

# PORTLAND AUTO STAGE

Ivan Donaldson, Mgr. Tillamook, Ore.

Leaves Tillamook—7:30 a. m., 12 m., 3 p. m.

Leaves Portland—8:30 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 3:30 p. m.

via

Hebo, Grand Rounde, Willamina, Sheridan, McMinnville, Dayton, Newburg, Multnomah.

# MARY MARIE

By Eleanor H. Porter

Illustrations by R. H. Livingstone

### 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 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 insisting 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.

**CHAPTER II.**—Continuing her story, 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.

**CHAPTER III.**—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, and she and Mary leave Andersonville for that city to spend the first six months.

**CHAPTER IV.**—At Boston Mary becomes "Marie." She is delighted with her new home, so different from the gloomy house at Andersonville. The number of gentlemen who call on her mother leads her to speculate on the possibility of a new father. She classes the callers as "prospective suitors," finally deciding the choice 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 that gentleman, and "the violinist" seems to be the likely man. Anderson receives a letter from "Aunt Abigail Anderson, her former husband's sister, who is keeping house for him, reminding her that "Mary" is expected at Andersonville for the six months she is to spend with her father. 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.

**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 "sewable" gorges and thick-soled shoes. Her father arrives home and seems surprised to see her. The child soon begins to notice that the girls at school seem to notice that the girls appear 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. Angry at first, Mr. Anderson, when he learns the reason for her determination, decides that she need not go. He will hear her reasons in Aunt Jane's and her father's absence. Mary dresses in the pretty clothes she brought from Boston and plays the livelier tunes she knows, on the little-used piano. Then, overcome by her loneliness, she indulges in a crying spell which her father's unexpected appearance interrupts. She soba out the story of her unhappiness, and in a clumsy way he comforts her. After that he 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.

played the violin, and what was his name, and how old he was, and did I like him. And then, right in the middle of some question, or rather, right in the middle of some answer I was giving him, he would suddenly remember he was hearing my lessons, and he would say, "Come, come, Mary, what has this to do with your lessons?"

Just as if I was to blame! (But, then, we women always get the blame, I notice.) And then he'd attend strictly to the books for maybe five whole minutes—before he asked another question about that party, or the violinist.

Naturally the lessons haven't amounted to much, so you can imagine. But the term was nearly finished, anyway; and my real school is in Boston, of course.

It's vacation now. I do hope that will amount to something!

**AUGUST FIRST.**

It hasn't, so far—I mean vacation. Really, what a world of disappointment this is! How on earth I'm going to stand being Mary for three months more I don't know. But I've got to I suppose. I've been here May, June, and July; and that leaves August, September, and October yet to come. And when I think of Mother and Boston and Marie, and the darling good times down there where you're really wanted, I am simply crazy.

If Father wanted me, really wanted me, I wouldn't care a bit. I'd be willing to be Mary six whole months. Yes, I'd be glad to. But he doesn't. I'm

Astoria—Retail price of milk drops 2 cents a quart.

Sandy to have new \$30,000 high school.

Florence—Cheese factory to be built.

just here by order of the court. And what can you do when you're nothing but a daughter by order of the court?

Since the lessons have stopped, Father's gone back to his "Good-morning, Mary," and "Good-night," and nothing else, day in and day out. Lately he's got so he hangs around the house an awful lot, too, so I can't even do the things I did the first of the month. I mean that I'd been playing some on the piano, along at the first, after school closed. Aunt Jane was out in the garden a lot, and Father out to the observatory, so I just reveled in piano-playing till I found almost every time I did it that he'd come back, and was in the library with the door open. So I don't dare to play now.

And there isn't a blessed thing to do. Oh, I have to sew an hour, and now I have to weed an hour, too; and Aunt Jane tries to have me learn to cook; but Susie (in the kitchen) flatly refused to have me "messing around," so Aunt Jane had to give that up. Susie's the one person Aunt Jane's afraid of, you see. She always threatens to leave if anything goes across her wishes. So Aunt Jane has to be careful. I heard her tell Mrs. Small next door that good hired girls were awfully scarce in Andersonville.

As I said before, if only there was somebody here that wanted me. But there isn't. Of course Father doesn't. That goes without saying. And Aunt Jane doesn't. That goes, too, without saying. Carrie Heywood has gone away for all summer, so I can't have even her, and of course, I wouldn't associate with any of the other girls, even if they would associate with me—which they won't.

That leaves only Mother's letters. They are dear, and I love them. I don't know what I'd do without them. And yet, sometimes I think maybe they're worse than if I didn't have them. They make me so homesick, and I always cry so after I get them. Still, I know I just couldn't live a minute if 't wasn't for Mother's letters.

Besides being so lonesome there's another thing that worries me, too; and that is, this—what I'm writing, I mean. The novel. It's getting awfully stupid. Nothing happens. Nothing! Of course, if 'twas just a story I could make up things—lots of them—exciting, interesting things, like having Mother elope with the violinist, and Father shoot him and fall in love with somebody else, and shoot that one's lover, or maybe somebody'd try to shoot Father, and I'd get there just in time to save him. Oh, I'd love that!

But this is a real story, so, of course, I can't put in anything just what happens; and nothing happens. And that's another thing. About the love story—I'm afraid there isn't going to be one. Anyway, there isn't a bit of a sign of one, yet, unless it's Mother. And of course, I haven't seen her for three months, so I can't say anything about that.

Father doesn't like ladies. I know he doesn't. He always runs away from them. But they don't run away from him! Listen.

Quite a lot of them call here to see Aunt Jane, and they come lots of times evenings and late afternoons, and I know now why they do. They come then because they think Father'll be at home at that time; and they want to see him.

I know it now, but I never thought of it till the other day when I heard our hired girl, Susie, talking about it with Bridget, the Smalls' hired girl, over the fence when I was weeding the garden one day. Then I knew. It was like this:

Mrs. Darling had been over the night before as usual, and had stayed an awfully long time talking to Aunt Jane on the front piazza. Father had been there, too, awhile. She stopped him on his way into the house. I was there and I heard her. She said:

"Oh, Mr. Anderson, I'm so glad I saw you! I wanted to ask your advice about selling poor dear Mr. Darling's law library."

And then she went on to tell him how she'd had an offer, but she wasn't sure whether it was a good one or not. And she told him how highly she prized his opinion, and he was a man of such splendid judgment, and she felt so alone now with no strong man's shoulder to lean upon, and she would tell her whether he considered that offer a good one or not.

Father hitched and abemmed and moved nearer the door all the time she was talking, and he didn't seem to hear her when she pushed a chair toward him and asked him to please sit down and tell her what to do; that she was so alone in the world since poor dear Mr. Darling had gone. (She always calls him poor dear Mr. Darling when he was alive; she called him something quite different. I wonder what it was.)

Well, as I said, Father hitched and abemmed, and said he didn't know, he was sure; that she'd better take wiser counsel than his, and that he was very sorry, but she really must excuse him. And he got through the door while he was talking just as fast as he could himself, so that she couldn't get in a single word to keep him. Then he was gone.

Mrs. Darling stayed on the piazza two whole hours longer, but Father never came out at all again.

It was the next morning that Susie said this over the back-yard fence to Bridget:

"It does beat all how popular this house is with the ladies—after college hours!"

"Sure it is! An' I do be thinkin' the Widder Darlin' is a heap fonder of Miss Jane now than she would have been had poor dear Mr. Darlin' lived!"

And she chuckled again, and so did Susie. And then, all of a sudden, I knew. It was Father Mrs. Darling wanted. They came here to see him. They wanted to marry him. As if I didn't know what Susie and Bridget meant! I'm no child!

—But all this doesn't make Father like them. I'm not sure but it makes him dislike them. Anyhow, he won't have anything to do with them. He always runs away over to the observatory, or somewhere, and won't see them; and I've heard him say things about them to Aunt Jane, too—words that sound all right, but that don't mean what they say, and everybody knows they don't. So, as I said before, I don't see any chance of Father's having a love story to help out this book—not right away, anyhow.

As for my love story—I don't see any chance of that's beginning, either. Yet, seems as if there ought to be the beginning of it by this time—I'm going on fifteen. Oh, there have been beginnings, lots of them—only Aunt Jane wouldn't let them go on and be endings, though I told her good and plain that I thought it perfectly all right; and I reminded her about the brook and river meeting where I stood, and all that.

But I couldn't make her see it at all. She said, "Stuff and nonsense!" and when Aunt Jane says both stuff and nonsense I know there's nothing doing. (Oh, dear, that's slang! Aunt Jane says she does wish I would eliminate the slang from my vocabulary. Well, I wish she'd eliminate some of the long words from hers. Marie said that—not Marie.)

Well, Aunt Jane said stuff and nonsense, and that I was much too young to run around with silly boys. You see, Charlie Smith had walked home from school with me twice, but I had to stop that. And Fred Small was getting so he was over here a lot. Aunt Jane stopped him. Paul Mayhew—yes, Paul Mayhew, Stella's brother—came home with me, too, and asked me to go with him auto-riding. My, how I did want to go! I wanted the ride, of course, but especially I wanted to go because he was Mrs. Mayhew's son. I just wanted to show Mrs. Mayhew! But Aunt Jane wouldn't let me. That's the time she talked specially about running around with silly boys.

It was an awfully hot day. The sun just beat down, and there wasn't a breath of air. By noon I was simply crazy with my stuffy, long-sleeved, high-necked blue gingham dress and my great clumpy shoes. It seemed all of a sudden as if I couldn't stand it—not another minute—not a single minute more—to be Mary, I mean. And suddenly I determined that for a while, just a little while, I'd be Marie again. Why couldn't I? There wasn't anybody going to be there but just myself, all day long.

I ran then upstairs to the guest-room closet where Aunt Jane had made me put all my Marie dresses and things when the Mary ones came. Well, I got out the very fluffiest, softest white dress there was, and the little white slippers and the silk stockings that I loved, and the blue silk sash, and the little gold locket and chain that Mother gave me that Aunt Jane wouldn't let me wear. And I dressed up. My, didn't I dress up! And I just threw those old heavy shoes and black cotton stockings into the corner, and the blue gingham dress after them (though Mary went right away and picked the dress up, and hung it in the closet, of course); but I had the fun of throwing it, anyway.

Oh, how good those Marie things did feel to Mary's hot, dried flesh and bones, and how I did dance and sash around the room in those light little slippers! Then Susie rang the dinner-bell and I went down to the dining-room feeling like a really truly young lady. I can tell you.

Susie stared, of course, and said, "My, how fine we are today!" But I didn't mind Susie.

After dinner I went out into the hall and I sang all over the house. Then I went into the parlor and played every lively thing that I could think of on the piano. And I sang there, too—silly little songs that Marie used to sing to Lester. And I tried to think I was really down there to Boston, singing to Lester; and that Mother was right in the next room waiting for me.

Then I stopped and turned around on the piano stool, and the room was just as still as death. And I knew I wasn't in Boston. I was there in Andersonville. And there wasn't any Baby Lester there, nor any mother waiting for me in the next room. And all the fluffy white dresses and silk stockings in the world wouldn't make me Marie. I was really just Mary, and I had got to have three whole months more of it.

And then is when I began to cry. And I cried just as hard as I'd been singing a minute before. I was on the floor with my head in my arms on the piano stool when Father's voice came to me from the doorway.

"Mary, Mary, what in the world does this mean?"

I jumped up and stood "at attention" the way you have to, of course, when fathers speak to you. I couldn't help showing I had been crying—he had seen it. But I tried very hard to stop now. My first thought, after my startled realization that he was there, was to wonder how long he had been there—how much of all that awful singing and banging he had heard.

"Yes, sir, I tried not to have my voice shake as I said it; but I couldn't quite help that."

"What is the meaning of this, Mary? Why are you crying?"

I shook my head. I didn't want to tell him, of course; so I just stammered out something about being sorry I had disturbed him. Then I edged toward the door to show him that if he would step one side I would go away at once and not bother him any longer.

Sunday school. Besides, I could vouch for him myself, as I knew him well, having seen and talked with him almost every day for a long while, when he came to the house.

But nothing I could say seemed to have the least effect upon her at all, only to make her angrier and angrier, if anything. In fact I think she showed a great deal of temper for a Christian woman about a fellow Christian in her own church.

But she wouldn't let me go to the picnic; and not only that, but I think she changed grocers, for Mr. Livingston hasn't been here for a long time, and when I asked Susie where he was she looked funny, and said we weren't getting our groceries where Mr. Livingston worked any longer.

Well, of course, that ended that. And there hasn't been any other since. That's why I say my love story doesn't seem to be getting along very well. Naturally, when it gets noised around town that your Aunt Jane won't let you go anywhere with a young man, or let a young man come to see you, or even walk home with you after the first time—why, the young men aren't going to do very much toward making your daily life into a love story.

### TWO WEEKS LATER.

A queer thing happened last night. It was like this:

I think I said before what an awfully stupid time Mary is having of it, and how I couldn't play now, or make any noise, 'cause Father has taken to hanging around the house so much. Well, listen what happened:

Yesterday Aunt Jane went to spend the day with her best friend. She said for me not to leave the house, as some member of the family should be there. She told me to sew an hour, weed an hour, dust the house downstairs and upstairs, and read some improving book an hour. The rest of the time I might amuse myself.

Amuse myself! A jolly time I could have all by myself! Even Father wasn't to be home for dinner, so I wouldn't have that excitement. He was out of town, and was not to come home till six o'clock.

It was an awfully hot day. The sun just beat down, and there wasn't a breath of air. By noon I was simply crazy with my stuffy, long-sleeved, high-necked blue gingham dress and my great clumpy shoes. It seemed all of a sudden as if I couldn't stand it—not another minute—not a single minute more—to be Mary, I mean. And suddenly I determined that for a while, just a little while, I'd be Marie again. Why couldn't I? There wasn't anybody going to be there but just myself, all day long.

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"Yes, sir, I tried not to have my voice shake as I said it; but I couldn't quite help that."

But he didn't step one side. He asked more questions, one right after another.

"Are you sick, Mary?"

"I shook my head."

"Did you hurt yourself?"

"I shook my head again."

"It isn't your mother—you haven't had bad news from her?"

And then I blurted it out without thinking—without thinking at all what I was saying: "No, no—but I wish I had, I wish I had; 'cause then I could go to her, and go away from here!"

The minute I'd said it I knew what I'd said, and how awful it sounded; and I clapped my fingers to my lips. But 't was too late. It's always too late, when you've once said it. So I just waited for him to thunder out his anger; for, of course, I thought he would thunder in rage and righteous indignation.

But he didn't. Instead, very quietly and gently he said:

"Are you so unhappy, then, Mary—here?"

And I looked at him, and his eyes and his mouth and his whole face weren't angry at all. They were just sorry, actually sorry. And somehow, before I knew it, I was crying again, and Father, with his arm around me—think of that!—was leading me to the sofa.

And I cried and cried there, with my head on the arm of the sofa, till I'd made a big tear spot on the line cover; and I wondered if it would dry up before Aunt Jane saw it, or if it would change color or leak through to the red plush underneath, or some other dreadful thing. And then, some way, I found myself telling it all over to Father—about Mary and Marie, I mean, just as if he was Mother, or some one I loved—I mean, some one I loved and wasn't afraid of; for of course I love Father. Of course I do!

Well, I told him everything (when I got started there was no stopping)—all about how hard it was to be Mary, and how today I'd had to be Marie for just a little while, to rest me. He interrupted here, and wanted to know if that was why I looked so different today—more as I had when I first came; and I said yes, that these were Marie things that Mary couldn't wear. And when he asked, "Why, pray?" in a voice almost cross, I told him, of course, that Aunt Jane wouldn't let me; that Mary had to wear brown serge and calfskin boots that were durable, and that would wear well.

And when I told him how sorry I was about the music and such a noise as I'd been making, he asked if that was Marie's fault, too; and I said yes, of course—that Aunt Jane didn't like to have Mary play at all, except hymns and funeral marches, and Marie didn't know any. And he granted a queer little grunt, and said, "Well, well, upon my soul, upon my soul!" Then he said, "Go on." And I did go on.

I told him how I was afraid it was going to be just like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. (I forgot to say I've read it now. I found it in Father's library.) Of course not just like it, only one me was going to be bad, and one good. I was afraid, if I didn't look out, I told him how Marie always wanted to kick up rugs, and move the chairs out of their sockets in the carpet, and leave books around handy, and such things. And so today it seemed as if I'd just got to have a vacation from Marie's hot gingham dresses and clumpy shoes. And I told him how lonesome I was without anybody, nobody; and I told about Charlie Smith and Paul Mayhew and Mrs. Claude Livingston, and how Aunt Jane wouldn't let me have them, either, even if I was standing where the brook and river meet.

Father gave another funny little grunt here, and got up suddenly and walked over to the window. I thought at first he was angry; but he wasn't. He was even more gentle when he came back and sat down again, and he seemed interested, very much interested in everything I told him. But I stopped just in time from saying again how I wished I could go back to Boston; but I'm not sure but he knew I was going to say it.

But he was very nice and kind and told me not to worry about the music—that he didn't mind it at all. He'd been in several times and heard it. And I thought almost, by the way he spoke, that he'd come in on purpose to hear it; but I guess that was a mistake. He just put it that way so I wouldn't worry over it—about the bothering him, I mean.

He was going to say more, maybe; but I don't know. I had to run. I heard Aunt Jane's voice up the piazza saying good-by to the lady that had brought her home; so, of course, I had to run and hang Marie in the closet and get out Mary from the corner before she saw me. And I did.

By dinner-time I had on the gingham dress and the hot clumpy shoes again; and I had washed my face in cold water so I had got most of the tear spots off. I didn't want Aunt Jane to see them and ask questions, of course. And I guess she didn't. Anyhow, she didn't say anything.

Father didn't say anything, either, but he acted queer. Aunt Jane tried to tell him something about the missionary meeting and the heathen, and a great famine that was raging. At first he didn't say anything; then he said, oh, yes, to be sure, how very interesting, and he was glad, very glad. And Aunt Jane was even more accused him of being even more of a sent-minded than usual, which was entirely unnecessary, she said.

But even that didn't move Father much. He just said, yes, yes, very likely; and went on scowling to himself and stirring his coffee after he'd drunk it all up—I mean, stirred where it had been in the cup.

He didn't know but after supper he

(Continued next week)

# Friendship and Finance

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