

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.

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—last to be a novel. The diary is commenced at Andersonville.

CHAPTER I.—Mary begins with Nurse Sarah's account of her mother'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.

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 in any way attempt to smooth over the situation. Her father 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 Andersonville for leave Andersonville for that city to spend the first six months.

CHAPTER III.—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 classifies the callers as "prospective suitors," finally deciding the choice to be between the "violet" and a Mr. Harlow. A conversation she overhears between her mother and Mr. Harlow convinces her that it will not be the violet man, but "Mr. Harlow" who is the likely man. Mrs. Anderson receives a letter from Aunt Abigail and her son, 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. Mrs. Anderson is distressed, but has no alternative, and "Marie" departs for Andersonville.

CHAPTER IV.—At Andersonville Aunt Jane meets her at the station. Her father is away somewhere studying an eclipse of the moon. "Marie" now instinctively compares Aunt Jane, prim and severe, with her beautiful, dainty mother, much to the former's disadvantage. Aunt Jane disapproves of the dainty clothes which the child is wearing, and replaces them with "severe-looking" dress and high-collared blouse. Her father arrives home at night, and Mrs. Anderson, who is interested in the life Mrs. Anderson leads at Boston and asks many questions in a queer manner which puzzles "Marie." She sends out the schoolmates do not associate with her on account of her parents being divorced, and she refuses to attend school. At first, Mr. Anderson, when he learns the reason for her determination, decides that she need not go. He will have her lessons. In Aunt Jane's and her father's absence "Marie" dresses in the prettiest clothes she brought from Boston and plays the liveliest tunes she knows, on the little piano. Then, overcome by homesickness, she indulges in a crying spell which her father's unexpected appearance interrupts. She tells out the story of her unhappiness, and in a clumsy way she 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.

CHAPTER V.—"Marie" speaks to me and asks me to come to the library. I hoped he would. There were lots more things I'd like to have said to him. But he didn't. He never said a word. He just kept scowling, and got up from the table and went off by himself. But he didn't go out to the observatory, as he most generally does. He went into the library and shut the door.

He was there when the telephone message came at eight o'clock. And what do you think? He'd forgotten he was going to speak before the College Astronomy club that evening! Forgotten his old stars for once. I don't know why. I did think, for a minute, 'twas 'cause of me—what I'd told him. But I knew, of course, right away that it couldn't be that. He'd never forget his stars for me! Probably he was just reading up about some other stars, or had forgotten how late it was, or something. (Father's always forgetting things.) But, anyway, when Aunt Jane called him he got his hat and hurried off without so much as one word to me, who was standing near, or to Aunt Jane, who was following him all through the hall, and telling him in her most "I'm amazed at you" voice how shockingly absent-minded he was getting to be.

CHAPTER VI.—Father's been awfully queer this whole week through. I can't make him out at all. Sometimes I think he's glad I told him all those things in the parlor that day I dressed up in Marie's things, and sometimes I think he's sorry and wished I hadn't.

The very next morning he came down to breakfast with such a funny look on his face. He said good-morning to me three times, and all through breakfast he kept looking over at me with a kind of scowl that was not cross at all—just puzzled.

After breakfast he didn't go out to the observatory, not even into the library. He fidgeted around the dining room till Aunt Jane went out into the kitchen to give her orders to Susie; then he burst out, all of a sudden.

"Well, Mary, what shall we do to-day?" Just like that he said it, as if we'd been doing things together every day of our lives.

"D-do?" I asked; and I know I showed how surprised I was by the way I stammered and flushed up.

"Certainly, do," he answered, impatient and scowling. "What shall we do?"

"Why, Father, I—I don't know," I stammered again.

"Come, come, of course you know!" he cried. "You know what you want to do, don't you?"

I shook my head. I was so astonished I couldn't even think. And when you can't think you certainly can't talk.

"Nonsense, Mary," scowled Father. "Of course you know what you want to do! What are you in the habit of doing with your young friends—your Carries and Charlies, and all the rest?"

I guess I just stood and stared and didn't say anything; for after a minute he cried: "Well—well—I'm waiting."

"Why, we—we walk—and talk—and play games," I began; but right away he interrupted.

"Good! Very well, then, we'll walk. I'm not Carrie or Charlie, but I believe I can walk and talk—perhaps even play games. Who knows? Come, get your hat."

And I got my hat, and we went.

But what a funny, funny walk that was! He meant to make it a good one, I know he did. And he tried. He tried real hard. But he walked so fast I couldn't half keep up with him; then, when he saw how I was hurrying, he'd slow down, 'way down,



He Didn't Say Much at First.

and look so worried—till he'd forget and go striding off again, 'way ahead of me.

We went up on the hill through the Benton woods, and it was perfectly lovely up there. He didn't say much at first. Then, all of a sudden, he began to talk, about anything and everything. And I knew, by the way he did it, that he'd just happened to think he'd got to talk.

And how he talked! He asked me was I warmly clad (and here it is August), and did I have a good breakfast, and how old was I, and did I enjoy my studies—which shows how little he was really thinking, that he was saying. He knows school closed ages ago. Wasn't he teaching me himself the last of it, too? All around us were the flowers and birds, and oh, so many, many lovely things. But he never said a word about them. He just talked—because he'd got to talk. I knew it, and it made me laugh inside, though all the while it made me sort of want to cry, too. Funny, wasn't it?

After a time he didn't talk any more, but just walked on and on; and by and by we came home.

Of course, it wasn't awfully jolly—that walk wasn't; and I guess Father didn't think it was either. Anyhow, he hasn't asked me to go again this week, and he looked tired and worried and sort of discouraged when he got back from that one.

But he's asked me to do other things. The next day after the walk he asked me to play to him. Yes, he asked me to; and he went into the parlor and sat down on one of the chairs and listened while I played three pieces. Of course, I didn't play loud ones, nor very fast ones, and I was so scared I'm afraid I didn't play them very well. But he was very polite and said, "Thank you, Mary," and, "That was very nice"; then he stood up and said, "Thank you" again and went away into the library, very polite, but stiff, like company.

CHAPTER VII.—The next evening he took me out to the observatory to see the stars. That was lovely. Honestly I had a perfectly beautiful time, and I think Father did, too. He wasn't stiff and polite one bit. Oh, I don't mean that he was impolite or rude. It's just that he wasn't stiff as if I was company. And he was so happy with his stars and his telescope, and so glad to show them to me—oh, I had a beautiful time, and I told him so; and he looked real pleased. But Aunt Jane came for me before I'd had half enough, and I had to go to bed.

The next morning I thought he'd be different, somehow, because we'd had such a lovely time together the night before. But he wasn't. He just said, "Good morning, Mary," and began to read his paper. And he read his paper all through breakfast without saying another word to me. Then he got up and went into the library, and I never saw him again all day except at dinner-time and supper-time, and then he didn't talk to me.

CHAPTER VIII.—After supper he took me out again to see the stars, and he was just as nice and friendly as could be. Not a bit like a man that's only a father by order of the court. But the next day—

Well—and that's the way it's been all the week. And that's why I say he's been so queer. One minute he'll be just as nice and folksy as you could ask anybody to be, and the very next he's looking right through you as if he didn't see you at all, and you wonder and wonder what's the matter, and if you've done anything to displease him.

Sometimes he seems almost glad and happy, and then he'll look so sorry and sad!

I just can't understand my father at all.

CHAPTER IX.—I'm so excited I don't know what to do. The most wonderful thing has happened. I can't hardly believe it yet myself. Yet it's so. My trunk is all packed, and I'm to go home tomorrow. Tomorrow!

This is the way it happened:

Mother wrote Aunt Jane and asked if I might not be allowed to come home for the opening of school in September. She said she understood quite well that she had no right to ask this, and, of course, if they say sit, they were entirely within their rights to refuse to allow me to go until the allotted time. But that she could not help asking it for my sake, on account of the benefit to be derived from being there at the opening of the school year.

Of course, I didn't know Mother was going to write this. But she knew all about the school here, and how I came out, and everything. I've always told Mother everything that has happened. Oh, of course, I haven't written "every few minutes," as she asked me to. (That was a joke, anyway, of course.) But I have written every few days, and, as I said before, I told her everything.

Well, when the letter came I took it to Aunt Jane myself; and I was crazy to know what was in it, for I recognized the writing, of course. But Aunt Jane didn't tell me. She opened it, read it, kind of flushed up, and said, "Humph! The idea!" under her breath, and put the letter in her pocket.

Marie wanted to make a scene and insist on knowing what was in her own mother's letter; but Mary contented herself with looking superb and haughty and disdainful, and marching out of the room without giving Aunt Jane the satisfaction of even being asked what was in that letter.

But at the table that noon Aunt Jane read it to Father out loud. So that's how I came to know just what was in it. She started first to hand it over to him to read; but as he put out his hand to take it I guess he saw the handwriting, for he drew back quickly, looking red and queer.

"From Mrs. Anderson to you?" he asked. And when Aunt Jane nodded her head he sat still farther back in his chair and said, with a little wave of his hand, "I never care to read—other people's letters."

Aunt Jane said, "Stuff and nonsense, Charles, don't be silly!" But she pulled back the letter and read it—after giving a kind of an uneasy glance in my direction.

Father never looked up once while she was reading it. He kept his eyes on his plate and the baked beans he was eating. I watched him. You see, I knew, by Aunt Jane's reading the letter to him, that it was something he had got to decide; and when I found out what it was, of course, I was just crazy. I wanted to go so. So I watched Father's face to see if he was going to let me go. But I couldn't make out, I couldn't make out at all. It changed—oh, yes, it changed a great deal as she read; but I couldn't make out what kind of a change it was at all.

Aunt Jane finished the letter and began to fold it up. I could see she was waiting for Father to speak; but he never said a word. He kept right on—eating beans.

Then Aunt Jane cleared her throat and spoke.

"You will not let her go, of course, Charles; but naturally I had to read the letter to you. I will write to Mrs. Anderson tonight."

Father looked up then.

"Yes," he said quietly; "and you may tell her, please, that Mary will go."

"Charles!"

Aunt Jane said that. But I—almost around the table and hugged him. (Oh, how I wish he was the kind of a father you could do that to!)

"Charles!" said Aunt Jane again. "Surely you aren't going to give in so tamely as this to that child and her mother!"

"I'm not giving in at all, Jane," said Father, very quietly again. "I am consulting my own wishes in the matter. I prefer to have her go."

"I most cried out then. Some way, it hurt to have him say it like that, right out—that he wanted me to go. You see, I'd begun to think he was getting so he didn't mind so very much having me here. All the last two weeks he'd been different, really different. But now of that anon, I'll go on with what happened at the table. And, as I said, I did feel bad to have him speak like that. And I can remember now just how the lump came right up in my throat.

under the circumstances, you would manage somehow to put up with the noise and—

"Jane!" Just like that he interrupted, and he thundered, too, so that Aunt Jane actually jumped. And I guess I did, too. He had sprung to his feet. "Jane, let us close this matter once for all. I am not letting the child go for my sake. I am letting her go for her own. So far as I am concerned, if I consulted no one's wishes but my own, I should—keep her here always."

With that he turned and strode from the room, leaving Aunt Jane and me just staring after him.

But only for a minute did I stare. It came to me then what he had said—that he would like to keep me here always. For I had heard it, even if he had said the last word very low, and in a queer, indistinct voice. I was sure I had heard it, and I suddenly realized what it meant. So I ran after him; and that time, if I had found him, I think I would have hugged him. But I didn't find him. He must have gone quite away from the house. He wasn't even out to the observatory. I went out to see.

He didn't come in all the afternoon. I watched for that, too. And when he did come—well, I wouldn't have dared to hug him then. He had his very sternest I-am-not-thinking-of-you-at-all air, and he just came in to supper and then went into the library without saying hardly anything. Yet, some way, the look on his face made me cry. I don't know why.

The next day he was more as he has been since we had that talk in the parlor. And he has been different since then, you know. He really has. He has talked quite a lot with me, as I have said, and I think he's been trying, part of the time, to find something I'll be interested in. Honestly, I think he's been trying to make up for Carrie Heywood and Stella Mayhew and Charlie Smith and Mr. Livingstone. I think that's the way he took me to walk that day in the woods, and why he took me out to the observatory to see the stars quite a number of times. Twice he's asked me to play to him, and once he asked me if Mary wasn't about ready to dress up in Marie's clothes again. But he was joking then, I knew, for Aunt Jane was right there in the house. Besides, I saw the twinkle in his eyes that I've seen there once or twice before. I just love that twinkle in Father's eyes!

But that hasn't come any since Mother's letter to Aunt Jane arrived. He's been the same in one way, yet different in another. Honestly, if it didn't seem too wildly absurd for anything, I should say he was actually sorry to have me go. But, of course, that isn't possible. Oh, yes, I know he said that day at the dinner table that he should like to keep me always. But I don't think he really meant it. He hasn't acted a mite like that since, and I guess he said it just to hush up Aunt Jane, and make her stop arguing the matter.

Anyway, I'm going tomorrow. And I'm so excited I can hardly breathe.

CHAPTER X.—When I Am Both Together.

BOSTON AGAIN.

Well, I came last night. Mother and Grandfather and Aunt Hattie and Baby Lester all met me at the station. And, my! wasn't I glad to see them? Well, I just guess I was!

I was specially glad on account of having such a dreadful time with Father that morning. I mean, I was feeling specially lonesome and homesick, and not-being-anywhere-like-you-see, it was this way: I'd been sort of hoping, I know, that at the last, when I came to really go, Father would get back the understanding and smile and the twinkle, and show that he really did care for me, and was sorry to have me go. But, dear me! Why, he never was so stern and solemn, and you're-my-daughter-only-by-the-order-of-the-court sort of way as he was that morning.

He never even spoke at the breakfast-table. (He wasn't there hardly long enough to speak, anyway, and he never ate a thing, only his coffee—I mean he drank it.) Then he pushed his chair back from the table and stalked out of the room.

He went to the station with me; but he didn't talk there much, only to ask if I was sure I hadn't forgotten anything, and was I warmly clad. Warmly clad, indeed! And there it was still August, and hot as it could be! But that only goes to show how absent-minded he was, and how little he was really thinking of me!

Well, of course, he got my ticket and checked my trunk, and did all those proper, necessary things; then we sat down to wait for the train. But did he stay with me and talk to me and tell me how glad he had been to have me with him, and how sorry he was to have me go, and all the other nice, polite things "most everybody thinks they've got to say when a visitor goes away"? He did not. He asked me again if I was sure I had not left anything, and was I warmly clad; then he took out his newspaper and began to read. That is, he pretended to read; but I don't believe he read much, for he never turned the sheet once; and twice, when I looked at him, he was looking fixly at me, as if he was thinking of something. So I guess he was just pretending to read, so he wouldn't have to talk to me.

But he didn't even do that long, for he got up and went over and looked at a map hanging on the wall opposite, and at a big time-table near the other corner. Then he looked at his watch again, with a won't-that-train-ever-come? air, and walked back to me and sat down.

And how do you suppose I felt, to have him act like that before all those

people—to show so plainly that he was just longing to have me go? I guess he wasn't any more anxious for that train to come than I was. And it did seem as if it never would come, too. And it didn't come for ages. It was ten minutes late.

Oh, I did so hope he wouldn't go down to the junction. It's so hard to be taken care of "because it's my duty, you know!" But he went. I told him he needn't, when he was getting on the train with me. I told him I just knew I could do it beautifully all by myself, almost-a young lady like me. But he said, put his lips together hard, and only, cold, like ice: "Are you then so eager to be rid of me?" Just as if I was the one that was eager to get rid of somebody!

Well, as I said, he went. But he wasn't much better on the train than he had been in the station. He was as nervous and fidgety as a witch, and he acted as if he did so wish it would be over, and over quick. But at the junction—at the junction a funny thing happened. He put me on the train, just as Mother had done, and spoke to the conductor. (How I hated to have him do that! Why, I'm six whole months older, 'most than that whole I went up there!) And then, when he'd put me in my seat (Father, I mean; not the conductor), all of a sudden he leaned over and kissed me—kissed me—Father! Then, before I could speak, or even look at him, he was gone; and I didn't see him again, though it must have been five whole minutes before that train went.

I had a nice trip down to Boston, though nothing much happened. This conductor was not near so nice and polite as the one I had coming up; and there wasn't any lady with a baby to play with, nor any nice young gentleman to loan me magazines or buy candy for me. But it wasn't a very long ride from the Junction to Boston, anyway. So I didn't mind. Besides, I knew I had Mother waiting for me.

And wasn't I glad to get there? Well, I just guess I was! And they acted as if they were glad to see me—Mother, Grandfather, Aunt Hattie, and even Baby Lester. He knew me, and remembered me. He'd grown a lot, too. And they said I had, and that I looked very nice. (I forgot to say that, of course, I had put on the Marie clothes to come home in—though I honestly think Aunt Jane wanted to send me home in Mary's blue gingham and calfskin shoes. As if I'd have appeared in Boston in that!)

My, but it was good to get into an automobile again and just go! And it was so good to have folks around you dressed in something besides don't-care black alpaca and stiff collars. And I said so. And Mother seemed so pleased.

"You did want to come back to me, darling, didn't you?" she cried, giving me a little hug. And she looked so happy when I told her all over again how good it seemed to be Marie again, and have her and Boston, and automobiles, and pretty dresses and folk and noise again.

She didn't say anything about Father then; but later, when we were up in my pretty room alone, and I was taking off my things, she made me tell her that Father hadn't won my love away from her, and that I didn't love him better than I did her; and that I wouldn't rather stay with him than with her.

Then she asked me a lot of questions about what I did there, and Aunt Jane, and how she looked, and Father, and was he as fond of stars as ever (though she must have known "most everything," 'cause I'd already written it, but she asked me just the same). And she seemed real interested in everything I told her.

And she asked me he-lonesome, and I told her no, I didn't think so; and that, anyway, he could have all the ladies' company he wanted by just being around when they called. And when she asked what I meant, I told her about Mrs. Darling, and the rest, and how they came evenings and Sundays, and how Father didn't like them, but would flee to the observatory. And she laughed and looked funny, for a minute. But right away she changed, and looked very sober, with the kind of expression she has when she stands up in church and says the Apostles' Creed on Sunday; only this time she said she was very sorry, she was sure that she hoped my father would find some estimable woman who would make a good home for him.

Then the dinner-gong sounded, and she didn't say any more.

There was company that evening. The violinist. He brought his violin,

and he played some very nice things.

He played some very nice things.

He played some very nice things.

He played some very nice things.

He played some very nice things.

He played some very nice things.

He played some very nice things.

He played some very nice things.

He played some very nice things.

He played some very nice things.

He played some very nice things.

He played some very nice things.

Tillamook County Bank advertisement featuring the Federal Reserve System logo and text: "Our customers are taking advantage of our discounts. Are you one of them?"

C. L. Lewis advertisement for Dutch Boy White-Lead paint. Text includes: "Remember when you used to watch the 'tinker man' mend the holes in your mother's pans? Solder was the metal used—and solder is a product of lead." and "Dutch Boy White-Lead and pure linseed oil—for both interior and exterior work."

Large illustration of a man playing a violin and a woman playing a piano. Text at the bottom reads: "(Continued next week)".