MARY MARIE

By Eleanor H. Porter

Illustrations by R. H. Livingstone

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SYNOPSIS

PREFACE.—"Mary Marie" explains her apparent "double personality" and just why she is a "cross-current and a contradiction;" she also tells her reasons for writing the diary—later to be a novel. The diary is commenced at Andersonville.

CHAPTER I.—Mary begins with Nurse Sarah's account of her (Mary's) birth, which seemingly interested her father, who is a famous astronomer, less than a new star which was discovered the same night. Her name is a compromise, her mother wanted to call her Viola and her father insisting on Abigail Jane. The child quickly learned that her home was in some way different from those of her small friends, and was puzzled thereat. Nurse Sarah tells her of her mother's arrival at Andersonville as a bride and how astonished they all were at the sight of the dainty eighteen-year-old girl whom the sedate professor had chosen for a wife.

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

CHAPTER III.—Mary tells of the time spent "out west" where the "perfectly all right and genteel and respectable" divorce was being arranged for, and her mother's (to her) unaccountable behavior. By the court's decree the child is to spend six months of the year with her mother and six months with her father. Boston is Mother's home, and she and Mary leave Andersonville for that city to spend the first six months.

CHAPTER IV.—At Boston Mary becomes "Marie." She is delighted with her new home, so different from the gloomy house at Andersonville. The number of gentlemen who call on her mother leads her to speculate on the possibility of a new father. She classes the callers as "prospective suitors," finally deciding the choice is to be between "the violinist" and a Mr. Harlow. A conversation she overhears between her mother and Mr. Harlow convinces her that it will not be that gentleman, and "the violinist" seems to be the likely man. Mrs. Anderson receives a letter from "Aunt Abigail Anderson, her former husband's sister, who is keeping house for him, reminding her that "Mary" is expected at Andersonville for the six months she is to spend with her father. Her mother is distressed, but has no alternative, and "Marie" departs for Andersonville.

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

CHAPTER VI.—Mary is surprised at the tenderness her father displays when he puts her on the train for Boston. She discovers "the violinist" making love to 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 unaccountable change in her mother astonishes her. 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—"Mary" 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 she learns 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 her 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 finery in the attic, and she learns the things were connected with Mrs. Anderson's first meeting 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 if they meet, a reconciliation will follow. Her intuition is correct, mutual misunderstandings are explained, and the two, who have really always loved one another, are remarried.

CHAPTER IX.—The diary takes a jump of twelve years, during which Marie (always Marie then) has the usual harmless love affairs inseparable from girlhood. Then she meets THE man—Gerald Weston, young, wealthy, and already a successful portrait painter. They are deeply in love and the wedding follows quickly. With the coming of the baby, Eunice, things seem to change with Marie and Gerald, and they in a manner drift apart. When Eunice is five years old, Marie decides to part from Gerald. Intending to break the news to her mother, she is reminded of her own frequently unhappy childhood and how her action in parting from her husband will subject Eunice to the same humiliations. Her eyes opened, Marie gives up her idea of a separation, and returns to her husband, her duty and her love.

and all the while he was there, I never so much as thought of ceremonious dress and dinners, and liveried butlers and footmen; nor did it once occur to me that our simple kitchen Nora, and Old John's son at the wheel of our one motorcar, were not beautifully and entirely adequate, so unassumingly and so perfectly did Jerry unmistakably "fit in." (There are no other words that so exactly express what I mean.) And in the end, even his charm and his triumph were so unobtrusively complete that I never thought of being surprised at the prompt capitulation of both Father and Mother.

Jerry had brought the ring. (Jerry always brings his "rings"—and he never fails to "put them on.") And he went back to New York with Mother's promise that I should visit them in July at their cottage in Newport.

They seemed like a dream—those four days after he had gone; and I should have been tempted to doubt the whole thing had there not been the sparkle of the ring on my finger, and the frequent reference to Jerry on the lips of both Father and Mother.

They loved Jerry, both of them. Father said he was a fine, manly young fellow; and Mother said he was a dear boy, a very dear boy. Neither of them spoke much of his painting. Jerry himself had scarcely mentioned it to them, as I remember, after he had gone.

I went to Newport in July. "The cottage," as I suspected, was twice as large and twice as pretentious as the New York residence; and it sported twice the number of servants. Once again I was caught in the whirl of dinners and dances and motoring, with the addition of tennis and bathing. And always, at my side, was Jerry, seemingly living only upon my lightest whim and fancy. He wished to paint my portrait; but there was no time, especially as my visit, in accordance with Mother's inexorable decision, was of only one week's duration.

But what a wonderful week that was! I seemed to be under a kind of spell. It was as if I were in a new world—a world such as no one had ever been in before. Oh, I knew, of course, that others had loved—but not as we loved. I was sure that no one had ever loved as we loved. And it was so much more wonderful than anything I had ever dreamed of—this love of ours. Yet all my life since my early teens I had been thinking and planning and waiting for it—love. And now it had come—the real thing. The others—all the others had been shams and make-believes and counterfeits.

At Newport Jerry decided that he wanted to be married right away. He

At Newport Jerry Decided That He Wanted to Be Married Right Away.

didn't want to wait two more endless years until I was graduated. The idea of wasting all that valuable time when we might be together! And when there was really no reason for it, either—no reason at all!

I smiled to myself, even as I thrilled at his sweet insistence. I was pretty sure I knew two reasons—two very good reasons—why I could not marry before graduation. One reason was Father; the other reason was Mother. I hinted as much.

"Ho! Is that all?" He laughed and kissed me. "I'll run down and see them about it," he said jauntily.

I smiled again. I had no more idea that anything he could say would—

But I didn't know Jerry—then.

I had not been home from Newport a week when Jerry kept his promise and "ran down." And he had not been there two days before Father and Mother admitted that, perhaps, after all, it would not be so bad an idea if I shouldn't graduate, but should be married instead.

And so I was married.

(Didn't I tell you that Jerry always brought rings and put them on?)

And again I say, and so we were married.

But what did we know of each other?—the real other? True, we had danced together, been swimming together, dined together, played tennis together. But what did we really know of each other's whims and prejudices, opinions and personal habits and tastes? I knew, to a word, what Jerry would say about a sunset; and he knew, I fancy, what I would say about a dreamy waltz song. But we didn't either of us know what the other would say to a dinnerless home with the cook gone. We were leaving a good deal to be learned later on; but we didn't think of that. Love this is to last must be built upon the realization that troubles and trials and scenes are sure to come, and that they must be borne together—if one back is not to break under the load. We were entering into a contract, not for a week, but, presumably, for a lifetime—and a good deal may come to one in a lifetime—not all of it pleasant. We had been brought up in two distinctly different social environments but we didn't stop to think of that. We liked the same sunsets, and the same make of car, and the same kind of ice-cream; and we looked into each other's eyes and thought we knew each other—whereas we were really only seeing the mirrored reflection of ourselves.

And so we were married.

It was everything that was blissful and delightful, of course, at first. We were still eating the ice-cream and admiring the sunsets. I had forgotten that there were things other than sunsets and ice-cream. I suspect. I was not twenty-one, remember, and my feet fairly ached to dance. The whole world was a show. Music, lights, laughter—how I loved them all!

Then came the baby, Eunice, my little girl; and with one touch of her tiny, clinging fingers, the whole world of sham—the lights and music and glare and glitter just faded all away into nothingness, where it belonged. As if anything counted, with her on the other side of the scales!

I found out then—oh, I found out lots of things. You see, it wasn't that way at all with Jerry. The lights and music and the glitter and the sham didn't fade away a mite, to him, when Eunice came. In fact, sometimes it seemed to me they just grew stronger, if anything.

He didn't like it because I couldn't go with him any more—to dances and things, I mean. He said the nurse could take care of Eunice. As if I'd leave my baby with any nurse that ever lived, for any old dance! The idea! But Jerry went. At first he stayed with me; but the baby cried, and Jerry didn't like that. It made him irritable and nervous, until I was glad to have him go.

I think it was about this time that Jerry took up his painting again. I guess I have forgotten to mention that all through the first two years of our marriage, before the baby came, he just tended to me. He never painted a single picture. But after Eunice came—

But, after all, what is the use of going over these last miserable years like this? Eunice is five now. Her father is the most popular portrait painter in the country. I am almost tempted to say that he is the most popular man, as well. All the old charm and magnetism are there. Sometimes I watch him (for, of course, I do go out with him once in a while), and always I think of that first day I saw him at college. Brilliant, polished, witty—he still dominates every group of which he is a member. Men and women alike bow to his charm.

After all, I suspect that it's just that Jerry still loves the ice-cream and sunsets, and I don't. That's all. To me there's something more to life than that—something higher, deeper, more worth while. We haven't a taste in common, a thought in unison, an aspiration in harmony. I suspect—in fact I know—that I get on his nerves just as raspingly as he does on mine. For that reason I'm sure he'll be glad—when he gets my letter.

But, some way, I dread to tell Mother.

* * * * * * *

Well, it's finished. I've been about four days bringing this autobiography of Mary Marie's to an end. I've enjoyed doing it, in a way, though I'll have to admit I can't see as it's made things any clearer. But, then, it was clear before. There isn't any other way. I've got to write that letter. As I said before, I regret that it must be so sorry an ending.

I suppose tomorrow I'll have to tell Mother. I want to tell her, of course, before I write the letter to Jerry.

It'll grieve Mother. I know it will. And I'm sorry. Poor Mother! Already she's had so much unhappiness in her life. But she's happy now. She and Father are wonderful together—wonderful. Father is still president of the college. He got out a wonderful book on the "Eclipses of the Moon" two years ago, and he's publishing another one about the "Eclipses of the Sun" this year. Mother's correcting proof for him. Bless her heart. She loves it. She told me so.

Well, I shall have to tell her tomorrow, of course.

TOMORROW—WHICH HAS BECOME TODAY.

I wonder if Mother knew what I had come into her little sitting-room this morning to say. It seems as if she must have known. And yet—

I had wondered how I was going to begin, but, before I knew it, I was right in the middle of it—the subject, I mean. That's why I thought perhaps that Mother—

But I'm getting as bad as little Mary Marie of the long ago. I'll try now to tell what did happen.

I was wetting my lips, and swallowing, and wondering how I was going to begin to tell her that I was planning not to go back to Jerry, when all of a sudden I found myself saying something about little Eunice. And then Mother said:

"Yes, my dear; and that's what comforts me most of anything—because you are so devoted to Eunice. You see, I have feared sometimes—for you and Jerry; that you might separate. But I know, on account of Eunice, that you never will."

"But, Mother, that's the very reason—I mean, it would be the reason," I stammered. Then I stopped. My tongue just wouldn't move, my throat and lips were so dry.

But Mother was speaking again.

"Eunice—yes. You mean that you never would make her go through what you went through when you were her age."

"Why, Mother, I—I—" And then I stopped again. And I was so angry and indignant with myself because I had to stop, when there were so many, many things that I wanted to say, if only my dry lips could articulate the words.

Mother drew her breath in with a little catch. She had grown rather white.

"I wonder if you remember—if you ever think of—your childhood," she said.

"Why, yes, of—of course—sometimes." It was my turn to stammer. I was thinking of that diary that I had just read—and added to.

Mother drew in her breath again, this time with a catch that was almost a sob. And then she began to talk—at first haltingly, with half-finished sentences; then hurriedly, with a rush of words that seemed not able to utter themselves fast enough to keep up with the thoughts behind them.

She told of her youth and marriage, and of my coming. She told of her life with Father, and of the mistakes she made. She told much, of course, that was in Mary Marie's diary; but she told, oh, so much more, until like a panorama the whole thing lay before me.

Then she spoke of me, of my childhood, and her voice began to quiver.

You can see things so much more clearly when you stand off at a distance like this, you know, than you can when you are close to them!

Then She Spoke of Me, and of My Childhood, and Her Voice Began to Quiver.

She broke down and cried when she spoke of the divorce, and of the influence it had upon me, and of the false idea of marriage it gave me. She said it was the worst kind of thing for me—the sort of life I had to live. She said I grew pert and precocious and worldly-wise, and full of servants' talk and ideas. She even spoke of that night at the little cafe table when I gloried in the sparkle and spangles and told her that now we were seeing life—real life. And of how shocked she was, and of how she saw then what this thing was doing to me. But it was too late.

She told more, much more, about the later years, and the reconciliation; then, some way, she brought things around to Jerry and me. Her face flushed up then, and she didn't meet my eyes. She looked down at her sewing. She was very busy turning a hem just so.

She said there had been a time, once, when she had worried a little about Jerry and me, for fear we would—separate. She said that she believed that, for her, that would have been the very blackest moment of her life; for it would be her fault, all her fault.

I tried to break in here, and say, "No, no," and that it wasn't her fault; but she shook her head and wouldn't listen, and she lifted her hand, and I had to keep still and let her go on talking. She was looking straight into my eyes then, and there was such a deep, deep hurt in them that I just had to listen.

She said again that it would be her fault; that if I had done that she would have known that it was all because of the example she herself had set me of childish willfulness and selfish seeking of personal happiness at the expense of everything and everybody else. And she said that that would have been the last straw to break her heart.

But she declared that she was sure now that she need not worry. Such a thing would never be.

I guess I gasped a little at this. Anyhow, I know I tried to break in and tell her that we were going to separate, and that that was exactly what I had come into the room in the first place to say.

But again she kept right on talking, and I was silenced before I had even begun.

She said how she knew it could never be—on account of Eunice. That I would never subject my little girl to the sort of wretchedly divided life that I had to live when I was a child.

As she spoke I was suddenly back in the cobwebby attic with little Mary's diary, and I thought—what if it were Eunice—writing that!)

She said I was the most devoted mother she had ever known; that I was too devoted, she feared sometimes, for I made Eunice all my world, to the exclusion of Jerry and everything and everybody else. But that she was very sure, because I was so devoted, and loved Eunice so dearly, that I would never deprive her of a father's love and care.

I shivered a little, and looked quickly into Mother's face. But she was not looking at me. I was thinking of how Jerry had kissed and kissed Eunice a month ago, when we came away, as if he just couldn't let her go. Jerry is fond of Eunice, now that she's old enough to know something, and Eunice adores her father. I knew that part was going to be hard. And now to have Mother put it like that—

I began to talk then of Jerry. I just felt that I'd got to say something. That Mother must listen. That she didn't understand. I told her how Jerry loved lights and music and dancing, and crowds bowing down and worshiping him all the time. And she said yes, she remembered; that he'd been that way when I married him.

She spoke so sort of queerly that again I glanced at her; but she still was looking down at the hem she was turning.

I went on then to explain that I didn't like such things; that I believed that there were deeper and higher things, and things more worth while. And she said yes, she was glad, and that that was going to be my saving grace; for, of course, I realized that there couldn't be anything deeper or higher or more worth while than keeping the home together, and putting up with annoyances, for the ultimate good of all, especially of Eunice.

She went right on then quickly, before I could say anything. She said that, of course, I understood that I was still Mary and Marie, even if Jerry did call me Mollie; and if Marie had married a man that wasn't always congenial with Mary, she was very sure Mary had enough stamina and good sense to make the best of it; and she was very sure, also, that if Mary would only make a little effort to be once in a while the Marie he had married, things might be a lot easier—for Mary.

Of course, I laughed at that. I had to. And Mother laughed, too. But we understood. We both understood. I had never thought of it before, but I had been Marie when I married Jerry. I loved lights and music and dancing and gay crowds just exactly as well as he did. And it wasn't his fault that I suddenly turned into Mary when the baby came, and wanted him to stay at home before the fire every evening with his dressing-gown and slippers. No wonder he was surprised. He hadn't married Mary—he never knew Mary at all. But, do you know? I'd never thought of that before—until Mother said what she did. Why, probably Jerry was just as much disappointed to find his Marie turned into a Mary as I—

But Mother was talking again.

She said that she thought Jerry was a wonderful man, in some ways; that she never saw a man with such charm and magnetism, or one who could so readily adapt himself to different persons and circumstances. And she said she was very sure if Mary could only show a little more interest in pictures (especially portraits), and learn to discuss lights and shadows and perspectives, that nothing would be lost, and that something might be gained; that there was nothing, anyway, like a community of interest or of hobbies to bring two people together; and that it was safer, to say the least, when it was the wife that shared the community of interest than when it was some other woman, though of course, she knew as well as I knew that Jerry never would— She didn't finish her sentence, and because she didn't finish it, it made me think all the more.

Then, in a minute, she was talking again.

She was speaking of Eunice. She said once more that because of her, she knew tnat she need never fear any serious trouble between Jerry and me, for, after all, it's the child that always pays for the mother's mistakes and short-sightedness, just as it is the soldier that pays for his commanding officer's blunders. That's why she felt that I had had to pay for her mistakes, and why she knew that I'd never compel my little girl to pay for mine. She said that the mother lives in the heart of the child long after the mother is gone, and that was why the mother always had to be—so careful.

Then, before I knew it, she was talking briskly and brightly about something entirely different; and two minutes later I found myself alone outside of her room. And I hadn't told her.

But I wasn't even thinking of that. I was thinking of Eunice, and of that round, childish scrawl of a diary upstairs in the attic trunk. And I was picturing Eunice, in the years to come, writing her diary; and I thought, what if she should have to—

I went upstairs then and read that diary again. And all the while I was reading I thought of Eunice. And when it was finished I knew that I'd never [illegible] and that I'd never write [illegible] the letter that I was going [illegible] that.

* * * * *

[illegible] Jerry's letter to me at [illegible] What a wonderful [illegible] can write—when he [illegible] and homesick, and that the house is like a tomb without Eunice and me, and when am I coming home?

* * * * * * *

I wrote him tonight that I was going—tomorrow.

THE END.

RADIO

THIRD ELEMENT IN THE VACUUM TUBE

Grid Added to Fleming Valve by Dr. Lee DeForest Was a Big Improvement.

Any device which will pass electricity in one direction and will wholly or partially obstruct the flow in the opposite direction is termed a rectifier, because when connected in the path of an alternating current it will suppress one-half of each cycle and therefore the circuit will be traversed by pulsating direct current. A rectifier also is said to possess unidirectional conductivity, meaning, of course, that it will conduct electricity in one direction only. Its ability to rectify currents of extremely high frequency determines its application in radio.

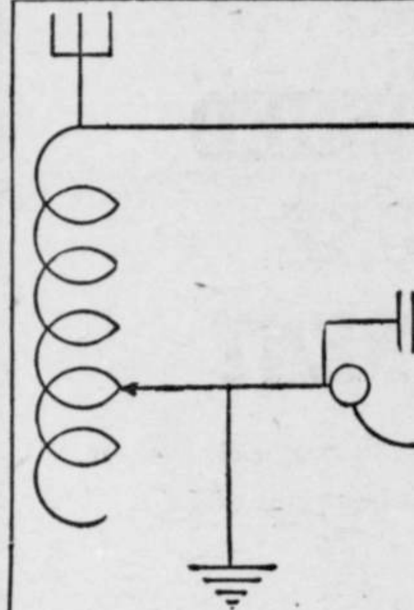
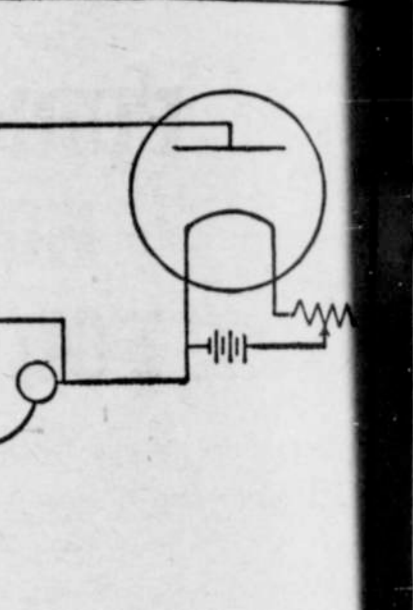

Figure VI

Due to its ability to rectify high frequency alternating currents the two-element (filament and plate) vacuum tube can be used in a radio receiver as a detector.

Fig. VI is a simple radio receiving circuit employing this type of two-element vacuum tube in place of a crystal detector.

Dr. J. A. Fleming of London, England, was the first to use a two-element tube of the type just described as a medium of rectifying high frequency radio currents. Fleming called his product a valve because it would let current flow in one direction but not in the other direction. The Fleming valve as a forerunner of the vacuum tube of today marked a very important step in the progress of the radio art. The Fleming valve, however, in its original form was not much better than other forms of rectifiers then in use and, owing to the greater ruggedness and ease of manipulation of the latter, did not come into general use as a detector.

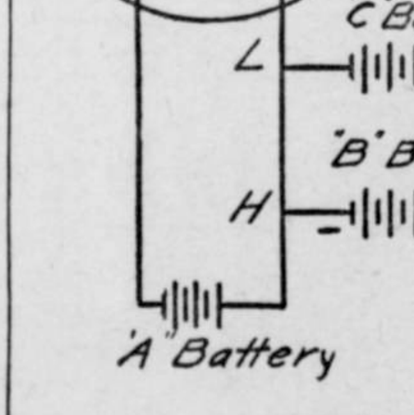
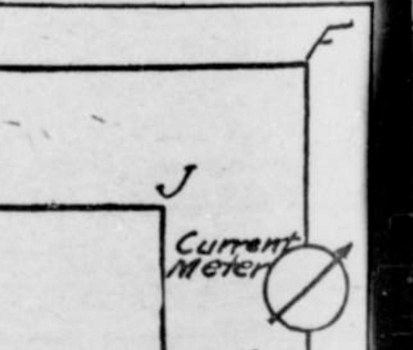

Figure VII

Dr. Lee DeForest, an American, greatly improved the Fleming valve by adding a third electrode called the grid, which served the function of a control element and thus made it possible to utilize the feeble incoming signal currents to control more powerful local currents. The three-electrode vacuum tube of DeForest is the tube used so extensively today.

The third element which is called a grid and from which the three-electrode vacuum tube derives its name was placed by DeForest between the filament and the plate in the path of the electrons. The grid is a perforated plate or mesh of fine wire through the openings of which the electrons must pass in their journey from the filament to the plate.

Fig. VII is a diagrammatical sketch of the circuits of a three-electrode vacuum tube and is identically the same as the sketch in Fig. III for a two-element vacuum tube with the addition of the grid circuit I-J-K-L [...] battery in the grid circuit is [...] the "C" battery.

As a start let us suppose th[...] battery voltage is zero. The [...] tion of the three-electrode tube [...] then be exactly like that of a two[...] trode tube, just as though there [...] no grid. Like a two-electrode [...] when the filament C-D is broug[...] incandescence by the "A" batt[...] steady stream of electrons will be [...] en off, which will be drawn ov[...] the plate E. Plate E is maint[...] at a positive potential with [...] to the filament by the "B" ba[...]

Now if the grid is made pos[...] with respect to the filament, it is [...] sible to accelerate the flow of the [...] tron stream from the filament to [...] plate; if the grid is made neg[...] with respect to the filament, the [...] of the electron stream from the [...] ment to the plate will be retar[...] Or in other words, by making the [...] positive or negative with respec[...] the filament, it is possible to incr[...] or counteract the space charge. [...] third electrode or grid thus offe[...] means of controlling the current in [...] plate circuit without changing th[...] plate potential or the filament tempe[...] ature.

The characteristic curve of a thre[...] electrode vacuum tube is shown [...] Fig. VIII. This diagram shows th[...] relation of grid potential to pla[...] current, assuming that the filamen[...] temperature and plate voltage remai[...] constant.

It can be seen from the curve tha[...] by applying a negative potential o[...] value E to the grid, the plate cur[...] rent can be reduced to zero. The negative charge on the grid will have the effect of a negative potential E with respect to the filament, making the negative charge so strong around the filament that the electrons cannot leave it. On the other hand, if a positive potential of value F be applied to the grid with respect to the filament, the maximum or saturation current will flow in the plate circuit. Applying a greater positive potential than F to the grid with respect to the filament will not cause an increase in the plate current because the electrons given off are being attracted to the plate and grid.

Plate Current
E H O I F
← NEGATIVE POSITIVE →
GRID POTENTIAL

Fig VIII

When the grid is maintained positive with respect to the filament a small current will flow in the grid circuit. Because of its being positive it will attract the electrons and have a charge given up to it by them.