Mary Marie

By

ELEANOR H. PORTER

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CHAPTER VI—Continued.

—16—

She colored up and bit her lip, and gave a queer little laugh. Then she grew very sober and grave, and said:

"I know, dear. Perhaps I am talking more than I used to. But, you see, I've been thinking quite a lot, and I—I've learned some things. I'm trying to make you forget what I said—about your loving me more than him. That wasn't right, dear. Mother was wrong. She shouldn't try to influence you against your father. He is a good man; and there are none too many good men in the world—No, no, I won't say that," she broke off.

But she'd already said it, and, of course, I knew she was thinking of the violinist. I'm no child.

JUNE

Well, once more school is done, my trunk is all packed, and I'm ready to go to Andersonville. I leave tomorrow morning. But not as I left last year. Oh, no. It is very, very different. Why this year I'm really going as Mary. Honestly, Mother has turned me into Mary before I go. Now, what do you think of that? And if I've got to be Mary there and Mary here, too, when can I ever be Marie? Oh, I know I said I'd be willing to be Mary half, and maybe more than half, the time. But when it comes to really being Mary out of turn extra time, that is quite another thing.

And I am Mary.

Listen:

I've learned to cook. That's Mary.

I've been studying astronomy. That's Mary.

I've learned to walk quietly, speak softly, laugh not too loudly, and be a lady at all times. That's Mary.

And now, to add to all this, Mother has had me dress like Mary. Yes, she began two weeks ago. She came into my room one morning and said she wanted to look over my dresses and things; and I could see, by the way she frowned and bit her lip and tapped her foot on the floor, that she wasn't suited. She said:

"I think, my dear, that on Saturday we'll have to go in town shopping. Quite a number of these things will not do at all."

And I was so happy! Visions of new frocks and hats and shoes ran through my head. I could hardly wait for that.

Well, we went shopping on Saturday, but—did we get the pink silk? We did not. We did get—you'd never guess what. We got two new gingham dresses, very plain and homely, and a pair of horrid, thick, low shoes. Why, I could have cried! I did 'most cry as I exclaimed:

"Why Mother, these are Mary things!"

"Of course, they're Mary things," answered Mother, cheerfully. "That's what I meant to buy—Mary things, as you call them. Aren't you going to be Mary just next week? Of course, you are! And didn't you tell me last year, as soon as you got there, Miss Anderson objected to your clothing and bought new for you? Well, I am trying to see that she does not have to do that this year."

And then she bought me a brown serge suit and a hat so tremendously sensible that even Aunt Jane would love them, I know. And tomorrow I've got to put them on to go in.

Do you wonder that I say I am Mary already?

CHAPTER VII

When I Am Neither One.

ANDERSONVILLE

Well, I came last night. I had on the brown suit and the sensible hat, and every turn of the wheels all day had been singing: "Mary, Mary, now you're 'Mary!' Why, Mother even called me Mary when she said good-by. She came to the junction with me just as she had before, and put me on the other train.

"Now, remember, dear, you're to try very hard to be a joy and a comfort to your father—just the little Mary that he wants you to be. Remember, he has been very kind to let you stay with me so long."

She cried when she kissed me just as she did before; but she didn't tell me the time to be sure and not love Father better than I did her. I noticed that. But, of course, I didn't say anything, though I might have told her easily that I knew nothing could ever make me love him better than I did her.

When we got to Andersonville, and the train pulled into the station, I stepped down from the cars and looked over to where the carriages were to find Aunt Jane. But they weren't there. There wasn't even the carriage there; and I can remember now just how my heart sort of felt sick under me when I thought that even Aunt Jane had forgotten, and that there wasn't anybody to meet me.

There was a beautiful big green automobile there, and I thought how I wished that had come to meet me; and I was just wondering what I should do, when out of a golden somebody spoke my name. And who do you think it was? You'd never guess it in a month. It was Father. Yes, Father!

Why, I could have hugged him, I was so glad. But of course I didn't, right before all those people. But he was so tall and handsome and splendid, and I felt so proud to be walking along the platform with him and letting folks see that he'd come to meet me! But I couldn't say anything—not anything, the way I wanted to; and all I could do was to stammer out:

"Why, where's Aunt Jane?"

And that's just the thing I didn't want to say; and I knew it the minute I'd said it. Why, it sounded as if I missed Aunt Jane, and wanted her instead of him, when all the time I was so pleased and excited to see him that I could hardly speak.

He just kind of smiled, and looked queer, and said that Aunt Jane—er—couldn't come. Then I felt sorry; for I saw, of course, that that was why he had come; not because he wanted to, but because Aunt Jane couldn't, so he had to. And I could have cried, all the while he was fixing it up about my trunk.

He turned then and led the way straight over to where the carriages were, and the next minute there was John touching his cap to me; only it was a brand-new John looking too sweet for anything in a chauffeur's cap and uniform. And, what do you think? He was helping me into that beautiful big green car before I knew it.

"Why, Father, Father!" I cried. "You don't mean—" I just couldn't finish; but he finished for me.

"It is ours—yes. Do you like it?"

"Like it!" I guess he didn't need to have me say any more. But I did say more. I just raved and raved over that car until Father's eyes crinkled all up in little smile wrinkles, and he said:

"I'm glad. I hoped you'd like it."

"I guess I do like it!" I cried. Then I went on to tell him how I thought it was the prettiest one I ever saw, and way ahead of even Mr. Easterbrook's.

And She is Pretty, and Everybody Loves Her.

"And, pray, who is Mr. Easterbrook?" asked Father then. "The violinist, perhaps—eh?"

Now, wasn't it funny he should have remembered that there was a violinist? But, of course, I told him no, it wasn't the violinist. It was another one that took Mother to ride, the one I told him about in the Christmas letter; and he was very rich, and had two perfectly beautiful cars; and I was going on to tell more—how he didn't take Mother now—but I didn't get a chance, for Father interrupted, and said, "Yes, yes, to be sure." And he showed he wasn't interested, for all the little smile wrinkles were gone, and he looked stern and dignified, more like he used to. And he went on to say that, as we had almost reached home, he had better explain right away that Aunt Jane was no longer living there; that his cousin from the West, Mrs. Whitney, was keeping house for him now. She was a very nice lady, and he hoped I would like her. And I might call her "Cousin Grace."

And before I could even draw breath to ask any questions, we were home; and a real pretty lady, with a light-blue dress on, was helping me out of the car, and kissing me as she did so.

Now, do you wonder that I have been rubbing my eyes and wondering if I was really I, and if this was Andersonville?

ONE WEEK LATER

It isn't a dream. It's all really, truly true—everything. Father coming to meet me in the lovely automobile, and the pretty lady in the light-blue dress, who kissed me. And when I went downstairs the next morning I found out it was real, especially the pretty lady; for she kissed me again, and said she hoped I'd be happy there. And she told me to amuse myself any way I liked, and said, if I wanted to, I might run over to see some of the girls, but not to make any plans for the afternoon, for she was going to take me to ride.

Now, what do you think of that? Go to see the girls in the morning, and take a ride—an automobile ride!—in the afternoon. In Andersonville! Why, I couldn't believe my ears. Of course, I was wild and crazy with delight—but it was all so different. Why, I began to think almost that I was Marie, and not Mary at all.

And it's been that way the whole week through. I've had a beautiful time. I've been so excited! And Mother is excited, too. Of course, I wrote her and told her all about it right away. And she wrote right back and wanted to know everything—everything I could tell her; all the little things. And she was so interested in Cousin Grace, and wanted to know all about her; said she never heard of her before, and was she Father's own cousin, and how old she was, and was she pretty, and was Father around the house more now, and did I see a lot of him? She thought from something I said that I did.

I've just been writing her again, and I could tell her more now, of course, than I could in that first letter. I've been here a whole week, and, of course, I know more about things, and have done more.

I told her that Cousin Grace wasn't really Father's cousin at all, so it wasn't any wonder she hadn't ever heard of her. She was the wife of Father's third cousin who went to South America six years ago and caught the fever and died there. So this Mrs. Whitney isn't really any relation of his at all. But he'd always known her, even before she married his cousin; and so, when her husband died, and she didn't have any home, he asked her to come here.

I don't know why Aunt Jane went away, but she's been gone 'most four months now, they say here. Nellie told me. Nellie is the maid—I mean hired girl—here now. (I will keep forgetting that I'm Mary now and must use the Mary words here.)

I told Mother that she (Cousin Grace) was quite old, but not so old as Aunt Jane. And she is pretty, and everybody loves her. I think Mother Father uses to have her around better than he did his own sister Jane, for he sometimes stays around quite a lot now—after meals, and in the evening, I mean. And that's what I told Mother. Of course, he still likes his stars the best of anything, but not quite as well as he used to, maybe—not to give all his time to them.

I forgot to say that Father is going to let me go back to school again this year ahead of his time, just as he did last year. So you see, really, I'm here only a little bit of a while, as it is now, and it's no wonder I keep forgetting I am Mary.

TWO WEEKS LATER

I understand it all now—everything: why the house is different, and Father, and everything. And it is Cousin Grace, and it is a love story.

Father is in love with her.

Now I guess I shall have something for this book!

It seems funny now that I didn't think of it at first. But I didn't—not until I heard Nellie and her beau talking about it. Nellie said she wasn't the only one in the house that was going to get married. And when he asked her what she meant, she said it was Dr. Anderson and Mrs. Whitney. That anybody could see it that wasn't as blind as a bat.

My, but wasn't I excited? I just guess I was. And, of course, I saw that I had been blind as a bat. But I began to open my eyes after that, and watch—not disagreeably, you know, but just glad and interested, and on account of the book.

And I saw:

That Father stayed in the house a lot more than he used to.

That he smiled more.

That he actually asked Cousin Grace and me to play for him several times.

That he went with us to the Sunday school picnic. (I never saw Father at a picnic before, and I don't believe he ever saw himself at one.)

That—oh, I don't know, but a whole lot of little things that I can't remember; but they were all unmistakable, very unmistakable. And I wondered, when I saw it all, that I had been as blind as a bat before.

When I wrote Mother I told her all about it—the signs and symptoms, I mean, and how different and the-worst Father was; and I asked if she didn't think it was so, too. But she didn't answer that part. She didn't write much, anyway. It was an awfully chippy letter, but she said she had a headache and didn't feel at all well. So that was the reason, probably, why she didn't say more—about Father's love affair, I mean. She only said she was glad, she was sure, if Father had found an estimable woman to make a home for him, and she hoped they'd be happy. Then she went on talking about something else. And she didn't write much more, anyway, about anything.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

9 KILLED, MANY HURT IN WRECK

Philadelphia and Reading Express Goes Over Embankment Damaged by Washout

RESCUE SQUADS WORK HARD

Excursionists Bound for Atlantic City Meet With Terrible Experience—Five Cars, With Engine and Tender, Derailed By Floods.

Winslow Junction, N. J.—Under the flare of torches, and lights from automobiles nine bodies have been taken from the wreck of the Philadelphia and Reading express train that had five of its 12 cars with the engine and tender roll down the embankment here when the train hit a washout.

Rescue squads from Hammonton, N. J., including the fire department, and all the physicians in the town were the first to arrive in response to telephone and telegram calls for help. Search for more victims among the hundreds of excursionists is continuing.

Philadelphia officials of the Reading Railway say the wrecked train was northbound with Philadelphia vacationists who had spent the day at the shore. A lack of definite information gave rise to all sorts of rumors, some of them reporting that the death list would reach 50 and the injured 900.

The latest and most authentic information came from the Cooper Hospital in Camden, where it had been planned to send some of the injured. Authorities at the hospital said Reading officials had told them that the injured passengers would not exceed 35.

TRAINS RUN AS USUAL

Executives Announce Strike Will Have Little Effect on Operation.

Chicago.—With the country-wide strike of shopmen declared by union leaders to be practically 100 per cent perfect, the railroad transportation machine moved on its work without interruption.

Railway executives were unanimous in expressing their belief that the strike would have little effect on the operation of the roads and at the same time stated that any move toward a settlement would have to come from the United States Labor Board or the shopmen.

B. M. Jewell, president of the railway department of the American Federation of Labor, refused to appear as a result of inquiry into the strike call, stating that the only basis for a conference was for the roads to agree to put into effect wage decreases recently ordered for the shopmen by the labor board.

Hugs Flood Victim in Carbondale.

Scranton, Pa.—For the fourth time in as many years Carbondale and the surrounding territory was visited by a flood which drove scores of families from their homes and did damage that will exceed $1,000,000. One man was killed and two others were badly stunned by lightning during the storm. All the canals and trolley roads leading into Carbondale were washed out and trains going north cannot proceed farther than Jermyn, which is four miles south of Carbondale.

Two Grain Elevators Burn.

Baltimore.—Lightning struck the roof of one of the several great grain elevators at the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad's terminal at Locust Point and in a few minutes the structure was in flames. Although deluged by rain in the terrific storm prevailing the flames spread rapidly. The railroad company's loss is estimated at between $3,000,000 and $4,000,000. Several firemen were injured, or overcome by heat and smoke.

Mob Lynches Negroes.

Jesup, Ga.—Jessie Harvey and Joe Jordan, Negroes, convicted of criminal assault and respited by Governor Hardwick, were taken from a deputy sheriff near Lanes Bridge, Ga., and lynched, a telephone message to Sheriff Rogers here said. The Negroes were being removed from Wayne county to Savannah for safe keeping. J. R. Byrd, deputy in charge of the prisoners, reported the lynching.

Family Swept Down Drown.

East Liverpool, O.—Leonard Simpson, aged 35, factory worker, was drowned in sight of his wife and four children while attempting to ford the Ohio river at Georgetown, Pa., near here. Using a pair of garden hose under his arms Simpson, who was unable to swim, was attempting to show his family how to keep afloat when he sank. Searchers recovered the body.

Aged Woman's Corpse is Found.

East Palestine, O.—Hidden among a patch of bushes the decomposed body of Mrs. Ada Augustine, aged 50, of this city, was discovered by Cecil Henry, who was picking berries on the farm owned by Mrs. Harry Lindsey, one mile out of this city. Miss Augustine had mysteriously disappeared from her home June 18. The body had been robbed of all clothing and authorities are investigating whether or not a play was committed.

ARTHUR BERNARDES

Arthur Bernardes is the recently elected President of Brazil. He is considered one of the strongest men in that country, politically and intellectually.

STEAMERS ARE RAIDED BY PORT OFFICIALS

Liquor Found on Board Three Vessels in Dock Confiscated By Authorities

New York—Customs inspectors raided three vessels in port, two flying the American flag and the other a Norwegian freighter, and confiscated 2,400 bottles of alleged liquor, all of which was declared to have been smuggled aboard. The ships searched were the United States shipping board steamer President Arthur, operated by the United States Lines, the Ward liner Siboney and the Barfond, a Norwegian cargo ship.

Reports that the raid aboard the President Arthur in Hoboken, N. J., was conducted as a test case, as a result of the recent ruling of Chairman Lasker of the shipping board that ships carrying the American flag may carry and sell liquor outside the three-mile limit, were later denied by members of the searching squad.

The raiders found the President Arthur's cargo of liquor intact, but when they searched the hold and other parts of the ship they found 150 cases of assorted liquor, some of it said to be of German manufacture, which, they said, had been smuggled aboard. Officers and members of the crew were questioned but it was said they had no knowledge as to how it was brought aboard. None of the liquor seized was sealed or on the ship's "manifests," it was said, but had been hidden away.

Despite the statement of customs inspectors, some mystery attached to the seizure. The port surveyor and the chief of the customs inspection confessed ignorance of the raids, but indicated that the searching squad had authority to act on its own discretion. They declined to comment on the action before receiving official reports.

MINERS ARE FIRED ON

One Man in Truck Killed While On Way To Work.

Bridgeport, O.—One man was killed and another badly injured when a group of miners on their way to work in an automobile were fired on from ambush.

The man killed was John R. Major of Fairview, O. The injured man was taken to a town near Lafferty, O., where the shooting took place. The men fired on are employed by the Catherine Coal Mining Company of Steubenville.

The men in the automobile were being transported to a stripping mine of the company, where from 30 to 40 men have been at work for some time. It is stated that there has been more or less firing at the workers in this vicinity.

Woman Accused of Smuggling Gems.

Chicago.—Mrs. Laura Kuchelmacher of Fargo, N. D., is being held by federal authorities in connection with the smuggling into this country of a $100,000 pearl necklace, according to Charles Salter, special treasury agent from Seattle, Wash. Mrs. Kuchelmacher traveled extensively in Europe and passed through the custom offices at Hoboken, N. J., upon her return. The necklace, federal agents said, was concealed in her clothing.

Blast in Quarry Kills 9

Knoxville, Tenn.—Nine were killed and 12 injured in an explosion at a marble quarry near Strawberry Plains, Tenn. All were employed at the quarry.

Pauper Finds Self Heir To $50,000.

Montreal.—Jobless and a pauper, Parker McNally of Watertown, N. Y., a drug clerk, awakened to sudden, surprising affluence. He is sole heir to $50,000 bequeathed by an uncle in Pasadena, Cal. McNally was in desperate straits when Frank Vanderbalt, California attorney, wrote John Gardiner, justice of the peace, requesting information of McNally. A newspaper advertisement produced the young man and he was advised of his good fortune.

EFFORTS DROPPED TO AVERT STRIKE

Rail Board, Defied By Unions, Declines to Pursue Investigations Any Further

96 PER CENT VOTE TO STRIKE

Chairman Hooper Declared That Mr. Jewell had "Flouted" a Government Body in Failing To Appear Before the Board.

Chicago.—Federal intervention by the United States Railroad Labor Board failed to halt the strike of 400,000 railway shopmen.

Flouting, according to Chairman Ben. W. Hooper, of the board's efforts to effect a settlement of the shopmen's grievances before the walkout took place, B. M Jewell, head of the Shop Crafts Union, and the six international union heads refused to appear before the board for an official investigation of the strike.

No further attempt to forestall the strike will be made Chairman Hooper announced in adjourning the federal body's inquiry.

Completion of the railway shopmen's strike vote showed 96 per cent of the ballots in favor of the walkout, it was announced by John Scott, secretary of the shop crafts union.

A threatened strike of 400,000 railway maintenance of way employes at least was postponed, however, by the board's intervention. The strike of this group which had been expected to parallel that of the shopmen, will not be announced at present, but will await further action of the organization's executive council, according to President E. F. Grable's statement before the board.

President Jewell's failure to attend the peace conference brought severe condemnation from the chairman of the board, who declared the rail union chief's blood was "on his own head."

"Mr. Jewell had flouted a government tribunal," concluded Chairman Hooper, "charged with the duty and responsibility to investigate this matter, not only in the interests of the public but in the interests of his own organizations, of the carriers and the rail transportation system of this country.

"He has shouldered the responsibility of his own volition, and the board desires to pursue the matter no further."

Car Plunges Over Bridge.

Scranton, Pa.—A crowded street car jumped the track at Carbondale, 20 miles north of here and plunged from a bridge into Coal Brook, a drop of 14 feet. Eighteen of the passengers were injured, some probably fatally. The rear trucks of the car left the track as it reached the bridge. The rear end of the car plunged into the brook. Telegraph poles prevented it from somersaulting.

Kidnaped Americans Freed

Washington.—The 85 employes of the La Corona Oil Company, near Pueblo, in the Tampa district, captured by General Geromabo, Mexican rebel leader, have been released, according to official advices to the state department from Consul Shaw at Tampico. Among those held were six Americans, on whose behalf the United States had made representations to the Mexican foreign office.

Army Bill Signed By Harding.

Washington.—The army appropriation bill carrying approximately $271,000,000 and providing for an enlisted personnel of 125,000 and an officer strength of 12,000, was signed by President Harding, the last bill to be signed before the new fiscal year.

Anti-Lynching Bill Approved.

Washington.—The Dyer anti-lynching bill, providing for imposition of penalties by the federal government for mob action, was reported favorably with amendments by the Senate judiciary committee by a vote of 8 to 6.

Serves Term in Father's Jail

Detroit.—Paul Stutzman, son of J. O. Stutzman, superintendent of the Detroit House of Correction, was sentenced by Judge Bartlett to serve three days in his father's own prison and pay a fine of $15 for speeding. "He will get the same treatment as other prisoners," said Supt. Stutzman.

Robber Slain in Pay Holdup

Philadelphia.—One robber is believed to have been killed and two others of the Textile National Bank and a policeman were slightly injured in a pistol fight with eight men who tried to hold up the runners in the northeastern part of the city.

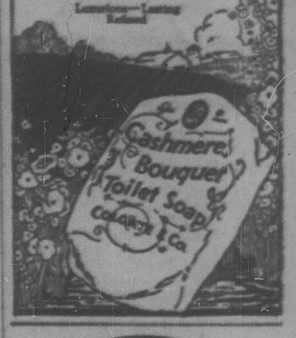
House Adjourns Until August 15.

Washington.—The House of Representatives adjourned until August 15, thus giving members opportunity to return home to look after their campaigns while the Senate still is at work on the tariff. Democrats opposing adjournment almost solidly forced a roll call. The vote to quit was 171 to 43, with two voting "present." There was a shout, and a wild race to tabicabs which were waiting outside, to rush members to outgoing trains.

Your Skin is so Fragrant and Smooth

Out-of-door girls today as in Grandmother's time know a valuable recipe: "Care for your complexion with rain water and a pure soap."

COLGATE'S
Cashmere Bouquet Soap
The favorite perfumed soap of three generations.
Large size, 25c Medium size, 10c
Luxurious—Lasting
Refined



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They are GOOD!

Elaborate Responsibility.

"It's a busy life," remarked the man who was waving a palm leaf fan.

"How have you been occupying yourself?"

"Voting. It's everybody's duty to vote. In addition to voting for state county and town officers, I voted in the primaries, got elected as a delegate and voted over and over in the convention. Of course, I'm going to vote in the fall election, and I only hope they'll let me round out my record by putting me in the electoral college."—Detroit News.

Most of man's hero worship is wasted on himself.

Blessed are they who know enough to let well enough alone.

SQUEEZED TO DEATH

When the body begins to stiffen and movement becomes painful it is usually an indication that the kidneys are out of order. Keep these organs healthy by taking

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidneys, liver, bladder and uric acid trouble. Famous since 1696. Take regularly and keep in good health. In three sizes, all druggists. Guaranteed as represented. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitations.

HAY FEVER

Rub between the eyes and forward to nostrils

QUINTALINE

FARRER'S HAIR BALSAM

UNDERCORNS

Kill All Flies!