Gertrude Louise Janssen Cooke Willius Papers

Version 3
August 20, 2018

that squirms
or kicks when
put into his bed
Will have a big
black poppy spread on
his ~~little~~ naughty head.

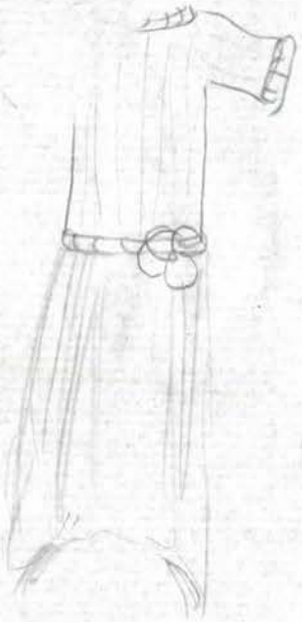
But those who ~~nicely~~
~~[illegible] bid~~ swift obey her
and ~~nicely~~ lay ~~them~~ nicely in beds
will have a gay red poppy
placed on ~~their~~ their little heads

They will have fair dreams
All thro the night so long;
And will be lulled so sweetly
By the Poppy lady's song.

The naughty little children
no dreams will ~~see~~ have at all
For the big black poppy
Will drive away them all

The Poppy ~~Lady~~ or The Dancer

2 yds. for coat!



5 1/4 yds. crepe satin
1/4 yd. contrasting
3/4 yd. squirrel.

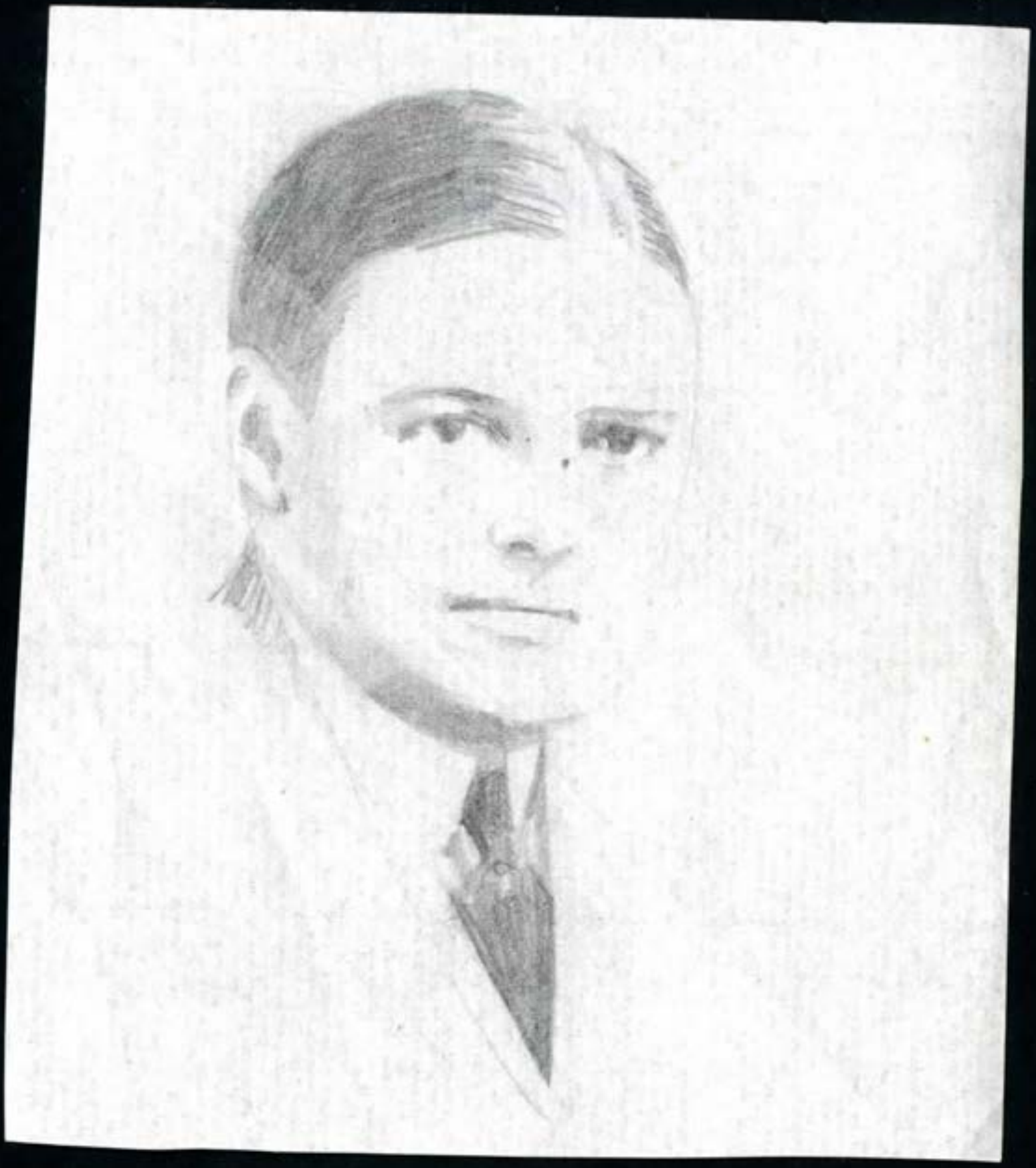
BOBBY

mary
it looks
like
me →

2/21/23


JANSSEN

150
2½
300
75
375




NO!
YOU TANT
HAVE MEAT
TODAY

Janson 5/4/23

Gertrude Janson
age 17

G Janssen
5/4/23
age 17

Standard

4011

s. 36 requir

$1\frac{7}{8}$ yds. 40 in

+ $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 40 in.

p. 30 ¢

transf.

10489

25 cents.

Gertrude
Jamison (Mrs. Lawrence Colter)

June Berg 6/26/25

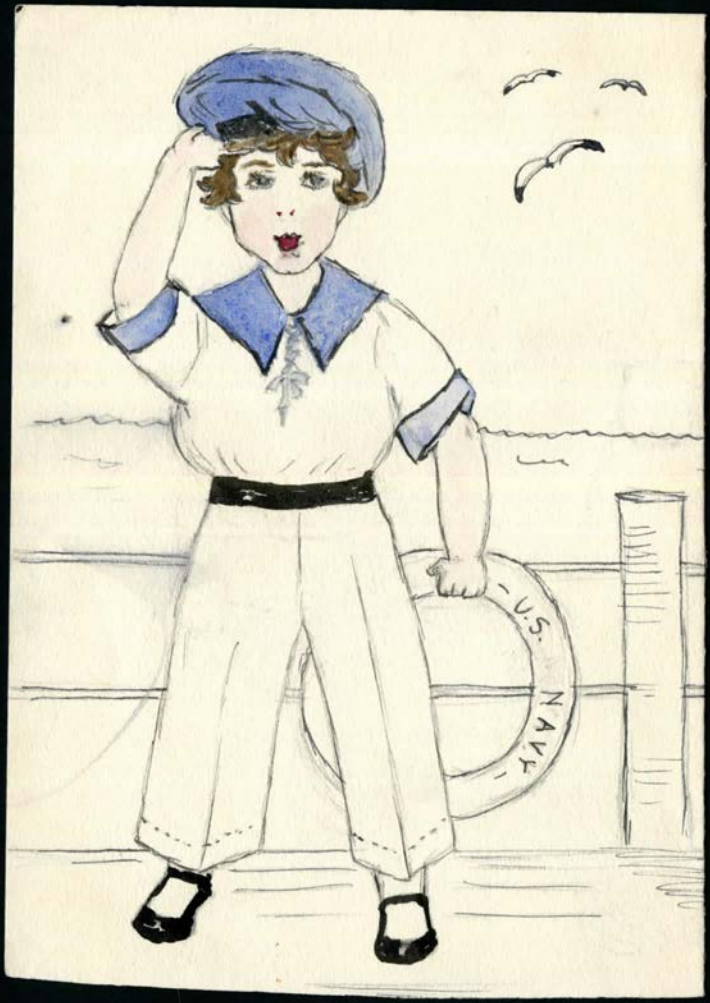
by Gertrude Jonssen

19 years old

JANSSEN

Polly.


before the mirror Dec. 20/917. 11


U.S.
NAVY

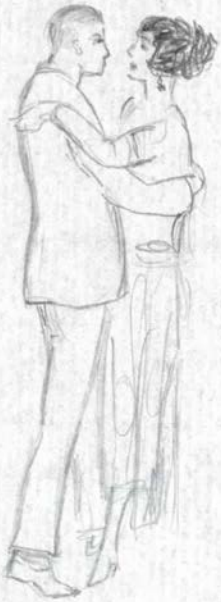

EMMELINE BY
GERTRUDE JANSSEN


Gertrude Jansen

The forbidden cookie

babys


E. SERENTINS.




3 yds. Saf. crepe

Shopping-List.

9

"Advice."

Before you go a shopping,

Jot your items down,

So you wont forget them

When you get to town.

D.

Savonia
De Beers.
Village
Queens.

The Youthful Orator & Wallace

winter 1919
12

Thomas Bailey Aldrich in;
The Story of a Bad Boy.


1920

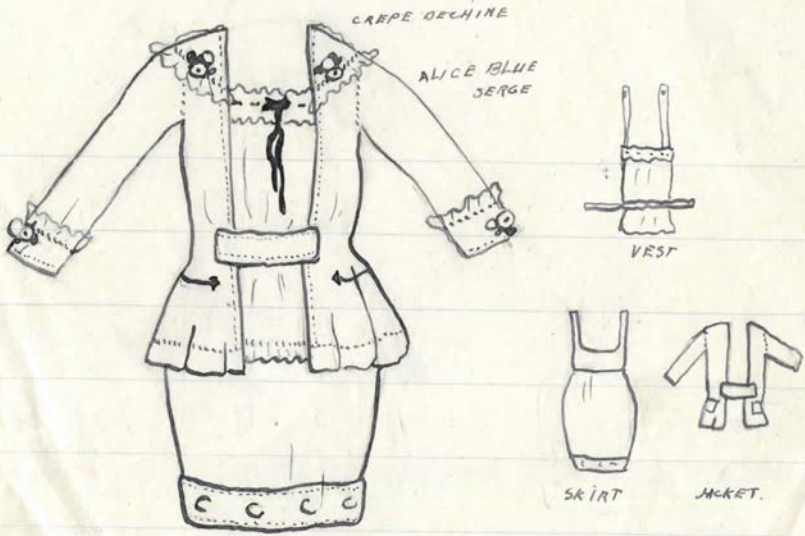
When a wind sweeps down
from the sky,
And whirls the twigs and
leaves on high,

Don't be afraid to let go
of your hat,
But pin it and it will
stay just pat.

G. J.

"Sir" Reginald.

FRONT.

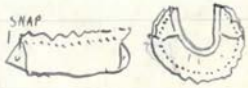


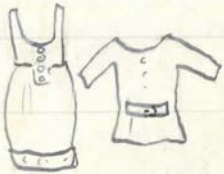
another
← mode of closing in back.

when worn plain.

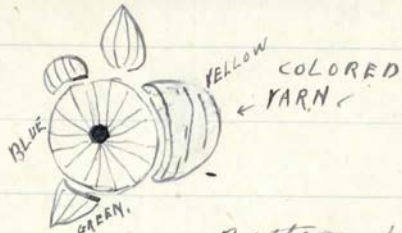
BACK.

COLLAR + CUFS.

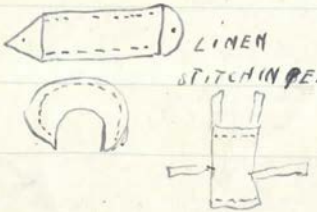




SKIRT JACKET.



Pattern for collar
cuffs and vest of CREPE DE CHINE.



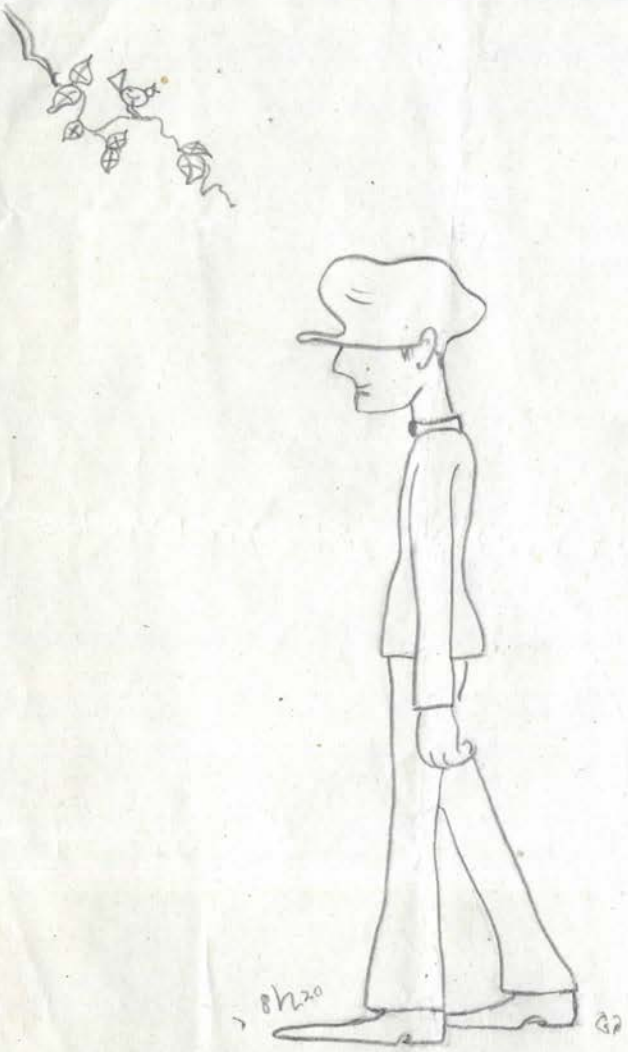
CU

commander in chief
of the "Free Women Suffragiates"
royal guard of U.S.A. or the F.W.S.R.G.O.T.U.S.A.
and the first squad


I LOVE YOU-OU-OU
SWEE-EE-EET
HEAR-R-T
A MECHANIC PROPOSAL. OR CAPHONOGRAPHIC ENTREATY FOR MARRIAGE

Title - The Dude

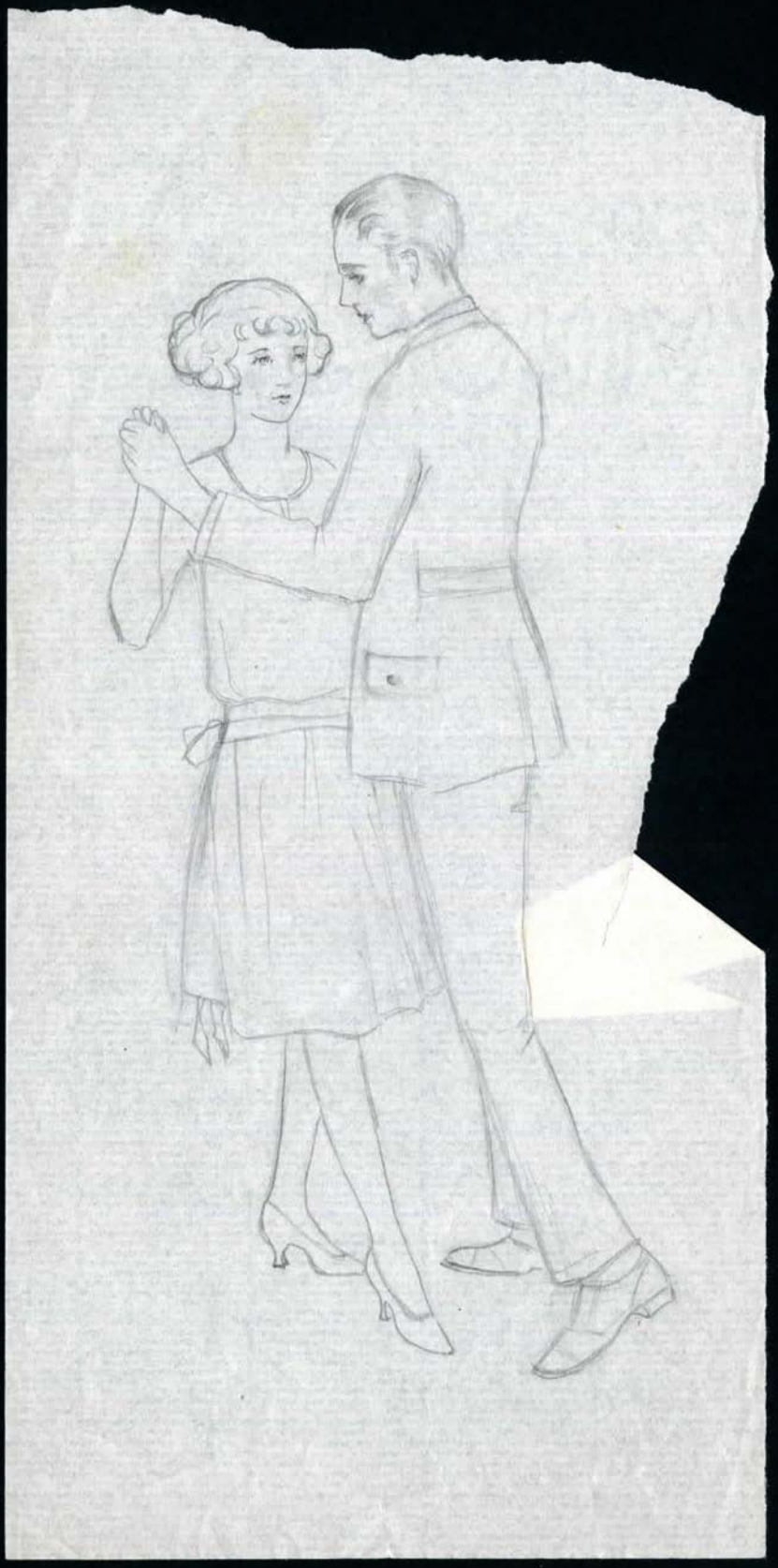
by [illegible]
F. Jan 8, 1917

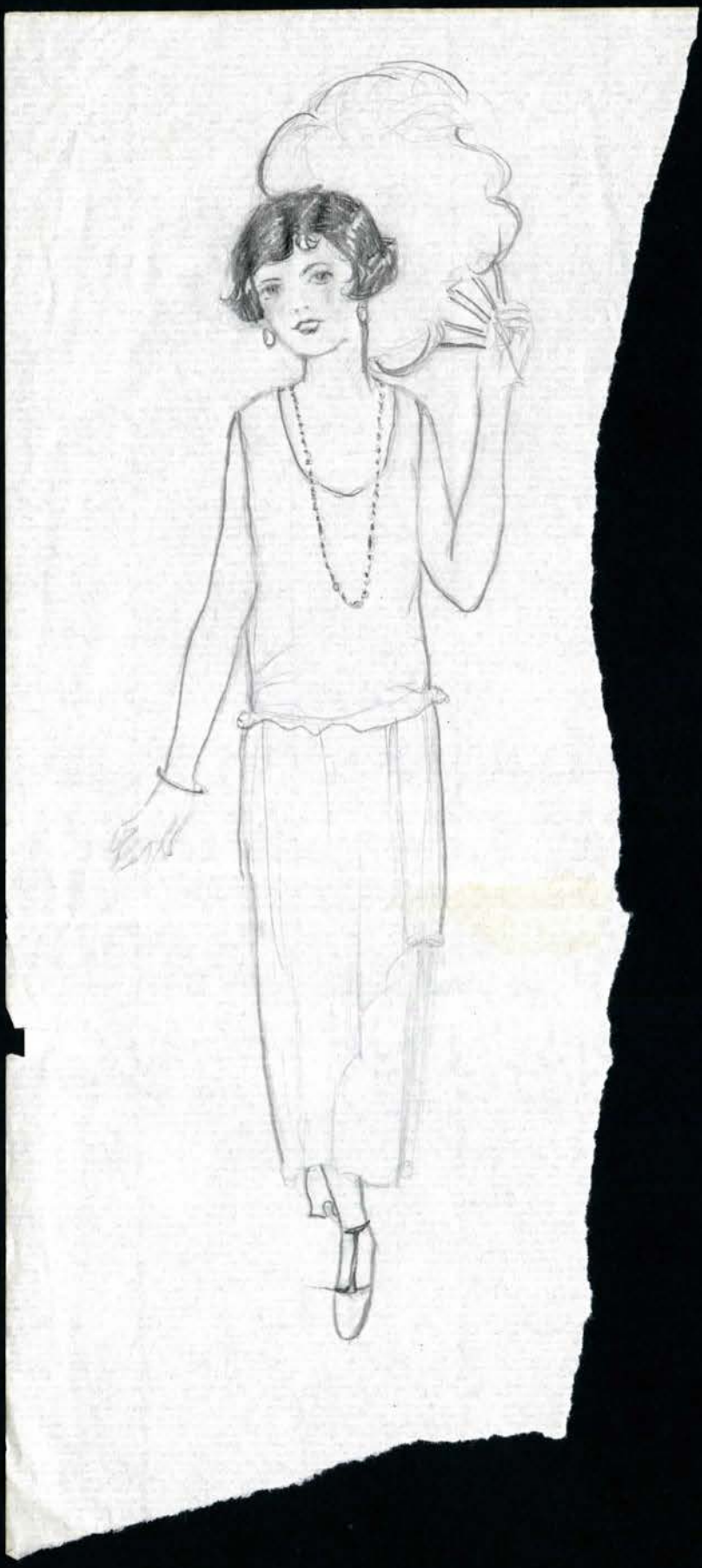

8h20

Proud Mr. Newley Wed's first boy.

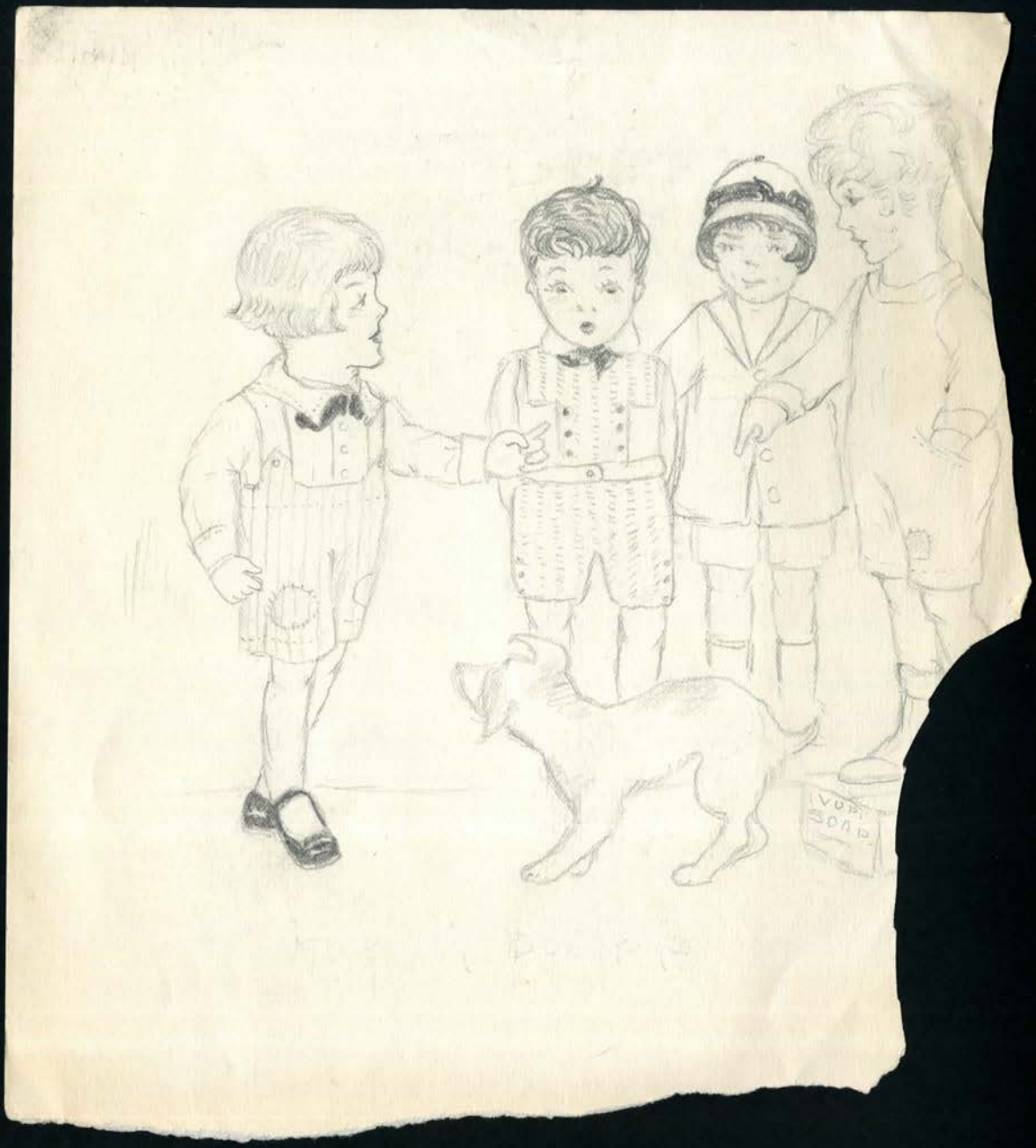
Mrs. Finnegan


JANS SON





The Millionsons
find a foundling
in their garden.


IVORY
SOAP

Winter 1919
12

Going To The Party.

"Oh Annie, can't you walk like I do, you look so 'cunterfied'."
"Yes Mabel, you look so 'stiluch', but I feel so 'avkerd'."

May 1st, 1919.
O.L.d.

ARCHIBALD NO-NUTHIN

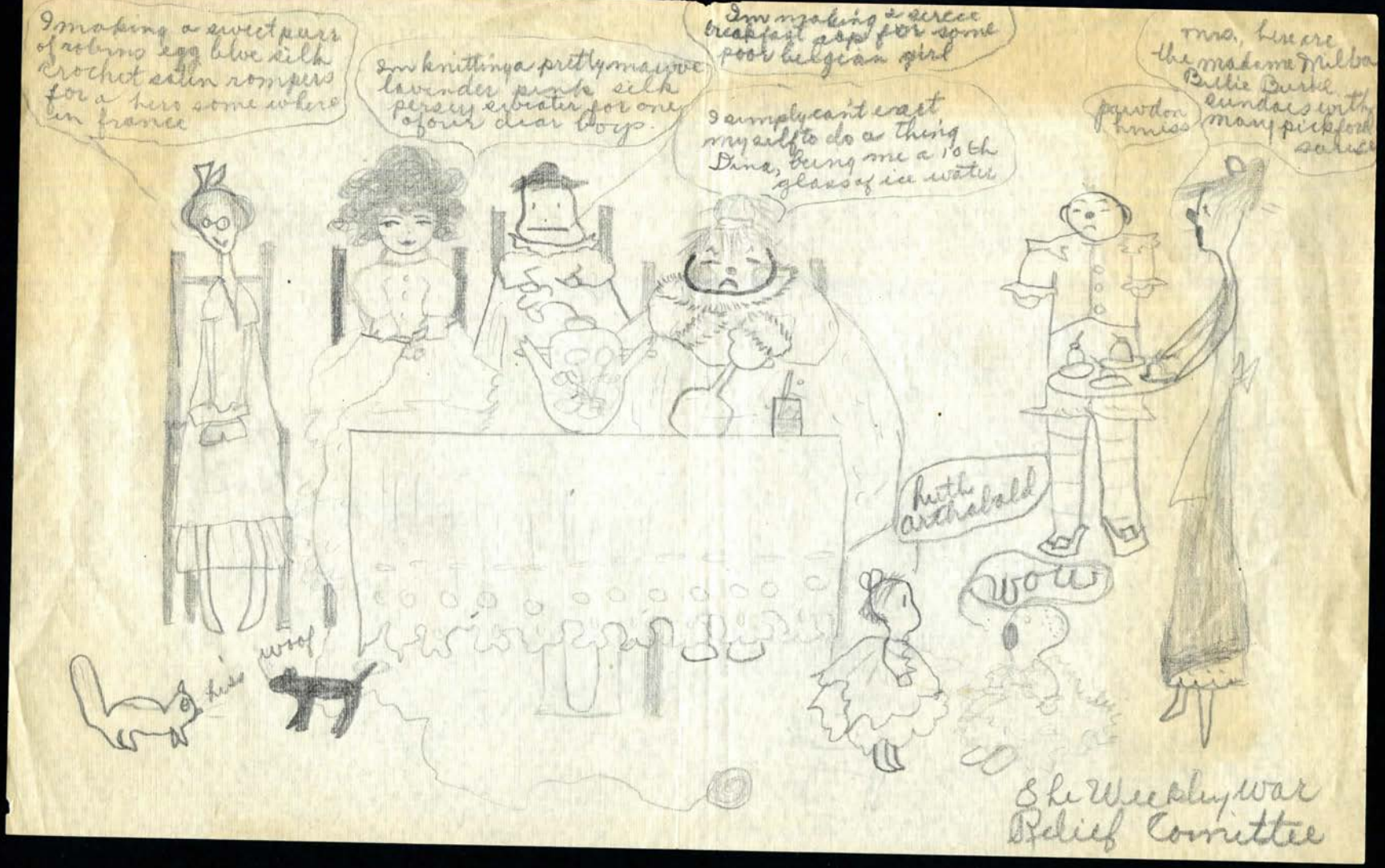
Gertrude Janssens

Lady Valentine

War Baby

"Wont some some one adopt me."

Balmis Geo.


I'm making a sweet purse of robins egg blue silk crochet satin rompers for a hero somewhere in france
I'm knitting a pretty mauve lavender purple silk persey sweater for one of our dear boys.
I'm making a circle breakfast cap for some poor belgian girl
I simply can't exert myself to do a thing Dina, bring me a 10th glass of ice water
Mrs. Lyne are the madame Nilba Billie Burke sundaes with many pickford sauce
pardon mmiss
hello arthur old
wow
hiss
woof
The Weekly War Relief Committee


marydorris
myself

"Ready to serve and to save." –

Edith Fabian

Twas moonlight sweet moonlite
when Percy Van Prunebite
went walking with Susan Croquette.
'Twas " sweet "

Pancy to Prunebite
Let us rest on the hill
beneath

Elaine
7


7/22/23

Princess
Dorthea of Samavia

Miss Dorothy Jones

Johnny
2

Paul.

6

Jean.

14


FINN
Louise


Betty
8

Jane.
8.

Billy
8


Fran Carroll
7


Mary Louise
3


Dot
3

Baby.


FINN
Joe
8

Rose
6

"Can you swim"? Jan 4. 1918. S. L. J. 10

Clara - Jan. 5 1918 - 11. - G.L.J.

age 12

French Doll.

films
gift for Mrs. Cunnington
callup " "
" " the class
refreshments
packing grandma's trunk

decorating
Graces ? / list of entertainment

over

1. Write the story of the Resurection story, John
2. put pictures in.

White Satin Bodice
Blue ribbons
Blue dotted net.

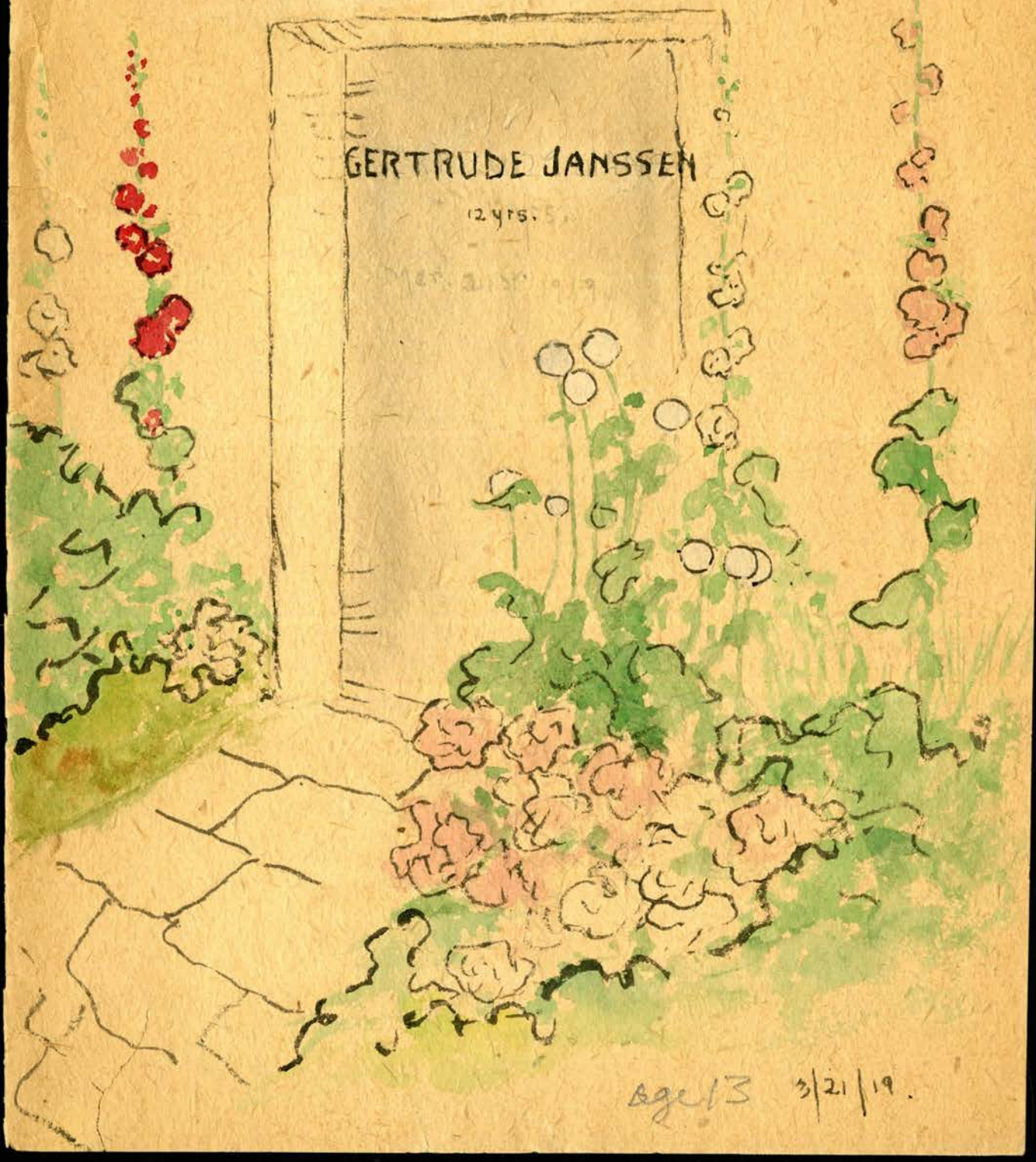
velvet
brocade panel to harmonize.
dainty white organdy
collar and cuffs.

dull copper
tafetta - stiff
black net -
turqoise blue
ribbon.

cross between
Russian wolf hound + greyhound.

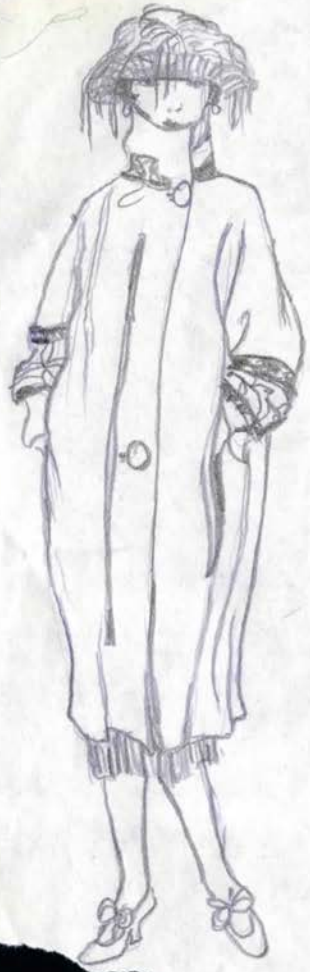

JANSSEN

SCETCHES.



FASHION
ART

Bargain
$29 50




dull gold & green braid
antique ~~gold~~ beaten brass
black velour

Lamkel Manay

James Kinney

"Gladys" —

mouth fixed 4/13/20

— 4/15/19. —

Dec. 24 th.

Christmas Eve.

by Gertrude Jansen

Christmas Eve
by

Gertrude Janssen

on

Dec. 16th 1917.

"The Sturdy lass who steadily trudged along the white PATH"

Incomplete story — 1.

written by Gertrude Louise Janssen age ?

w/ illustration

It was an ideal summer day. The sky was faultlessly blue flecked here and there by a bit of fleecy cloud which sailed dreamily along. A soft breeze filled with the breath of wild roses rustled the leaves and fanned the tan cheek of the sturdy lass who steadily trudged along the white path which wound ribbon like about the mountain from the village which lay peacefully in the valley. On the slope of the mountain stood a rugged little cabin which was guarded by the grim black pines which like sentinels had o'er looked the surrounding country for years before smoke curled from human habitation. The cabin was built of gray logs which had been worn smooth and satiney by the winds and tempests which had howled

Bozzle
Anne Jane Powell

2

among the pines and had caused it to lean more heavily toward the mountain each year thro' 20 winters. It was found on solid rock and on one side the mountain towering skyward served as wall, else long before the driving winds and hurricanes would have washed it down the precipitous slope. On the doorstep in the sun sat a wrinkled man. His shoulders were bent his face shriveled and a shaggy beard rested on the sunken chest. Wreaths of smoke circled from a long dutch pipe which projected from one corner of his mouth. Suddenly he straightened put the pipe in his pocket and rose for a clear yodel rang out from the path below. A brown head appeared and so the girl leaped forward with the so-

gility of a deer. "Grandfather" she cried in breathlessley in french ~~go she~~ waving an empty fish basket and rod "I have sold three trout. I caught them in the stream where it flows into the river and I have made a bargain ~~with~~ in the ~~butcher~~ ~~fish~~ market. Drawing the old man into the hut she displayed ~~coins~~ three silver coins. He patted her head and praised her in his cracked shrill voice.

There was a glint of pride in the sunken eyes which rested on the lass wherever she went. ~~Stooping over the hearth he lifted one of its~~. He hobbled into to adjoining room and came forth with a blue sock which bulged at the toe. Pouring its contents into his yellow palm, he counted with the girls assistance. Grandfather she cried clapping her hands, the

money is all there her eyes shone and the lips were parted in a smile which faded as a tear dimmed his eye. Granddaddy dear perhaps I ought not leave you here alone You must stay with Grannie Alevard in the village. Oh my dear you must go. It is not fear that dims my eye but the pain of parting which will soon pass away. Anne Jane you must be a great lady as your father wished but, his voice trembled don't forget your old granddaddy that loves you so. She threw her arms about his ~~withered~~ neck and resting her head on his shoulder ~~snuggled~~ patted the ~~rough~~ withered cheek tenderley, As they ate their evening meal of bread and milk on the door step they made plans together

for the future

The next day was a busy one on the alm of Bozie mountain. Things rarely seen in an isolated little mountain hut were scattered here and there. Ann Jane was packing a valise with different articles of dainty wearing apparel which she lifted tenderly from an oaken chest which was entirely out of place with its surroundings on the stone floor. An old lady granny Alcoard sat knitting by the door. She was the only one besides Anne Janes guardian who knew ought of the childs parentage. Anne Jane herself knew very little except that a strange man and woman had come one night during a storm 14 years before. The woman was apparently French came over and sat by grannys knee. Tell me the story again granny she pleaded. "what! again child "well well I'll tell you and she settled herself and lay back with closed eyes She loved to tell about that momentous night.

A terrible storm was raging out and this little chalia here was rocking back and forth till we thot' twould go over. All on a sudden a fierce gust blew this door open and in fell all soaked with rain a woman. Her face was white as death and clasped in her arms was a tiny ~~babe~~ white bundle. When I pulled down the cover later and peeped ~~at~~ in their lay" "Me" supplied Ms Jane. Yes it was you, continued granny, in a little dress of silvery lace and a coat of velvet all embroided in gold threads. Later ~~when we~~ when we'd gotten your poor mother to the bed we heard a loud knock. At the door was a man, your father. He was half crazy with grief for he had been separated from his wife & child by the dark and storm. All night he sat by her bedside, for she was ~~dying~~ fairly burning up with fever. Towards

morning her breathe grew fainter hoarser and then, granny looked twards the blue sky with a ~~genier~~ tear in her eye, she left us. Her poor husband left before she was buried in the cart they had come in. First he took out that chest their and carried it into the house. He said that in it was a little casket of jewels, your mothers, that he intended to give you ~~when~~ on your 15th birthday. He said he'd come back for the baby soon and without saying anything else he left in a great hurry without going ought of name of over road. You've been with us ever since. We've told no one the secret and all the villagers know is that ~~you~~ a tiny baby had come suddenly to this poor hut who did not look like the other little children ~~in~~. Your poor father I think was English, and your mother French she probably had the same fever ~~your mother had~~ she had perished. and I did not open the chest for ~~a~~ 5 years hoping for his return but then I decided that there might be something which would be a clue to your parentage. In it were dainty silk gowns and other wearing apparel which you now find their. The casket of jewels ~~in~~

you cannot open for the key is not ~~their~~ with it. Then the miniature you have was in a leather traveling case with a tiny yellow curl which is the exact shade as that of the babe your mother is holding in the picture. It looks just as you did when I first saw your little face but your hair has always been dark. We are now sending you to boarding school to be educated as the daughter of nobles as I believe you are should be.

Ann Jane had heard the story over and over ~~but~~ again but she sat with upturned face ~~rapt in the same as she gazed~~ listening intently as she gazed at the tiny miniature in her hand. It was made of two dull gold hearts twined together. In one heart was the beautiful young woman

missing one page?

In great haste? after ~~leaving his~~ bidding his ~~for~~ wife ~~baby girl Ann Jane~~ farewell and expressing his desires that some day the babe ~~she~~ would be a great ~~lady~~ proviledge ~~like its mother~~ women of noble bearing & will call for her soon he cried as he drove away. Nothing had been heard of him since but the next morning a broken buggy was found at the foot of the precipices. Granny Alward shook her head and said the babe if it lived would never see its father for to all appearence's he had perished.

The things which Ann Jane, the name given her by grand father Du'pont as she called him, were her mother's. Now she stopped to gaze sadly at two miniatures in dull gold frames shaped like two hearts twined together.  One was of a sweet faced women clasping a babe in her arms which Granny said looked for all the world like Ann Jane herself. The other was of

for the future.

The next day was a busy one on the alms of Bozie mountain. Things ~~usual~~ rarely seen in an isolated little mountain hut were scattered here and there. ~~about~~ Anna Jane was packing a large ~~English~~ suit case with different articles of dainty wearing apparel which she tenderly lifted from ~~the~~ a cedar chest entirely out of place with it's surroundings on the stone floor. An old lady, granny Alward the only person beside ~~Grand~~ Anna Jane's guardian who knew ought of the childs parentage. Anne Jane herself knew very little except that a strange man and woman had come one night during a storm 14 years before and in the little bed room a babe had been born. The strange woman who was apparently French died and her husband left

Social

MACALESTER CHURCH

COR. SUMMIT + CAMBRIDGE

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