

# Mary Marie

By  
ELEANOR H. PORTER

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## "THAT'S ALL!"

**SYNOPSIS.**—In a preface Mary Marie explains her apparent "double personality" and just why it is a "cross-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 sedate 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 "out west" where 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.

## CHAPTER—IV—Continued.

Well, to resume and go on. There's the violinist. I mustn't forget him. But, then, nobody could forget him. He's lovely: so handsome and distinguished-looking with his perfectly beautiful dark eyes and white teeth. And he plays—well, I'm simply crazy over his playing. I only wish Carrie Heywood could hear him. She thinks her brother can play. He's a traveling violinist with a show; and he came home once to Andersonville. And I heard him. But he's not the real thing at all. Not a bit. Why, he might be anybody, our grocer, or the butcher, up there playing that violin. His eyes are little and blue, and his hair is red and very short. I wish she could hear our violinist play!

And there's another man that comes to the parties and teas;—oh, of course there are others, lots of them, married men with wives, and unmarried men with and without sisters. But I mean another man specially. His name is Harlow. He's a little man with a brown pointed beard and big soft brown eyes. He's really awfully good-looking, too. I don't know what he does; but he's married. I know that. He never brings his wife, though; but Mother's always asking for her, clear and distinct, and she always smiles, and her voice kind of tinkles like little silver bells. But just the same he never brings her.

He never takes her anywhere. I heard Aunt Hattie tell Mother so at the very first, when he came. She said they weren't a bit happy together, and that there'd probably be a divorce before long. But Mother asked for her just the same the very next time. And she's done it ever since.

I think I know now why she does. I found out, and I was simply thrilled. It was so exciting! You see, they were lovers once themselves—Mother and this Mr. Harlow. Then something happened and they quarreled. That was just before Father came.

Of course Mother didn't tell me this, nor Aunt Hattie. It was two ladies. I heard them talking at a tea one day. I was right behind them, and I couldn't get away, so I just couldn't help hearing what they said.

I'm not sure, anyway, that Mother'll want to get married again. From little things she says I rather guess she doesn't think much of marriage, anyway. One day I heard her say to Aunt Hattie that it was a very pretty theory that marriages were made in heaven, but that the real facts of the case were that they were made on earth. And another day I heard her say that one trouble with marriage was that the husband and wife didn't know how to play together and to rest together. And lots of times I've heard her say little things to Aunt Hattie that showed how unhappy her marriage had been.

But last night a funny thing happened. We were all in the library reading after dinner, and Grandpa looked up from his paper and said something about a woman that was sentenced to be hanged and how a whole lot of men were writing letters protesting against having a woman hanged; but there were only one or two letters from women. And Grandpa said that only went to prove how much more lacking in a sense of fitness of things women were than men. And he was just going to say more when Aunt Hattie bristled up and tossed her chin, and said, real indignantly:

"A sense of fitness of things, indeed! Oh, yes, that's all very well to say. There are plenty of men, no doubt, who are shocked beyond anything at the idea of hanging a woman; but those same men will think nothing of going straight home and mak-

ing life for some other woman so absolutely miserable that she'd think hanging would be a lucky escape from something worse."

"Harriet!" exclaimed Grandpa in a shocked voice.

"Well, I mean it!" declared Aunt Hattie emphatically. "Look at poor Madge here, and that wretch of a husband of hers!"

And just here is where the funny thing happened. Mother bristled up—Mother!—and even more than Aunt Hattie had. She turned red and then white, and her eyes blazed.

"That will do, Hattie, please, in my presence," she said, very cold, like ice. "Dr. Anderson is not a wretch at all. He is an honorable, scholarly gentleman. Without doubt he meant to be kind and considerate. He simply did not understand me. We weren't suited to each other. That's all."

And she got up and swept out of the room.

Now, wasn't that funny? But I just loved it, all the same. I always love Mother when she's superb and haughty and disdainful.

Well, after she had gone Aunt Hattie looked at Grandpa and Grandpa shrugged his shoulders, and gave his hands a funny little flourish; and Aunt Hattie lifted her eyebrows and said:

"Well, what do you know about that?" (Aunt Hattie forgot I was in the room, I know, or she'd never in the

enough. When will I be allowed to take my proper place in life? Echo answers when.

Well, to resume and go on. I know—the prospective suitors. (Aunt Hattie can't hear me when I just write it, anyway.) Well, they all come just as they used to, only there are more of them now—two fat men, one slim one, and a man with a halo of hair round a bald spot. Oh, I don't mean that any of them are really suitors yet. They just come to call and to tea, and send her flowers and candy. And Mother isn't a mite nicer to one than she is to any of the others. Anybody can see that. And she shows very plainly she's no notion of picking anybody out yet. But of course I can't help being interested and watching.

As I said before, I don't believe Mother'll choose Mr. Harlow, anyway, even when the time comes. As for any of the others—I can't tell. She treats them all just exactly alike, as far as I can see. Polite and pleasant, but not at all loverlike. I was talking to Peter one day about it, and I asked him. But he didn't seem to know, either, which one she will be likely to take, if any.

Peter's about the only one I can ask. Of course I couldn't ask Mother, or Aunt Hattie. And Grandfather—well, I should never think of asking Grandpa a question like that. But Peter—Peter's a real comfort. I'm sure I don't know what I should do for somebody to talk to and ask questions about things down here, if it wasn't for him. He takes me to school and back again every day; so of course I see him quite a lot.

Speaking of school, it's all right, and of course I like it, though not quite so well as I did. There are some of the girls—well, they act queer. I don't know what is the matter with them. They stop talking—some of them—when I come up, and they make me feel, sometimes, as if I didn't belong. Maybe it's because I came from a little country town like Andersonville. But they've known that all along, from the very first. And they didn't act at all like that at the beginning. Maybe it's just their way down here. If I think of it I'll ask Peter tomorrow.

Well, I guess that's all I can think of this time.

## MOST FOUR MONTHS LATER

It's been ages since I've written here, I know. But there's nothing special happened. Everything has been going along just about as it did at the first. Oh, there is one thing different—Peter's gone. He went two months ago. We've got an awfully old chauffeur now. One with gray hair and glasses, and homely, too. His name is Charles. The very first day he came, Aunt Hattie told me never to talk to Charles, or bother him with questions; that it was better he should keep his mind entirely on his driving.

She needn't have worried. I should never dream of asking him the things I did Peter. He's too stupid. Now Peter and I got to be real good friends—until all of a sudden Grandpa told him he might go. I don't know why.

I don't see as I'm any nearer finding out who Mother's lover will be than I was four months ago. I suppose it's still too soon. Peter said one day he thought widows ought to wait at least a year, and he guessed grass-widows were just the same. My, how mad I was at him for using that name about my mother! Oh, I knew what he meant. I'd heard it at school. (I know now what it was that made those girls act so queer and horrid.) There was a girl—I never liked her, and I suspect she didn't like me, either. Well, she found out Mother had a divorce. (You see, I hadn't told it. I remembered how those girls out West bragged.) And she told a lot of the others. But it didn't work at all as it had in the West. None of the girls in this school here had a divorce in their families; and, if you'll believe it, they acted—some of them—as if it was a disgrace, even after I told them good and plain that ours was a perfectly respectable and genteel divorce. Nothing I could say made a mite of difference, with some of the girls, and then is when I first heard that perfectly horrid word, "grass-widow." So I knew what Peter meant, though I was furious at him for using it. And I let him see it good and plain.

"There it is again! I'm not old enough!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Self-Penalized.

One day in school I had been whispering to the boy behind me. The principal looked over my way and said: "You two boys come up here in these two front seats." I picked up a book and walked up to the front and sat down. Two boys from the back of the room came up also. The principal looked at me rather curiously and then said: "I didn't catch you."—Chicago Journal.

One's artificial laugh at an old story is sometimes suspiciously too loud.

## Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

### ENCOURAGING WORDS

TO FORM a pleasant background or a pleasing accompaniment to the drudgery of every day life, pass around among the hordes of weary mortals whose backs are bent under heavy loads a few encouraging words and observe, while you are doing it, the happy change that comes over their stoical countenances.

It takes but little kindness and manifestation of interest to brighten dull eyes and move sad faces to a smile.

As the lips curl at the corners, you comprehend with a new understanding the value of cheering words spoken in a kindly voice whose ring is sincere.

Whatever opinion you may entertain as to the influence helpful acts and speech have upon others, you will find upon intimate observation that it is always acceptable, uplifting and productive of friendship.

Encouraging smiles and words are like bright lights on a dark highway, guiding the tired traveler to his destination, who but a little while ago had lost his way and fallen into the "slough of despond."

Reason as you may, the tongue plays the leading role in the great drama of life, permitting itself liberties that make for peace or war an enemy or love, often forgetting in an unguarded moment its great responsibility.

No man or woman who indulges in gross speech can expect to get anything in return except that which arouses resentment.

If you should incline to prove this for yourself, scold your pet dog. If the opposite you would verify, fill your purse tomorrow morning with kind words of encouragement, crisp as new bills, and pass them around as you wind your way to business.

Give one to the old newsman on the corner, and see his face light up as the sun of happiness touches his heart and suddenly warms his whole being.

Hand them out all along the way until you are ready to assume your duties of the day.

You may marvel as you begin at the ease and gladness with which you take up your work.

The troublesome perplexities of yesterday have vanished, and there is a goodly spirit hovering over you, whose presence you have not felt for months, and all because you started the day by cheering others and thus, unconsciously cheered yourself.

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## Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE

### "NERVES," A LUXURY

IF YOU have an inherited fortune, which some one else is taking care of for you, you can afford to have "nerves."

You can afford to be sensitive, to be easily irritated, to be extravagantly disturbed at small annoyances.

You will not enjoy this, but it may be some comfort to know that you can afford it.

But if you have your way to make, and are anxious to get as far as is possible with your particular mental equipment, you will find that "nerves" are too big a load to carry.

As you no doubt have discovered by this time, the world in which we have our being is not altogether a pleasant one.

In it there are loud and raucous noises, offensive sights, and displeasing people.

There is also a thing called labor, which viewed from the standpoint of the busy man is a good deal of a burden.

But this happens to be the only world you are in, for the present at least.

And if you permit all its unpleasant features to get on your nerves, you are going to be so busy with your unhappiness and your self-pity that you will have very little time to improve your natural gifts.

If you are nervous and touchy and sensitive, and always looking for offense, you might as well go directly to the poor house and give yourself up. You will get there in the end, and it will only be a waste of time to delay your arrival.

A good many cases of "nerves" were cured by the great war, permanently.

Young gentlemen who thought they could not eat, save from a nice mahogany table, spread with the best food, and who fancied they could not sleep if a trolley car was rattling by, discovered that they were mistaken.

After they had slept for a few days within the sound of exploding shells, they saw that they hadn't had much to worry about back in peace times.

Get rid of your nerves if you want to get along. Take the world as you find it, and put up with it. You may be able to improve it just the least bit later on, but you will have to become very able, and very great, before you can do so.

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## Shaking Them Up.

"Herbert's got the ague."  
"Let him attend to the milk shakes today," directed the Arkansas druggist.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## SCHOOL DAYS



## KIDDIES SIX

By Will M. Maupin

### THE DAY AFTER

"LUCKED to a frazzle!" But, say, What is the use of repining? Home at the close of the day— Arms of our loved ones entwining. Out of the fret and the worry, Out of the din and the strife; Out of the battle and worry— Home and the joytime of life.

Downed in the battle! But, say, What is the profit in sorrow? Love is still lighting the way On to a glorious morrow. Out of the turmoil and fuming, Out of the worry and wiles, Love with its welcome is looming, Beckoning on with its smiles.

Whipped to a standstill! But, say, Still there is joy in the losing If love binds the wounds of the fray After the battle's confusing, Out of the smoke and the rattle, After the heat of the fray; After the din of the battle, Love lights the close of the day.

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## The Friendly Path

By Walter I. Robinson

### READJUSTMENT

"MONEY grows or money goes." But it will neither grow nor leave one of its own accord. Many persons have had these facts brought home to them with a jolt. Unfortunately, however, they did not recognize the value of what they obtained when it came in fast.

Harsh lessons are usually well learned. The man who foolishly trusts a rotten plank to carry him across a whirling stream and then pays for his folly by a stiff fight for life, always is more cautious when he must walk another plank to follow his pathway on the other side of a stream.

The same logic may justly be applied to every walk of life. If one spends all he earns, the money naturally goes; but, if he is wise and saves something, what he saves is certain to grow if properly invested. And it is surprising how fast it will grow and what an assistance it will become when the source of supply becomes weak or slow in producing.

Whatever the difficulties one has faced during the period of depression incident to readjustment of economic conditions, he still has much for which to offer thanks. Long faces and grumbling are inclined to increase the world's pessimism and hamper the progress back toward normalcy. It is far better to be a good sport—if we be permitted to use gaming language—then one is more likely to see the brighter side.

Out of the struggles and discouragements the country and world at large have been experiencing, common sense will eventually rise to a higher plane than it has occupied for several years. And, though many may have foolishly spent all they earned when prosperity was with them and since have been finding it difficult to make both ends meet, when the tide turns back to normal, greater value will be placed on incomes, more caution will be exercised in spending, more money will be saved, simple and healthful pleasures will be appreciated and there will be wider appreciation of the privilege of earning fair wages or making fair profits on business done.

Painful though the lesson of readjustment is, it was necessary to assure honesty and happiness in the years to come.

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## Mother's Cook Book

Today may be all that is mournful—Our paths cannot always be bright. But tomorrow we'll somehow take course, And trustingly enter the fight.

### EVERY DAY DISHES

WE WELCOME foods that give variety without adding to the expense of living, which is high enough with the best of management.

### Date Surprise Cookies.

Stone dates and stuff with whole almonds blanched. Roll out the cookie mixture very thin, cut in rounds and place a stuffed date in the center; sprinkle with sugar and lemon rind mixed; fold over the cookie and pinch the edges together. Bake in a hot oven.

### Pear Bread Pudding.

Slice canned pears in very small pieces; add lemon rind and juice and place half of them in a pudding dish. Mix one tablespoonful of butter with one-half cupful of sugar, one cupful of water and a pint of bread crumbs; spread all but a tablespoonful over the pears. Put more pears in the dish; add grated nutmeg and sprinkle with the tablespoonful of crumbs. Bake with a cover for an hour and a half, then remove the cover and brown. Serve with a hot sauce.

### Fruit Meringue.

Beat the halves of canned fruit with a bit of lemon peel or candied ginger in the centers; cool and place on each a tablespoonful of meringue. Use the whites of two eggs and one-third of a cupful of sugar for the meringue.

### Sandwich Piquant.

Take one cupful of new cabbage or cucumber chopped, one-half cupful of onion chopped, four tablespoonfuls of green pepper chopped, drain, add cayenne and seasonings and use on buttered bread.

### Apple Pudding.

Cook one-half dozen apples until nearly done, unless of a variety which cooks quickly; place in a deep baking dish and cover with a rich biscuit dough made like a drop batter, leaving spaces for the steam to escape. A little seasoning may be added, such as sugar, nutmeg and butter. Serve with a lemon sauce or with thickened apple juice or cider seasoned to taste.

### Fried Apples.

Core good flavored apples and slice in half-inch slices. Into a frying pan put two tablespoonfuls of bacon fat, lay in the apples after sprinkling lightly with salt and sugar and brown on both sides. Serve with pork chops.

### Rice and Asparagus Soup.

Wash the asparagus and cut off the tougher portions. Put the tips into a quart of well-seasoned broth and one cupful of water and cook until tender. Add one-half cupful of rice as soon as the broth and asparagus are boiling hot. Cook until very tender. This soup may be put through a sieve and is then ready to serve. Pass grated cheese with the soup.

Nellie Maxwell  
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## THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I like to hear the hymns in church, I feel uplifted in my heart, Especially when tenors sing their extra, little, squeezed-in part.

