; Jane and Mallory laughed; the Parillos laughed; the Glucksteins laughed joyously. Everybody finally sat down and proceeded to do full justice to the good food.

When the icecream came, Isaac disgraced the fellows because he actually scraped his saucer after a second helping. Mamie Fifer had to get up and run around the table in order to eat more cake. And the little girl who had saved the horseshoe crab for her brother did up a slice of chocolate layer cake to carry home to her brother. And when Mother heard about it, she said not to save the cake for she would fix up a box to go home to Jimmie.

Just then the merry-go-round's calliope started to toot. Forty heads turned toward it and looked back at the two ladies who had charge of them. Mother said:

"But ought they to go on it so soon after eating?"

Miss Brown replied, "I think it's all right."

The merry-go-round was at that very minute going to

start again. "Whee— Come along! Oh, my, I'm a-going to ride the lion!"

"That's no lion. *That's* a tiger! Don't you know a tiger, you simpleton!"

The children were falling wildly over the big wooden animals. "I got here first, Abram! That's *my* horse! Go get another yourself. There's a white one!"

The horses were all taken; the lions and the tigers were filled with riders; the little girls overflowed into gilded chariots; Sadie Parillo asked to be strapped upon a tall-necked giraffe. "He has a skyscraper neck," she giggled as the strap was fastened by Mr. Williamson. "Please, what's his name? I never saw such an animal but I went to Central Park once."

She clung tightly to the yellow giraffe's neck and declared that she wouldn't get dizzy. She could not be induced to get into a chariot. Mallory and Jane on camels flourished their swords ready to catch the brass ring, if possible. "Tootle-te-tum-doodle-dee," sang the calliope and around went the forty children with Mallory and Jane. Mr. Williamson would not leave Sadie Parillo because he was afraid of Sadie's getting suddenly dizzy. "Tootle-te-tootle-tee-tum-de-doo," sang the calliope and the forty whizzed past the brass ring in its wooden slot. Ah, Isaac got it! Another ride for Isaac! Great!

Some lingered to watch. There would be other rides





Tony gets the brass ring!





as everybody had four tickets. But Isaac took another on the brass ring and Sadie Parillo tried a gallant black charger with flowing mane. Mr. Williamson stood near by and his little boy who did not play dolls was mounted on a green dragon. Ou-o! Tootle-te-too-toodle-dum-dee! They were started again, Sadie Parillo so bold as to try for the brass ring.

Where was dear Minerva Ida Adams who should have been there? Had Mallory actually forgotten? She felt a traitor for surely she had not once remembered dear Minnie since the time that she had given her into Mother's charge. "Oh, Jane," she gasped as they went down the roller-coaster with a swoop and a dive, "I haven't brought my Minnie Ida!"

"I forgot her," gasped Jane as the roller-coaster went scudding around a curve and slid toward its home goal.

"I had better get her," suggested Mallory.

"You might drop her out," cautioned Jane. "You have to hang on tight."

"Oh, dear! Well, we'll play she *has* been on," Mallory decided, ready to play anything that was pretend and more than ready to try another dive upon the Dip-the-Dip. Some of the boys were off for the circle-swing and the shooting-gallery. Some of the girls were standing around the booths where big gaudy Kewpie dolls were prizes for hitting ten wooden pins. "My! Wish I had one!"

But Minnie Ida's tastes were evidently old-fashioned for she liked the quiet of the shady grove and stayed with Mrs. Taylor, Mother, and Miss Weed. They were packing up the left-overs so that they might be carried back by the boat when it returned with the children to the city. It went back at four. As yet nobody thought of going back. There were still the booths to visit, popcorn and peanuts and icecream cones to eat.

Everybody was busy using up tickets. The boys and girls who were trying the outdoor sports under Mr. Williamson's supervision were awaiting the signal to start the potato-race! "One! Two! Three—and go!" The potato race was going, potatoes falling out of arms that tried to hold them. There was the winner. Isaac got there first! His prize was a tin horn that he at once began to blow vigorously.

Next Gertrude and Minnie Sniffin won the girls' two-legged race and each received a big brilliant Kewpie doll—one purple and one yellow. They were wonderful to carry home even though they didn't play dolls.

It reminded Mallory that Minnie Ida *must* see the sports, at least. She stood with her on the edge of the crowd—but, of course, nobody noticed the queer old doll for everybody was intent on seeing who would win the hundred-yard dash.

The sports came to an end with everybody very happy



and warm. It was well to go after the ice cream cones and cool off. The littlest children drifted to the beach to dig with bright red and blue sand pails and tin shovels. The boys disappeared to watch the men fishing on the pier and to use their boat tickets under Mr. Williamson's charge. The ladies watched the children in the playground to see that they did not get hurt or swing too high in the swings. Mother and Mrs. Taylor sat chatting with them under the trees in the grove and the girls thought they would like to find some shells to carry home. So Mallory and Jane ran after them with dear Minnie.

The girls were far ahead, though. It was much too hot to run. "We can't catch up," Jane said. "Oh, dear!"

"You know, Jane, nobody ever noticed Minnie," said Mallory. "They were all so busy I don't think one of them really saw her!"

"But she saw them," answered Jane. "And I know they were having such a wonderful time that they couldn't think of anything else! How could they? Probably they never were at any beach but Coney Island. I'm glad they had the picnic. They'll surely talk of nothing else for a long time."

"Yes," nodded Mallory, "I'm glad we had the picnic. Let's follow the girls over to the rocks there." They ran along the rim of the water where the tide was now beginning to go out. The ripples caught at their sandals and

wet the soles. There was a cool sea breeze that had sprung up.

How fast the time went. They had hardly gone a very little way when Mother called to them not to go too far as it was getting near half past three. The ladies called also to ask that they would tell the girls to come back to the grove in ten minutes. They waved, "Yes."

Right then the two came upon the little Parillo girl who was building a sand castle. She and one of the Gluckstein girls were just sitting there. They were near the rocks where the sun made a pleasant shade. Mallory sat down and Jane too. They watched the building. Mallory put dear Minnie upon a rock where she might rest.

Not far off was one of the women who had come upon the Benefit Excursion upon *The Serius*. She had a baby girl of about four and a little baby boy even smaller. And she even carried a baby in her arms. The children seemed fretful and tired. There was another woman with other little ones close by. Their conversation drifted toward Mallory and Jane.

"Wish'd I had something to keep the young ones from crying," said one. "Spent all the money I brought. Have just carfare when we get home. My little girl wanted one of the Kewpie dolls. But I can't buy it."

"Sorry," answered the other. "I spent mine on the chances or I would lend you the money."

Meanwhile Jane and Mallory, forgetting the promise to Mother which they had meant to remember, built a foundation for a rival sand-castle to that of the little Parillo girl and the little Gluckstein girl.

What was that? Too-toot-toooo! The whistle of *The Serius!* Mallory suddenly remembered. She jumped to her feet. "Oh, Jane—run and tell the girls!" she called. "They're 'way off there!"

But Jane was running as hard as she could go and was ahead. They forgot all about Minnie Ida! Anyway, she would be all right, Mallory suddenly considered, but could not stop. She and Jane must get to the girls and head them homeward to the grove without delay.

The group of girls had divided into two sections. Jane ran toward one and Mallory to the other. As they reached there, the second boat whistle came. "Quick! Quick! Run for the grove," shouted Mallory and Jane to their charges. "There's no time to lose! It's the second whistle. The boat's going!"

Picking up their treasures, the girls darted ahead pell-mell to the grove. Mallory and Jane followed. They came to the rocks. Mallory went to pick up Minnie but Minerva Ida Adams was not there at *all!* The two hovered around for a moment searching; she had been *there!* She was gone, *gone!* There was no use to hunt any more. Some boys were playing near. They said they hadn't seen any doll, just a little girl with a big Kewpie doll.





*Minerva Ida Adams was gone*

“It wasn’t a Kewpie.” Mallory began to cry. But Jane urged her on the way to the grove. “We’ll find her,” Jane insisted, ready for tears herself.

When they reached the grove, Mother had not seen her but she said she felt sure all would be well. She urged Mallory to keep the tears back. “You can tell the children,” she said. “Tell them to look on the boat. Perhaps someone picked her up thinking she did not belong to anybody. If she is on the boat, you’ll get her back. She may be here in the grove or turned in at the Lost and Found room in the pavilion.”

So Jane and Mallory ran hither and thither telling the girls and the boys. They said they’d be sure to watch out and find her if she were carried upon the boat by anybody. But none of them remembered at all what Minnie Ida was

like for they had never really noticed her. They had been thinking of many other things when in the grove.

Hurriedly the ladies gathered together their charges. Everybody said what a grand time they had had. Everybody thanked the entertainers heartily. All grasped bags of lunch, shells and prizes. The whole party with Mother, Mrs. Taylor, Miss Weed, Mr. Williamson and Mallory and Jane moved to the gang plank. Hardly had the visitors got on board when the men began to unloosen ropes and pull up the gang-plank. They all disappeared into the crowd.

But no sight of Minnie on board. As the steamer moved out, the little Parillo girl hung over the edge of the rail. "I looked everywhere!" she shouted through cupped hands to Mallory below upon the pier. "I—don't see her! I—don't—think—she's *here!*"

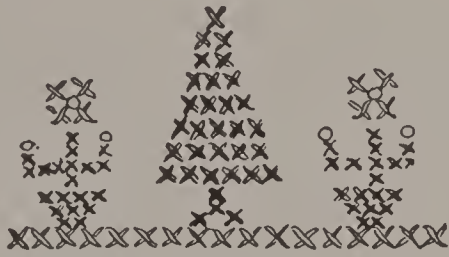
Mallory fluttered her handkerchief. She got the words but could not answer. Soon the steamer *Serius* with its trail of smoke and its white wake was far off down the Sound going to New York City.

The picnic party turned back to the grove. Mr. Williamson went everywhere hunting, questioning. No Minerva Ida Adams at all. Nor had anybody noticed her.

Mother and Mrs. Taylor looked serious. Mallory and Jane, numbed and frightened, half-crying in little dry sobs, ran wildly to the rocks again. Nobody had seen a doll. Minerva Ida Adams had disappeared!

There was absolutely nothing but to get into the car and go home. Mr. Williamson said he had telephoned to the newspaper from a telephone booth. Somebody would see the advertisement he had sent and perhaps bring back the doll.

Where was Minerva Ida Adams, the dear precious doll that Mallory had found in the attic at the big white house? Where was the doll that Jane and Mallory so loved?







CHAPTER X.

FATHER'S TREAT

Alas for Minerva Ida Adams! Alas, alas for little Mallory! As the days followed the eventful picnic party at Roton Point Pleasure Park, no word came except a picture postal card of very vivid coloring. It came from Sadie Parillo to Mallory and was written in careful child-handwriting:

*Dear Friend I hope you found your doll. I and Angelo went all over the boat that trip back. There were nothing but Kewpie dolls that we saw like those in the booths. Angelo and I asked lots of children if they had seen any old doll but nobody had.*

The writing grew smaller as the card was filled. It trailed off even into the careful margin with:

*You were good to us. We had a grand time. We are well hoping you are the same. With love,  
Sadie Parillo.*

Later came a postal from Angelo:

*Dear Friend I write to say I did my level best to find that doll. We boys are sorry we couldn't get it for you. Hope you got it back. It's hot here. Wish I was at Roton. Angelo.*

"Well, then," declared Mother, "Minnie Ida was probably taken by somebody else. I'm sorry, dear! Father will buy you a new doll, a very fine big new doll."

But Mallory did not want a new doll. She wanted Minerva Ida Adams. Who was there to play with in the attic now? Mallory did not want to play in the attic by the window that looked out over the lawn. It seemed as empty as the old robins' nest, long ago deserted.

Father bought Mallory a puppy—brown and curly, round and fat. He had a little funny bark; he was only six weeks old and had to be taken care of carefully and covered up at night. He followed Mallory everywhere and even insisted on getting up on the quilt of the four-poster where Mallory slept.

But he was not her beloved doll and Mallory wanted Minnie Ida. She wanted her back quite as much as anybody could long for a friend who had gone away. She wanted Minnie though she had stopped crying and the loss was only a dull ache. And Jane wanted her too. Baby Edith had had to go to the Doll Hospital to be restrung. There was no more playing house upon the rocks or in the summer houses.



*Tylo the pup*

Only two people telephoned about the doll, in answer to the newspaper advertisement. Both were ladies who wanted to know if Mallory had yet found her. Though Father even put an advertisement in a city paper, nothing came of it. Two weeks went by; three weeks passed; a fourth week. Miss Weed came over with Cornelia and offered to give her to Mallory.

It was lovely of Miss Weed. But the tears started to Mallory's eyes and she sobbed out that there wasn't *any* doll she wanted but—Minnie.

Miss Weed hid Cornelia tactfully and took her home. Then Mallory was taken away by Mother and Father upon an automobile trip that was quite long and diverting. Mallory would look woebegone at times even though she had Jane with her and Tylo the dog had been allowed the privilege of going on the trip also.

Tylo was growing fast. He was getting more and more devoted to Mallory. Mallory was getting more and more devoted to *him*. But the loss of Minerva Ida Adams had made her always fearful of losing him too. She could not bear to let him out of her sight.



The automobile trip was fun; they stopped at new places all the time. There were brooks, hills, mountains, rivers; always new towns and new people at hotels. And the party went as far as the Tip-Top House on Mt. Washington. Mallory many times thought of dear lost Minnie and wondered what had become of her. She knew now that she had gone probably never to come back. How could she ever be found after all *this* time?

"I'll tell you what," Father suggested, trying to chase away a certain expression in Mallory's face that he and Mother knew how to read by now. "When we get back to the big white house on the hill——"

"What?" exclaimed Jane.

"Oh, Father," said Mallory.

"You wait!"

"What is it?" coaxed Jane.

"Oh, something very fine is going to happen. But Tylo won't like it."

"What, Father?"

"Well," said Father, "it's the nicest *ever*. I just thought of it!"

"Well, what?"

"It's a—secret!"

Tylo barked excitedly. "There," Jane cried. "He wants to know what he won't like."

"Oh, maybe he'll not mind so much. We'll give him a

bone. But you, Jane, you and I—Mallory needn't unless she *wants to*——”

“What? What, Father?” Mallory was interested. “Oh, you know I want to, if Jane and you are going to do something.”

“Father's joking,” put in Mother. The car was passing by a little district school upon a country road. Its session had already begun because it was after the first of September. “He's just joking,” she said. “I don't believe it's anything much. Maybe he means that you and Jane will soon be going to school. First of October'll soon be here!”

Jane and Mallory had been trying to forget that. Father was always joking. But they were to go daily to the same private school in town. George was to take them. It really was a very lovely school where there'd be lots of girls to know—new friends.

Yet Father insisted. “I'm not talking about school at all!” he declared as if hurt. “I'm going to take Jane, and Mallory—if she *wants to* go. We are going to go by train to New York. We are going to the finest toy shop that there is on Fifth Avenue! I'm going to buy Jane the nicest doll that there is in that shop! And if Mallory will condescend to come with us and leave Tylo to his bones, Mallory shall choose anything she wants in that shop if it doesn't cost one hundred dollars! Now what do you say to *that*?”

“How good you are,” said Mother. “How about me? Can’t I go along and buy a new suit? I shall need a fall suit. One hundred dollars will answer nicely for me too!”

But Father shook his head. “We aren’t going to do shopping,” he smiled. “We’re going on a regular toy picnic. And perhaps we’ll take in the Aquarium, Bronx Park, the Natural History Museum, *and* a play, to say nothing of a Fifth Avenue bus ride and the Metropolitan Museum if we have time. We’re going to look for a doll for Jane—and Mallory! If Mallory doesn’t want one, she can go along and help Jane buy *two!*”

“Oh, oh!” Jane exclaimed. “But Mallory’s got to have one. We’ll get twins. Oh, say we get twins, Mallory!”

Mallory warmed to the idea and laughed and said: “Maybe baby dolls with cunning little feet that we could put socks on.”

Then Mother took it up. “You’ll learn to knit baby socks, and baby jackets! That’ll be nice; and I dare say you can make a sweater too. You can knit me one for Christmas!”

And so the baby dolls began to be talked about a good deal, and whether or not they should have light hair, curly, or dark straight hair.

“Tylo will be jealous,” said Jane. “But you can give him bones and he’ll be contented. When you come back, you can bring him a new collar and a ball.”



"And he loves to play with balloons," Mallory suggested.

"But I haven't told you *all!*" Father said. "We are going to see if Sadie Parillo and Angelo can't go with us. Would you like that?"

"Oh! Oh! Father!"

"Oh, how perfectly splendid!"

"How about all the others?" asked Mother.

"Well, we'll arrange it somehow, some afternoon. We won't take them everywhere with us," Father explained, "but perhaps we can take them to some one place and give them a good time!"

"The forty!" ejaculated Mother. "Oh, not *all* the forty."

"Yes, Mrs. Deming," returned Father. "The whole forty! I *shall* do it!"

Mother sighed. "Well, it's your party," she laughed.

So Father's treat grew to be the Big Thing to plan for every day. Mallory learned to knit as soon as she reached home and Jane did too, so that the twin babies might be at once provided with afghans for doll carriages. Mallory's was pink and Jane's blue.

But as fate would have it Father had to go away immediately upon a most important business trip as soon as he got back to the big white house. He said he would give the Big Treat as soon as he came home. It was to be the week just before school opened.

It seemed as if Father never would come back, but in the meantime there was fun with Jane and Tylo, play and knitting in the summer house under the cedars. When finally he did come back Tylo was so excited that he barked and barked. Nobody could stop him till Jane found him a bone.

The next day Father and Jane and Mallory, all in their traveling best, started upon an early train to the city after Mother had made Father promise not to let the two have rich things to eat—and to be careful not to let them get too excited or tired.

The fact is, the two *were* not going to be tired; they were already pretty excited. Mallory had hugged Tylo and made George promise faithfully to see he didn't run away. She didn't want to lose him as she had Minerva Ida Adams. This time when she spoke of Minnie, she did not cry. Minerva Ida Adams was now a memory, a very dear and happy memory of something loved and cherished.

Then they boarded the train and went rushing toward the big city where Mallory had once lived. This time the train understood too for it had a voice again and as it traveled along Mallory said:

“Jane, what do you think the train says?”

Jane shook her head, her ear tuned to the echo of the train on its track. “I don't know. What?” she asked.

"It says," Mallory explained, "well, you listen. It says, 'Going to have a picnic. Going to have a picnic. Going to have a picnic.'"

When they went to the hotel in a taxi and left their bags, Father suggested the toy shop. There ought to be the twin babies at once, he said. Down Fifth Avenue they glided, past the Public Library that Jane had never before seen; past the wonderful shops; seeing the big beetle-like busses with top decks where people sat; stopping when the traffic officer raised his impressive gloved hand. Jane had never been to New York before—it was twice as much fun for Mallory for she had to show Jane *everything*. Then they came to the wonderful toy shop!

Oh, such dolls. Such bewitching ones. Dolls in red, blue, pink and yellow. And the baby dolls! Enthusiastically Jane and Mallory ran from this one to that. Father just stood by watching or saying he thought blue eyes were fine and yellow curls were beautiful!

The clerks grew very interested when they showed the dolls. They let the two little girls see everything. But Mallory could not quite decide.

"You know, Father dear," she explained in a whisper, "I keep remembering Minnie Ida. They're very unlike her. They aren't so real, so really alive!"

"You see," Father explained to the clerk, "my little daughter once had a dear old-fashioned doll that seemed truly alive to her. It was a loss; we want to find some-



thing very special—I wonder if you haven't some really true babies!" And he smiled.

The clerk thought a second then said, "Oh—I think I know what you mean. I'll show you something different."

She went away and came back. In her arms she held two real baby dolls. They *did* open and shut their eyes; they *did* cry. Those dolls went right into Mallory's outstretched arms; and into Jane's too. One had pink ribbons and the other blue.

"Jane," whispered Mallory when the clerk had taken Father's bill. "Let's do something."

"What?"

"Let's——"

"What?"

"Let's call mine 'Minnie' and yours 'Ida.'"

"Let's," returned Jane. And thus the twins were christened.

"No, thank you," said Father to the clerk. "We'll not have them wrapped. We'll take them right along. They are real, you see. You couldn't wrap a real baby up in paper, could you?"

The clerk laughed and said, "Surely not." Then the five—for there were the twins now—climbed into the taxi and went back to the hotel for dinner. It was a good dinner too—and Jane liked the music. The babies had to stay upstairs on Jane's and Mallory's bed. They went to sleep.



*She had two baby dolls that were so real*

“And where are we going this afternoon?” Mallory asked.

Father considered. “We’ll go to the Park,” he said.

“Oh, but how about all the other places you *said*?”

“There’s something I want to show you in the Park,” said Father. He didn’t say *what*. Jane and Mallory were ready for any frolic.

Once in the Park they stopped the taxi and got out where Father wanted. Who should be waiting but Sadie and Angelo Parillo, the Glucksteins, Isaac, Aron, Carrie Palinski, and Mamie Fifer.

Gertrude, Helen, and Minna Sniffin came racing: “My, but it’s nice to see you again,” they said. All the others echoed it. Mr. Williamson was there too. He and Father had kept a real secret and Mr. Williamson had come down and gathered the children together and brought them to

the Park. They had bags of peanuts. Sadie offered hers to Jane and Mallory.

"How about the Natural History Museum?" Father suggested. The children agreed. They took a path that ran along the Avenue, hoping to strike the cross path near the old reservoir. Jane had to see the obelisk anyway.

Oh, how much there was to say! And how Mallory laughed! When Sadie asked if the doll was ever found, Jane told about the twins, Minnie and Ida.

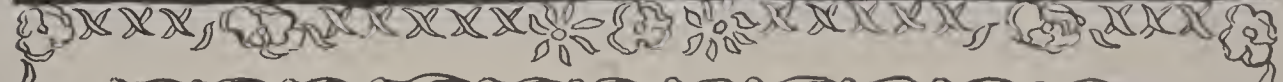
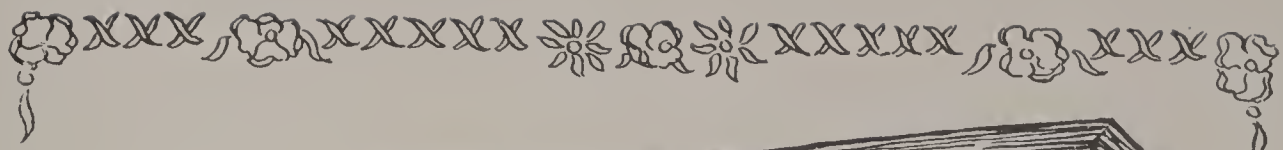
"But I shall always love dear Minerva Ida Adams," declared Mallory. "I have a new puppy too, Tylo. But I love Minerva Ida Adams. I always shall."

They changed the subject. Sadie felt that Mallory, even though the hurt was over, still felt a loss. And a lost doll to a little girl who loves her is a lost friend. So they chatted of many things while Father kept up a conversation with Aron and the boys. Mr. Williamson also added his bit to the general fun by way of jokes and more peanuts.

But when the party reached the obelisk, they found themselves right at the Museum, which Jane had never seen.

It was a free day. The party drifted in, awed by the beautiful hall that greeted them. Through the Egyptian Rooms they drifted wondering. Through the great Hall of Armor where the boys stood wide-eyed while Mr. Wil-





Minerva Ida Adams  
is found!



liamson and Father told about the Days of Chivalry and the big tournaments. On, on they went, up the stairs to see the pictures, stopping to call to each other in hushed voices when something especially appealed. But, mostly, the children were hushed and wonderingly silent, Mallory and Jane too. Oh, think of the many wonderful things all gathered here—the priceless treasures gathered from the Long Ago for the children of Today.

“I want to go all through, since we’re here, Father,” Mallory urged. “Come. Here’s another room. It isn’t pictures.” And she led the way.

Strange old furniture greeted her; old-fashioned chests of drawers; a grandfather clock much like the one at home upon the staircase landing. There were cases filled with old-fashioned pressed glass, china, sperm oil lamps also like those at home that Mother treasured and thought so wonderful.

But what was that? An old doll? Why—like Minnie Ida! Mallory rushed to the glass case. It stood alone. Why—it was Minerva Ida Adams! Mallory gasped and reached out her arms toward Minnie. But the glass case kept the doll out of reach. Her dark eyes smiled up to Mallory’s as if to say:

“See, dear, I am happy! I am here where I belong, with all that is now a memory. But how glad I am to see you again! How I love you!”



"Oh, let me have her. Let me have her!" Mallory cried. But the glass case held her.

The attendant came. The forty boys and girls came. Mr. Williamson came. They all stared open-mouthed while Mallory insisted that it was her doll, *Minerva Ida Adams*, who had once belonged to Great-grandmother.

Father took one look and went to find the curator. Mallory excitedly told everybody again that it was her doll, the doll she had found in the attic at the big white house. The attendant said he could not open the glass case and take her out. She belonged to the museum. Isaac almost fought him. Angelo threatened to smash the glass and get her, but Mr. Williamson kept tight hold of both and the other boys said, "Mr. Deming will get her out. The curator's coming and he will give her back!"

It seemed hours before Father finally came with the curator. Much to their astonishment he had the case unlocked. Minnie Ida was again in Mallory's arms, though she was in petticoats and her sprigged muslin of modern date and picnic origin had been removed.

While the children stood about, Father told a wonderful story. Mallory and Jane listened in wonder. Father had been telephoning to various people and the curator had helped. It seemed Minnie Ida had been lent to the Museum by a lady; Father had spoken by telephone with her. She knew all about very old American things and



treasured them. This lady was a settlement worker. In August she had found a strange little Italian baby in a tenement playing with Minnie Ida. When she remarked on the old doll, the mother had said:

“Oh, she wants one of those Kewpie dolls. She is always talking about the Kewpie dolls we saw the day when we went on the excursion. She was fretful that day. Somewhere she picked up that old rag of a doll; somebody must have thrown it away. She carried it on the steamer home. Went right to sleep with it in her arms. And I had a good rest. I just put my coat over the two, doll and all.”

So that was why nobody had seen Minerva Ida Adams upon *The Serius* on its return to New York. That was why Sadie Parillo and Angelo had not seen her. They probably failed even to see the Italian woman who was in a cabin.

The lady, realizing the value of the old doll, had given the baby a Kewpie doll and taken Minerva Ida Adams and given her to the Museum where she said she thought she belonged. She said she felt the doll was needed there; the Children of Today might then see and know the Past and its treasured storehouse of memories through *her*.

Mallory swallowed a strange lump in her throat. She looked down into the brown depths of Minnie Ida's dark eyes. She hesitated.

"What is it, dear?" questioned Father.

"Oh, Father," answered Mallory. "Oh, Father!—I— I think she belongs here. I think she wants to stay *here* with all the lovely old things! I think she loves me still but—but she wants to stay, just as the lady said. And if she were to stay, I could come to see her and the Children of Today would come to see her. Father, I could send her dresses, and the trunk, and the dinner-set, and Great-grandmother's coral silk—and—and they would be here always with all that is so beautiful! She wants to stay, Father. I want her to *stay!*"

The curator said, "Oh, that would be wonderful."

The boys and Sadie Parillo, the Glucksteins, Mamie Fifer, Gertrude Sniffin were amazed. "What! Not take her when you've *found* her?"

But Mallory was quite certain. Minerva Ida Adams was happy in this wonderful home full of beautiful treasures. She was a treasure herself. She belonged to the world, as the paintings and the art treasures belonged to the world—she might still lovingly be cherished by one little girl, indeed by more than that one little girl.

But now Minerva Ida Adams was something bigger and more wonderful than just one little girl's doll. Minerva Ida Adams was a living person from The Past, a treasure worthy of a great Museum!

But Isaac understood. And the others did too. "My,

isn't it great to do *that!*" they murmured, approvingly. "We will come up here and see her again—and when our school teacher brings us up here, we will tell her all about it *then!* About our knowing you—and how we went to that lovely picnic—and about her getting lost—and you finding her here!"

Mallory hugged her tight. Then—she gave Minerva Ida Adams back to the Museum, putting her back into the open case herself with a final loving touch. Father said she would bring down the other things later.

Hushed, the children filed along with Mr. Williamson without saying a word. They had come close to a great sacrifice and a great gift.

"I'm happy, Jane," whispered Mallory, tears in her eyes. "She's happy too."

"Yes," Jane answered, "she belongs here."

They trooped out into the sunlight of Today. Something very very wonderful had happened. Minerva Ida Adams was to live in this wonderful place and Mallory had given her to the World.









YESTERDAY





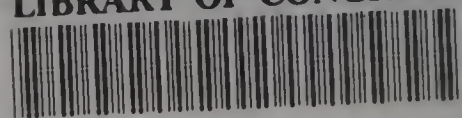
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