

# MARY MARIE

By Eleanor H. Porter

Illustrations by R. H. Livingstone

Copyright by Eleanor H. Porter

### SYNOPSIS

**PREFACE**—"Mary Marie" explains her apparent "double personality" and just why she 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.

**CHAPTER I**—Mary begins with Nurse Sarah's account of her (Mary's) birth, which is apparently interesting to her father, who is a famous astronomer, less than a new star which was discovered in the night. Her name is a compromise, her mother wanted to call her Viola and her father insisted on Abigail. The child quickly learned that her home was in some way different from those of her small friends, and was puzzled. 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 dusky sixteen-year-old girl whom the select professor had chosen for a wife.

**CHAPTER II**—Continuing her story, Nurse Sarah makes it plain why the household is so different from the one to which she is taking her. It is a matter of understanding, each one proud in its way to attempt to smooth out the situation.

**CHAPTER III**—Mary tells of the time spent in the city where the "perfectly all right and genteel and respectable" divorce was being arranged for, and her mother's "wonderful" behavior. By the court 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, and she and Aunt Jane leave Andersonville for the city to spend the first six months.

**CHAPTER IV**—At Andersonville Mary becomes "Marie." She is admitted with her belongings to the gloomy house at Andersonville. The select gentlemen who call on her mother leads her to speculate on the possibility of a new father. She classifies the "prospective suitors," finally deciding the child is to be between the violinist and Mr. Harlow. A conversation she overhears between her mother and Mr. Harlow convinces her that it will not be the likely man. Mrs. Anderson resolves a letter to Aunt Abigail Anderson, her former husband's sister, who is keeping house for him, reminding her that "Marie" is expected at Andersonville for the six months she is to spend with her father. Her mother is distressed, but has no alternative, and "Marie" departs for Andersonville.

**CHAPTER V**—At Andersonville Aunt Jane meets her at the station. Her father is away somewhere, studying an eclipse of the moon. "Marie"—Mary now—instinctively compares Aunt Jane, prim and severe, with her beautiful, dainty mother, much to the former's disapproval. Aunt Jane disapproves of the dainty clothes which the child is wearing and replaces them with "serviceable" serge and thick-soled shoes. Her father arrives some and seems surprised to see her. Child soon begins to notice that the girls at school seem to avoid her. Her father appears interested in the life Mrs. Anderson leads at Boston and asks many questions. In a queer manner which puzzles Mary she finds out that her schoolmates do not associate with her on account of her parents being divorced, and she refuses to attend school. Angrily at first, Mr. Anderson, when he learns the reason for her determination, decides that she need not go. He will hear her lessons. At Aunt Jane's and her father's absence Mary dresses in the pretty clothes she brought from Boston and plays the liveliest tunes she knows on the little-used piano. Then, overcome by her loneliness, she sits down at the piano, which her father's unexpected appearance interrupts. She soba out the story of her life. Her mother appears to desire to make her stay more pleasant. Her mother writes asking that Mary be allowed to come to Boston for the beginning of the school term, and Mr. Anderson consents, though from an expression he lets fall Mary believes he is sorry she is going.

Well, what was I saying? Oh, I know—about asking questions. As I said, there isn't anything like Nurse Sarah here. I can't understand Aunt Jane and Theresa, the other maid, is just about as bad. Aunt Hattie's lovely, but I can't ask questions of her. She isn't the kind. Besides, Lester's always there, too; and you can't discuss family affairs before children. Of course there's Mother and Grandpa Desmond. But questions like when it's proper for Mother to have lovers I can't ask of them, of course. So there's no one but Peter left to ask. Peter's all right and very nice, but he doesn't seem to know anything that I want to know. So he doesn't amount to so very much, after all.

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 want 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 bridled up and tossed her chin, and said, real indignantly:

"A sense of fitness of things, in-

deed! 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 making 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 bridled 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.



"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 looked at Aunt Hattie. 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 world have used slang like that!) "And after all the things she's said about how unhappy she was!" finished Aunt Hattie.

Grandpa didn't say anything, but just gave his funny little shrug again. And it was kind of queer, when I come to think of it—about Mother, I mean, wasn't it?

ONE MONTH LATER

Well, I've been here another whole month, and it's growing nicer all the time. I just love it here. I love the sunshine everywhere, and the curtains up to let it in. And the flowers in the rooms, and the little fern-dish on the dining-room table, the books and magazines just lying around ready to be picked up; Baby Lester laughing and singing all over the house, and lovely ladies and gentlemen in the dining-room having music and tea and little cakes when I come home from school in the afternoon. And I love it not to have to look up and watch and listen for Father's coming in and I'll be making a noise. And best of all I love Mother with her dancing eyes and her laugh, and her just being happy, with no going in and finding her crying or looking long and fixedly at nothing, and then turning to me with a great big sigh, and a "Well, dear," that just makes you want to go and cry because it's so hurt and heart-broken. Oh, I do just love it all!

And Mother is happy, I'm sure she is. Somebody is doing something for her every moment—so, so. They are so glad to get her back again. I know they are. I heard two ladies talking one day, and they said they were. They called her "Poor Madge," and "Dear Madge," and they said it was a shame that she should have had such a wretched experience, and that they for one should try to do everything they could to make her forget.

And that's what they all seem to be trying to do—to make her forget. There isn't a day goes by but that somebody sends flowers or books or candies, or invites her somewhere, or takes her to ride or to the theater, or comes to see her, so that Mother is in just one whirl of good times from morning till night. Why, she'd just have to forget. She doesn't have any time to remember. I think she is getting, too. Oh, of course she gets tired, and sometimes rainy days or twilights I find her on the sofa in her room not reading or anything, and her face looks 'most as it used to sometimes after they'd been having one of their incompatibility times. But I don't find her that way very often, and it doesn't last long. So I really think she is forgetting.

About the prospective suitors—I

found that "prospective suitor" in a story a week ago, and I just love it. It means you probably will want to marry her, you know. I use it all the time now—in my mind—when I'm thinking about those gentlemen that come here (the unmarried ones). I forgot and used it out loud one day to Aunt Hattie; but I shan't again. She said, "Mercy!" and threw up her hands and looked over to Grandpa the way she does when I've said something she thinks is perfectly awful.

But I was firm and dignified—I said very polite, and pleasant—and I said that I didn't see why she should not like that, for of course they were prospective suitors, the unmarried ones, anyway, and even some of the married ones, maybe, like Mr. Harlow, of course they could get divorced, and—

"Marie!" interrupted Aunt Hattie then, before I could say another word, or go on to explain that of course Mother couldn't be expected to stay unmarried always, though I was very sure she wouldn't get married again until it was perfectly proper and genteel for her to take unto herself another husband.

But Aunt Hattie wouldn't even listen. And she threw up her hands and said, "Marie!" again with the emphasis on the last part of the name the way I simply loathe. And she told me never, never to let her hear me make such a speech as that again. And I said I would be very careful not to. And you may be sure I shall. I don't want to go through a scene like that again!

She told Mother about it, though, I think. Together, they were talking very busily anyhow when they came into the library after dinner that night, and Mother looked sort of flushed and plagued, and I heard her say, "Perhaps the child does read too many novels, Hattie."

And Aunt Hattie answered, "Of course she does!" Then she said something else which I didn't catch, only the words "silly" and "romantic" and "pre-co-shus." (I don't know what that last means, but I put it down the way it sounded, and I'm going to look it up.)

Then they turned and saw me, and they didn't say anything more. But the next morning the perfectly lovely story I was reading, that Theresa let me take, called "The Hidden Secret," I couldn't find anywhere. The book I asked Mother if she'd seen it, she said she'd given it back to Theresa, and that I mustn't ask her for it again. That I wasn't old enough yet to read such stories.

There it is again! I'm not old enough. When will I be allowed to take my proper place in life? Echo answers when.

Well, to resume and go on. What was I talking about? Oh, 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.

It won't be Mr. Harlow, anyway. I'm pretty sure of that, even if he has started in to get his divorce. (And he has. I heard Aunt Hattie tell Mother so last week.) But Mother doesn't like him. I'm sure she doesn't. He makes her awfully nervous. Oh, she laughs and talks with him—seems as if she laughs even more with him than she does with anybody else. But she's always looking around for somebody else to talk to; and I've seen her get up and move off just as he was coming across the room toward her, and I'm just sure she saw him. There's another reason, too, why I think Mother isn't going to choose him for her lover. I heard something she said to him one day:

"She was sitting before the fire in the library, and he came in. There were other people there, quite a lot of them; but Mother was all alone by the fireplace, her eyes looking fixed and dreamy into the fire. I was in the window-seat around the corner of the chimney reading; and I could see Mother in the mirror just as plain as could be. She could have seen me, too, of course, if she'd looked up. But she didn't."

I never even thought of hearing anything I hadn't ought, and I was just going to get down and speak to Mother myself, when Mr. Harlow crossed the room and sat down on the sofa beside her.

"Dreaming, Madge?" he said, low and soft, his soulful eyes just devouring her lovely face. (I read that, too, in a book last week. I just loved it!)

Mother started and flushed up.

"Oh, Mr. Harlow!" she cried. (Mother always calls him "Mr.")

"That's another thing. He always calls her 'Madge,' you know." "How do you do?" Then she gave her quick little look around to see if there wasn't somebody else near for her to talk to. But there wasn't.

"But you do dream of the old days, sometimes, Madge, don't you?" he began again, soft and low, leaning a little nearer.

"Of when I was a child and played dolls before this very fireplace? Well, yes, perhaps I do," laughed Mother. And I could see she drew away a little. "There was one doll with a brook on head that—"

"I was speaking of broken hearts," interrupted Mr. Harlow, very meaningfully.

"Broken hearts! Nonsense! As if there were such things in the world!" cried Mother, with a little toss to her

head, looking around again with a quick little glance for some one else to talk to.

But still there wasn't anybody there. They were all over to the other side of the room talking, and paying no attention to Mother and Mr. Harlow, only the violinist. He looked and looked, and acted nervous with his watch-chain. But he didn't come over. I felt, some way, that I ought to go away and not hear any more; but I couldn't without showing them that I had been there. So I thought it was better to stay just where I was. They could see me, anyway, if they'd just look in the mirror. So I didn't feel that I was sneaking. And I stayed.

Then Mr. Harlow spoke again. His eyes grew even more soulful and devouring. I could see them in the mirror.

"Madge, it seems so strange that we should both have had to trail through the tragedy of broken hearts and lives before we came to our real happiness. For we shall be happy, Madge. You know I'm to be free, too, soon, dear, and then we—"

But he didn't finish. Mother put up her hand and stopped him. Her face wasn't flushed any more. It was very white.

"Carl," she began in a still, quiet voice, and I was so thrilled. I knew something was going to happen—this time she'd called him by his first name. "I'm sorry," she went on, "I've tried to show you. I've tried very hard to show you—without speaking. But if you make me say it I shall have to say it. Whether you are free or not matters not to me. It can make no difference in our relationship. Now, will you come with me to the other side of the room, or must I be so rude as to go and leave you?"

She got up then, and he got up, too. He said something—I couldn't hear what it was; but it was sad and reproachful—I'm sure of that by the look in his eyes. Then they both walked across the room to the others.

I was sorry for him. I do not want him for a father, but I couldn't help being sorry for him, he looked so sad and mournful and handsome; and he's got perfectly beautiful eyes. (Oh, I do hope mine will have nice eyes when I find him!)

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 loveylike. 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 needs'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 her for using it. And I let him see it good and plain.

Of course I changed schools. I knew Mother'd want me to, when she knew, and so I told her right away. I thought she'd be superb and haughty and disdainful sure this time. But she wasn't. First she grew so white I thought she was going to faint away. Then she began to cry and kiss and hug me. And that night I heard her talking to Aunt Hattie and saying, "To think that that poor innocent child has to suffer, too!" and some more which I couldn't hear, because her voice was all choked up and shaky.

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 Grandpa 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 her 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, Grandmother Anderson, same as Father wanted me to name me, Mercy! I'm glad she 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 terrible 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

happily met. "And see that she's properly met," indeed!" went on 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'm to go next Monday, and as it comes nearer the time Mother's getting worse and worse. She's so unhappy over it. And of course that makes me unhappy, too. But I try not to show it. Only yesterday, when she was crying and hugging me, and telling me how awful it was that her little girl should have to suffer, too, I told her not to worry a bit about me; that I wasn't suffering at all. I liked it. It was ever so much more exciting to have two homes instead of one. But she only cried all the more, and sobbed, "Oh, my baby, my baby!"—so nothing I could say seemed to do one mite of good.

But I meant it, and I told the truth. 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 "Marie" and all that; but it'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 take 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 saw 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.

I had a wonderful trip to Andersonville. Everybody was very kind to me, and there were lovely things to see out of the window. The conductor came in and spoke to me several times.

(Continued next week)

**WRIGLEYS**

AFTER EVERY MEAL

**WRIGLEYS SPEARMINT** THE PERFECT FLAVOR

MINT LEAF LASTS

Satisfies the sweet tooth and aids appetite and digestion. Cleanses mouth and teeth. A great boon to smokers, relieving hot, dry mouth. Combines pleasure and benefit. Don't miss the joy of the new WRIGLEY'S P-K—the sugar-coated peppermint tid bit!

Save the wrappers

Good for valuable premiums

Save the surface and you save all

**The Cost of Rotting Buildings** now running into millions

A ROTTING building is also a lute waste, because a small investment in paint will save it. A building that is not protected by paint must either be rebuilt or repaired in a few years at a costly figure.

The best paints are scientific in formula and preparation. We've been making them for 73 years. The best materials—PIONEER WHITE LEAD, pure linseed oil, pure zinc, and pure colors—are combined in Fuller's Paints in scientifically exact proportions with long-time skill.

Check the costs. Compare the prices of paint and lumber. Can you afford to bear the expense of rebuilding or repairing your home, when to save it costs so little?

When you paint, make an additional saving by using the best paint. It spreads easily—saves labor cost. It covers more surface per gallon than "cheap" paint.

But more important, the best paint serves five or more years longer than "cheap" paint.

**Fuller's SPECIFICATION House Paints**

Phoenix Pure Paint Pure Prepared Point

Manufactured by W. P. Fuller & Co., Dept. 46, San Francisco

Branches in 19 Cities in the West

SAVE THE MEMO BELOW—CUT IT OUT AND PASTE IT IN YOUR NOTE BOOK

My house needs painting. Fuller's Specification House Paints are sold by the following Agents:

**PURE PREPARED PAINT AGENTS**

G. W. PHELPS, GARIBALDI NELSON & CO., BAY CITY A. C. & H. ANDERSON, NEHALEM

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION**

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Portland, Oregon, Ap. 11 10th, 1922.

NOTICE is hereby given that Harry H. Brown, of Beaver, Oregon, who on May 2, 1919, made Homestead Entry No. 06375, for S<sup>1/4</sup> NW<sup>1/4</sup>, Sec. 1, Township 4S, Range 9W, W. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described before the Register and receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Portland, Oregon, on the 8th day of June, 1922.

Claimant names as witnesses: Jacob Nicklas of Beaver, Oregon; Louis N. Sandos of Beaver, Oregon; Oliver Kinnaman of Beaver, Oregon; Thomas Nicklaus of Beaver, Oregon. Act 6-6-12 and 6-11-06. List 6-1024.

ALEXANDER SWEET, Register.