

Mary Marie

By ELEANOR H. PORTER

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AUNT JANE

SYNOPSIS.—In a preface Mary Marie explains her apparent "double personality" and just why it is a "strange current and a contradiction"; she also tells her reasons for writing the diary—later to be a novel. The diary is commenced at Andersonville. Mary begins with Nurse Sarah's account of her (Mary's) birth, which seemingly interested her father, who is a famous astronomer, less than a new star which was discovered the same night. Her name is a compromise; her mother wanted to call her Viola, and her father insisted on Abigail Jane. The child quickly learned that her home was in some way different from those of her small friends, and was puzzled thereat. Nurse Sarah tells her of her mother's arrival at Andersonville as a bride and how astonished they all were at the sight of the dainty eighteen-year-old girl whom the solitary professor had chosen for a wife. Nurse Sarah makes it plain why the household seemed a strange one to the child and how her father and mother drifted apart through misunderstanding, each too proud to in any way attempt to smooth over the situation. Mary tells of the time spent "in the library" and the "perfectly all right and genteel and respectable" divorce was being arranged for, and her mother's (to her) unaccountable behavior. By the court's decree the child is to spend six months of the year with her mother and six months with her father. Boston is Mother's home. Mary describes her life as Marie with her mother, in Boston, and about her mother's "prospective suitors."

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

Mother is crying now quite a lot. You see, her six months are 'most up, and I've got to go back to Father. And I'm afraid Mother is awfully unhappy about it. She had a letter last week from Aunt Jane. Father's sister. I heard her read it out loud to Aunt Hattie and Grandma in the library. It was very stiff and cold and dignified, and ran something like this:

"Dear Madam: Dr. Anderson desires me to say that he trusts you are bearing in mind the fact that, according to the decision of the court, his daughter Mary is to come to him on the first day of May. If you will kindly inform him as to the hour of the expected arrival, he will see that she is properly met at the station."

Then she signed her name, Abigail Jane Anderson. (She was named for her mother, Grandma Anderson, same as Father wanted them to name me. Mercy! I'm glad they didn't.) "Mary" is had enough, but "Abigail Jane"—Well, Mother read the letter aloud, then she began to talk about it—how she felt, and how awful it was to think of giving me up six whole months, and sending her bright little sunny-hearted Marie into that tomb-like place with only an Abigail Jane to flee to for refuge. And she said that she almost wished Nurse Sarah was back again—that she, at least, was human.



Then the Conductor Called "All Aboard!" and the Bell Rang, and She Had to Go and Leave Me.

"Am I see that she's properly met?" Indeed! I went to Mother, with an indignant little choke in her voice. "Oh, yes, I know! Now, if it were a star or a comet that he expected, he'd go himself and sit for hours and hours watching for it. But when his daughter comes, he'll send John with the horses, like enough, and possibly that precious Abigail Jane of his, or, maybe that is too much to expect! Oh, Hattie, I can't let her go—I can't, I can't!"

I was in the window seat around the corner of the chimney, reading, and I don't know as she knew I was there. But I was, and I heard. And I've heard other things, too, all this week.

I am excited, and I can't help wondering how it's all going to be at Father's. Oh, of course, I know it won't be so much fun, and I'll have to be "Mary," and all that, but I'll be something different, and I always did like different things. Besides, there's Father's love story to watch. Maybe he's found somebody. Maybe he didn't wait a year. Anyhow, if he did find somebody I'm sure he wouldn't be so willing to wait as Mother would. You know Nurse Sarah said Father never wanted to wait for anything. That's why he married Mother so quick, in the first place. But if there is somebody, of course I'll find out when I'm there. So that'll be interesting. And, anyway, there'll be the girls. I shall have them.

I'll close now, and make this the end of the chapter. It'll be Andersonville next time.

CHAPTER V

When I Am Mary.

Well, here I am. I've been here two days now, and I guess I'd better write down what's happened so far, before I forget it.

First, about my leaving Boston. Poor, dear Mother did look on dreadfully, and I thought she just wouldn't let me go. She went with me to the junction where I had to change, and asked the conductor to look out for me (as if I needed that—a young lady like me! I'm fourteen now. I had a birthday last week.)

But I thought at the last she just

wouldn't let me go, she clung to me so, and begged me to forgive her for all she'd brought upon me, and said it was a cruel, cruel shame, when there were children, and people ought to stop and think and remember, and be willing to stand anything. And then, in the next breath she'd beg me not to forget her and not to love Father better than I did her. (As if there was any danger of that!) And to write to her every few minutes.

Then the conductor cried, "All aboard!" and the bell rang, and she had to go and leave me. But the last I say of her she was waving her handkerchief, and smiling the kind of a smile that's worse than crying right out loud. Mother's always like that. No matter how bad she feels, at the last minute she comes up bright and smiling, and just as brave as can be.

It was heaps of fun to be grown up and traveling alone. I sat back in my seat and wondered and wondered what the next six months were going to be like. And I wondered, too, if I'd forgotten how to be "Mary."

"Dear me! How shall I ever remember not to run and skip and laugh loud or sing, or ask questions, or do anything that Marie wants to do? I thought to myself. And I wondered if Aunt Jane would meet me, and what she would be like. She came once when I was a little girl, Mother said; but I didn't remember her.

Well, at last we got to Andersonville. John was there with the horses, and Aunt Jane, too. Of course I knew she must be Aunt Jane, because she was with John. The conductor was awfully nice and polite, and didn't leave me till he'd seen me safe in the hands of Aunt Jane and John. Then he went back to his train, and the next minute it had whizzed out of the station, and I was alone with the beginning of my next six months.

The first beginning was a nice smile, and a "Glad to see ye home, Miss," from John, as he touched his

while under your father's roof. It would soon be my very poor taste, indeed, for you to make my constant reference to things you may have been doing while not under his roof. The situation is deplorable enough, however you take it, without making it positively unbearable. You will remember, Mary?"

Mary said, "Yes, Aunt Jane," very polite and proper, but I can tell you that inside of Mary, Marie was just boiling.

"Unbearable, indeed!"

We didn't say anything more all the way home. Naturally, I was not going to, after that speech; and Aunt Jane said nothing. So silence reigned supreme.

Then we got home. Things looked quite natural, only there was a new maid in the kitchen, and Nurse Sarah wasn't there. Father wasn't there, either. And just as I suspected, "was a star that was to blame, only this time the star was the moon—an eclipse; and he'd gone somewhere out west so he could see it better."

He isn't coming back till next week; and when I think how he made me come on the first day, so as to get in the whole six months, when all the time he did not care enough about it to be here himself, I'm just mad—I mean, the righteously indignant kind of mad—for I can't help thinking how poor Mother would have loved those extra days with her.

Aunt Jane said I was to have my old room, and so as soon as I got here I went right up and took off my hat and coat, and I pretty quick they brought up my trunk, and I unpacked it, and I didn't hurry about it, either. I wasn't a bit anxious to get downstairs again to Aunt Jane. Besides, I may as well own up, I was crying—a little. Mother's room was right across the hall, and it looked so lonesome, and I couldn't help remembering how different this homecoming was from the one in Boston, six months ago.

In the morning I went up to the schoolhouse. I planned it so as to get there at recess, and I saw all the girls except one that was sick, and one that was away. We had a perfectly lovely time, only everybody was talking all at once so that I don't know what was said. But they all seemed glad to see me. I know that. Maybe I'd go to school next week. Aunt Jane says she thinks I ought to, when it's only the first of May. She's going to speak to Father when he comes next week.

She was going to speak to him about my clothes, then she decided to him. She doesn't like my dresses. She came into my room and asked to see my things. My! But didn't I hate to show them to her? Marie said she wouldn't; but Marie obediently trotted to the closet and brought them out one by one.

Aunt Jane turned them around with the tips of her fingers, all the time sighing and shaking her head. When it brought them all out, she shook her head again and said they would not do at all—not in Andersonville; that they were extravagant and much too elaborate for a young girl; that she would see the dressmaker about arranging that I had some serviceable blue and brown serge indeed! But, there, what's the use? I'm Mary now. I keep forgetting that; though I don't see how I can forget it—with Aunt Jane around.

But, listen. A funny thing happened this morning. Something came up about Boston, and Aunt Jane asked me a question. Then she asked another and another, and she kept me talking till I guess I talked 'most a whole half-hour about Grandma Desmond, Aunt Hattie, Mother, and the house and what we did, and, oh, a whole lot of things. And here, just two days ago, she was telling me that she wasn't interested in Grandma Desmond, his home, or his daughter, or anything that was his!

There's something funny about Aunt Jane.

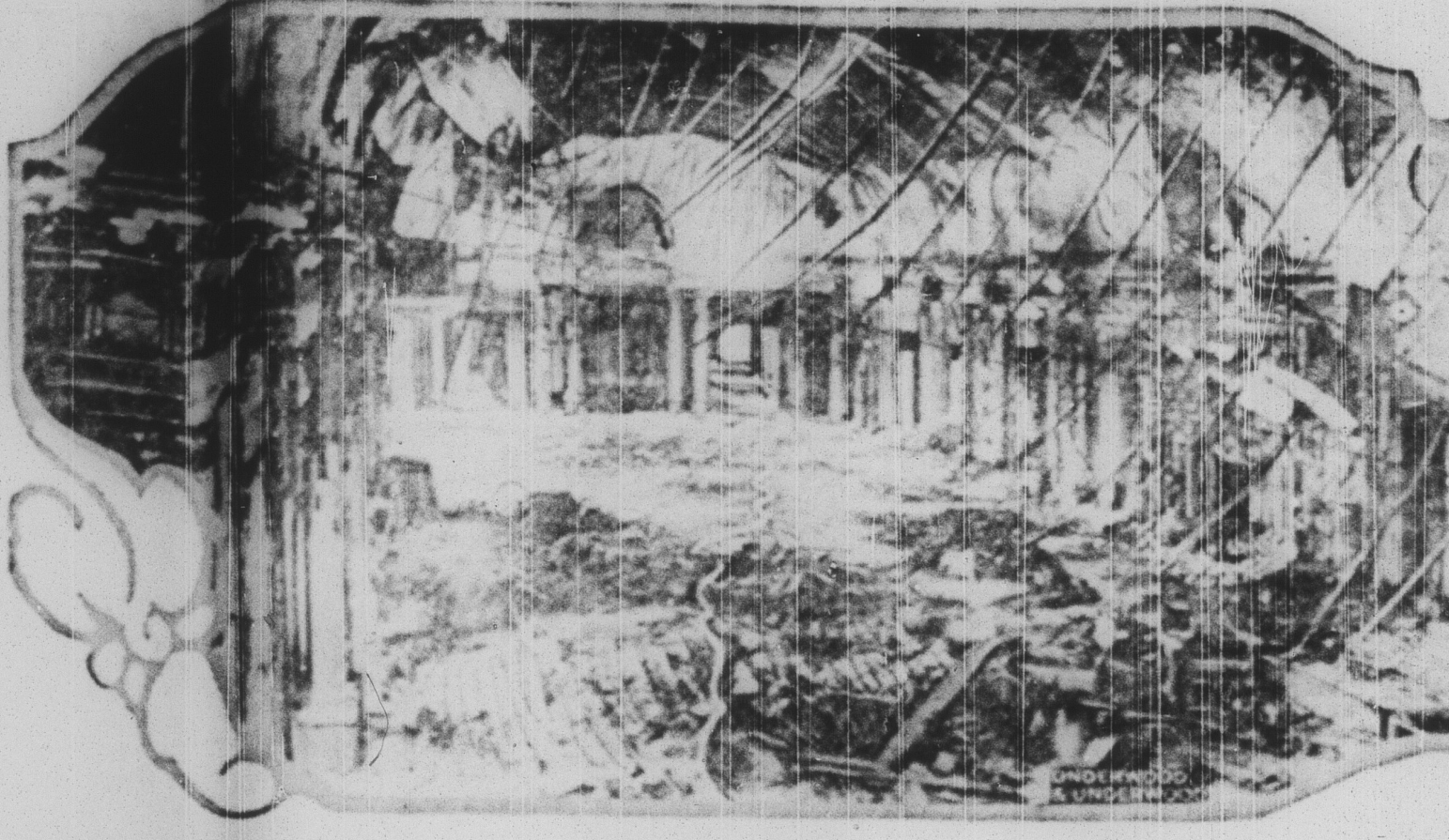
"He wheels around and stops short. 'How is your mother, Mary?' he asks."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Books That Fired Fancy of Dickens

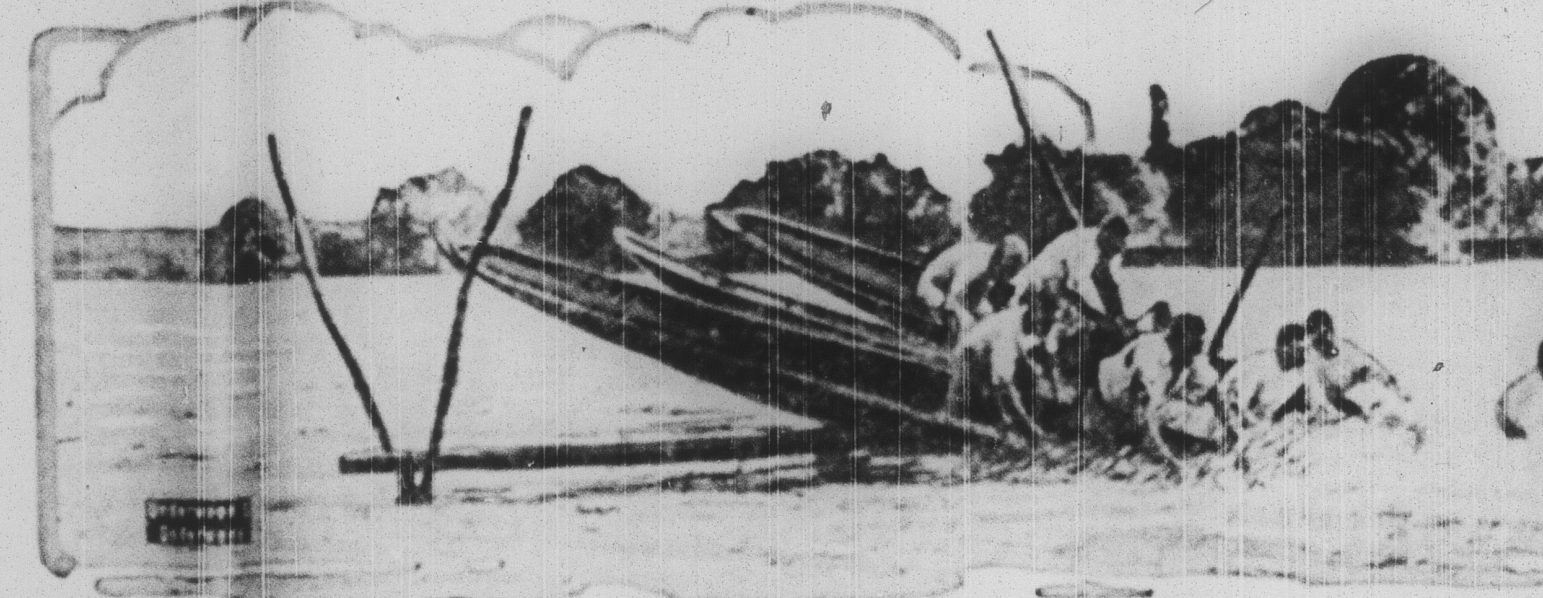
Though the years (1821-23) which Dickens spent at the house do the boy, Chatham, now for sale, were a time of acute financial embarrassment for his parents, they were not without pleasant memories for the lad himself, for it was there, in a number room adjoining his bedroom, that he discovered a number of books, including "Robinson Crusoe," the "Arabian Nights," "Tales of the Genii" and the works of Spollett and Fielding, which first fired his fancy and turned the thoughts to authorship. There, too, he found a helpful friend in his schoolmaster, a Mr. Giles, set of the minister of a Baptist chapel next door to the house on the brook who seems to have encouraged the boy in the exercise of his genius at who, when his famous pupil was publishing "Pickwick," sent him a silver sunburst with an inscribing inscription to the "Inimitable Boy."

Bedroom of the Willard After the Recent Fire



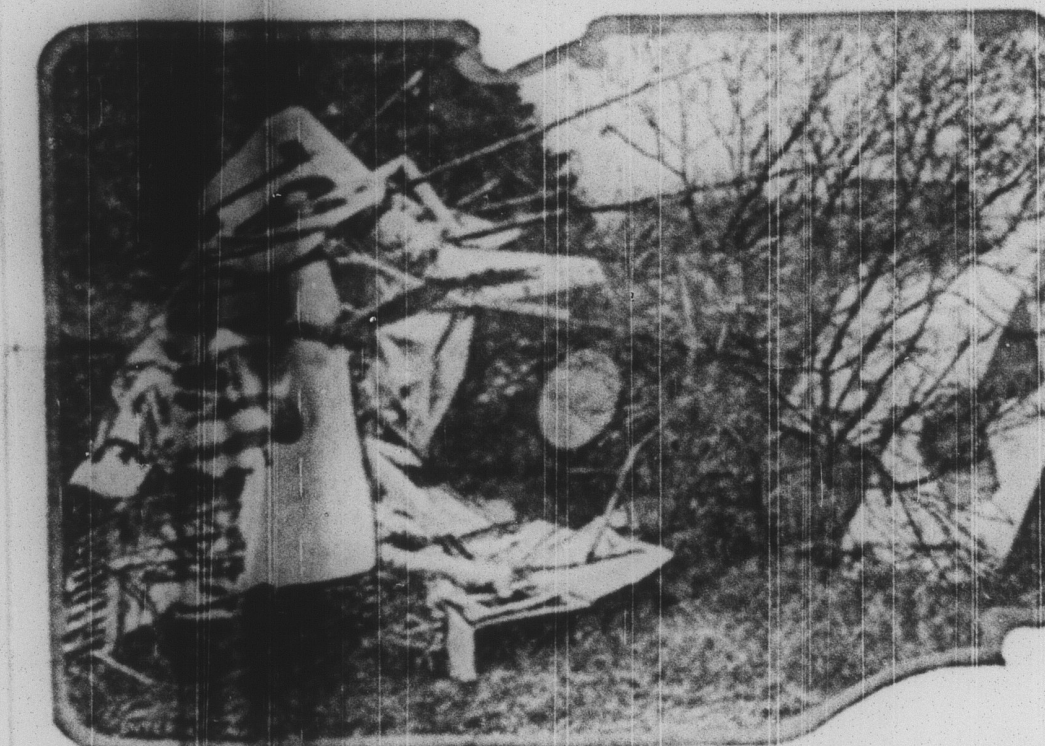
This shows the famous bedroom of the new Willard, most popular of Washington's hotels, gutted by the fire, which started presumably from a cigarette stub left by one of the guests at the Gridiron club dinner.

Exciting Canoe Race in New Zealand



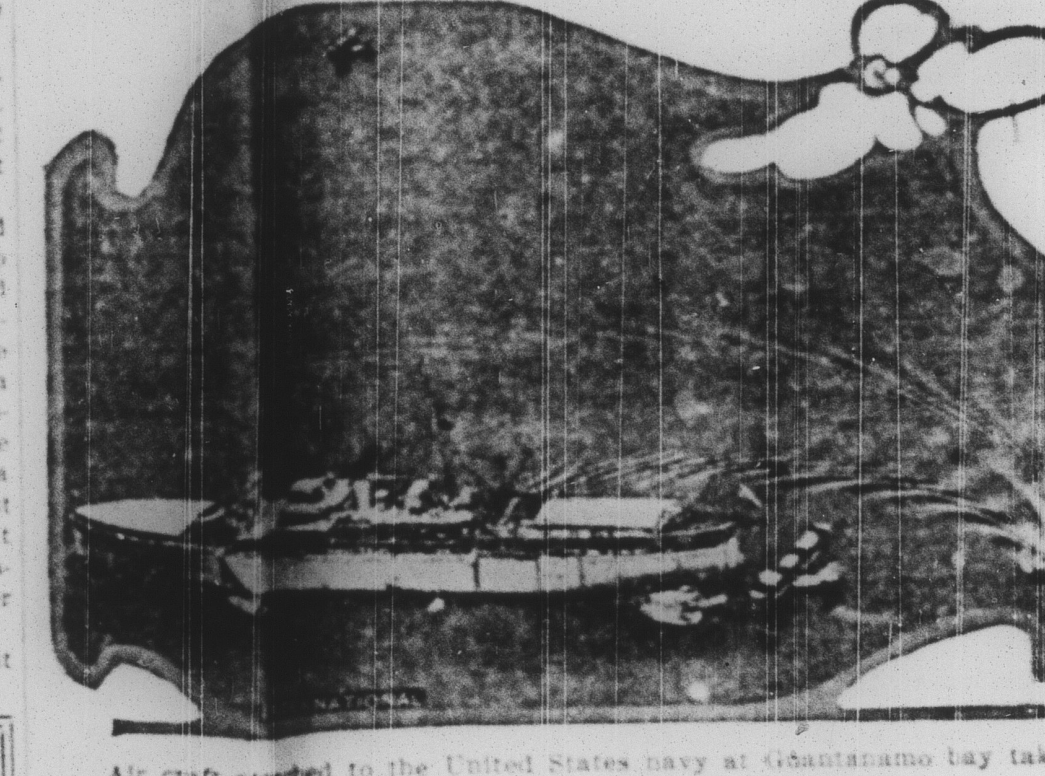
The picture shows the finish of a canoe hurdl race in New Zealand. Starting from the mark the canoes are driven rapidly to the hurdle where, by skilful balancing, the bow is lifted over the crossbar and the canoe slides across. The least miscalculation, however, results in tipping over the canoe.

Where Noted Aviator Met Death



Remains of the airplane in which Sir Ross Smith, famous Australian aviator, was in have attempted a flight around the world, together with his brother, Sir Keith Smith, and which, on a trial flight, crashed to earth at Brooklands, England, killing Sir Ross and Lieutenant Bennett.

Feeding Her Brood of Air Craft



Air craft stabled to the United States navy at Guantanamo bay taking oil from the U. S. S. Wright, the navy air tender and mother ship.

Postal Van of Irish Free State



The provisional government of the Irish Free State is trying hard for efficiency. Here is one of the new postal vans built for it. The inscription is to Irish.

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Kutztown, Pa.—"I wish every woman who wants children would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has done so much for me. My baby is almost a year old now and is the picture of health. She walked at eleven months and is trying to use her little tongue. She can say some words real nice. I am sending you her picture, and I shall be thankful as long as I live that I found such a wonderful medicine for my troubles."—Mrs. CHARLES A. MERTZ, Kutztown, Pa.

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Is it Genius or Push?
Norman Davey, in "The Pilgrim of the South," tells the story of the waiter who took the Impresario's place one night and thrilled London with his violin. Apropos of which the successful manager gives his ideas about genius.

"It's a genius he'll push his way; and when he's pushed his way and made a stir I'll pick him up. A.W. you don't know what genius is; you talk like a bally school girl. Genius is not being able to play or paint or write or any kind of thing—thousands can do that. It's push, man, push—genius is push."

The trouble with some gifts is that they are only giddy when they think they are gay.

KEEPS ON CONDUCTING



Conductor "Art" Peebles of the Belmont avenue line, Springfield, Mass., who gives his passengers three cents change out of their dimes with a much care as if he were not the sole heir to "just a little more than four million dollars," as he learned recently.

THOMPSON'S NEW CLOCK



Irving L. Thompson, a war veteran of Chicago, has invented a time-keeping system which he claims not only will do away with the circular dial clock but will also bring the new clock into many new spheres unthought of. He has modeled a floor clock in pyramid shape with three dial faces. He can connect as high as 100 dials to one master movement and is shortly to install a master system controlled by radio entirely.

Often the Case.
"On first sight Jack thought Edith was a vision."
"And on second sight?"
"His thought underwent revision."—Boston Transcript.

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"I used to be called a poor cook, and never pretended to bake a cake worthy of praise, but now I am called the champion cake baker of my community, thanks to the Royal Baking Powder."

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