

DRUSILLA
AND HER DOLLS



BY BELLE BACON BOND

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation





DRUSILLA AND HER DOLLS

DRUSILLA AND HER DOLLS

A TRUE STORY
OF A LITTLE GIRL OF BOSTON IN THE '60's

BY
BELLE BACON BOND

FOREWORD BY MRS. DALLAS LORE SHARP

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARJORIE VERY



BOSTON

THE FOUR SEAS COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

Copyright, 1921, by
THE FOUR SEAS COMPANY

Q 95382

THE FOUR SEAS COMPANY

THE FOUR SEAS COMPANY

THE FOUR SEAS COMPANY

THE FOUR SEAS COMPANY

The Four Seas Press
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

TO
MY MOTHER

WHOSE LOVING HEART EVER
SHARED MY CHILDHOOD FANCIES

1944
1945
1946
1947

FOREWORD

[Not for those who still play dolls]

DRUSILLA AND HER DOLLS is a story to start a child living in a new seriousness with her doll-family. But it is much more than a story for a child—a fact that the author of this rare bit of child-autobiography had to have pointed out to her. The story is so much her own life that she did not realize the meaning to others involved in the unfolding of her wise mother's forerunning heart—more valuable to point the way to real motherhood than any made-up story or any delving into child-psychology could be.

It may seem strange that Drusilla did not realize what a tale of mother-insight she was spreading before the mothers of the little girls she was writing to amuse. But it is not strange if we remember that to Drusilla her mother was no "Mother Phenomenon," as Dickens might call her. She was just the only kind of mother Drusilla knew and so, to her, the standardized mother. It is only we who know how far short we are of being such a mother, that we value her self-restraint and self-effacement, however ready

she was to enter, *when bidden*, into the holy place of the child's originality; but while Drusilla was free to invent her own play, her mother did not abandon her to a solitary enjoyment of it. Instead she aided and abetted so casually that the child was all unaware of the star rôle her mother played. The mother's part only *seemed* incidental because she kept out of the way of Drusilla's doll-play until she was asked in. She combined Faith, Hope, and Love, embodied in an attitude,

"They also serve who only stand and wait"

—their turn behind the wings.

Stevenson, in his *A Child's Garden of Verses*, makes perennial appeal because he was able to go back into his own heart of childhood and tell his thoughts in his own child's way. In much the same way, Drusilla's mother was able to live her childhood again in watching, chiefly, Drusilla's attempt to live life to the full through her own self-containment.

The sensitiveness of the relationship that existed between mother and child is exquisitely expressed in the mother's satisfying the child's practical mind about how the circle for the London post-mark was made, by placing her thimble without *a word of explanation* on the circle. Again, could a mother enter more completely into her child's joy than by following up the European

trip with a trunkful of Paris finery, the trunk stuck over with foreign labels! Thrills, thrills!

The thought of such delicacy of feeling makes sick the heart of the mother who has never shared in anything so intimate and so has failed to enter whole-heartedly into the life of her child in advance of all comers.

In her sympathy, unstrained but always veiled, Drusilla's mother truly seems unmatched. The kind of mother she was in detail grew in no small part out of the circumstances of there being but one Drusilla—the only good reason I ever heard for there being an only child.

Drusilla is the price we pay for an American Beauty rose—one perfected at the loss of many. It is a case for the eugenists to weigh. But to me it seems the cost was not too much. Already four generations are blessed. May four times four more be blessed in the story of *Drusilla and Her Dolls* interpreted in the light of Drusilla and her mother!

GRACE HASTINGS SHARP

*Mullein Hill,
Hingham, October 7, 1921*



DRUSILLA
AND HER DOLLS



She would watch for the first star to appear
in the evening sky.

DRUSILLA AND HER DOLLS

DRUSILLA was an only child and had to play by herself most of the time. How often she wished for a sister or a brother! To help along her wish she would watch for the first star to appear in the evening sky, and, when she saw it, would repeat the old rhyme,

“Starlight, starbright,
The first star I’ve seen tonight!
I wish I may, I wish I might,
Have the wish, I wish tonight.”

Then she would wish as hard as she could, “I want a little baby sister! I want a little baby brother!” But, Oh, dear! It never came true!

One day when she felt particularly lonely, she said to herself, “If I can’t have a live baby sister, I’ll have a doll baby sister.”

From that time on, as long as she played with dolls, she made believe she was a sister to them; and her make-believe came to be a very real comfort to her.

THE SERIES: DINAH

DRUSILLA'S first doll, Dinah, was made by Aunt Sarah Elizabeth when Drusilla was about six months old. Dinah's body was of black cloth; her face was covered with black silk, and on the back of the head was sewed black worsted for hair. The eyes, nose, and mouth were outlined with white sewing silk.

Drusilla was so fond of Dinah that by the time the doll was a year old her silk face and worsted hair were quite worn out. Then Drusilla's Grandma came to the rescue and gave Dinah a new face—this time, of white cloth with the features drawn on with ink. That is how Dinah turned from black to white. If Grandmothers could do that to live babies, how many black babies would there be left, I wonder.

Drusilla's first store doll was a beautiful wax one with lovely black curls of real hair. She was given to Drusilla by her mother's friend, Madame Radinski, the wife of a Russian artist, and came to Boston all the way from New York. Drusilla decided to call her Lina after the beautiful giver.

As Lina was dressed in stiff white tarleton, and was easily scratched, she had to be kept in a box

except on special occasions. For that reason, Drusilla always felt Lina was rather haughty and not what you would call "an everyday" friend.

So one day when Mother brought home another dolly made of papier mâché Drusilla was very happy to have a real sister doll who could stand being played with as much as she liked. Drusilla called the new doll Rosey on account of her pink cheeks.

Through much loving, Rosey soon lost those pink cheeks and the shine on her face, but she never lost Drusilla's love.

FLORA WASHINGTON

THE next addition to the doll family was Flora Washington, a real china maiden with blue eyes; yellow curls over which was painted a black net; and a cloth body filled with sawdust.

Drusilla was about four years old when Flora came to be her very own. This was how it happened: Drusilla's Father came home one night and told Mother that he was to take a position in Washington, D. C., for a while, and that they might have to live there all the time. Drusilla

did not like the idea of Father's going so far away that she could not have his goodnight hug and kiss, but to make it as easy as he could Father promised to write a nice long letter to her that should have her name on the envelope. She should break the seal herself, so that Mother could read it to her.

In a few days after Father left for the Capital the promised letter came. Drusilla felt like a very important person. The letter told about the beautiful great city where President Lincoln lived and where Father saw many soldiers on their way to the South.

Not long after this, Mother received a letter from Father saying he was settled in his office and was ready to have her and Drusilla join him. It was already late springtime and Mother knew it would be unwise to take a child to that hot city for the summer. So she asked Grandma if she would like to have Drusilla stay with her while Mother went to visit Father and to hunt up a home in Washington.

Of course Grandma was very happy to have her only grandchild spend the time with her! But just how would Drusilla like it? She and Mother had never been separated. What if the child should grieve and Grandma could not comfort her! At last Mother had a happy thought. She would buy a fine doll, larger and prettier than any

Drusilla had ever had. This doll she would give her little daughter the day she was to leave, on the promise that Drusilla would be good and not cry while Mother was away.

Drusilla had found she had got along without crying for Father at night, so she thought perhaps she could manage not to cry for Mother, if Grandma Lynde would sing her to sleep every night and she had the beautiful new doll to comfort her. So she promised to *try* not to cry. The next day Mother came home from town with the head and body of the largest and finest doll Drusilla had ever seen.

“Now, dear, we’ll put these in the bureau and on the day that I go away Grandma will sew the head on, and dress her in the clothes that are all ready for her. What do you say to naming her Flora? Isn’t she as pretty as a flower?” suggested Mother.

“Yes, and Washington, too, to remember why I got her.”

The plan worked so well that Drusilla became actually eager for the time to arrive when Mother should start. At last the day came and all was hustle and bustle. Drusilla, full of excitement, divided her time between watching Mother get ready and going to the bureau drawer to look again at the head and body awaiting the eventful moment when they were to be joined. But not

till the cabman had carried the satchels down the steps, and Mother, tears in her eyes, hugged and kissed Drusilla goodbye and Drusilla had called out, "Goodbye! Goodbye, Mamma, go, go, to Papa," did Grandma with threaded needle in hand take the first stitch in the process of uniting Flora's head with her body.

Years afterward, when Drusilla had grown up, Mother confessed that she had felt rather jealous to find her plan of peaceful getting away had worked so well. Flora continued to be the all-joy and comfort that it was hoped she would be, largely because Grandma was a wise woman and only allowed Drusilla to take Flora out of the bureau a few hours a day. Grandma had had six children of her own and she knew how quickly children tire of new toys. So, when the time finally came, as it did one rainy day, that Drusilla wanted Mother more than anything else in all the world, then Grandma said,—

"Now, dear, you may have Flora to make you happy. Mother will be home soon, and then she will be so glad to know you have been good and not cried."

Drusilla remembered her promise and choked back the tears, like a brave little girl, and, in a few minutes, she and Flora were having a happy time together.

THE PINCUSHION

AS the day drew near for Mother's return it seemed to Drusilla that the minutes grew into hours and the hours into days. One morning when Grandma was sewing by her window she said,—

“Drusilla, don't you want to give Mother a surprise?”

“Oh! yes. What shall it be?” she asked eagerly.

“I think you might sew these pieces of cloth together, then stuff them out with cotton and make a pincushion. Here is some red flannel for one side and some blue cashmere for the other. We can put on these pretty pearl beads, one in the center and one on each corner; then you will have a red, white, and blue cushion for Mother's pins.”

Drusilla's fingers were pretty small to manage a needle, but she struggled bravely with her first sewing lesson and worked each day until the four sides of the little square were sewed. Then Grandma helped with the filling, and the surprise was finished just in time for Mother's arrival. Drusilla thought it would be very nice to present it to Mother with a little speech. So she talked over with Grandma what to say.

"I'll stand on your cricket, Grandma, and Mother will think I am going to speak a piece; then I'll surprise her with the cushion instead!"

"What a fine plan!" said Grandma. But when Mother arrived there was so much hugging and kissing, laughing and talking, that poor Drusilla quite forgot the speech she had made up. So, not till Mother asked what Flora and Drusilla had been playing while she was away, did Grandma remember to say,

"Drusilla has a surprise for you. When would you like it?"

"Oh, this very minute," cried Mother. Drusilla went to her little sewing box, took out the cushion and hid it behind her while Grandma placed the little stool in front of the window for the make-believe platform. Drusilla stepped upon it, her hands behind her. Then suddenly she caught Mother's eye and her little speech seemed to fly away! She stood silent for a moment, then exclaimed,

"Oh, Grandma, I can't say it 'cause the laughs are in me!" Then feeling shy and ashamed at her forgetfulness, she ran over and hid her face on Mother's shoulder, at the same time putting her little gift into Mother's lap.

"Am I to look at it?" asked Mother.

Drusilla nodded her head and Mother opened the package to see what was inside.

"Drusilla made it for you," explained Grandma.

"Well, that is a big surprise. I didn't know such a small girl could learn to use a needle so well," observed Mother as she examined the stitches, some longer than others, some straight up, some on the slant, but all done by her own little daughter. Drusilla, seeing her Mother's pleasure, soon forgot her failure to make her speech.

THE BATH

ONE summer day, not many weeks after Mother's return, Drusilla's playmate and neighbor, Ida Oliver, came to spend the afternoon. It was a hot July day and the two little girls had a hard time trying to think of something cool to do. At last Ida said,

"Let's give Flora a bath to cool her off!"

"Yes, let's," agreed Drusilla. "But what can we use for a bath tub?"

Each child began to look around, when suddenly Drusilla picked up Grandma's wooden footstool. Turning it upside down she found it would answer the purpose of a tub. The sides of the cricket were not deep enough to hold much water, but enough, she thought. Ida and Drusilla quickly

filled the cricket at the pump, placed it on the back stairs, near the outside door, and behold, their make-believe bathroom was ready for use. But Flora was no sooner in the tub than the water began to disappear. What was the matter? Only a few drops had been spilled or splashed over. Something had happened! But what was it? Alas! poor Flora, *she* knew, but she was speechless! She had *soaked up* all the water into her cloth-covered, sawdust-filled body! Drusilla, alarmed at the condition of her darling Flora, called out for Mother to come quick! When Mother saw what had happened and how distressed her little girl was, she knew that this was no time to point a lesson; so she suggested a good place in a sunny south window for Flora to have a sunbath. Drusilla obeyed gladly. It took several days for Flora to dry out and be herself again. But never did she recover from the yellow streaks where the wet sawdust stained her cloth skin. Fortunately these streaks did not show when she was dressed!

The summer passed very quickly, and, when it came time to go to Father in Washington, Drusilla was sorry to leave her dear Grandma's home.

"Don't you want to stay with me and let Mother go again without you?" asked Grandma one day.



Flora was no sooner in the tub than the water
began to disappear.

“Well, I’d like to stay with you, Grandma, but I think Papa ought to see how I’m growing and Mama is going to take me to see President Lincoln some day; so I really must go this time,” explained Drusilla. Go, she did, and all the dollies with her. And there they all stayed for a long, long time.

While living in Washington, Flora met with another mishap; this time, she had a bad fall and broke two pieces out of the back of her head. Drusilla refused to be comforted until Mother had glued in the pieces for the time, and promised some day to get a new head. This head arrived on Flora’s birthday in April. The eyes and hair were like Flora’s but there was no net over the curls. Drusilla liked the new style and soon became quite contented with the changed head, thinking Flora prettier than ever.

When the Civil War was over and Father had to be in Boston again, back they all came, Father, Mother, Drusilla, and the dolls.

It was great fun to be home again near aunts, uncles, and cousins, but best of all to be near enough every week to visit Grandma, who was always ready to make a new dress or coat or something pretty for one of the dolls, while Drusilla played under the huge Horse Chestnut tree in Grandma’s garden.

KITTY-FOR-SHORT

ONE summer, when Drusilla was ten, she went with her Mother to Buffalo to visit some friends and to meet Father who was returning from a long journey west.

The night they arrived at Mrs. Maynard's home their trunk was not delivered; and, as Flora had traveled in it, Drusilla would have to go to bed without her. It was hard indeed!

"I'm so sorry for Flora, too," said Drusilla. "I know she'll be as lonesome as I am."

When Miss Cornelia Maynard, whom Drusilla always called "Aunt Kitty", found how disappointed her little guest was not to have her dolly with her, she said,

"How would you like my dolly for tonight?"

"Oh, I'd love to have her!"

In a few minutes Aunt Kitty returned with a doll larger than any Drusilla had ever seen.

"This is my doll," she said, "and it was my mother's, too. She is over forty years old. Her name is Cornelia—the same as mother's and mine—but I call her Kitty, for short, just as I am called Kitty for short. I want you to play with her until your own dolly comes."

Drusilla was so happy that she could scarcely go to sleep. Doll Kitty was about as big as a five months old baby. Her body was cloth and her arms and hands were covered with dark red kid. The head was an old fashioned one of papier mâché, with black corkscrew curls. Miss Cornelia hastened to explain the reason for the color of Kitty's face, which was a shiny, sickly yellow.

"When I was a little girl," she began, "I wanted to wash Kitty's face. But I had heard that it must be varnished first, or water would hurt it. So I went down to an old man at the corner of our street, who did housepainting, and got him to put a coat of varnish on her face. When I went the next day to get her, after she had dried thoroughly, I found he had put on the wrong kind of varnish! It had turned her the color you see. Nothing could be done about it; so she has been my yellow-faced baby ever since."

"Wasn't that too bad!" exclaimed Drusilla. "But she can wear this nice little wool veil that goes with her cap when she goes out; then no one will know about her dark skin."

"Yes," said Miss Cornelia. "That is what I used to do."

The next morning Drusilla was up bright and early and had Kitty dressed in a long baby dress, cloaked and capped, and the woolen veil drawn carefully over her face. As soon as breakfast

was over she took Kitty in her arms and sat down on the steps of the Maynard mansion, with the yellow face snuggled against her, while only the head and cap could be seen by the passersby. Before long a woman stopped to ask—

“Aren’t you rather young to take care of so small a baby?”

Drusilla, fearing to spoil the make-believe, just shook her head while the woman passed along, much to Drusilla’s relief.

When the trunk arrived in the morning, for the first time in Flora’s life, she had to take second place!

As the visit drew to a close, Drusilla began to feel sorry that she would have to leave Kitty and perhaps never, never see her again. But listen to what happened! On the night before they were to start for home, after she was in bed, Aunt Kitty came to her room and kissed her.

“For some time,” she said, “I have wanted some one to have my dolly who would be good to her and love her as much as I do; but I have never found just the right person. Now I think I know a little girl who will love and care for her as I have done; so I am going to give Kitty to her for her own! Can you guess the name of the little girl?”

Drusilla’s heart beat very fast, and her eyes glowed with excitement. Of course, she knew



She took Kitty in her arms and sat down on the steps

no little girl that Aunt Kitty knew, but just her own self. What if she were the little girl Aunt Kitty had chosen!

"I can't guess." Her little heart fluttered.

"You can't? Well, the little girl's name is Drusilla!"

"O-o-o-o-h! May I have Kitty for my very own?"

"Yes, my dear, you are the little girl I have chosen."

Drusilla threw her arms around Miss Cornelia's neck and covered her face with kisses.

The handsomest new doll ever made never gave a child more pleasure than forty-year-old, varnish-stained Kitty.

"May I take Kitty with me on the train, Mama?"

"No, dear, we go by train, but Kitty must go by trunk."

So Kitty was carefully packed into the big "Saratoga." Now, when they reached Boston the trunk could not be found anywhere! Every time the bell rang the next day, and for several days, Drusilla ran to the door to see if the trunk had come. But, day after day went by, and no sign or word about it. Poor Drusilla began to fear that Kitty was lost forever. It was hard to endure. But, at the end of a week, the missing trunk did come. It was eagerly opened. Everything had returned safely—except Kitty! There, in her

forehead, was a big hole—so big that Drusilla couldn't see anything but the hole.

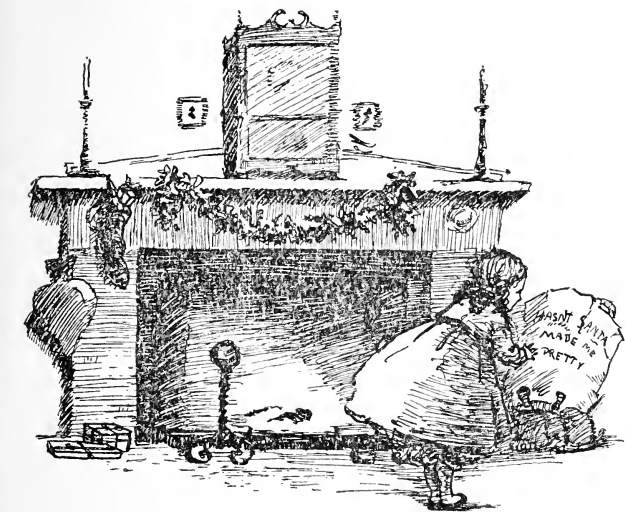
“Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What would Aunt Kitty say if she knew the awful thing that had happened to her dear old dolly! Oh, what shall I do!” wailed Drusilla.

Mother felt badly, too. She had tried to pack Kitty very carefully, but with what a sad result! She at once promised to mend the head if possible. It proved a hard thing to do, but she finally succeeded in pasting on heavy cloth and painting it to match the rest of Kitty's skin.

Drusilla felt she must be kinder and more loving than ever, now, to make up to her wounded doll-sister.

KITTY, NEW-HEADED

THE following Christmas, when Drusilla crept down stairs early in the morning to see if Santa had remembered to fill her stocking, she saw her little wooden rocker, with a large sheet of brown paper in front of it, drawn up to the fireplace. On the paper in large letters were the words, “Hasn't Santa made me pretty?” She pushed aside the paper, and, there, in her chair, sat a large doll with a beautiful face.



She saw her little wooden rocker drawn up to the fireplace.

Drusilla was puzzled. What did this mean? Looking more closely, she found that the body of her old doll had a new head! What a queer feeling it gave her! She didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

"Don't you like her?" asked Mother, who had come into the room and was watching her.

"Why, yes, she's lovely, but is she the same Kitty now, any more, that Auntie Maynard gave me?"

"She's just as near the same as I could make her. I even filled the new head with what I found in the old one."

"What did you find in the old one?"

"Rags."

"Oh," replied Drusilla, "then she must be the same Kitty, if she has the same brains."

That evening, just before bedtime, when the excitement of the day was over, Drusilla took Kitty into her room all by herself. She sat down in the rocking chair. She rocked Kitty for several minutes without a word. She was wondering about those rags. Were they really the same brains? Now was the time to find out. So she whispered,

"Kitty, do you remember when the two big dogs were fighting on the street and knocked you out of your carriage?" She looked searchingly into Kitty's eyes. Yes, she did remember, Drusilla was

sure. There was the same startled expression in her eyes.

"Oh, Mama, Mama, Kitty remembers!" called out Drusilla as her mother came in to kiss her goodnight.

"How do you know?"

"Why, I know Kitty is the same because I have been asking her a lot of things, and she remembers them all!"

"I am so glad to hear it," said Mother, "and I am sure she must feel happier now to know that she looks so much better."

But the next day Drusilla began to wonder what she should do with the old head that Mother had saved for her. It certainly would not do to keep it.

"If Kitty should meet her other head lying around somewhere," said Drusilla, "she might think she was two-faced, and, Mother, you said it wasn't nice to be two-faced."

"Well," said Mother, "how would it do to burn it the way we do the worn-out American flags?"

"Oh, yes, what is it Papa calls it when you do that?"

"Cremation."

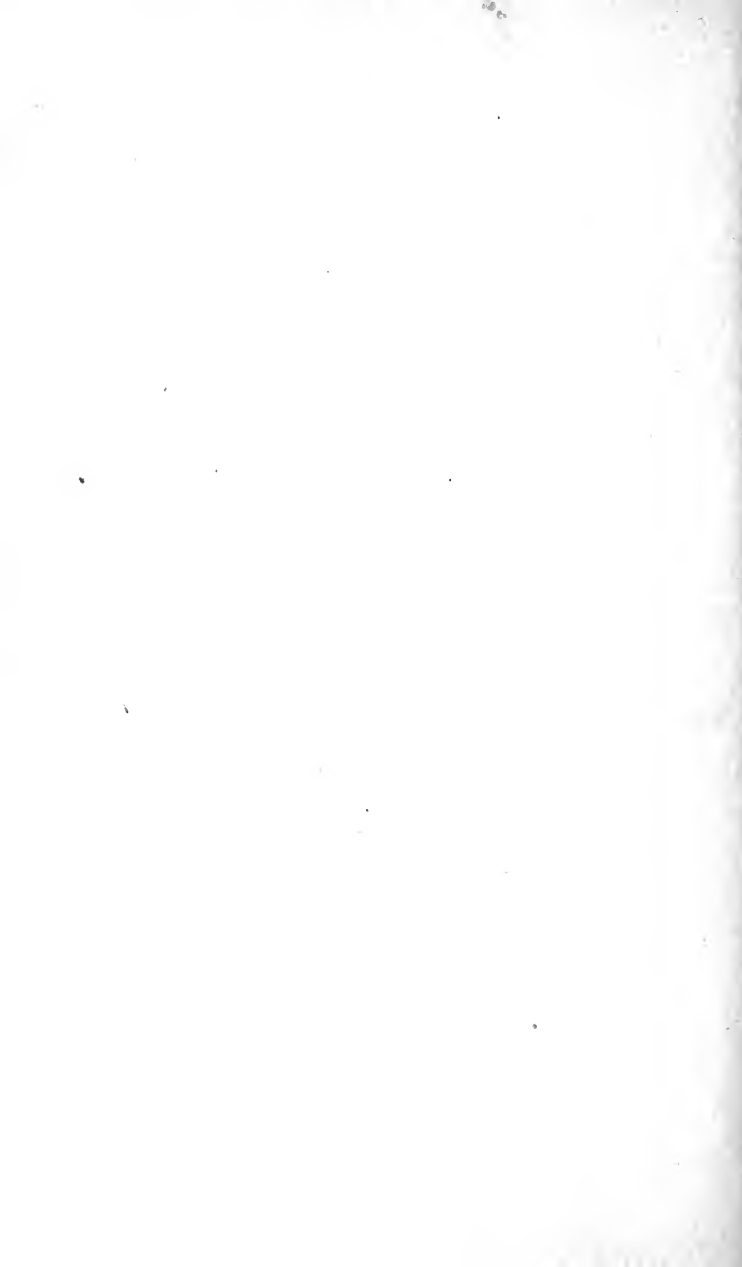
"Well, I think I'll cremation Kitty's old head then."

"Cremate, is the word," helped Mother.

So that evening, when the kitchen was tidied up for the night, Drusilla and her friend Rena,



The girls drew up their chairs in front of the range and waited



who had come on purpose for the ceremony, carried the wornout head to the kitchen range. Drusilla poked the coals low enough to admit her dear old treasure; then she put on the cover. The girls drew up their chairs in front of the range and waited. In a few minutes Drusilla lifted the cover and peeked in.

“Nearly gone! Old Kitty’s head is turning to smoke and is flying up to the sky! Let’s look if we can see it!”

Both girls peered out the window, but the darkness hid from view any signs of smoke from the chimney.

“See those bright stars!” exclaimed Rena.

“Oh, yes, I think dear old Kitty has gone to be an angel doll and live in that big bright one up there,” added Drusilla.

Then, after returning to the range to make sure every particle of the precious head had disappeared, they solemnly parted for the night.

But the next night, and many nights after, before Drusilla would get into bed she would look out of the window and find the star she had chosen for Kitty’s heavenly home and throw a goodnight kiss.

A WEDDING

THE same winter Mother had charge of a table at the big Charity Fair which ran for three days. Drusilla was to go each day after school. Mother noticed that after her first day's visit, her whole interest and attention became strangely fixed on two dolls: One, a handsome wax boy doll dressed in blue blouse and red trousers with a cloth cap to match the suit; the other, also a wax doll, somewhat smaller and dressed in beautifully made baby clothes. The baby doll could open and shut her eyes, and, by pulling little strings in her side, could be made to say "Papa, Mama." Her mouth was slightly open, and, there between her parted lips, were four tiny teeth.

Drusilla lost all interest in everything else, and spent all her time at the Fair walking from the table where the handsome boy doll was to the one where lay the beautiful baby doll and gazing at each one while thinking of the wonderful things she could make-believe if the two only belonged to her. She knew that either of them would cost a great deal of money and that her savings would not go far toward buying even one of them. And she wanted both. Then she heard that the

boy doll was to be sold on shares—ten pennies a chance. Should she spend all her money to buy some shares?

She remembered hearing Grandma say to old lady Parker that she did not believe in selling quilts at the Ladies' Sewing Circle on shares.

Drusilla wondered what she would say about selling Boy-doll that way.

Father and Mother had many friends attending the Fair, several of whom, when they found Drusilla watching so closely what was to become of her two favorites, bought some shares in Boy-doll, in her name, without telling her.

On the last afternoon of the Fair, Drusilla was a little late in getting to the hall. As she went in, one of the ladies who had charge of Boy-doll's table saw her and called out, "Drusilla, come here. I've something to tell you." Drusilla hurried over to hear what it was.

"My dear, we've drawn the numbers for Boy-doll," said Mrs. Blair.

"Oh, who won him?" asked Drusilla. Her voice trembled as she thought how happy some one must be.

"You have, dearie; Boy-doll belongs to you, and you may take him now, if you like."

"But how did I draw him?"

"Oh, some good fairy bought the lucky number for you."

The tears came into Drusilla's eyes, she felt so happy. She took Boy-doll in her arms and hugged him. Then she carried him straight to Mother to share her joy in the good fortune.

The next day still more joy came to her when Mother's friend, Mrs. Stillings, sent the lovely talking doll as a present to Drusilla. With two such wonderful additions to her family, life was very full.

Boy-doll was christened Frank Bowker, the last name being that of the grand dame of Boston who had dressed him for the Fair.

Baby-doll was named Minnie. With Minnie came a beautiful blonde wig which Drusilla could put on or take off as she liked. Without it, Minnie was a very natural looking bald-headed baby; with it, she looked like a young lady. So, after a few months of babyhood, Drusilla decided it was time to have her grow up and be a sister to Frank.

In the meantime, Frank had fallen deeply in love with Flora's charms and she with his fine ways and handsome eyes. So, one day not long after this, Drusilla said,

"Mama, Frank and Flora are engaged and they want to be married very soon. Can't we have a wedding?"

"Indeed, that is very interesting news. Now, let me see. I have been thinking about giving

you a party on your birthday. How would it do to have the wedding then?"

"Oh, just lovely, you dearest Mama darling! May it be like live people's weddings?"

"Yes, dear, if I can carry out my plans."

Then came very busy days. Drusilla spent all the time she could from school in helping on the wedding preparations. A visit to Grandma, to carry the news, brought promises from both Grandma and Aunt Sarah Elizabeth to help on the trousseau.

Flora's wedding gown was white organdie and lace, with a tulle veil; Frank's outfit, a new suit of black broadcloth with a tall silk beaver hat, a gift from one of Father's friends.

Tiny invitations were sent to all Drusilla's play-mates which read as follows:

DRUSILLA DEANE

INVITES YOU

TO BRING YOUR DOLL TO THE WEDDING OF
FLORA WASHINGTON AND FRANK BOWKER

JUNE 23, 1871

FROM FIVE TO EIGHT

Every single one accepted promptly. The afternoon came, and with it the children, eager first of all to see the bridal dolls. But Mother had planned for the ceremony to be performed after supper;

so Flora and Frank were kept out of sight, like real bridal couples, till then.

The children played games for a while, and then Drusilla said she would read the story she had just finished writing as a surprise to her Father.

"You see, Papa didn't want me to read so many books while I had studying to do. I missed it so much that one day I said to Mother, 'Well, if I can't read books then I can write them!' So I have written one and given it to Papa today as a surprise. Do you wish to hear it?"

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed every one.

So Drusilla brought her little manuscript and seated herself in a low chair while all the children sat around in a circle on the floor to listen to Drusilla's first book. It was called "Minnie Hall, or The Birthday Party."

By the time she had finished reading it aloud Mother came to announce supper.

"Now each child must take her doll to the table," called out Drusilla. "This is a dolls' party and so the dolls must have some supper as well as we children."

Imagine, if you can, the sight of twenty little girls sitting around a table, each holding her dolly in front of her and feeding it with the wedding dainties. Everything had been made small; tiny little sandwiches, cakes and wee candies, served on tiny plates. But, as everyone had many help-



Each holding her dolly in front of her and feeding it with the wedding dainties.

ings, both dollies and their mamas had all they wanted to eat.

At seven o'clock Mother appeared at the door. "All ready, children," she said. "Now let us go to the parlor." So everybody started, grown-ups, too, for by this time there had arrived several of Father's and Mother's friends who had been invited to attend a mysterious wedding ceremony; whose, they were not told. Some had guessed it was to be Father's brother, James. Others thought it might be Aunt Sarah Elizabeth. But when all were ushered into the parlor the secret was out. And the grown-ups learned what the children already knew, that it was to be a wedding of dolls! There, on one end of the square piano, in all their glory, stood the happy doll-pair ready for the ceremony. At the other end of the piano were tastefully grouped the small wedding gifts which had been sent by invited doll guests.

After every one was seated, Father's friend, Mr. Wheeler, stepped up to the piano and said, "Friends, I have been summoned to tie the wedding knot for this young couple, and, in the spirit of the occasion, I shall endeavor to do so."

Turning to the dolls he continued,

"Frank, do you take Flora to be your faithful and loving wife? If so, look straight ahead and do not move an eyelash!

"Flora, do you accept Frank for your true and

lawful husband? If so, keep perfectly silent, for 'silence gives consent!'

"Now that you both have made answer, I shall add my word of advice to you as I pronounce you doll-man and wife.

"Frank, my word to you is, never do any work, but always depend upon your relatives for support.

"Flora, you should always keep well painted and powdered, as all fashionable young ladies are bound to do, and dress in the latest style.

"Sharing each other's joys and sorrows, may you both be happy until the eternal Ragbag closes over you forever!"

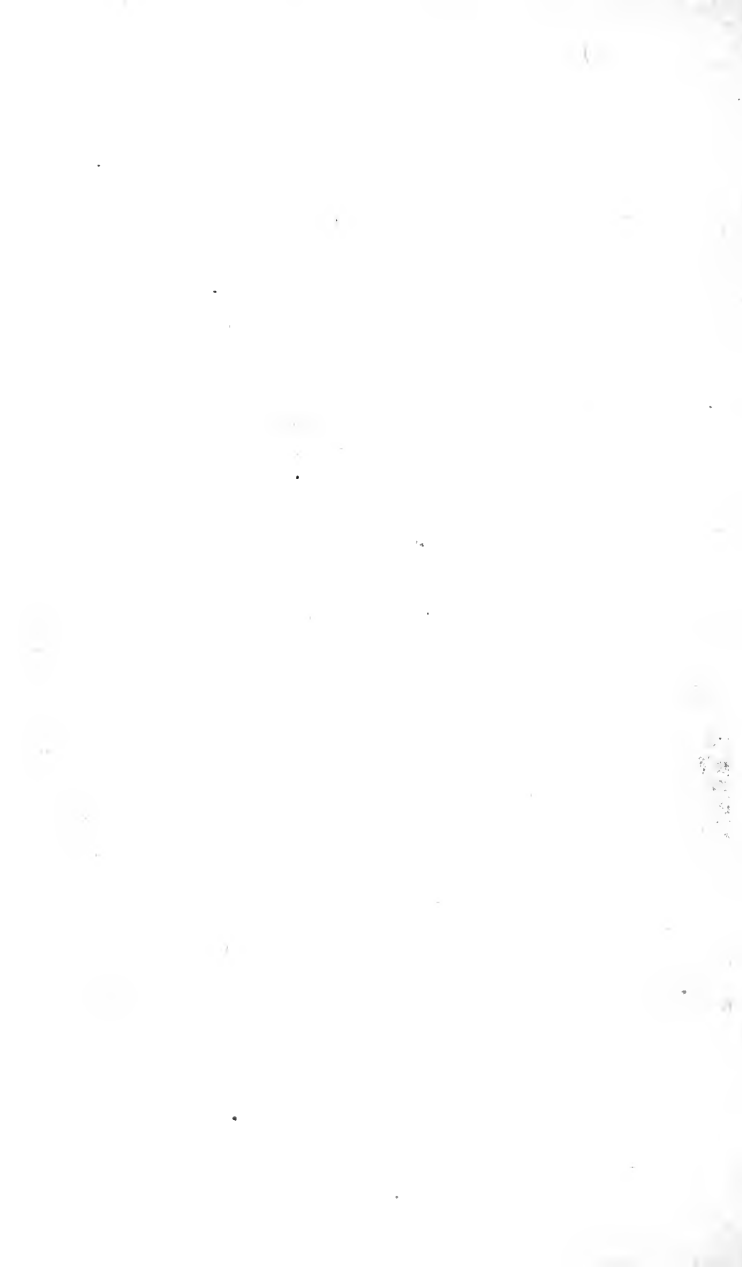
As Mr. Wheeler finished, Drusilla said, "May the dolls go up now to congratulate Flora and Frank?"

"Just a moment," said Father. "Not until I have said a little word. Our dear friends, this has been a day of pleasure and surprises for all of us. First, Drusilla, you have surprised me with this little book which you have written all by yourself. I am so happy at what you have done that I want to give you a surprise in return." Then, taking from his pocket a little leather case, he put it in Drusilla's hands. She opened it and discovered the smallest gold watch she had ever seen.

"Oh, Papa, Papa, dear! You've done it after all!" exclaimed Drusilla, as she threw her arms



"I pronounce you doll-man and wife"



around her father's neck and smothered him with kisses.

"Yes," he replied. "I knew how you wished for one and how I told you I thought you were too young for a real watch. But this morning when I read your little book I just thought you had earned it."

"Oh, I am so happy and you are so good!" said Drusilla, as she gave him another squeeze.

By this time the children were crowding around, first, to see the beautiful gold watch and then to look at the bridal couple and their wedding presents.

When the party broke up all the guests went away quite sure that doll-people's weddings are just as interesting as live people's weddings.

FLORA'S BABY, DELIA

AND now I must tell you about another doll, the first one of the kind Drusilla had ever seen—a doll which had been given to her on the Christmas before the wedding. It was only about four inches tall, all china, and with arms so strung on with elastic that they were movable and would

stay in whatever position they were put. It was dressed and given to Drusilla by Mother's dress-maker. Drusilla named her Delia in honor of the giver, as usual. Delia was dressed in a lovely evening gown of white, with a train and a blue silk basque.

Drusilla, at first sight, decided that Delia should be a great concert singer. Her movable arms would allow her to gesticulate and so to act out her songs, which would add great interest to her singing. So Drusilla spent much time arranging concert dates for Delia to sing before other groups of dolls.

It was not long after Delia had joined the family that Drusilla discovered her strong likeness to Flora. Each had the same coloring, shape of face, and expression. In fact, Delia looked like a diminutive Flora. One day when Drusilla noticed the likeness she thought, what a fine baby Delia would make for Flora. Meanwhile, as Delia's evening dress had become rather shabby, and Drusilla had been severely worn out getting up doll concerts, the change seemed a good one. Drusilla's playmate, Rena Covalle, was taken into her confidence, and the two little girls spent a busy afternoon preparing a baby outfit, made chiefly from scraps found in Mother's piece bags.

After everything that a doll infant could need had been sewed and crocheted, Drusilla went to

Mother with the announcement, "Flora has a baby girl!" Mother was quite surprised at the news. She made haste to call on Flora and found her a very proud and happy mother. The baby kept the name of Delia and made as pretty a baby as she had a singer. Frank, after his marriage, had decided to be a doctor and to cure the ills of all dolls in distress. So, after that, he was always called "Doctor Bowker." He, too, was very proud and fond of his small daughter. Meanwhile, Dinah had been made nurse to Flora's baby and Minnie raised to the dignity of aunt. These relationships were kept up by Drusilla as long as she played with dolls.

DOCTOR BOWKER AND FAMILY GO TO EUROPE

THE next important happening in the Bowker family was their trip to Europe. Drusilla loved to travel and to see new places and strange scenes. When she studied geography how she did wish she could go to see those countries, but Father and Mother said she would have to wait until she was grown up before that pleasure could

come. But there was no reason why Flora and her family could not have a make-believe trip abroad.

So, one August, after studying her geography very carefully and examining all the pictures she could find of places in Europe, she planned a trip for the dolls.

Drusilla's room had a large closet with a window. In it was a big packing-case which Drusilla decided to use for a steamer. So, on the day they were to sail, into the packing-case went Doctor Bowker, Flora, baby Delia, Aunt Minnie, and Nurse Dinah.

Drusilla, of course, could not be of the party because she could not leave school. So she kissed them all a fond farewell and watched them sail away. There, in the packing-box steamer, they stayed for ten actual days! For the next few weeks most of Drusilla's spare time was spent in reading guide books and studying maps in order to allow the party to stay long enough in each place to see the sights and to spend the right amount of time on their journeys.

The packing-box was very useful in all these plans, sometimes as a boat, sometimes as a hotel, and then again as a train.

One day when Drusilla came home from school she found on her table a tiny little letter. The envelope, which was about two inches long, had in the upper right corner a small square cut from

an old postage stamp. Beside this, to the left, a small circle had been drawn and in it had been printed the word, London. "Oh, what fun!" she said as she opened it and found it was from Flora. And this is what it said:

Dear Sister Drusilla:

I am beginning my first letter to you while still aboard ship. We are having a pleasant passage—only three bad days, and we all have proved to be pretty good sailors. Among the passengers is a college friend of Frank's, Edgar Newton. He is very attentive to sister Minnie; so she is having a fine time.

Three days later. We landed yesterday and are now comfortably settled at a fine hotel.

Through Edgar Newton we are to meet some English people who will get an invitation for Minnie to be presented at the Queen's Drawing Room. So you may know what excitement we are having getting a special gown for the affair.

Baby Delia is growing fast and is as good as can be. Dinah thinks everything very grand here, but not so good as America.

I will write again soon. Our love to all, especially to you and Kitty.

Your loving sister, Flora.

Drusilla at once guessed that her mother was the writer of the letter; so she ran to tell her what joy it was to get such fine news from the travelers. She didn't want to spoil the make-believe, but she did want to know how Mother had made the little

Q923821

circle for the postmark with *London* in it. So she said, "What cute little stamps they must have to postmark such letters. I wonder how they do it."

Mother smiled as she guessed what was in Drusilla's mind; then she took up her thimble and placed it over the make-believe postmark. It just fitted. Drusilla knew then how it had been done.

After that, the letters came almost every week, some from Paris, some from Switzerland, and some even from St. Petersburg. The dates on the envelopes were always ten or twelve days old when Drusilla received them; by that she could tell how long it took a letter to cross the ocean. And they generally came in some unexpected way. Sometimes, as she was studying in her room, she would see one of the tiny envelopes appear from under the crack of the door; then again the door bell would ring, and Mother would call out, "Drusilla, will you go to the door?" And when Drusilla would open it, there, on the sill, she would find another little letter. She came to feel that she was having as much fun out of the European trip as her doll sisters were. But as Christmas approached, Drusilla began to think her family had been gone long enough; plans were hurriedly made for their return by fastest steamer.

THE CHRISTMAS HOME-COMING

THE travelers arrived the day before Christmas. Drusilla and Kitty rejoiced so much at the return of the Bowkers that Mother suggested they celebrate the occasion by a dolls' Christmas tree on New Year's Day, when Drusilla's cousins could come and bring their dolls, too.

Did ever a little girl have a mother who could think of such wonderful things to do!

The following day there was great excitement getting ready for the party and in making gifts for every one.

Mother secured a small tree of just the right size and shape, which, when the decorations and doll gifts were fastened on, was as full as it could hold and lovely to look at.

Drusilla's two girl cousins had to make two trips from their home in order to bring all their dolls and gifts.

When the afternoon arrived and all were gathered around the tree, Drusilla played Santa Claus and distributed the tiny gifts. But what was her surprise as she finished, to find under the tree a package that looked like a packing-case. It was

all tied up with heavy cords and had foreign looking marks all over it. On it in big letters was the name, "Dr. Frank Bowker, Boston."

"That is something even Santa did not know about," laughed Mother, as she saw how puzzled Drusilla looked.

"I think this must be something Dr. Frank has brought from Europe."

Drusilla hurried to open it, and, sure enough, there were new clothes for those who had been away, and other new ones for those who had stayed at home! A whole trunkful of pretty things!

Drusilla was too happy for words. She looked at her mother, then threw her arms around her neck, and said, "Oh, you good, good Mama!"

"And good Grandma, too," added Mother, "for Grandma Lynde, also, has spent much time helping to make these pretty clothes."

"Well, I'll hug her, then, tomorrow!"

And so ended the dolls' Christmas party.



A whole trunkful of pretty things



THE BOSTON FIRE

THE European trip had lasted six actual months. It had often seemed long to Drusilla, for while she played they were in Europe and she was in America, she never spoke to them as if she were herself. She never kissed them but once. That was the night of the big Boston fire, when, at one time, there seemed danger of its spreading and reaching Drusilla's home.

"We must pack up some of our most valued things, to save them in case the fire reaches here," said Mother.

So Drusilla took one of her mother's satchels and put into it her little gold watch, the story she had written, and her other keepsakes, besides some clothing. Then she went to the closet and took up each doll, one by one, and kissed it tenderly, perhaps, she thought, for the last time.

"I love you all, but I can't save you all, and I can't choose one and leave the rest; so goodbye, you dear darlings!"

Drusilla's throat choked with tears as she closed the door of the closet, and lay down on her bed ready to be called.

But, happily, the fire did not reach as far as Drusilla's home, and she was spared the tragedy that had seemed so near.

DRUSILLA A BRIDE

THE time had now come when Drusilla's days were so filled with school and music lessons, reading and sewing, that there was little time left to spend with sister Kitty and the Bowkers. Other interests began to occupy her leisure. But her dollies had been so real and so dear to her that she could not think of parting with them. So her doll family retired to a quiet and uneventful life in the old packing box, only coming out occasionally to entertain some small girl visitor.

The years flew by and Drusilla grew up to be a young lady. When she finished boarding school she returned to Mother and Father, who were again living in Washington, where she had a happy life, until the time came when she was to be married and go far away.

The breaking up of the devoted family was hard for all, but plans for long visits, back and forth, helped to comfort them. When the time came for

Drusilla to go to her new home she took with her the old case in which were carefully packed all her dear dollies. She had found time to take them out and freshen them all up to go with her on her wedding journey.

“You remember, Mother, how sorry I always felt that you had not saved your doll for me. Well, my dollies are to be kept always; then, if I ever have any little girls they can see and know the dolls that gave me so much happiness when I was a child.”

DRUSILLA A MOTHER

DRUSILLA kept her word. In a few years she had two little girls of her own. When they were old enough to enjoy the dolls Drusilla decided to celebrate the twenty-first anniversary of Flora's and Frank's wedding.

Her little girls were overjoyed at the thought, and became very busy in getting their dolls ready for the wedding anniversary.

All the children in the village were invited to attend and bring their dolls. And what an array there was! Over fifty of them came. Little dolls,

big dolls, pretty dolls, homely dolls! Some in silk and some in calico!

Flora and Frank received their guests in their wedding clothes, which proved great curiosities to the children whose own dolls were dressed in the fashion of another generation.

DRUSILLA A GRANDMOTHER

ALL this happened many years ago. Now Drusilla is a grandma. Her own little girlies have grown up, married, and have little children of their own. But Grandma Drusilla still has her dollies. One Christmas vacation her mother, whom the children call "G. G." (for great grandma) took out all the dolls and dressed them in their best clothes. Then she gave a tea-party to her great grandchildren and showed them their Grandma's dolls. How funny and different they looked from their own dolls but what fun it was to see and hear about them!

THE GOLDEN WEDDING

NOW, one more celebration is due. Grandma Drusilla has planned for her old dollies to make a party in honor of the fiftieth wedding anniversary of the Bowkers. So, when the roses are in bloom, "G. G.", Grandma Drusilla, her daughters, and their little children will all meet at Grandma's home by the sea, to enjoy the "Golden Wedding" of Frank and Flora and to hear once again of Grandma Drusilla's make-believes.

Don't you want to be there?

LATION,

DRUSILLA'S ROOM





