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1

'Blue Wednesday'

THE FIRST WEDNESDAY in every month was a Perfectly Awful Day – a day to be awaited with dread, endured with courage and forgotten with haste. Every floor must be spotless, every chair dustless and every bed without a wrinkle. Ninety-seven squirming little orphans must be scrubbed and combed and buttoned into freshly starched gingham, and all ninety-seven reminded of their manners, and told to say “Yes, sir”, “No, sir” whenever a trustee spoke.

It was a distressing time, and poor Jerusha Abbott, being the eldest orphan, had to bear the brunt of it. But this particular first Wednesday, like its predecessors, finally dragged itself to a close. Jerusha escaped from the pantry, where she had been making sandwiches for the asylum’s guests, and turned upstairs to accomplish her regular work. Her special care was room F, where eleven little tots, from four to seven, occupied eleven little cots set in a row. Jerusha assembled her charges, straightened their rumpled frocks, wiped their noses and started them in an orderly and willing line towards the dining room to engage themselves for a blessed half-hour with bread and milk and prune pudding.

Then she dropped down on the window seat and leant throbbing temples against the cool glass. She had been on her feet since five that morning doing everybody’s bidding,

scolded and hurried by a nervous matron. Mrs Lippett, behind the scenes, did not always maintain that calm and pompous dignity with which she faced an audience of trustees and lady visitors. Jerusha gazed out across a broad stretch of frozen lawn, beyond the tall iron paling that marked the confines of the asylum, down undulating ridges sprinkled with country estates, to the spires of the village rising from the midst of bare trees.

The day was ended – quite successfully, so far as she knew. The trustees and the visiting committee had made their rounds, and read their reports, and drunk their tea, and now were hurrying home to their own cheerful firesides, to forget their bothersome little charges for another month. Jerusha leant forward watching with curiosity – and a touch of wistfulness – the stream of carriages and automobiles that rolled out of the asylum gates. In imagination she followed first one equipage then another to the big houses dotted along the hillside. She pictured herself in a fur coat and a velvet hat trimmed with feathers leaning back in the seat and nonchalantly murmuring “Home” to the driver. But on the door sill of her home the picture grew blurred.

Jerusha had an imagination – an imagination, Mrs Lippett told her, that would get her into trouble if she didn’t take care – but keen as it was, it could not carry her beyond the front porch of the houses she would enter. Poor, eager, adventurous little Jerusha, in all her seventeen years, had never stepped inside an ordinary house – she could not picture the daily routine of those other human beings who carried on their lives undiscommoded by orphans.

“Je-ru-sha Ab-bott
You are wan-ted
In the of-fice,
And I think you’d
Better hurry up!”

Tommy Dillon, who had joined the choir, came singing up the stairs and down the corridor, his chant growing louder as he approached room F. Jerusha wrenched herself from the window and refaced the troubles of life.

“Who wants me?” she cut into Tommy’s chant with a note of sharp anxiety.

“Mrs Lippett in the office,
And I think she’s mad.
Ah-a-men!”

Tommy piously intoned, but his accent was not entirely malicious. Even the most hardened little orphan felt sympathy for an erring sister who was summoned to the office to face an annoyed matron, and Tommy liked Jerusha, even if she did sometimes jerk him by the arm and nearly scrub his nose off.

Jerusha went without comment, but with two parallel lines on her brow. “What could have gone wrong?” she wondered. Were the sandwiches not thin enough? Were there shells in the nut cakes? Had a lady visitor seen the hole in Susie Hawthorn’s stocking? Had – oh, horrors! – one of the cherubic little babes in her own room F “sassed” a trustee?

The long lower hall had not been lighted and, as she came downstairs, a last trustee stood, on the point

of departure, in the open door that led to the porte cochère. Jerusha caught only a fleeting impression of the man – and the impression consisted entirely of tallness. He was waving his arm towards an automobile waiting in the curved drive. As it sprang into motion and approached, head on for an instant, the glaring headlights threw his shadow sharply against the wall inside. The shadow pictured grotesquely elongated legs and arms that ran along the floor and up the wall of the corridor. It looked, for all the world, like a huge, wavering daddy-long-legs.

Jerusha's anxious frown gave place to quick laughter. She was by nature a sunny soul, and had always snatched the tiniest excuse to be amused. If one could derive any sort of entertainment out of the oppressive fact of a trustee, it was something unexpected to the good. She advanced to the office quite cheered by the tiny episode, and presented a smiling face to Mrs Lippett. To her surprise, the matron was also, if not exactly smiling, at least appreciably affable. She wore an expression almost as pleasant as the one she donned for visitors.

“Sit down, Jerusha, I have something to say to you.”

Jerusha dropped into the nearest chair and waited with a touch of breathlessness. An automobile flashed past the window; Mrs Lippett glanced after it.

“Did you notice the gentleman who has just gone?”

“I saw his back.”

“He is one of our most affluent trustees, and has given large sums of money towards the asylum's support. I am not at liberty to mention his name: he expressly stipulated that he was to remain unknown.”

Jerusha’s eyes widened slightly: she was not accustomed to being summoned to the office to discuss the eccentricities of trustees with the matron.

“This gentleman has taken an interest in several of our boys. You remember Charles Benton and Henry Freize? They were both sent through college by Mr... er... this trustee, and both have repaid with hard work and success the money that was so generously expended. Other payment the gentleman does not wish. Heretofore his philanthropies have been directed solely towards the boys. I have never been able to interest him in the slightest degree in any of the girls in the institution, no matter how deserving. He does not, I may tell you, care for girls.”

“No, ma’am,” Jerusha murmured, since some reply seemed to be expected at this point.

“Today, at the regular meeting, the question of your future was brought up.”

Mrs Lippett allowed a moment of silence to fall, then resumed in a slow, placid manner extremely trying to her hearer’s suddenly tightened nerves.

“Usually, as you know, the children are not kept after they are sixteen, but an exception was made in your case. You had finished our school at fourteen, and having done so well in your studies – not always, I must say, in your conduct – it was determined to let you go on in the village high school. Now you are finishing that, and of course the asylum cannot be responsible any longer for your support. As it is, you have had two years more than most.”

Mrs Lippett overlooked the fact that Jerusha had worked hard for her board during those two years, that the convenience of the asylum had come first and her

education second, that on days like the present she was kept at home to scrub.

“As I say, the question of your future was brought up and your record was discussed – thoroughly discussed.”

Mrs Lippett brought accusing eyes to bear upon the prisoner in the dock, and the prisoner looked guilty because it seemed to be expected – not because she could remember any strikingly black pages in her record.

“Of course the usual disposition of one in your place would be to put you in a position where you could begin to work, but you have done well in school in certain branches: it seems that your work in English has even been brilliant. Miss Pritchard, who is on our visiting committee, is also on the school board. She has been talking with your rhetoric teacher, and made a speech in your favour. She also read aloud an essay that you had written entitled ‘Blue Wednesday’.

Jerusha’s guilty expression this time was not assumed.

“It seemed to me that you showed little gratitude in holding up to ridicule the institution that has done so much for you. Had you not managed to be funny I doubt if you would have been forgiven. But fortunately for you, Mr – that is, the gentleman who has just gone – appears to have an immoderate sense of humour. On the strength of that impertinent paper, he has offered to send you to college.”

“To college?” Jerusha’s eyes grew big.

Mrs Lippett nodded.

“He waited to discuss the terms with me. They are unusual. The gentleman, I may say, is erratic. He believes that you have originality, and he is planning to educate you to become a writer.”

“A writer?” Jerusha’s mind was numbed. She could only repeat Mrs Lippett’s words.

“That is his wish. Whether anything will come of it, the future will show. He is giving you a very liberal allowance, almost – for a girl who has never had any experience in taking care of money – too liberal. But he planned the matter in detail, and I did not feel free to make any suggestions. You are to remain here through the summer, and Miss Pritchard has kindly offered to superintend your outfit. Your board and tuition will be paid directly to the college, and you will receive in addition during the four years you are there an allowance of thirty-five dollars a month. This will enable you to enter on the same standing as the other students. The money will be sent to you by the gentleman’s private secretary once a month, and in return you will write a letter of acknowledgement once a month. That is, you are not to thank him for the money – he doesn’t care to have that mentioned – but you are to write a letter telling of the progress in your studies and the details of your daily life. Just such a letter as you would write to your parents if they were living.

“These letters will be addressed to Mr John Smith and will be sent in care of the secretary. The gentleman’s name is not John Smith, but he prefers to remain unknown. To you he will never be anything but John Smith. His reason in requiring the letters is that he thinks nothing so fosters facility in literary expression as letter-writing. Since you have no family with whom to correspond, he desires you to write in this way. Also, he wishes to keep track of your progress. He will never answer your letters, nor in the slightest particular take any notice of them. He detests letter-writing, and does not wish you to become

a burden. If any point should ever arise where an answer would seem to be imperative – such as in the event of your being expelled, which I trust will not occur – you may correspond with Mr Griggs, his secretary. These monthly letters are absolutely obligatory on your part – they are the only payment that Mr Smith requires, so you must be as punctilious in sending them as though it were a bill that you were paying. I hope that they will always be respectful in tone and will reflect credit on your training. You must remember that you are writing to a trustee of the John Grier Home.”

Jerusha’s eyes longingly sought the door. Her head was in a whirl of excitement, and she wished only to escape from Mrs Lippett’s platitudes and think. She rose and took a tentative step backwards. Mrs Lippett detained her with a gesture – it was an oratorical opportunity not to be slighted.

“I trust that you are properly grateful for this very rare good fortune that has befallen you? Not many girls in your position ever have such an opportunity to rise in the world. You must always remember—”

“I... yes, ma’am, thank you. I think, if that’s all, I must go and sew a patch on Freddie Perkins’s trousers”

The door closed behind her, and Mrs Lippett watched it with dropped jaw, her peroration in mid-air.

2

The Letters of Miss Jerusha Abbott to Mr Daddy-Long-Legs Smith

*215 Fergusson Hall,
September 24th*

Dear Kind-Trustee-Who-Sends-Orphans-to-College,
Here I am! I travelled yesterday for four hours in a train. It's a funny sensation isn't it? I never rode in one before.

College is the biggest, most bewildering place – I get lost whenever I leave my room. I will write you a description later when I'm feeling less muddled – also I will tell you about my lessons. Classes don't begin until Monday morning, and this is Saturday night. But I wanted to write a letter first just to get acquainted.

It seems queer to be writing letters to somebody you don't know. It seems queer for me to be writing letters at all: I've never written more than three or four in my life, so please overlook it if these are not a model kind.

Before leaving yesterday morning, Mrs Lippett and I had a very serious talk. She told me how to behave all the rest of my life, and especially how to behave towards the kind gentleman who is doing so much for me. I must lake care to be Very Respectful.

But how can one be very respectful to a person who wishes to be called John Smith? Why couldn't you have picked out a name with a little personality? I might

as well write letters to Dear Hitching Post or Dear Clothes Pole.

I have been thinking about you a great deal this summer. Having somebody take an interest in me after all these years makes me feel as though I had found a sort of family. It seems as though I belonged to somebody now, and it's a very comfortable sensation. I must say, however, that when I think about you my imagination has very little to work upon. There are just three things that I know:

I. You are tall.

II. You are rich.

III. You hate girls.

I suppose I might call you Dear Mr Girl-Hater. Only that's sort of insulting to me. Or Dear Mr Rich Man, but that's insulting to you, as though money were the only important thing about you. Besides, being rich is such a very external quality. Maybe you won't stay rich all your life – lots of very clever men get smashed up in Wall Street. But at least you will stay tall all your life! So I've decided to call you Dear Daddy-Long-Legs. I hope you won't mind. It's just a private pet name – we won't tell Mrs Lippett.

The ten-o'clock bell is going to ring in two minutes. Our day is divided into sections by bells. We eat and sleep and study by bells. It's very enlivening. I feel like a fire horse all of the time. There it goes! Lights out. Goodnight.

Observe with what precision I obey rules – due to my training in the John Grier Home.

Yours most respectfully,

Jerusha Abbott

To Mr Daddy-Long-Legs Smith

October 1st

Dear Daddy-Long-Legs,

I love college and I love you for sending me – I'm very, very happy, and so excited every moment of the time that I can scarcely sleep. You can't imagine how different it is from the John Grier Home. I never dreamt there was such a place in the world. I'm feeling sorry for everybody who isn't a girl and who can't come here. I am sure the college you attended when you were a boy couldn't have been so nice.

My room is up in a tower that used to be the contagious ward before they built the new infirmary. There are three other girls on the same floor of the tower – a senior, who wears spectacles and is always asking us please to be a little more quiet, and two freshmen named Sallie McBride and Julia Rutledge Pendleton. Sallie has red hair and a turn-up nose and is quite friendly. Julia comes from one of the first families in New York and hasn't noticed me yet. They room together and the senior and I have singles. Usually freshmen can't get singles – they are very scarce – but I got one without even asking. I suppose the registrar didn't think it would be right to ask a properly brought-up girl to room with a foundling. You see there are advantages!

My room is on the north-west corner with two windows and a view. After you've lived in a ward for eighteen years with twenty roommates, it is restful to be alone. This is the first chance I've ever had to get acquainted with Jerusha Abbott. I think I'm going to like her.

Do you think you are?

Tuesday

They are organizing the freshman basketball team and there's just a chance that I shall make it. I'm little, of course, but terribly quick and wiry and tough. While the others are hopping about in the air, I can dodge under their feet and grab the ball. It's loads of fun practising – out in the athletic field in the afternoon with the trees all red and yellow and the air full of the smell of burning leaves, and everybody laughing and shouting. These are the happiest girls I ever saw – and I am the happiest of all!

I meant to write a long letter and tell you all the things I'm learning (Mrs Lippett said you wanted to know), but 7th hour has just rung, and in ten minutes I'm due at the athletic field in gymnasium clothes. Don't you hope I'll make the team?

Yours always,

Jerusha Abbott

PS: (9 o'clock)

Sallie McBride just poked her head in at my door. This is what she said:

“I'm so homesick that I simply can't stand it. Do you feel that way?”

I smiled a little and said no, I thought I could pull through. At least homesickness is one disease that I've escaped! I never heard of anybody being asylum-sick, did you?

October 10th

Dear Daddy-Long-Legs,
Did you ever hear of Michael Angelo?

He was a famous artist who lived in Italy in the Middle Ages. Everybody in English Literature seemed to know about him, and the whole class laughed because I thought he was an archangel. He sounds like an archangel, doesn't he? The trouble with college is that you are expected to know such a lot of things you've never learnt. It's very embarrassing at times. But now, when the girls talk about things that I never heard of, I just keep still and look them up in the encyclopedia.

I made an awful mistake the first day. Somebody mentioned Maurice Maeterlinck,* and I asked if she was a freshman. That joke has gone all over college. But anyway, I'm just as bright in class as any of the others – and brighter than some of them!

Do you care to know how I've furnished my room? It's a symphony in brown and yellow. The wall was tinted buff, and I've bought yellow denim curtains and cushions and a mahogany desk (second-hand for three dollars) and a rattan chair and a brown rug with an ink spot in the middle. I stand the chair over the spot.

The windows are up high: you can't look out from an ordinary seat. But I unscrewed the looking glass from the back of the bureau, upholstered the top and moved it up against the window. It's just the right height for a window seat. You pull out the drawers like steps and walk up. Very comfortable!

Sallie McBride helped me choose the things at the senior auction. She has lived in a house all her life and knows

about furnishing. You can't imagine what fun it is to shop and pay with a real five-dollar bill and get some change when you've never had more than a nickel in your life. I assure you, Daddy dear, I do appreciate that allowance.

Sallie is the most entertaining person in the world – and Julia Rutledge Pendleton the least so.

It's queer what a mixture the registrar can make in the matter of room-mates. Sallie thinks everything is funny – even flunking – and Julia is bored at everything. She never makes the slightest effort to be amiable. She believes that if you are a Pendleton, that fact alone admits you to heaven without any further examination. Julia and I were born to be enemies.

And now I suppose you've been waiting very impatiently to hear what I am learning?

- I. Latin: Second Punic War. Hannibal and his forces pitched camp at Lake Trasimenus last night. They prepared an ambush for the Romans, and a battle took place at the fourth watch this morning. Romans in retreat.*
- II. French: Twenty-four pages of *The Three Musketeers** and third-conjugation irregular verbs.
- III. Geometry: Finished cylinders, now doing cones.
- IV. English: Studying exposition. My style improves daily in clearness and brevity.
- V. Physiology: Reached the digestive system. Bile and the pancreas next time.

Yours, on the way to being educated,
Jerusha Abbott

PS: I hope you never touch alcohol, Daddy? It does dreadful things to your liver.

Wednesday

Dear Daddy-Long-Legs,
I've changed my name.

I'm still "Jerusha" in the catalogue, but I'm "Judy" everywhere else. It's sort of too bad, isn't it, to have to give yourself the only pet name you ever had? I didn't quite make up the Judy though. That's what Freddie Perkins used to call me before he could talk plain.

I wish Mrs Lippett would use a little more ingenuity about choosing babies' names. She gets the last names out of the telephone book – you'll find Abbott on the first page – and she picks the Christian names up anywhere – she got Jerusha from a tombstone. I've always hated it, but I rather like Judy. It's such a silly name. It belongs to the kind of girl I'm not – a sweet little blue-eyed thing, petted and spoiled by all the family, who romps her way through life without any cares. Wouldn't it be nice to be like that? Whatever faults I may have, no one can ever accuse me of having been spoiled by my family! But it's sort of fun to pretend I've been. In the future please always address me as Judy.

Do you want to know something? I have three pairs of kid gloves. I've had kid mittens before from the Christmas tree, but never real kid gloves with five fingers. I take them out and try them on every little while. It's all I can do not to wear them to classes.

(Dinner bell. Goodbye.)

Friday

What do you think, Daddy? The English instructor said that my last paper shows an unusual amount of originality. She did, truly. Those were her words. It doesn't seem possible, does it, considering the eighteen years of training that I've had? The aim of the John Grier Home (as you doubtless know and heartily approve of) is to turn the ninety-seven orphans into ninety-seven twins.

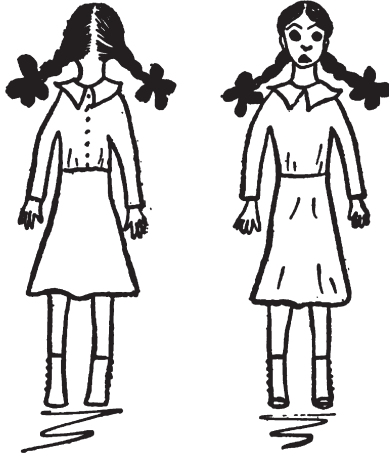
The unusual artistic ability which I exhibit was developed at an early age through drawing chalk pictures of Mrs Lippett on the woodshed door.

I hope that I don't hurt your feelings when I criticize the home of my youth? But you have the upper hand, you know, for if I become too impertinent you can always stop payment on your cheques. That isn't a very polite thing to say, but you can't expect me to have any manners: a foundling asylum isn't a young ladies' finishing school.

You know, Daddy, it isn't the work that is going to be hard in college. It's the play. Half the time I don't know what the girls are talking about: their jokes seem to relate to a past that everyone but me has shared. I'm a foreigner in the world, and I don't understand the language. It's a miserable feeling. I've had it all my life. At the high school the girls would stand in groups and just look at me. I was queer and different and everybody knew it. I could *feel* "John Grier Home" written on my face. And then a few charitable ones would make a point of coming up and saying something polite. *I hated every one of them* – the charitable ones most of all.

ANY ORPHAN

Rear Elevation Front Elevation



Nobody here knows that I was brought up in an asylum. I told Sallie McBride that my mother and father were dead, and that a kind old gentleman was sending me to college – which is entirely true so far as it goes. I don't want you to think I am a coward, but I do want to be like the other girls, and that Dreadful Home looming over my childhood is the one great big difference. If I can turn my back on that and shut out the remembrance, I think I might be just as desirable as any other girl. I don't believe there's any real underneath difference, do you?

Anyway, Sallie McBride likes me!

Yours ever,

Judy Abbott

(Née Jerusha)