# MARY **MARIE**

By Eleanor H. Porter

Illustrations by R. H. Livingstone

#### SYNOPSIS

PREFACE.—'Mary Marie" explains her pparent "double personality" and just thy she is a "cross-current and a contraliction;" she also tells her reasons for riting the diary—later to be a novel. The lary is commenced at Andersonville.

w star which was discovered the same sight. Her name is a compromise, her nother wanted to call her Viola and her ather insisting on Abigail Jane. The shild quickly learned that her home was a some way different from these of her mail friends, and was puzzled thereat, was farah tells her of her mother's arrival at Andersonville as a bride and how stonished they all were at the sight of he dainty sighteen-year old girl whom he sedate professor had chosen for a vite.

CHAPTER II.—Continuing her story, Nurse Sarah makes it plain why the household seemed a strange one to the child and howher father and mother drifted apart through misunderstanding, each too proud to in any way attempt to smooth over the situation.

Criarter III.—Mary tells of the time apent "out west" where the "perfectly all right and genteel and respectable" divorce was being arranged for, and her mother's (to her) unacountable 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 "Marle." 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 a Mr. Harlow. A conversation she overhears between her mother and Mr. Harlow convinces her that it will not be that gentleman, and "to violinist" seems to be the likely man. Mrs. Anderson receives a letter from "Aunt Abigail Anderson, her former husband's eister, whi is seeping house for him, reminding her that "Mary" is expected at Andersonville for the six months she is to spend with her father. Her mother is distressed, but has ne 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 disadvantage. Aunt Jane disapproves of the dainty clothes which the child is wearing, and replaces them with "serviceable" serges and thick-coled shoes. Her father arrives home and seems surprised to see her. The child soon begins to notice that the strist to shool seem to avoid her. Her father ppears interested in the life Mrs. Answen leads at Boston and asks many estions in a queer manner which zeles Mary. She finds out that her occount of her parents being divorced, she refuses to attend school. Ansry lrst, Mr. Anderson, when he learns eason for her determination, decides she need not go. He will hear her is. In Aunt Jane's and her father's to Mary dresses in the pretty clothes ought from Boston and plays the times she knows, on the little-ano. Then, overcome by her lone, s, she indulges in a crying spell her father's unexpected appearer rupts. She sobs out the story shappiness, and in a clumsy way rits her. After that he appears to make her stay more pleasant, er writes asking that Mary be come to Boston for the begin. m, and Mr. Ander-

and he and Mother played a whole vorced, anyway.

#### A MONTH LATER

Yes, I know it's been ages since I've written here in this book; but there just hasn't been a minute's time.

I had to attend to that, And, of course, I had to tell the girls all finger nails and shoes just right; but resa that he cared for, after all, 1 about Andersonville—except the parts with Mr. Easterbrook you wouldn't remembered what a lot Mother had I didn't want to tell, about Stella Mayhew, and my coming out of school. 1 didn't tell that. And right here let me say how glad I was to get back to this school-a real school-so different from that one up in Andersonville! For that matter, everything's different here from what it is in Andersonville I'd so much rather be Marie than Mary. I know I won't ever be Dr. fekyll and Mr. Hyde here. I'll be the d one all the time.

It's funny how much easier it is to good in silk stockings and a fluffy white dress than it is in blue gingbam nd calfskin. Oh, I'll own up that farle forgets sometimes and says hings Mary used to say; like calling liga a bired girl instead of a maid, as unt Hattle wants, and saying dinner istead of luncheon at noon, and some ther things.

I heard Aunt Hattle tell Mother one ONE WEEK LATER ny that it was going to take about tle I did hear that she

for that world "outlandish" applied to violinist, I mean. her little girl-not at all,

Mother's a dear. And she's so han py! And, by the way, I think it is the violinist. He's here a lot, and she'i out with him to concerts and plays and riding in his automobile. And she always puts on her prettless dresses, and she's very particular about her shoes, and her hats, that they're becoming, and all that. Oh, I'm so excited! And I'm having such a good time watching them! Oh, I don't mean watching them in a disagreeable way, so that they see it; and, of course, I have to get all I can-for the book, you know; and, of course, if just happen to be in the window-sear corner in the library and hear things accidentally, why, that's all right.

And I have heard things. He says her eyes are lovely. He likes her best in blue. He's very lone ly, and he never found a woman be fore who really understood him. He thinks her soul and his are tuned to the same string. (Oh. dear! Tha sounds funny and horrid, and not a all the way it did when he said it Ti was beautiful then. But-well, that is what it meant, anyway.)

She told him she was lonely, too and that she was very glad to have him for a friend; and he said he prized her friendship above everything else is the world. And he looks at her, and follows her around the room with his res; and she blushes up real pink nd pretty lots of times when he comes

Now, if that isn't making love to ach other, I don't know what is. I'm ure he's going to propose. Oh, I'm o excited!

Oh, yes, I know if he does propose and she says yes, he'll be my new father. I understand that. And, of course, I can't help wondering how I'll like it. Sometimes I think I won't like it at all. Sometimes I almost catch myself wishing that I didn't have to have any new father or mother. I'd never need a new mother, anyway, and I wouldn't need a new father if my father-by-order-of-the-court would be as nice as he was there two or three times in the observatory.

But, there! After all, I must remem ber that I'm not the one that's doing the choosing. It's Mother. And if she wants the violinist I mustn't have anything to say. Besides, I really like him very much, anyway. He's the best of something. And then, of course, I'm glad to have something to make this a love story, and best of all I would be glad to have Mother stop being diorced, anyway.

Mr. Harlow doesn't come here any more, i guesa. Anyway, i haven't seen him here once since I came back; and haven't heard anybody mention his

Quite a lot of the others are here, and there are some new ones. But the violinist is here most, and Mother seems to go out with him most to places. That's why I say I think it's

I haven't heard from Father. Now just my writing that down that

from him, though I don't really see entirely because of what happened last never has written to me; and, of a while ever since I first saw him but his daughter by order of the court. she let him in one night a week ago, But, some way, I did think maybe he'd

But he hasn't. stay more pleasant sking that Mary be losten for the beginlosten for the beginlosten for the begin-

#### Mary believes he is sorry she TWO DAYS AFTER THANKSGIVING

hour together. He's awfully handsome. sure he has. It's Mr. Easterbrook. ute she let him. More than once, too. I think he's lovely. Oh, I do so hope He's old-much as forty-and bald- And last night I heard him tell her he's the one! Anyhow, I hope there's headed and fat, and has got lots of she was the dearest girl in all the some one. I don't want this novel to money. And he's a very estimable world, and he'd be perfectly happy if all fizzle out without there being any man. (I heard Aunt Hattle say that.) he could only marry her. one to make it a love story! Besides, He's awfully Jolly, and I like him, He Well, you can imagine how I felt. as I said before, I'm particularly anx- brings me the loveliest boxes of candy, when I thought all the time it was lous that Mother shall find somebody and calls me Puss. (I don't like that, Mother he was coming to see! And to marry her, so she'll stop being di- partienlarly. I'd prefer him to call now to find out that it was Theresa he violinist is lots more thrilling, but I Theresa!

was more comfortame to live with. First, of course, school began, and that makes you want to sit up and for fear she would mind, you know, take notice, and have your hair and when she found out that it was Themind a bit sitting it a big chalr be- been with him, and the pretty dresses fore the fire with a pair of old slippers and hats she'd put on for him, and all

on, if your feet were tired, music. He's a broker. He looks awfully bored when the violinist is playing, and he fidgets with his watchchain, and clears his throat very loudly just before he speaks every time. His automobile is bigger and handsomer than the violinist's, (Aunt Hattie says the violinist's automobile is a bired one.) And Mr. Easterbrook's flowers that he sends to Mother are handsomer, too, and lots more of them, than the violinist's. Aunt Hattle has noticed that, too. In fact, I guess there isn't anything about Mr. Easterbrook

that she doesn't notice. Aunt Hattle likes Mr. Easterbrook lots better than she does the violinist.

### I heard her talking to Mother one day.

whole six months to break Mary There hasn't much happened-only that isn't spoiled, after all, for it will tarie of those outlandish country one or two things. But maybe I'd bet be ever so much more exciting to have ays of hers. (So, you see, it isn't all ter tell them before I forget it, espethe violinist fall in love with Theresa oney and pie even for Marie. This cially as they have a good deal to do than with Mother, for, of course, Therying to be Mary and Marie, even six with the love part of the story. And esa isn't in the same station of life at onths apart, isn't the easiest thing I'm always so glad to get anything of all, and that makes it a-a mess-allivery well-what Aunt Hattle sale wouldn't be much of a love story, after the word is; but I know it means an alpout my outlandish ways. I didn't all. But I guess it will be, all right, linnee that makes a mess of things bear all Mother said, but I knew by Anyhow, I know Mother's part will be cause the lovers are not equal to each e way she looked and acted, and the for it's getting more and more excit- other.) Of course, for the folk who didn't eare ing-about Mr. Easterbrook and the have to live it, it may not be so alce;

They both want Mother. Anybody all the more romantic and thrilling. So

can see that now, and, of course, Mother sees it. But which she'll take I don't know. Nobody knows. It's perher to take! It's Mr. Easterbrook.

other day-but Mother wouldn't let me keep it. So he had to take it back. I don't think he liked it very well, and didn't like it, either. I wanted that bracelet, But Mother says I'm much too young to wear much jewelry. Oh, will the time ever come when I'll be old enough to take my proper place in the world? Sometimes it seems as if it never would!

Well, as I said, it's plain to be seen who it is that Grandfather and Aunt Hattle favor; but I'm not so sure about Mother. Mother acts funny. Some times she won't go with either of them anywhere; then she seems to want to go all the time. And she acts as if she didn't care which she went with so long as she was just going-som where. I think, though, she really likes the violinist the best; and I guess Grandfather and Aunt Hattle think so

Something happened last night Granorather began to talk at the din ner table. He'd heard something he didn't like about the violinist, I guess, and he started in to tell Mother. But they stopped him. Mother and Aunt Hattle looked at him and then at me, and then back to him, in their most see-who's-here! - you mustn't-talk-before-her way. So he shrugged his

shoulders and stopped. But I guess he told them in the library afterwards, for I heard them all talking very excitedly, and some loud; and I guess Mother didn't like what they said, and got quite angry, for I heard her say, when she came out through the door, that she didn't believe a word of it, and she thought it was a wicked, cruel shame to tell stories like that just because they didn't like a man

This morning she broke an engageent with Mr. Easterbrook to go autoriding and went with the violinist to a morning musicale instead; and after she'd gone Aunt Hattle sighed and looked at Grandfather and shrugged her shoulders, and said she was afraid the lot. I'm sure of that. And that's they'd driven her straight into the arms of the one they wanted to avoid, and that Madge always would take the part of the under dog.

I suppose they thought I wouldn't understand. But I dld, perfectly. They meant that by telling stories about the violinist they'd been hoping to get her to give him up, but instead of that, they'd made her turn to him all the more, just because she was so sorry for him

Funny, Isn't It?

#### ONE WEEK LATER

Well, I guess now something has happened all right! And let me say right away that I don't like that violin ist now, either, any better than Grandway shows that I expected to hear father and Aunt Hattle. And it's not why I should, either. Of course, he night, either. It's been coming on for course, I understand that I'm nothing talking to Theresa in the hall when

Theresa is awfully pretty, and I write me just a little bit of a note in guess he thinks so. Anyhow, I heard answer to mine-my bread-and-butter him telling her so in the hall, and she letter, I mean; for, of course, Mother | laughed and blushed and looked sidehad me write that to him as soon as ways at him. Then they saw me, and he stiffened up and said, very proper and dignified, "Kindly hand my card I wonder how he's getting along, and to Mrs. Anderson." And Theresa said. if he misses me any. But, of course, "Yes, sir," And she was very proper

Well, four days ago I saw them again. He tried to put his arm around her that time, and the very next day The violinist has got a rival. I'm he tried to kiss her, and after a min-

me Miss Anderson.) He's not nearly wanted all the time, and he was only se good-looking as the violinist. The coming to see Mother so he could see

shouldn't wonder if Mr. Easterbrook At first, I was angry-just plain angry; and I was frightened, too, for I The violinist is the kind of a man couldn't help worrying about Motherthat. And I thought how she'd broken Mr. Easterbrook doesn't care for engagements with Mr. Easterbrook to go with him, and it made me angry all over again. And I thought how mean it was of him to use poor Mother as a kind of shield to hide his courting of Theresa! I was angry, too, to have my love story all spolled, when I was getting along so beautifully with Mother and the violinist.

> But I'm feeling better now, I've been thinking it over. I don't believe Mother's going to care so very much. I don't believe she'd want a man that would pretend to come courting her, when all the while he was really courting the hired girl-I mean maid. Besides, there's Mr. Easterbrook left (and one or two others that I haven't said much about, as I didn't think they had much chance.) And so far as the love story for the book is concerned.

but for my story here this makes It that's all right.

Of course, so far, I'm the only one that knows, for I haven't told it, and fectly plain to be seen, though, which I'm the only one that's seen anything. one Grandfather and Aunt Hattle want | Of course, I shall warn Mother, if I think it's necessary, so she'll under And he is awfully nice. He brought stand it isn't her, but Theresa, that the me a perfectly beautiful bracelet the violinist is really in love with and court ing. She won't mind, I'm sure, after she thinks of it a minute. And won't it be a good joke on Aunt Hattie and Grandfather when they find out they've been fooled all the time, supposing it's

Mother, and worrying about it? Oh, I don't know! This is some love story, after all!

#### TWO DAYS LATER

What do you suppose has happened now? Why, that wretched violinist is nothing but a deep-dyed villain! Listen what he did. He proposed to Mother-actually proposed to her-and after all he'd said to that Theresa girl about his being perfectly happy if he could marry her. And Mother-Mother all the time not knowing! Oh, I'm so glad I was there to rescue her! I don't mean at the proposal-I didn't hear that. But afterward.

It was like this: They had been out automobiling-Mother and the violinist. I was in my favorite window-seat, reading, when they came home and walked into the library. They never looked my way at all, but just walked toward the fireplace. And there he took hold of both

her hands and said: "Why must you wait, darling? Why can't you give me my answer now, and make me the happiest man in all the world?"

"Yes, yes, I know," answered Mother; and I knew by her voice that she was all shaky and frembly. "But if I could only be sure sure of myself." "But, dearest, you're sure of me!" cried the violinist. "You know how I



"Why Must You Wait, Darling?"

love you. You know you're the only woman I have ever loved, or ever could

Yes, just like that he said it-that awful lie-and to my mother, My stars! Do you suppose I waited to hear any more? I guess not!

I fairly tumbled off my seat, and my book dropped with a bang, as I ran forward. Dear, dear, but how they dld jump-both of them! And I guess they were surprised. I never thought how't was going to affect them-my breaking in like that. "But I didn't wait-not a minute. I just started talked hard and fast, and lots of it.

I don't know now what I said, but I know I asked him what he meant by saying such an awful lie to my mother. when he'd just said the same thing. exactly 'most, to Theresa, and he'd which you'd take, andhugged her and kissed her, and everything: I'd seen him. And-

But I didn't get a chance to say balf I wanted to. I was going on to tell she looked so shocked. Then she be him what I thought of him; but Moth- gan to walk again, up and down, up er gasped out, "Marie! Marie! Stop!" and down. Then, all of a sudden, she course. Then she said that would do, to cry and sob as if her heart would and I might go to my room. And I break. And when I tried to comfort went. And that's all I know about it, her, I only seemed to make it worse, except that she came up, after a little, for she threw her arms around me and said for me not to talk any more and cried: about it, to her, or to any one else; and to please try to forget it. I tried to tell her what I'd seen, ful it is?"

and what I'd heard that wicked, deep- And then is when she began to talk dyed villain say; but she wouldn't let "Hush, hush, dear"; and that no good close again and began to sob and cry. could come of talking of it, and she wanted me to forget it. She was very dreadful it all is-how unnatural it is sweet and very gentle, and she smiled; for us to live-this way? And for mouth, ceen when the smile was there. worse for you? And here I am, jeal-And I guess she told him what was ous-jealous of your own father, for what. Anyhow, I know they had quite fear you'll love him better than you a talk before she came up to me, for | do me! I was watching at the window for him | "Oh, I know I ought not to say all to go; and when he did go he looked this to you-I know I ought not to. very red and cross and he stalked But I can't-help it. I want you! I away with a never-will-I-darken-this want you every minute; but I have door-again kind of step, just as far as to give you up-six whole months of I could see him.

happen next, nor whether he'll ever And he's a good man. I know he's a come back for Theresa; but I shouldn't good man. I know it all the bett think even she would want him, after now since I've seen-other men. And this, if she found out.

And now, where's my love story coming in, I should like to know?

TWO DAYS AFTER CHRISTMAS Another wonderful thing has hap-

-from Father !- n letter-gae!

brought it in to me. She looked queer -a little. There were two red spots in her cheeks, and her eyes were

very bright, "I think you have a letter here from -your father," she said, handing it

She besitated before the "your father" just as she always does. And 't isn't hardly ever that she mentions his name, anyway. But when she does. she always stops a funny little minute before it, just as she did today.

I could see she was wondering what could be ln it. But I guess she wasn't wondering any more than I was, only I was gladder to get it than she was, I suppose. Anyhow, when she saw how glad I was, and how I jumped for the letter, she drew back, and looked somehow as if she'd been hurt, and

"I did not know, Marie, that a letter from-your father would mean so

much to you." I don't know what I did say to that I guess I didn't say anything. I'd already begun to read the letter, and I

he'd said. I'll copy it here. It wasn't long. It was like this:

was in such a hurry to find out what

"My Dear Mary: "Some way Christmas has made me think of you. I wish I had sent you some gift. Yet I have not the slightest idea what would please you. To tell the truth, I tried to find somethingbut had to give it up.

"I am wondering if you had a good time, and what you did. After all, I'm pretty sure you did have a good time, for you are Marie now. You see, I have not forgotten how tired you got of being-Mary. Well, well, I do not know as I can blame you.

"And now that I have asked what you did for Christmas, I suspect it is no more than a fair turnabout to tell you what I did. I suppose I had a very good time. Your Aunt Jane says did. I heard her telling one of the neighbors that last night. She had a very fine dinner, and she invited Mrs. Darling and Miss Snow and Miss San born to eat it with us. She said she didn't want me to feel lonesome. But you can feel real lonesome in a crowd sometimes. Did you know that, Mary

"But I left them to their chatter after dinner and went out to the observatory. I think I must have fallen asleep on the couch there, for it was quite dark when I awoke. But I didn't mind that, for there were some observations I wanted to take. It was a beautifully clear night, so I stayed there till near ly morning.

"How about it? I suppose Marie plays the plane every day, now, doesn' she? The plano here hasn't been touched since you went away. Ob, yes, it was touched once. Your aunt played hymns on it for a missionary

"Well, what did you do Christmas? Suppose you write and tell

"Your Father."

I'd been reading the letter out loud, and when I got through Mother was pacing up and down the room. For a minute she didn't say anything; then she whirled 'round suddenly and faced me, and said, just as if something inside of her was making her say it:

"I notice there is no mention of your mother in that letter, Marie. I suppose-your father has quite forgotten that there is such a person in the world as-I."

But I told her no, oh, no, and that I was sure he remembered her, for he used to ask me questions often about what she did, and the violinist and all

"The violinist!" cried Mother, whirling around on me again. (She'd begun to walk up and down once more.) "You don't mean to say you ever told your father about him!"

"Oh, no, not everything," I explained trying to show how patient I was, so right in and began to talk. And I she would be patient, too, (But it didn't work.) "I couldn't tell him everything because everything hadn't happened then. But I told about his being here, and about the others, too: but, of course, I said I didn't know

> "You told him you didn't know which I'd take!" gasped Mother.

Just like that she interrupted, and And then I stopped. I had to, of flung herself on the couch and began

> "Oh, my darling, my darling, don't you see how dreadful it is, how dread-

some more about being married, and She shook her head, and said, unmarried as we were. She held me "Oh, my darling, don't you see how but there were stern corners to her you-you poor child!-what could be

every year I have to give you up to I don't know, of course, what will him. And he's your father, Marie I ought to tell you to love him. But I'm so afraid-you'll love him better than you do me, and want to leaveme. And I can't give you up! I can't give you up!"

Then I tried to jell her, of course, pened. I've had a letter from Father and that I loved her a whole lot bet-Mother ter than I did tather. Dut even that

More mileagethe result of
complete vaporization

It isn't gasoline that explodes in the cylinder of your car and makes power.

It's gas - air, mixed in the carburetor with gasoline to form

Red Crown gasoline vaporizes completely. It forms a homogeneous mixture with 12 to 16 times its volume of air. That mixture explodes cleanly and powerfully, leaving comparatively little carbon residue on valves, spark plugs and cylinder walls.

That's why you get better mileage out of "Red Crown"-and a cleaner, sweeter-running engine.

Fillat the Red Crown sign-at Standard Oil Service Stations, at garages and at other dealers.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY



# MALNUTRITION!!

What is malnutrition? It is a weak condition of the body caused by lack of nourishment. The food may not contain some element needed for blood repair, or it may lack something for bone repair. The whole structure is weakened thereby. Then some day an organ gives away. Life is cut short.

MILK is a wonderful nutrient material that tones up the blood, corrects the secretions of glands and in due time repairs the damaged organ or tissue.

Order Golden Rod Dairy Clarified Milk.

### Golden Rod Dairy

Both Phones

Erwin Harrison, Prop.

# COAL CEMENT LIME

28 W

LAMB-SCHRADER CO.

Office: Nat'l Bank Bldg. Ground Floor

Both Phones: Bell 43-J P. O. Box 197

# PACIFIC ABSTRACT CO.

L. V. EBERHARDT, Prop.

Complete Set of Abstracts of the Records of Tillamook County