

the wand behind her. "You are the one person in all the world I wouldn't give it to. You don't know what you are asking for."

In a violent passion the second Jessamine sprang toward her, and to defend herself she dropped the wand, which, with a parting twinkle of its star, like a knowing wink, vanished into nothingness.

The two Jessamines fell to the floor in a violent struggle. They felt themselves writhing each in a desperate endeavor to free herself from the other. Then came the strangest sensation of blending together, and at length, the process being completed, a single figure lay perfectly quiet upon the hearth.

Presently Jessamine sat up and rubbed her eyes.

"Where are we now?" she asked sleepily, stroking the back of the Professor, who unclosed his eyes and answered as stupidly as any common cat:

"Meow!"

Grandmother Grimkins woke herself with a sudden terrific snort, and Grandmother Fairweather sat bolt upright in her chair, looked about guiltily, and then went on with her knitting, just as Jessamine's mother, with flushed cheeks, came in from the kitchen, saying brightly, "What a lovely Thanksgiving we have had!" Jessamine blushed, for she remembered who had made it lovely in spite of Jessamine's discontent.



## Love and its Service

By Mary Willis

To every imagination the thought of the old-time Thanksgiving appeals. The "home" for that day, that week, does not mean the new home whose existence can be measured by a year, five years, ten years, even twenty years, but the older home, where life had sounded its every note—the home where every room is rich in memory, where every room is eloquent with voices that echo childhood's laugh and cry, youth's ambition, manhood's love and struggle; where the father and mother, in the quiet security of old age, live a second life of childhood, youth, manhood, and womanhood in the lives of their children and children's children, counting the year's calendar from and to Thanksgiving. Watch the current literature of the month; each short story and each poem is set in the picture of a New England farm-house, with the days of brick ovens and of the mother working side by side with Almiry or Samantha. Even the vivid imagination and superlative genius of the American short-story writer is not equal to depicting the family Thanksgiving reunion in "father's flat." In fact, if the family number many, especially children, "father's flat" would not be a place of joyful conference, sympathetic converse. The inner rooms would not offer to the children that field of activity which rational childhood expects when it goes out for pleasure. The Almiry of to-day never laid eyes on the Johns and the Marys before, and cannot trace family resemblances and traits with the beaming mother; she has just come, or she is only going to remain until after Christmas. It may be the mother is only waiting for the morning after Thanksgiving to sever the connection. Most of the dinner has come from the caterer's, and while in "fixin's" it may far surpass the dinner at the farm-house, it lacks the touch, the taste, of those viands of long ago that were not too aristocratic to lie in neighborly nearness on the table during the dinner, tempting young and old to lay a foundation for "dyspepsy." Thanksgiving, in truth, as a festival remains now only to those who still call some dear old farm-house home.

To ordinary mortals in these latter years it is a day set apart for a trip to the country club, or to the country house opened for the day, and having that air of meeting an emergency that is inseparable from the occasional opening. Here and there the city house can be found under whose roof there is room for the family reunion, and where servants may be found who will bear with the thought of a family festival. But such homes are rare. Family life is threatened with the loss of that dearest of sentiments, that close relation-

ship in thought and feeling, that sympathy and interchange which depend on meeting together around a common board; the children of the family being given their rightful place in the family gathering, and growing up in bonds that make blood thicker than water.

The richest memory of any man's life is that of a childhood spent in an atmosphere of sympathetic love, with memories of pleasures and punishments shared, where accumulations and poverty form a common property in the family circle in true communism.

The children of to-day will lose this possession because there is so much in our modern life to overcome in order to keep the family circle in sympathetic relation. We lack freedom—freedom of space, freedom of purse, freedom of action in our own house; we are in bonds to servants and neighbors.

Even in family life, like that between brothers and sisters, too often creep social ambition, petty striving, that rob the relation of the sympathy that is alike its foundation and its bulwark.

That cannot be preserved which we do not struggle to preserve, to nurture. If we lose our grasp on the affections of those who have a common love, a common inheritance, a common tradition, common memories, we find ourselves beggars for the affection of the world. We may get alms that seem even generous, but they can never make the capital which is the accumulation of a lifetime, the fortune that every child should find awaiting it at birth, and to which, with its first breath, it adds its mite. Love is the positive inheritance that makes a child rich or a beggar at birth. Everything that adds to this fortune from birth to death is the positive wealth that enables it to meet the world unshaken by its frowns or tears. This is the fortune that modern life, with its distracting demands, threatens. It will be preserved to each of us, and handed to our children, not at death, but at birth, according as we seek to conserve and preserve the best of ourselves for the family and those who come into it. Thanksgiving should mean to every family a reunion. Each year it should be the one day that shuts all the world out but the family. It should be the day in the year which records the new weaving of love's pattern in family life. If threads are broken, it is the time to pick them up. There is no grave so deep as that in which love lies buried in indifference, in anger, or in unexplained estrangement.

Let love rise to her glory and live anew in the family life on this day when the minds of men are turned to the years gone and passing; when the heart is tender with thoughts of childhood and the memories of its wealth of love, when poverty even had no sting, and love and the daily expression of it made wealth.

No home is so small or poor that it cannot, on this day, do something to add to the family life; and she is wise who makes this day the exclamation-point of family love, a day when life tends to divert the interest of the family from a common center. The men who have done most for their country and themselves invariably attribute the impulse, the influences, that controlled them to their childhood's home and training. And if their character has stood the test of time, we find that they are noblest who have kept alive the sentiment for that home. Lowell says: "I believe it one of the most happy things in the world, as we grow older, to have as many ties as possible with whatever is best in our own past, and to be deeply pledged as may be to our own youth."

Even "father's flat" may be the shrine of family sentiment and devotion. It does not require space to burn the fire of love and devotion, and man to-day is as much the expression of the influences that have developed and controlled him as when he grew on a New England farm and touched the earth almost at his birth. There are giants even in these days.



A certificate of incorporation has been issued to the Alumnae Association of the Training-School for Nurses connected with Bellevue Hospital. The purpose of this organization is the establishment and maintenance of an ambulance fund and for mutual assistance in case of sickness or death.

## A Little Girl of Olden Time

A book written by a little girl is a very rare thing, but such a book has been printed this fall. It comes to us in a cover that looks like the old samplers made by our grandmothers and great-grandmothers. On this cover, in queer old-fashioned letters, we read: "Diary of a Boston School Girl. Written by Anna Green Winslow, 1771. Edited by Alice Morse Earle, 1894."<sup>1</sup> Turning to the first page we read: "Lady, by which means I had a bit of the wedding cake. I guess I shall have but little time for journalising till after thanksgiving. My aunt Deming says I shall make one pye myself. I hope somebody beside myself will like to eat a bit of my Boston pye thou' my papa and you did not (I remember) chuse to partake of my Cumberland performance." Cumberland was the home, in Nova Scotia, of this little Boston school-girl of eleven. She had been sent to Boston to her Aunt Deming's in order that she might go to school, or rather schools. She wrote this journal and sent it in the form of letters to her mother.

To read this book is very delightful at this Thanksgiving season, when we think more of the early history of this country probably than at any other time of the year; when we look at old books and old pictures realizing fully that they belonged to persons who had been young, and grew older, and died, and left children behind them to care for their belongings with reverent interest. This little girl had what we call a very quaint mind. For instance, she says: "I think I have been writing my own Praises this morning. Poor Job was forced to praise himself when no *man* would do him that justice." And then she adds quaintly: "I am not as he was." Writing on November 29 of 1771, this little girl says: "My aunt Deming gives her love to you and says it is this morning twelve years since she had the pleasure of congratulating papa and you on the birth of your scribbling daughter." Evidently to that little girl in those far-away days clothes were quite as important as they are to the little twelve-year-old girls of to-day, for she writes: "Dear Mamma, you dont know the fation here—I beg to look like other folk. You don't know what a stir would be made in sudbury street, were I to make my appearance there in my red Dominie & black Hatt." She says, writing to her mother on December 24: "And as tomorrow will be a holiday, so the pope and his associates have ordained." Evidently Christmas was not a season of joyful anticipation and realization to Anna Green Winslow. That Christmas ever could have given rise to the bitter feelings that this little girl's letter expresses seems impossible to us. It is quite interesting to know how she kept Christmas. On the 27th she wrote: "I kept Christmas at home this year, & did a very good day's work, aunt says so." Again she says, referring to Christmas week: "How strangely industrious I have been this week." Once in a while she says something that makes us feel that she has not always been a happy little girl. As, for instance, she writes on December 30: "I am told my Papa has not mentioned me in this Letter. Out of sight, out of mind." Clergymen appearing in gowns were not an agreeable sight to this little Puritan girl, and she wrote to her mother on the first appearance in a gown of the pastor of the church that she attended. She describes it, and then says: "I dont know whether one sleeve would make a full trimm'd negligee [a negligee was a loose gown worn over a handsome petticoat as full dress] as the fashion is at present, tho' I cant say but it might make one of the frugal sort, with but scant trimming." What would that little girl think if she could see the sleeves we wear to-day!

In the old time the first person seen on Valentine's Day was considered to be one's valentine, and Anna writes: "My valentine was an old country plow-joger." Valentine's Day promised very much more pleasure and was anticipated very much more keenly than Christmas. Her love of parties and fashionable clothes is constantly showing itself. She writes: "Last Thursday I purchas'd with my aunt Deming's leave, a very beautiful

white feather hat, that is, the out side, which is a bit of white hollond with the feathers sew'd on in a most curious manner white & unsullied as the falling snow, this hat I have long been saving my money to procure for which I have let your kind allowance, Papa, lay in my aunt's hands till this hat which I spoke for was brought home. As I am (as we say) a daughter of liberty I chuse to wear as much of our own manufactory as pocible." Daughters of Liberty in those days met together in spinning and weaving, they pledged themselves to drink no tea until the Revenue Act was repealed, and for the sake of encouraging home manufacture they would wear only goods manufactured at home. In regard to this feather hat, which the little girl prized so highly, she says: "My aunt says if I behave myself very well indeed, not else, she will give me a garland of flowers to ornament it, tho' she has layd aside the biziness of flower making." Flower-making in those early days was an accomplishment that compared with our china-painting of to-day, and served as a pastime and a means of income.

Her writing and spelling were a source of continual anxiety to her mother and aunt. With great frankness she writes: "I have just now been writing four lines in my Book almost as well as the copy, but all the entreaties in the world will not prevail upon me to do always as well as I can which is not the least trouble to me, though it is a great grief to aunt Deming." How many little girls will sympathize with Anna Green Winslow that they do not always do as well as they can! Snow-storms in those days must have been something to encounter, for Miss Winslow tells us in March of 1771 that the snow is seven feet deep in some places around the house. She closed a letter to her mother with these lines—

"Next unto God, dear Parents I address  
Myself to you in humble Thankfulness,  
"For all your Care & Charge on me bestow'd;  
"The means of Learning unto me allow'd,  
"Go on I pray, & let me still pursue  
"Those Golden Arts the Vulgar never knew."

Yr Dutifull Daughter

ANNA GREEN WINSLOW.

—which she copied from her "Copy Book." Evidently her father was a high tribunal to Anna Green Winslow. His approval or disapproval meant happiness or pain to the little girl, and she tries to be philosophical when she quotes her aunt as telling her "that I ought to esteem it a great favor that he [her father] notices my simple matter with his approbation." She describes her dress on the occasion of a party that she attended. She says: "I had my HEDDUS roll on, aunt Storer said it ought to made less, Aunt Deming said it ought not to be made at all. It makes my head itch, & ach, & burn like anything Mamma. This famous roll is not made *wholly* of a red *Cow Tail*, but is a mixture of that, and horsehair (very course) and a little human hair of yellow hue, that I suppose was taken out of the back part of an old wig. But D—— made it (our head) all carded together and twisted up. When it first came home, aunt put it on, & my new cap on it, she then took up her apron and mesur'd me, & from the roots of my hair on my forehead to the top of my notions, I mesur'd above an inch longer than I did downwards from the roots of my hair to the end of my chin. Nothing renders a young person more amiable than virtue & modesty without the help of fals hair, red *Cow Tail*, or D—— (the barber)." Mrs. Earle tells us that a roll frequently weighed fourteen ounces.

The journal closes May 31. "Aunt says . . . that I am a little simpleton for making my note in the brackets above, because, when I omit to do it, Mamma will think that I have the help of somebody else's head but, N. B. for herself she utterly disclames having either her head or hand concern'd in this curious journal, except where the writing makes it manifest. So much for this matter." No book has ever brought the little school-girls of those days so close to the little school-girls of to-day as this Diary of Anna Green Winslow. It is more fascinating than a story, because it is all so true, and it is as valuable to us as the history of those days, because it gives us a picture of the

<sup>1</sup> Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.