

MARY MARIE

By Eleanor H. Porter

Illustrations by R. H. Livingstone

SYNOPSIS

PREFACE.—Mary Marie explains her "double personality" and why she is a "cross-current and a contradiction." She also tells her reasons for writing the diary—namely, to record the life of a girl who is a "cross-current and a contradiction."

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 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 girl quickly learned that her home was a very different one from those of her small friends, and was puzzled there. Nurse Sarah tells her of her mother's arrival at Andersonville the night before she was born. The father and mother were both present at the birth of the child, and the father was the one who named her.

CHAPTER II.—Continuing her story, Nurse Sarah makes it plain why the household seemed a strange one to the child and how the 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 she went west, where the perfectly right and correct 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 takes Mary to 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 those of her home at Andersonville. The number of "gentlemen" who call on her mother leads her to speculate on the reason for her choice 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 choice. Her mother receives a letter from "Aunt Abigail Anderson," her former husband's sister, who is coming to Boston to see her. "Marie" is expected at Andersonville for six months, and she is to spend with her father. Her mother and she discuss the matter, and "Marie" departs for Andersonville.

CHAPTER V.—At Andersonville Aunt Jane meets her at the station. Her father is away from home, and she is the only one left. "Marie" is very homesick, and she is very lonely. Aunt Jane is very kind, and she is very helpful. "Marie" is very happy, and she is very content. Aunt Jane is very kind, and she is very helpful. "Marie" is very happy, and she is very content.

CHAPTER VI.—Mary is surprised at the tenderness her father displays when he puts her on the train for Boston. She discovers "the violinist" and her love for her mother's maid, Theresa, but says nothing. Later, however, she overhears him making a proposal of marriage to her mother, and tells what she saw. "The violinist" is dismissed. An astonishing change in her mother's appearance follows. The child is given to understand she is being taught self-discipline, and she has less good times and fewer pretty things to wear. As the time for her return to Andersonville approaches, Mrs. Anderson equips her in plain dresses and "sensible" shoes—"Marie" things, the child complains.

CHAPTER VII.—At the Andersonville station Mary is met by her father in a new automobile, and finds instead of the prim and angular Aunt Jane a young and attractive woman who is "Cousin Grace." Mary writes her mother of the change, and is astonished at the many questions she is called on to answer concerning her father's new housekeeper. Mary decides that he intends to marry "Cousin Grace." In a moment of confidence she asks him if that is not his intention. He tells her it is not, and is dumfounded when she informs him she has written to her mother telling her the idea of the situation. A few days later Mary goes back to Boston.

CHAPTER VIII.—Mr. Anderson visits Boston to deliver a lecture. Mrs. Anderson and Marie hear him and Marie talks with him. Later that day Marie finds her mother crying over some old tinny in the attic, and she learns the things were connected with her divorced husband. At a reception tendered Professor Anderson Marie leads her father to admit that he regrets the separation, and Marie is sure from her observations that her mother still loves him. She suggests that he call at the house and she will arrange for her mother to meet him without first knowing who the visitor is. Marie is confident that their intuition is correct, mutual misunderstandings are explained, and the two, who have never been always loved one another, are remarried.

OCTOBER
Oh, how I wish that stained-window, everybody-kneeling feeling would last. But it never does. Just the next morning, when I woke up, it rained. And I didn't feel pleased a bit. Still I remembered what had happened the night before, and a real glow came over me at the beautiful idea I had gone to sleep with.
I wanted to tell Mother, and ask her if it couldn't be, and wouldn't she let it be, if Father would. So, without waiting to dress me, I hurried across the hall to her room and told her all about it—my idea, and everything.
"But she said, 'Nonsense,' and, 'Hush, hush,' when I asked her if she and Father couldn't fall in love all over again and get married. And she said not to get silly notions into my

this?" she demanded, holding up one of the new dresses.
I could have cried.
I suppose she saw by my face how awfully I felt 'cause she'd found it. And, of course, she saw something was the matter, and she thought it was—
"Well, the first thing I knew she was looking at me in her very sternest, sorriest way, and saying:
"Oh, Marie, how could you? I'm ashamed of you! Couldn't you wear the Mary dresses one little three months to please your father?"
I did cry, then. After all I'd been through, to have her accuse me of getting those dresses! Well, I just couldn't stand it. And I told her so as well as I could, only I was crying so by now that I could hardly speak. I told her how it was hard enough to be Mary part of the time, and Marie part of the time, when I knew what they wanted me to be. But when she tried to have me Mary while she wanted Marie, and she tried to have me Marie while she wanted me Mary—I didn't know what I was wanted; and I wished I had never been born unless I could have been born a plain Susie or Bessie, or Annabelle, and not a Mary Marie that was all mixed up till I didn't know what I was.
And then I cried some more.
Mother dropped the dress then, and took me in her arms over on the couch, and she said, "There, there," and that I was tired and nervous, and all wrought up, and to cry all I wanted to. And by and by, when I was calmer I could tell Mother all about it.
And I did.
I told her how hard I tried to be Mary all the way up to Andersonville and after I got there; and how then I found out, all of a sudden one day, that father had got ready for Marie, and he didn't want me to be Mary, and that was why he had got Cousin Grace and the automobile and the geraniums in the window, and, oh, everything that made it nice and comfy and homey. And then is when they bought me the new white dresses and the little white shoes. And I told Mother, of course, it was lovely to be Marie, and I liked it, only I knew she would feel bad to think, after all her pains to make me Mary, Father didn't want me Mary at all.
"I don't think you need to worry—about that," stammered Mother. "But, tell me, why—why did your father want you to be Marie and not Mary?"
And then I told her how he said he'd remembered what I'd said to him in the parlor that day—how tired I got being Mary, and how I'd put on Marie's things just to get a little vacation from her; and he said he'd never forgotten. And so when it came near time for me to come again, he determined to be as I wouldn't have to be Mary at all. And so that was why. And I told Mother it was all right, and of course I liked it; only it did mix me up awfully, not knowing which wanted me to be Mary now, and which Marie, when they were both telling me different from what they ever had before. And that it was hard, when you were trying just the best you knew how.
And I began to cry again.
And she said there, there, once more, and patted me on my shoulder, and told me I needn't worry any more. And that she understood it, if I didn't. In fact, she was beginning to understand a lot of things that she'd never understood before. And she said it was very, very dear of Father to do what he did, and that I needn't worry about her being displeased at it. That she was pleased, and that she believed he meant her to be. And she said I needn't think any more whether to be Mary or Marie; but to be just a good, loving little daughter to both of them; and that was all she asked, and she was very sure it was all Father would ask, too.
I told her then how I thought he did care a little about having me there, and that I knew he was going to miss me. And I told her why—what he'd said that morning in the junction—about appreciating love, and not missing things or people until you didn't have them; and how he'd learned his lesson, and all that.
And Mother grew all flushed and rosy again, but she was pleased. I knew she was. And she said some beautiful things about making other people happy, instead of looking to ourselves all the time, just as she had talked once, before I went away. And I felt again that hushed, stained-window, soft-music, everybody-kneeling kind of a way; and I was so happy! And it lasted all the rest of that evening till I went to sleep.
And for the first time a beautiful idea came to me, when I thought how Mother was trying to please Father, and he was trying to please her. Wouldn't it be perfectly lovely and wonderful if Father and Mother should fall in love with each other all over again, and get married? I guess then this would be a love story all right, all right!

head. And she wasn't a bit flushed and teary, as she had been the night before, and she didn't talk at all as she had then, either. And it's been that way ever since. Things have gone along in just the usual humdrum way, and she's never been the same as she was that night I came.
Something—a little different—did happen yesterday, though. There's going to be another big astronomy meeting here in Boston this month, just as there was when Father found Mother years ago; and Grandfather brought home word that Father was going to be one of the chief speakers. And he told Mother he supposed she'd go and hear him.
"Well, yes, I am thinking of going," she said, just as calm and cool as could be. "When does he speak, Father?"
And when Aunt Hattie pook-pooked, and asked how could she do such a thing, Mother answered:
"Because Charles Anderson is the father of my little girl, and I think she should hear him speak. Therefore, Hattie, I intend to take her."
And then she asked Grandfather again when Father was going to speak. I'm so excited! Only think of seeing my father up on a big platform with a lot of big men, and hearing him speak! And he'll be the very smartest and handsomest one there, too. You see if he isn't!

TWO WEEKS AND ONE DAY LATER

Father's here—right here in Boston. I don't know when he came. But the first day of the meeting was day before yesterday, and he was here then. The paper said he was, and his picture was there, too. There were a lot of pictures, but his was away ahead of the others. It was the very best one on the page. (I told you it would be that way.)
Mother saw it first. That is, I think she did. She had the paper in her hand, looking at it, when I came into the room; but as soon as she saw me she laid it right down quick on the table. If she hadn't been quite so quick about it, and if she hadn't looked quite so queer when she did it, I wouldn't have thought anything at all. But when I went over to the table after she had gone, and saw the paper with Father's picture right on the first page—and the biggest picture there—I knew then, of course, what she'd been looking at.
I looked at it then, and I read what it said, too. It was lovely. Why, I hadn't any idea Father was so big. I was prouder than ever of him. It told all about the stars and comets he'd discovered, and the books he'd written on astronomy, and how he was president of the college at Andersonville, and that he was going to give an address the next day. And I read it all—every word. And I made up my mind right there and then that I'd cut that piece and save it.
But that night, when I went to the library cupboard to get the paper, I couldn't do it, after all. Oh, the paper was there, but that page was gone. There wasn't a bit of it left. Somebody had taken it right out. I never thought then of Mother. But I believe now that it was Mother, for—
But I mustn't tell you that part now. Stories are just like meals. You have to eat them—I mean tell them—in regular order, and not put the ice cream in where the soup ought to be. So I'm not going to tell yet why I suspect it was Mother that cut out that page of the paper with Father's picture in it.
Well, the next morning was Father's lecture, and I went with Mother. Of course Grandfather was there, too, but he was with the other astronomers, I guess. Anyhow, he didn't sit with us. And Aunt Hattie didn't go at all. So Mother and I were alone.
We sat back—a long ways back. I wanted to go up front, long far front—the front seat, if I could get it; and I told Mother so. But she said, "Mercy, no!" and shuddered, and went back two more rows from where she was, and got behind a big post.
I guess she was afraid Father would see us, but that's what I wanted. I wanted him to see us. I wanted him to be right in the middle of his lecture and look down and see right there before him his little girl Marie, and she that had been the wife of his bosom. Now that would have been what I called thrilling, real thrilling, especially if he jumped, or grew red, or white, or stammered, or stopped short, or anything to show that he'd seen us—and cared.
I'd have loved that.
But we sat back where Mother wanted to, behind the post. And, of course, Father never saw us at all. It was a lovely lecture. Oh, of course, I don't mean to say that I understood it. I didn't. But his voice was fine, and he looked just too grand for anything, with the light on his noble brow, and he used the loveliest big words that I ever heard. And folks clapped, and looked at each other, and nodded, and once or twice they laughed. And when he was all through they clapped again, harder than ever.
Another man spoke then, a little (not near so good as Father), and then it was all over, and everybody got up to go; and I saw that a lot of folks were crowding down the aisle, and I looked and there was Father right in front of the platform shaking hands with folks.
I looked at Mother then. Her face was all pinky-white, and her eyes were shining. I guess she thought I spoke for all of a sudden she shook her head and said:
"No, no, I couldn't. I couldn't! But you may, dear. Run along and speak to him; but don't stay. Remember, Mother is waiting, and come right away from her a minute all the evening. And then four days later he

asked her to marry him; and she was still more proud and happy.
And she said their married life, when they started out, was just like that beautiful dress, all shining and spotless and perfect; but that it wasn't two months before a little bit of tarnish appeared, and then another and another.
She said she was selfish and willful and exacting, and wanted Father all to herself; and she didn't stop to think that he had his work to do, and his place to make in the world; and that all of living, to him, wasn't just in being married to her, and attending to her every whim. She said she could see it all now, but that she couldn't then, she was too young, and undisciplined, and she'd never been denied a thing in the world she wanted.
She said things went on worse and worse—and it was all her fault. She grew sour and cross and disagreeable. She could see now that she did. But she didn't realize at all then what she was doing. She was just thinking of herself—always herself; her rights, her wrongs, her hurt feelings, her wants and wishes. She never once thought that he had rights and wrongs and hurt feelings, maybe.
She said a lot more—oh, ever so much more; but I can't remember it all. I know that she went on to say that by and by the tarnish began to dim the brightness of my life, too; and that was the worst of all, she said—that innocent children should suffer, and their young lives be spoiled by the kind of living I'd had to have, with this wretched makeshift of a divided home, and begged me to forgive her; and I cried and tried to tell her I didn't mind it; but, of course, I'm older now, and I know I do mind it, though I'm trying just as hard as I can not to be Marie when I ought to be Marie, or Marie when I ought to be Marie. Only I get all mixed up so, lately, and I said so, and I guess I cried some more.
Mother jumped up then, and said, "Tut, tut," what was she thinking of to talk like this when it couldn't do a bit of good, but only made matters worse. And she said that only went to prove how she was still keeping on tarnishing my happiness and bringing tears to my bright eyes, when certainly nothing of the whole wretched business was my fault.
She thrust the dress back into the trunk then, and shut the lid. And she began to talk and laugh and tell stories, and be gayer and jollier than I'd seen her for ever so long. And she was that way at dinner, too, until Grandfather happened to mention the reception tomorrow night, and ask if she was going.
She flushed up red then, she so red! and said, "Certainly not," she so red! and said, "with a funny little drawing-in of her breath, that she should let Marie go, though, with her Aunt Hattie." It was the only chance Father would have to see me, and she didn't feel that she had any right to deprive him of that privilege, and she didn't think it would do me any harm to be out this once late in the evening. And she intended to let me go.
TWO DAYS LATER
Well, now I guess something's doing all right! And my hand is shaking so I can hardly write—it wants to get ahead so fast and tell. But I'm going to keep it sternly back and tell it just as it happened, and not begin at the ice cream instead of the soup.
At the reception I saw Father right away, but he didn't see me for a long time. He stood in a corner, and lots of folks came up and spoke to him and shook hands; and he bowed and smiled—but in between, when there wasn't anybody noticing, he looked so tired and bored. After a time he stirred and changed his position, and I think he was hunting for a chance to get away, when all of a sudden his eyes, roving around the room, lighted on me.
My! but just didn't I love the way he came through that crowd, straight toward me, without paying one bit of attention to the folks that tried to stop him on the way. And when he

just my eyes that spoke, for I did want to go down there and speak to Father. Oh, I did want to go! And I went then, of course.
He saw me. And oh, how I did love the look that came to his face; it was so surprised and glad, and said, "Oh, You!" in such a perfectly lovely way that I choked all up and wanted to cry. (The idea!—cry when I was so glad to see him!)
The next minute he had drawn me out of the line, and we were both talking at once, and telling each other how glad we were to see each other.
But he was looking for Mother—I know he was; for the next minute after he saw me, he looked right over my head at the woman back of me. And all the while he was talking with me, his eyes would look at me and then leap as swift as lightning first here, and then there, all over the hall. But he didn't see her. I knew he didn't see her, by the look on his face. And pretty quick I said I'd have to go.
And then he said:
"Your mother—perhaps she didn't—did she come?" And his face grew all red and rosy as he asked the question. And I said yes, and she was waiting, and that was why I had to go back right away.
And he said, "Yes, yes, to be sure," and, "good-by," but he still held my hand tight, and his eyes were still roving all over the house. And I had to tell him again that I really had to go; and I had to pull real determined at my hand, before I could break away.
I went back to Mother then. The hall was almost empty, and she wasn't anywhere in sight at all; but I found her just outside the door. I knew then why Father's face showed that he hadn't found her. She wasn't there to find. I suspect she had looked out for that.
Her face was still pinky-white, and her eyes were shining; and she wanted to know everything we had said—everything. So she found out, of course, that he had asked if she was there. But she didn't say anything herself, not anything.
In the afternoon I went to walk with one of the girls; and when I came in I couldn't find Mother. She wasn't anywhere downstairs, nor in her room, nor mine, nor anywhere else on that floor. Aunt Hattie said no, she wasn't out, but that she was sure she didn't know where she was. She must be somewhere in the house.
I went upstairs then, another flight. There wasn't anywhere else to go, and Mother must be somewhere, of course. And it seemed suddenly to me as if I'd just got to find her. I wanted her so.
And I found her.
In the little-back room where Aunt Hattie keeps her trunks and mothball bags, Mother was on the floor in the corner crying. And when I exclaimed out and ran over to her, I found she was sitting beside an old trunk that was open; and across her lap was a perfectly lovely pale-blue satin dress all trimmed with silver lace that had grown black. And Mother was crying and crying as if her heart would break.
Of course, I tried and tried to stop her, and I begged her to tell me what was the matter. But I couldn't do a thing, not a thing, not for a long time. Then I happened to say what a lovely dress, only what a pity it was that the lace was all black.
She gave a little choking cry then, and began to talk—little short sentences all choked up with sobs, so that I could hardly tell what she was talking about. Then, little by little, I began to understand.
She said yes, it was all black—tarnished; and that it was just like everything that she had had anything to do with—tarnished; her life and her marriage, and Father's life, and mine—everything was tarnished, just like that silver lace on that dress. And she had done it by her thoughtless selfishness and lack of self-discipline.
And when I tried and tried to tell her no, it wasn't, and that I didn't feel tarnished a bit, and that she wasn't, nor Father either, she only cried all the more, and shook her head and began again, all choked up.
She said this little dress was the one she wore at the big reception where she first met Father. And she was so proud and happy when Father—and he was fine and splendid and handsome then, too, she said—singled her out, and just couldn't seem to stay away from her a minute all the evening. And then four days later he

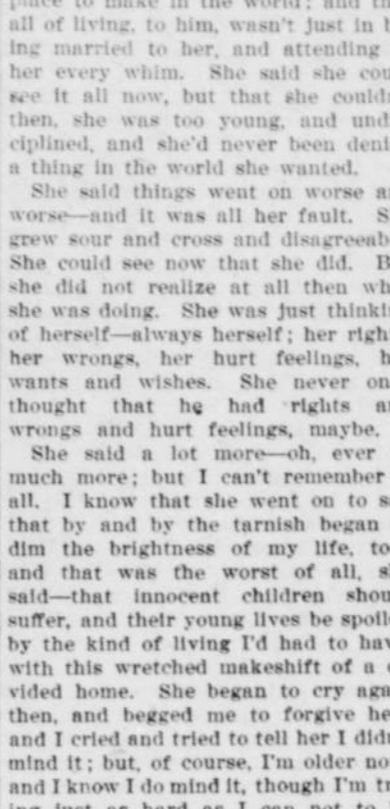


He Saw Me.

asked her to marry him; and she was still more proud and happy.
And she said their married life, when they started out, was just like that beautiful dress, all shining and spotless and perfect; but that it wasn't two months before a little bit of tarnish appeared, and then another and another.
She said she was selfish and willful and exacting, and wanted Father all to herself; and she didn't stop to think that he had his work to do, and his place to make in the world; and that all of living, to him, wasn't just in being married to her, and attending to her every whim. She said she could see it all now, but that she couldn't then, she was too young, and undisciplined, and she'd never been denied a thing in the world she wanted.
She said things went on worse and worse—and it was all her fault. She grew sour and cross and disagreeable. She could see now that she did. But she didn't realize at all then what she was doing. She was just thinking of herself—always herself; her rights, her wrongs, her hurt feelings, her wants and wishes. She never once thought that he had rights and wrongs and hurt feelings, maybe.
She said a lot more—oh, ever so much more; but I can't remember it all. I know that she went on to say that by and by the tarnish began to dim the brightness of my life, too; and that was the worst of all, she said—that innocent children should suffer, and their young lives be spoiled by the kind of living I'd had to have, with this wretched makeshift of a divided home, and begged me to forgive her; and I cried and tried to tell her I didn't mind it; but, of course, I'm older now, and I know I do mind it, though I'm trying just as hard as I can not to be Marie when I ought to be Marie, or Marie when I ought to be Marie. Only I get all mixed up so, lately, and I said so, and I guess I cried some more.
Mother jumped up then, and said, "Tut, tut," what was she thinking of to talk like this when it couldn't do a bit of good, but only made matters worse. And she said that only went to prove how she was still keeping on tarnishing my happiness and bringing tears to my bright eyes, when certainly nothing of the whole wretched business was my fault.
She thrust the dress back into the trunk then, and shut the lid. And she began to talk and laugh and tell stories, and be gayer and jollier than I'd seen her for ever so long. And she was that way at dinner, too, until Grandfather happened to mention the reception tomorrow night, and ask if she was going.
She flushed up red then, she so red! and said, "Certainly not," she so red! and said, "with a funny little drawing-in of her breath, that she should let Marie go, though, with her Aunt Hattie." It was the only chance Father would have to see me, and she didn't feel that she had any right to deprive him of that privilege, and she didn't think it would do me any harm to be out this once late in the evening. And she intended to let me go.
TWO DAYS LATER
Well, now I guess something's doing all right! And my hand is shaking so I can hardly write—it wants to get ahead so fast and tell. But I'm going to keep it sternly back and tell it just as it happened, and not begin at the ice cream instead of the soup.
At the reception I saw Father right away, but he didn't see me for a long time. He stood in a corner, and lots of folks came up and spoke to him and shook hands; and he bowed and smiled—but in between, when there wasn't anybody noticing, he looked so tired and bored. After a time he stirred and changed his position, and I think he was hunting for a chance to get away, when all of a sudden his eyes, roving around the room, lighted on me.
My! but just didn't I love the way he came through that crowd, straight toward me, without paying one bit of attention to the folks that tried to stop him on the way. And when he

just my eyes that spoke, for I did want to go down there and speak to Father. Oh, I did want to go! And I went then, of course.
He saw me. And oh, how I did love the look that came to his face; it was so surprised and glad, and said, "Oh, You!" in such a perfectly lovely way that I choked all up and wanted to cry. (The idea!—cry when I was so glad to see him!)
The next minute he had drawn me out of the line, and we were both talking at once, and telling each other how glad we were to see each other.
But he was looking for Mother—I know he was; for the next minute after he saw me, he looked right over my head at the woman back of me. And all the while he was talking with me, his eyes would look at me and then leap as swift as lightning first here, and then there, all over the hall. But he didn't see her. I knew he didn't see her, by the look on his face. And pretty quick I said I'd have to go.
And then he said:
"Your mother—perhaps she didn't—did she come?" And his face grew all red and rosy as he asked the question. And I said yes, and she was waiting, and that was why I had to go back right away.
And he said, "Yes, yes, to be sure," and, "good-by," but he still held my hand tight, and his eyes were still roving all over the house. And I had to tell him again that I really had to go; and I had to pull real determined at my hand, before I could break away.
I went back to Mother then. The hall was almost empty, and she wasn't anywhere in sight at all; but I found her just outside the door. I knew then why Father's face showed that he hadn't found her. She wasn't there to find. I suspect she had looked out for that.
Her face was still pinky-white, and her eyes were shining; and she wanted to know everything we had said—everything. So she found out, of course, that he had asked if she was there. But she didn't say anything herself, not anything.
In the afternoon I went to walk with one of the girls; and when I came in I couldn't find Mother. She wasn't anywhere downstairs, nor in her room, nor mine, nor anywhere else on that floor. Aunt Hattie said no, she wasn't out, but that she was sure she didn't know where she was. She must be somewhere in the house.
I went upstairs then, another flight. There wasn't anywhere else to go, and Mother must be somewhere, of course. And it seemed suddenly to me as if I'd just got to find her. I wanted her so.
And I found her.
In the little-back room where Aunt Hattie keeps her trunks and mothball bags, Mother was on the floor in the corner crying. And when I exclaimed out and ran over to her, I found she was sitting beside an old trunk that was open; and across her lap was a perfectly lovely pale-blue satin dress all trimmed with silver lace that had grown black. And Mother was crying and crying as if her heart would break.
Of course, I tried and tried to stop her, and I begged her to tell me what was the matter. But I couldn't do a thing, not a thing, not for a long time. Then I happened to say what a lovely dress, only what a pity it was that the lace was all black.
She gave a little choking cry then, and began to talk—little short sentences all choked up with sobs, so that I could hardly tell what she was talking about. Then, little by little, I began to understand.
She said yes, it was all black—tarnished; and that it was just like everything that she had had anything to do with—tarnished; her life and her marriage, and Father's life, and mine—everything was tarnished, just like that silver lace on that dress. And she had done it by her thoughtless selfishness and lack of self-discipline.
And when I tried and tried to tell her no, it wasn't, and that I didn't feel tarnished a bit, and that she wasn't, nor Father either, she only cried all the more, and shook her head and began again, all choked up.
She said this little dress was the one she wore at the big reception where she first met Father. And she was so proud and happy when Father—and he was fine and splendid and handsome then, too, she said—singled her out, and just couldn't seem to stay away from her a minute all the evening. And then four days later he

asked her to marry him; and she was still more proud and happy.
And she said their married life, when they started out, was just like that beautiful dress, all shining and spotless and perfect; but that it wasn't two months before a little bit of tarnish appeared, and then another and another.
She said she was selfish and willful and exacting, and wanted Father all to herself; and she didn't stop to think that he had his work to do, and his place to make in the world; and that all of living, to him, wasn't just in being married to her, and attending to her every whim. She said she could see it all now, but that she couldn't then, she was too young, and undisciplined, and she'd never been denied a thing in the world she wanted.
She said things went on worse and worse—and it was all her fault. She grew sour and cross and disagreeable. She could see now that she did. But she didn't realize at all then what she was doing. She was just thinking of herself—always herself; her rights, her wrongs, her hurt feelings, her wants and wishes. She never once thought that he had rights and wrongs and hurt feelings, maybe.
She said a lot more—oh, ever so much more; but I can't remember it all. I know that she went on to say that by and by the tarnish began to dim the brightness of my life, too; and that was the worst of all, she said—that innocent children should suffer, and their young lives be spoiled by the kind of living I'd had to have, with this wretched makeshift of a divided home, and begged me to forgive her; and I cried and tried to tell her I didn't mind it; but, of course, I'm older now, and I know I do mind it, though I'm trying just as hard as I can not to be Marie when I ought to be Marie, or Marie when I ought to be Marie. Only I get all mixed up so, lately, and I said so, and I guess I cried some more.
Mother jumped up then, and said, "Tut, tut," what was she thinking of to talk like this when it couldn't do a bit of good, but only made matters worse. And she said that only went to prove how she was still keeping on tarnishing my happiness and bringing tears to my bright eyes, when certainly nothing of the whole wretched business was my fault.
She thrust the dress back into the trunk then, and shut the lid. And she began to talk and laugh and tell stories, and be gayer and jollier than I'd seen her for ever so long. And she was that way at dinner, too, until Grandfather happened to mention the reception tomorrow night, and ask if she was going.
She flushed up red then, she so red! and said, "Certainly not," she so red! and said, "with a funny little drawing-in of her breath, that she should let Marie go, though, with her Aunt Hattie." It was the only chance Father would have to see me, and she didn't feel that she had any right to deprive him of that privilege, and she didn't think it would do me any harm to be out this once late in the evening. And she intended to let me go.
TWO DAYS LATER
Well, now I guess something's doing all right! And my hand is shaking so I can hardly write—it wants to get ahead so fast and tell. But I'm going to keep it sternly back and tell it just as it happened, and not begin at the ice cream instead of the soup.
At the reception I saw Father right away, but he didn't see me for a long time. He stood in a corner, and lots of folks came up and spoke to him and shook hands; and he bowed and smiled—but in between, when there wasn't anybody noticing, he looked so tired and bored. After a time he stirred and changed his position, and I think he was hunting for a chance to get away, when all of a sudden his eyes, roving around the room, lighted on me.
My! but just didn't I love the way he came through that crowd, straight toward me, without paying one bit of attention to the folks that tried to stop him on the way. And when he



Then He Began to Talk and Tell Stories, Just as if I Was a Young Lady to Be Entertained.

asked her to marry him; and she was still more proud and happy.
And she said their married life, when they started out, was just like that beautiful dress, all shining and spotless and perfect; but that it wasn't two months before a little bit of tarnish appeared, and then another and another.
She said she was selfish and willful and exacting, and wanted Father all to herself; and she didn't stop to think that he had his work to do, and his place to make in the world; and that all of living, to him, wasn't just in being married to her, and attending to her every whim. She said she could see it all now, but that she couldn't then, she was too young, and undisciplined, and she'd never been denied a thing in the world she wanted.
She said things went on worse and worse—and it was all her fault. She grew sour and cross and disagreeable. She could see now that she did. But she didn't realize at all then what she was doing. She was just thinking of herself—always herself; her rights, her wrongs, her hurt feelings, her wants and wishes. She never once thought that he had rights and wrongs and hurt feelings, maybe.
She said a lot more—oh, ever so much more; but I can't remember it all. I know that she went on to say that by and by the tarnish began to dim the brightness of my life, too; and that was the worst of all, she said—that innocent children should suffer, and their young lives be spoiled by the kind of living I'd had to have, with this wretched makeshift of a divided home, and begged me to forgive her; and I cried and tried to tell her I didn't mind it; but, of course, I'm older now, and I know I do mind it, though I'm trying just as hard as I can not to be Marie when I ought to be Marie, or Marie when I ought to be Marie. Only I get all mixed up so, lately, and I said so, and I guess I cried some more.
Mother jumped up then, and said, "Tut, tut," what was she thinking of to talk like this when it couldn't do a bit of good, but only made matters worse. And she said that only went to prove how she was still keeping on tarnishing my happiness and bringing tears to my bright eyes, when certainly nothing of the whole wretched business was my fault.
She thrust the dress back into the trunk then, and shut the lid. And she began to talk and laugh and tell stories, and be gayer and jollier than I'd seen her for ever so long. And she was that way at dinner, too, until Grandfather happened to mention the reception tomorrow night, and ask if she was going.
She flushed up red then, she so red! and said, "Certainly not," she so red! and said, "with a funny little drawing-in of her breath, that she should let Marie go, though, with her Aunt Hattie." It was the only chance Father would have to see me, and she didn't feel that she had any right to deprive him of that privilege, and she didn't think it would do me any harm to be out this once late in the evening. And she intended to let me go.
TWO DAYS LATER
Well, now I guess something's doing all right! And my hand is shaking so I can hardly write—it wants to get ahead so fast and tell. But I'm going to keep it sternly back and tell it just as it happened, and not begin at the ice cream instead of the soup.
At the reception I saw Father right away, but he didn't see me for a long time. He stood in a corner, and lots of folks came up and spoke to him and shook hands; and he bowed and smiled—but in between, when there wasn't anybody noticing, he looked so tired and bored. After a time he stirred and changed his position, and I think he was hunting for a chance to get away, when all of a sudden his eyes, roving around the room, lighted on me.
My! but just didn't I love the way he came through that crowd, straight toward me, without paying one bit of attention to the folks that tried to stop him on the way. And when he

asked her to marry him; and she was still more proud and happy.
And she said their married life, when they started out, was just like that beautiful dress, all shining and spotless and perfect; but that it wasn't two months before a little bit of tarnish appeared, and then another and another.
She said she was selfish and willful and exacting, and wanted Father all to herself; and she didn't stop to think that he had his work to do, and his place to make in the world; and that all of living, to him, wasn't just in being married to her, and attending to her every whim. She said she could see it all now, but that she couldn't then, she was too young, and undisciplined, and she'd never been denied a thing in the world she wanted.
She said things went on worse and worse—and it was all her fault. She grew sour and cross and disagreeable. She could see now that she did. But she didn't realize at all then what she was doing. She was just thinking of herself—always herself; her rights, her wrongs, her hurt feelings, her wants and wishes. She never once thought that he had rights and wrongs and hurt feelings, maybe.
She said a lot more—oh, ever so much more; but I can't remember it all. I know that she went on to say that by and by the tarnish began to dim the brightness of my life, too; and that was the worst of all, she said—that innocent children should suffer, and their young lives be spoiled by the kind of living I'd had to have, with this wretched makeshift of a divided home, and begged me to forgive her; and I cried and tried to tell her I didn't mind it; but, of course, I'm older now, and I know I do mind it, though I'm trying just as hard as I can not to be Marie when I ought to be Marie, or Marie when I ought to be Marie. Only I get all mixed up so, lately, and I said so, and I guess I cried some more.
Mother jumped up then, and said, "Tut, tut," what was she thinking of to talk like this when it couldn't do a bit of good, but only made matters worse. And she said that only went to prove how she was still keeping on tarnishing my happiness and bringing tears to my bright eyes, when certainly nothing of the whole wretched business was my fault.
She thrust the dress back into the trunk then, and shut the lid. And she began to talk and laugh and tell stories, and be gayer and jollier than I'd seen her for ever so long. And she was that way at dinner, too, until Grandfather happened to mention the reception tomorrow night, and ask if she was going.
She flushed up red then, she so red! and said, "Certainly not," she so red! and said, "with a funny little drawing-in of her breath, that she should let Marie go, though, with her Aunt Hattie." It was the only chance Father would have to see me, and she didn't feel that she had any right to deprive him of that privilege, and she didn't think it would do me any harm to be out this once late in the evening. And she intended to let me go.
TWO DAYS LATER
Well, now I guess something's doing all right! And my hand is shaking so I can hardly write—it wants to get ahead so fast and tell. But I'm going to keep it sternly back and tell it just as it happened, and not begin at the ice cream instead of the soup.
At the reception I saw Father right away, but he didn't see me for a long time. He stood in a corner, and lots of folks came up and spoke to him and shook hands; and he bowed and smiled—but in between, when there wasn't anybody noticing, he looked so tired and bored. After a time he stirred and changed his position, and I think he was hunting for a chance to get away, when all of a sudden his eyes, roving around the room, lighted on me.
My! but just didn't I love the way he came through that crowd, straight toward me, without paying one bit of attention to the folks that tried to stop him on the way. And when he

asked her to marry him; and she was still more proud and happy.
And she said their married life, when they started out, was just like that beautiful dress, all shining and spotless and perfect; but that it wasn't two months before a little bit of tarnish appeared, and then another and another.
She said she was selfish and willful and exacting, and wanted Father all to herself; and she didn't stop to think that he had his work to do, and his place to make in the world; and that all of living, to him, wasn't just in being married to her, and attending to her every whim. She said she could see it all now, but that she couldn't then, she was too young, and undisciplined, and she'd never been denied a thing in the world she wanted.
She said things went on worse and worse—and it was all her fault. She grew sour and cross and disagreeable. She could see now that she did. But she didn't realize at all then what she was doing. She was just thinking of herself—always herself; her rights, her wrongs, her hurt feelings, her wants and wishes. She never once thought that he had rights and wrongs and hurt feelings, maybe.
She said a lot more—oh, ever so much more; but I can't remember it all. I know that she went on to say that by and by the tarnish began to dim the brightness of my life, too; and that was the worst of all, she said—that innocent children should suffer, and their young lives be spoiled by the kind of living I'd had to have, with this wretched makeshift of a divided home, and begged me to forgive her; and I cried and tried to tell her I didn't mind it; but, of course, I'm older now, and I know I do mind it, though I'm trying just as hard as I can not to be Marie when I ought to be Marie, or Marie when I ought to be Marie. Only I get all mixed up so, lately, and I said so, and I guess I cried some more.
Mother jumped up then, and said, "Tut, tut," what was she thinking of to talk like this when it couldn't do a bit of good, but only made matters worse. And she said that only went to prove how she was still keeping on tarnishing my happiness and bringing tears to my bright eyes, when certainly nothing of the whole wretched business was my fault.
She thrust the dress back into the trunk then, and shut the lid. And she began to talk and laugh and tell stories, and be gayer and jollier than I'd seen her