

The Tongue-Tie

of hand made lace. As her eyes darted here and there and her head turned quickly from side to side while she cut, basted and fitted, she resembled a very busy little blackbird, such as one sees early in the spring, collecting materials for the family nest.

"Stand still, Jenny!" she cried. "How can I measure your skirt length if you keep jumping up and down."

During the sewing sessions the word of the seamstress was law, so Jenny subsided and stood like a statue until she was released and told: "That's enough for the present."

Jenny accompanied her little visitors to the door as, errand done, they were ready to leave, and with an air of great secrecy said, "Guess what's going to happen!"

They looked at her blankly. "What?" they queried.

"As soon as my dresses are ready I'm going on a trip," she said.

"Where?" they asked.

"To Lansing. To the hospital," Jenny replied.

They were silent a moment as they digested this momentous news and then both burst out together: "Why?"

Jenny looked very solemn. "To have my tongue-tie cut out!" she volunteered.

Jenny suddenly seemed a stranger, and the little girls, each occupied with her own thoughts were very quiet on the way home.

That night, long after they had gone to bed (this was one of the nights when my mother had put the sheet's center seam far over on her side so Anna had most of the bed) Sara said softly, "Are you awake, Annie?"

"Yes," whispered Anna, "I can't sleep for thinking about Jenny."

"I know," Sara continued. "Annie, why do you suppose our mother is having two dresses made for me? I must have a tongue-tie, too!"

"Oh, Sate, you couldn't!"

"Well, there must be some reason why I'm having two new dresses! I'm going to find out!"

So Sara arose and lighting a candle, crossed the room to the old cherry bureau over which hung a distorted mirror. Placing the candle on the bureau she began to examine herself by its feeble rays.

She didn't know just exactly what a tongue-tie was -- but from the name it must have something to do with the tongue, or at least the mouth. She looked at her tongue -- she stuck it clear out the way one did for the doctor when he said, "Let me see if your tongue is coated."