

MARY MARIE

BY ELEANOR H. PORTER

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CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

The train came then, and he put me on board, and he kissed me again—but I was expecting it this time, of course. Then I whizzed off, and he was left standing all alone on the platform. And I felt so sorry for him; and all the way down to Boston I kept thinking of him—what he said, and how he looked, and how fine and splendid and any woman would be proud of him he was as he stood on the platform waving good-by.

And so I guess I was still thinking of him and being sorry for him when I got to Boston. That's why I couldn't be so crazy and hilariously glad when the folks met me, I suspect. Some way, all of a sudden, I found myself wishing he could be there, too.

Of course, I know that that was bad and wicked and unkind to Mother, and she'd feel so grieved not to have me satisfied with her. And I wouldn't have told her of it for the world. So I tried just as hard as I could to forget him—on account of Mother, so as to be loyal to her. And I did 'most forget him by the time I'd got home. But it all came back again a little later when we were unpacking my trunk.

You see, Mother found the two new white dresses, and the dear little shoes. I knew then, of course, that she'd have to know all—I mean, how she hadn't pleased Father, even after all her pains trying to have me go as Mary.

"Why, Marie, what in the world is this?" she demanded, holding up one of the new dresses.

I could have cried. I suppose she saw by my face how awfully I felt 'cause she'd found it. And, of course, she saw something was the matter; and she thought it was—

Well, the first thing I knew she was looking at me in her very sternest, sorriest way, and saying:

"Oh, Marie, how could you? I'm ashamed of you! Couldn't you wear the Mary dresses one little three months to please your father?"

I did cry, then. After all I'd been through, to have her accuse me of getting those dresses! Well, I just couldn't stand it. And I told her so as well as I could, only I was crying so by now that I could hardly speak. I told her how it was hard enough to be Mary part of the time, and Marie part of the time, when I knew what they wanted me to be. But when she tried to have me Mary while he wanted me Marie, and he tried to have me Marie while she wanted me Mary—I did not know what they wanted; and I wished I had never been born unless I could have been born a plain Susie or Bessie, or Annabelle, and not a Mary Marie that was all mixed up till I didn't know what I was.

And then I cried some more.

Mother dropped the dress then, and took me in her arms over on the couch, and she said, "There, there," and that I was tired and nervous, and all wrought up, and to cry all I wanted to. And by and by, when I was calmer I could tell Mother all about it.

And I did. I told her how hard I tried to be Mary all the way up to Andersonville and after I got there; and how then I found out, all of a sudden one day, that father had got ready for Marie, and he didn't want me to be Mary, and that was why he had got Cousin Grace and the automobile and the geraniums in the window, and, oh, everything that made it nice and comfy and homey. And then is when they bought me the new white dresses and the little white shoes. And I told Mother, of course, it was lovely to be Marie, and I liked it, only I knew she would feel bad to think, after all her pains to make me Mary, Father didn't want me Mary at all.

"I don't think you need to worry—about that," stammered Mother. "But, tell me, why—why did—your father want you to be Marie and not Mary?"

And then I told her how he said he'd remembered what I'd said to him in the parlor that day—how tired I got being Marie, and how I'd put on Marie's things just to get a little vacation from her; and he said he'd never forgotten. And so when it came near time for me to come again, he determined to fix it so I wouldn't have to be Mary at all. And so that was why. And I told Mother it was all right, and of course I liked it; only it did mix me up awfully, not knowing which wanted me to be Mary now, and which Marie, when they were both telling me different from what they ever had before. And that it was hard, when you were trying just the best you knew how.

And I began to cry again. And she said there, there, once more, and patted me on my shoulder, and told me I needn't worry any more. And that she understood it, if I didn't. In fact, she was beginning to understand a lot of things that

she'd never understood before. And she said it was very, very dear of Father to do what he did, and that I needn't worry about her being displeased at it. That she was pleased, and that she believed he meant her to be. And she said I needn't think any more whether to be Mary or Marie; but to be just a good, loving little daughter to both of them; and that was all she asked, and she was very sure it was all Father would ask, too.

I told her then how I thought he did care a little about having me there, and that I knew he was going to miss me. And I told her why—what he'd said that morning in the junction—about appreciating love, and not missing things or people until you didn't have them; and how he'd learned his lesson, and all that.

And Mother grew all flushed and rosy again, but she was pleased. I knew she was. And she said some beautiful things about making other people happy, instead of looking to ourselves all the time, just as she had talked once, before I went away. And I felt again that hushed, stained-window, soft-music, everybody-kneeling kind of a way; and I was so happy! And it lasted all the rest of that evening till I went to sleep.

And for the first time a beautiful idea came to me, when I thought how Mother was trying to please Father.



The Train Came Then, and He Put Me on Board, and He Kissed Me Again—but I Was Expecting It This Time, of Course.

and he was trying to please her. Wouldn't it be perfectly lovely and wonderful if Father and Mother should fall in love with each other all over again, and get married? I guess then this would be a love story all right, all right!

OCTOBER

Oh, how I wish that stained-window, everybody-kneeling feeling would last. But it never does. Just the next morning, when I woke up, it rained. And I didn't feel pleased a bit. Still I remembered what had happened the night before, and a real glow came over me at the beautiful idea I had gone to sleep with.

I wanted to tell Mother, and ask her if it couldn't be, and wouldn't she let it be, if Father would. So, without waiting to dress me, I hurried across the hall to her room and told her all about it—my idea, and everything.

But she said, "Nonsense," and, "Hush, hush," when I asked her if she and Father couldn't fall in love all over again and get married. And she said not to get silly notions into my head. And she wasn't a bit flushed and teary, as she had been the night before, and she didn't talk at all as she had then, either. And it's been that way ever since. Things have gone along in just the usual humdrum way, and she's never been the same as she was that night I came.

Something—a little different—did happen yesterday, though. There's going to be another big astronomy meeting here in Boston this month, just as there was when Father found Mother years ago; and Grandfather brought home word that Father was going to be one of the chief speakers. And he told Mother he supposed she'd go and hear him.

"Well, yes, I am thinking of going," she said, just as calm and cool as ever. "When does he speak, Father?"

And when Aunt Hattie pooh-poohed, and asked how could she do such a thing, Mother answered:

"Because Charles Anderson is the

father of my little girl, and I think she should hear him speak. Therefore, Hattie, I intend to take her."

And then she asked Grandfather again when Father was going to speak.

I'm so excited! Only think of seeing my father up on a big platform with a lot of big men, and hearing him speak! And he'll be the very smartest and handsomest one there, too. You see if he isn't!

TWO WEEKS AND ONE DAY LATER

Father's here—right here in Boston. I don't know when he came. But the first day of the meeting was day before yesterday, and he was here then. The paper said he was, and his picture was there, too. There were a lot of pictures, but his was away ahead of the others. It was the very best one on the page. (I told you it would be that way.)

Mother saw it first. That is, I think she did. She had the paper in her hand, looking at it, when I came into the room; but as soon as she saw me she laid it right down quick on the table. If she hadn't been quite so quick about it, and if she hadn't looked quite so queer when she did it, I wouldn't have thought anything at all. But when I went over to the table after she had gone, and saw the paper with Father's picture right on the first page—and the biggest picture there—I knew then, of course, what she'd been looking at.

I looked at it then, and I read what it said, too. It was lovely. Why, I hadn't any idea Father was so big. I was prouder than ever of him. It told all about the stars and comets he'd discovered, and the books he'd written on astronomy, and how he was president of the college at Andersonville, and that he was going to give an address the next day. And I read it all—every word. And I made up my mind right there and then that I'd cut out that place and save it.

But that night, when I went to the library cupboard to get the paper, I couldn't do it, after all. Oh, the paper was there, but that page was gone. There wasn't a bit of it left. Somebody had taken it right out. I never thought then of Mother. But I believe now that it was Mother, for—

But I mustn't tell you that part now. Stories are just like meals. You have to eat them—I mean tell them—in regular order, and not put the ice cream in where the soup ought to be. So I'm not going to tell yet why I suspect it was Mother that cut out that page of the paper with Father's picture in it.

Well, the next morning was Father's lecture, and I went with Mother. Of course Grandfather was there, too, but he was with the other astronomers, I guess. Anyhow, he didn't sit with us. And Aunt Hattie didn't go at all. So Mother and I were alone.

We sat back—a long ways back. I wanted to go up front, real far front—the front seat, if I could get it; and I told Mother so. But she said, "Mercy, no!" and shuddered, and went back two more rows from where she was, and got behind a big post.

I guess she was afraid Father would see us, but that's what I wanted. I wanted him to see us. I wanted him to be right in the middle of his lecture and look down and see right there before him his little girl Mary, and she that had been the wife of his bosom. Now that would have been what I called thrilling, real thrilling, especially if he jumped, or grew red, or white, or stammered, or stopped short, or anything to show that he'd seen us—and cared.

I'd have loved that.

But we sat back where Mother wanted to, behind the post. And, of course, Father never saw us at all.

It was a lovely lecture. Oh, of course, I don't mean to say that I understood it. I didn't. But his voice was fine, and he looked just too grand for anything, with the light on his noble brow, and he used the loveliest big words that I ever heard. And folks clapped, and looked at each other, and nodded, and once or twice they laughed. And when he was all through they clapped again, harder than ever.

Another man spoke then, a little (not near so good as Father), and then it was all over, and everybody got up to go; and I saw that a lot of folks were crowding down the aisle, and I looked and there was Father right in front of the platform shaking hands with folks.

I looked at Mother then. Her face was all pinky-white, and her eyes were shining. I guess she thought I spoke, for all of a sudden she shook her head and said:

"No, no, I couldn't, I couldn't! But you may, dear. Run along and speak to him; but don't stay. Remember, Mother is waiting, and come right back."

I knew then that it must have been just my eyes that spoke, for I did want to go down there and speak to Father. Oh, I did want to go! And I went then, of course.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

First Known Use of Ink.
The bureau of standards says that the earliest use of liquid which can be described as ink is found in the remnants of ancient Egyptian civilizations, and the date was probably about 2500 B. C. Chinese or Indian ink is known to have been in existence about this time. These inks were black and their base was carbon. Probably gum, oil or varnish was mixed with it.

Mentioned in the Bible.

Biblical mention is made of nineteen different precious stones, six metals, one hundred and four trees and plants, thirty-five animals, thirty-nine birds, six fishes, eleven reptiles, twenty insects and other smaller creatures.

Duchess Stella de Lante



This is Duchess Stella de Lante, daughter of Duke De Lante, the head of one of the most ancient Italian families. She is the first duchess to appear in the role of a film actress. The De Lante villa in Rome is one of the show places of the Eternal City.

"What's in a Name?"
By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel

FRANCES

FREEDOM is the significance of Frances, the name which is used interchangeably with only one letter's difference as a masculine and feminine proper name. It is derived from the Teutonic "frel," but, curiously enough, made its first appearance in a near approach to its present form in Italy, where the son of an Italian merchant became so fluent as a French scholar that the baptismal name of Giovanni was lost to sight and he went by the term "Il Francesco" (The Frenchman). It was this same youth who later was canonized and founded the order of the Franciscan brotherhood.

The first feminine form of the name was the title of the unhappy lady whose doom was so exquisitely told by Dante in his romance of "Paolo and Francesca," which is one of the great love stories of literature. San Francesca di Roma was a devout housewife of great popularity in Italy and in 1300 there was a Françoise of fame at Cambria.

Frances came into being through Mary Tudor, who, in honor of Francis I, king of France, and in memory of her own brief rule on the throne of France, christened her first child Frances. She was the Lady Frances Brandon who established the name in the Tudor court and made it forever popular in England.

Francis and Frances were both used as feminine names without distinction in those days and Frank was the diminutive bestowed exclusively on English maids. The wife of the duke of Richmond was so called and history recalls that the duke would subdue her haughty pride on occasion by saying: "Frank, Frank, how long is it since thou wast married to Fannel?" thus reminding her of an early elopement with a vintner. Lady Fanny Shirley was a famous English beauty whose baptismal name was undoubtedly Frances.

The sapphire is Frances' talismanic stone. It assures her successful accomplishment of any undertaking, preservation from evil, and faithful friends. Friday is her lucky day and seven her lucky number. The morning glory of contentment is her flower. (Copyright by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

FOR GROWTH

OUR space upon the way may narrow be,
And surging crowds distract us and impede
The onward march to peace and victory
Upon whose hope our hungry spirits feed.
The turmoil and the tumult of the hour
May deafen with their clamor here below,
But earth hath space for roots of plenteous power,
And in God's Heavens blue there's room to grow.
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THE SANDMAN STORY

FOX GETS WORST OF IT

MR. FOX was not very fond of cherries, but he thought such fine ones as he saw on the tree under which he stood were too nice to be passed by, but Mr. Fox was not nimble at climbing; in fact, he did not know how to climb.

While he stood looking up at the cherries along came Mr. Coon, who would as soon travel through the wood by jumping from tree to tree as to walk on the ground.

"What are you looking at, Mr. Fox, sour grapes?" he asked.

Mr. Fox is somewhat touchy on that subject, but he knew if he got those nice cherries he would need the help of Mr. Coon, so he smothered his anger



He Threw Down the Cherries.

and said smilingly: "No, not grapes this time, Mr. Coon, but fine big cherries."

"I, of course, cannot climb, but you are such an expert that it will be no trouble for you to run up and pick some for me."

Mr. Coon, being a good-natured fellow, said he would, and thinking also that he might find a nest of bees or wasps at the same time, for though

he did not mind eating cherries he was very fond of the other things.

He threw down the cherries, and when Mr. Fox had enough he decided that he would punish Mr. Coon for mentioning those sour grapes.

The fact that Mr. Coon had been obliging and picked the cherries for him did not matter at all to ungrateful Mr. Fox.

He saw a limb that was very slender and at the end hung two very large red cherries. By asking Mr. Coon to get those cherries he was sure he would fall to the ground, for the limb would be certain to snap.

Under the tree was a big flat stone, "and, while Mr. Coon wears a thick coat, if he struck on a rock he would be sure to feel it, and then he will know how it hurts me when he mentions those sour grapes," he mused to himself, "for when he lands I will just mention the fact to him before I run off home."

Mr. Fox pointed to the big cherries, but what he did not see was a nest of wasps just over them. Mr. Coon did, however, and he had no intention of picking the cherries. It was the nest he was after as he crept along.

He was so quick about getting it that before Mr. Fox saw what was happening and could run the nest was on the ground and the angry wasps were flying about.

Mr. Coon came down the tree, but it was Mr. Fox the wasps blamed for destroying their home, and after him they went.

He ran for the river to get rid of his tormentors, and had to swim under water part of the way, for angry wasps will chase an enemy a long distance.

"Now, I wonder if he did that on purpose," thought Mr. Fox. "Did he think I was trying to get him on that little limb of the tree so he would fall and knock down the wasp nest to pay me for trying to play that trick, or did he really want the nest?"

Mr. Fox's thoughts were so tangled up thinking about it that he finally gave it up and decided that the sour grape story did not hurt him nearly as much as did the sting of those angry wasps. But still he did wonder about Mr. Coon, if he really did want that wasp nest, but he never found out. (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

YOUR HAND

How to Read Your Characteristics and Tendencies—the Capabilities or Weaknesses That Make for Success or Failure as Shown in Your Palm

THE HAND OF A SINGER

MANY good authorities on palmistry hold that a singer should have a stiff hand and pointed fingers. The mounts of Venus, Luna, Saturn and Apollo should be strong, to show, respectively, melody, harmony, melody and harmony.

By some it is held that the successful singer's hand shows always a good line of Apollo, which runs up the center of the hand into the finger of Apollo, the third or ring finger. The vocalist should always have the finger of Apollo terminating in a point.

Success in seeking and holding public favor is indicated by a line of fortune rising from the bracelet, and running to the mount of Saturn, at the base of the middle finger.

Self-confidence is also required by the man or woman who must appear before the public, and this is indicated by separation of the line of life and that of the head. A line rising from the line of life to the finger of Jupiter, the forefinger, means ambition. (Copyright by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

WHY?

DO ONIONS MAKE PEOPLE WEEP

THE "gas" given off by a freshly-peeled onion makes itself apparent in two ways. Firstly, by a very strong aroma which is at once apparent to the sense of smell, and also by a smarting of eyeballs which, being extremely sensitive, are hurt by this substance to which they are not accustomed. The nerves of the eye immediately signal the brain to turn on the tears or liquid which is secreted by the body as a natural and continual eye-wash. This flowing over the eyeball forms a sort of curtain which prevents the onion "gas" from coming in direct contact with the nerves and thus injuring them.

Tears are present in the eye at all times. Whenever we wink a tiny drop of the tear-liquids is smeared across the ball of the eye and washes off particles of dust which may have accumulated. But when this liquid is produced so rapidly that it cannot be carried off by the trough at the lower part of the eye—when, through sadness or onions, we "weep"—the tears overflow and run down the face. (Copyright by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

Helping Out.

"The way the girls dress, I blush for 'em."

"Has it come to this?"

"Eh?"

"Do you think they need somebody to perform that action for them?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE RIGHT THING at the RIGHT TIME

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

HOT WEATHER HABITS

IS IT not true that our civilized manners are tested in warm weather, and that there is a strong temptation to forget some of the little refinements of life that we possess just because we are civilized?

But the truth of the matter is that the very thing that makes warm weather endurable in office, store or home is the exertion on the part of the individuals to keep up their standard of good manners, and to remember that though the thermometer stands at ninety, more or less, they are civilized none the less.

Considerable self-control needs to be exerted. In the first place don't tell people just how warm you feel. Having exchanged a perfunctory comment or so about the state of the weather let it go at that. To tell your associates just how the thermometer stood in your bedroom last night, how many baths you took between office closing yesterday and office opening this morning, how little you ate as a result of the heat and how much food tea you have had to consume, just makes other people think all the more about the heat and it doesn't help you at all.

You may not be able to help looking hot, but you don't have to look untidy as a result of the heat. It is better to wear a thin suit than to wear a heavier one in various stages of removal; better for the young woman in the office to wear a short-sleeved open-necked blouse than another sort of blouse with the collar and sleeves tucked away.

A great deal more leniency is allowed men nowadays in warm weather. There are still some business offices where the men are not allowed to remove their coats in office hours, but these are the exceptions. If we do have to pass through periods of almost tropical heat we should be allowed to adopt somewhat the costume of other civilized folk in tropical climes. Hence the palm beach suit for men, soft comfortable collars and lightweight suits are no longer looked upon as unsuitable or freakish in most of our cities.

But whatever else you do, remember that the chances are that you are made no more uncomfortable than the others with whom you associate. If you grumble more it means that you are less self-control; it means that you are not playing the game as well as you should and also, moreover, that you are making the task of getting through the warm weather, which at worst is of short duration, all the harder for yourself and for those around you.

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Substantial enough for racing, a bicycle has been invented that folds compactly for carrying.