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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

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) unaccuntable 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 III.-Mary tells of the time

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 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 sister, whi 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 IX.—The diary takes a jump of twelve years, during which Marie (always Marie then) has the usual harmless love affairs inseparable from girl-hood. Ther 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. In-tending 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.

CHAPTER V.—At Andersorville Aunt Jane meets her at the station. Her father is away somewhy studying an eclipse of the moon Marie—"Mary" now—instinctively compares Aunt Jane, prim and severe. With her beautiful, dainty mother, much 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 ne 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 littleused piano. Then, overcome by her lone-someness, 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 be lets fell Mary believes he is corrected. he lets fall Mary believes he is sorry she

Now, if that Isn't making love to each other, I don't know what is. I'm sure he's going to propose. Oh, I'm so 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 remember 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 the lot. I'm sure of that. And that's 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 divorced, anyway.

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

Quite a lot of the others are here, nd 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

the violinist. I haven't heard from Father.

Now just my writing that down that way shows that I expected to hear from him, though I don't really see why I should, either. Of course, he never has written to me; and, of course. I understand that I'm nothing but his daughter by order of the court. But, some way, I did think maybe he'd write me just a little bit of a note in answer to mine-my bread-and-butter letter, I mean; for, of course, Mother

I got here. But he hasn't. I wonder how he's getting along, and

had me write that to him as soon as

if he misses me any. But, of course, he doesn't do that. If I was a star,

#### TWO DAYS AFTER THANKSGIVING

The violinist has got a rival. I'm sure he has. It's Mr. Easterbrook. He's old-much as forty-and baldheaded and fat, and has got lots of money. And he's a very estimable man. (I heard Aunt Hattie say that.) He's awfully jolly, and I like him. He brings me the loveliest boxes of candy, and calls me Puss. (I don't like that, particularly. I'd prefer him to call me Miss Anderson.) He's not nearly so good-looking as the violinist. The violinist is lots more thrilling, but I shouldn't wonder if Mr. Easterbrook was more comfortable to live with.

The violinist is the kind of a man that makes you want to sit up and take notice, and have your hair and finger nails and shoes just right; but with Mr. Easterbrook you wouldn't mind a bit sitting in a big chair before the fire with a pair of old slippers on, if your feet were tired.

Mr. Easterbrook doesn't care for 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 hired one.) And Mr. Easterbrook's flowers that he sends to Mother are handsomer, too, and lots more of them, than the violinist's. Aunt Hattie has noticed that, too. In fact, I guess there isn't anything about Mr. Easterbrook

that she doesn't notice. Aunt Hattie likes Mr. Easterbrook lots better than she does the violinist. heard her talking to Mother one day.

# ONE WEEK LATER

There hasn't much happened-only one or two things. But maybe I'd better tell them before I forget it, especially as they have a good deal to do with the love part of the story. And I'm always so glad to get anything of that kind. I've been so afraid this wouldn't be much of a love story, after all. But I guess it will be, all right. Anyhow, I know Mother's part will be. for it's getting more and more exciting-about Mr. Easterbrook and the violinist, I mean.

They both want Mother. Anybody can see that now, and, of course, Mother sees it. But which she'll take I don't know. Nobody knows. It's perfectly plain to be seen, though, which one Grandfather and Aunt Hattle want her to take! It's Mr. Easterbrook.

And he is awfully nice. He brought me a perfectly beautiful bracelet the other day—but Mother wouldn't let me keep it. So he had to take it back. 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 Hattie favor; but I'm not so sure about Mother. Mother acts funny. Sometimes 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-somewhere. I think, though, she really likes the violinist the best; and I guess Grandfather and Aunt Hattie think so.

Something haprened last night. Grandfather began to talk at the dinner 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 Hattie looked at him and then at me, and then back to him, in their most see-who's-here! — you mustn't-talk-be- her hands and said: fore-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 | er; and I knew by her voice that she they said, and got quite angry, for I heard her say, when she came out | could only be sure sure of myself." through the door, that she didn't believe a word of it, and she thought it cried the violinist. "You know how I was a wicked, cruel shame to tell

stories like that just because they didn't like a man.

This morning she broke an engagement with Mr. Easterbrook to go autoriding and went with the violinist to a morning musicale instead; and after she'd gone Aunt Hattie sighed and looked at Grandfather and shrugged her shoulders, and said she was afraid 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 did, 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 violinist now, either, any better than Grandfather and Aunt Hattle. And it's not entirely because of what happened last night, either. It's been coming on for a while-ever since I first saw him talking to Theresa in the hall when she let him in one night a week ago.

Theresa is awfully pretty, and I guess he thinks so. Anyhow, I heard him telling her so in the hall, and she laughed and blushed and looked sideways at him. Then they saw me, and he stiffened up and said, very proper and dignified, "Kindly hand my card to Mrs. Anderson." And Theresa said, "Yes, sir." And she was very proper and dignified, too.

Well, four days ago I saw them again. He tried to put his arm around her that time, and the very next day he tried to kiss her, and after a minute she let him. More than once, too. And last night I heard him tell her she was the dearest girl in all the world, and he'd be perfectly happy if he could only marry her.

Well, you can Imagine how I felt, when I thought all the time it was Mother he was coming to see! And now to find out that it was Theresa he wanted all the time, and he was only coming to see Mother so he could see

At first, I was angry-just plain angry; and I was frightened, too, for I couldn't heip worrying about Motherfor fear she would mind, you know, when she found out that it was Theresa that he cared for, after all. I remembered what a lot Mother had been with him, and the pretty dresses and hats she'd put on for him, and all go with him, and it made me angry all | and to please try to forget it. over again. And I thought how mean it was of him to use poor Mother as a Theresa! I was angry, too, to have my love story all spoiled, 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, that isn't spoiled, after all, for it will be ever so much more exciting to have the violinist fall in love with Theresa than with Mother, for, of course, Theresa isn't in the same station of life at all, and that makes it a mess-alliance. (I don't remember exactly what the word is; but I know it means an alliance that makes a mess of things because the lovers are not equal to each other.) Of course, for the folk who have to live it, it may not be so nice; but for my story here this makes it all the more romantic and thrilling. So that's all right.

Of course, so far, I'm the only one that knows, for I haven't told it, and I'm the only one that's seen anything. Of course, I shall warn Mother, if I think it's necessary, so she'll understand it isn't her, but Theresa, that the violinist is really in love with and courting. 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

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

"Yes, yes, I know," answered Mothwas all shaky and trembly. "But if I "But, dearest, you're sure of me!"



"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 did jump-both of them! And I guess they were tarprised. 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 right in and began to talk. And I 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 hugged her and kissed her, and everything. I'd seen him. And-

But I didn't get a chance to say half I wanted to. I was going on to tell him what I thought of him; but Mother gasped out, "Marie! Marie! Stop!" And then I stopped. I had to, of

course. Then she said that would do, and I might go to my room. And I went. And that's all I know about it, except that she came up, after a little, that. And I thought how she'd broken | and said for me not to talk any more engagements with Mr. Easterbrook to about it, to her, or to any one else;

I tried to tell her what I'd seen, and what I'd heard that wicked, deepkind of shield to hide his courting of | dyed villain say; but she wouldn't let me. She shook her head, and said. "Hush, hush, dear"; and that no good could come of talking of it, and she wanted me to forget it. She was very sweet and very gentle, and she smiled; but there were stern corners to her mouth, even when the smile was there. And I guess she told him what was what. Anyhow, I know they had quite a talk before she came up to me, for I was watching at the window for him to go; and when he did go he looked very red and cross and he stalked away with a never-will-I-darken-thisdoor-again kind of step, just as far as I could see him.

> I don't know, of course, what will happen next, nor whether he'll ever come back for Theresa; but I shouldn't think even she would want him, after 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 happened. I've had a letter from Father -from Father!-a letter-me!

It came this morning. . Mother 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 hesitated 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 funný little minute before it, just as she did today.

I could see she was wondering what could be in 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 was in such a hurry to find out what he'd said.

I'll copy it here. It wasn't long. It was like this: "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 know as I can blame you.

good time. Your Aunt Jane says I 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 Sanborn to eat it with us. She said she didn't want me fo 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 nearly morning.

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

"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 ene, 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 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 which you'd take, and-"

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

Just like that she interrupted, and she looked so shocked. Then she began to walk again, up and down, up and down. Then, all of a sudden, she flung herself on the couch and began to cry and sob as if her heart would break. And when I tried to comfort her. I only seemed to make it worse, for she threw her arms around me and cried:

"Oh, my darling, my darling, don't ful it is?"

And then is when she began to talk some more about being married, and unmarried as we were. She held me close again and began to sob and cry. "Oh, my darling, don't you see how

dreadful it all is-how unnatural it is for us to live-this way? And for you-you poor child!-what could be worse for you? And here I am, jealous-jealous of your own father, for fear you'll love him better than you

"Oh, I know I ought not to say all this to you-I know I ought not to. But I can't-help it. I want you! I want you every minute; but I have to give you up-six whole months of every year I have to give you up to him. And he's your father, Marie. And he's a good man. I know he's a good man. I know it all the better now since I've seen-other men. And 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 tell her, of course, that she wouldn't have to give me up, and that I loved her a whole lot better than I did Father. But even that didn't comfort her, 'cause she said I ought to love him. That he was lonesome and needed me. He needed me just as much as she needed me, and maybe more. And then she went on again about how unnatural and awful it was to live the way we were living. And she called herself a wicked woman that she'd ever allowed things to get to such a pass. And she said if she could only have her life to live over again she'd do so differently-oh, so differently.

Then she began to cry again, and I couldn't do a thing with her; and, of course, that worked me all up and I began to cry.

She stopped then, right off short, and wiped her eyes flercely with her wet ball of a handkerchief. And she asked what was she thinking of, and didn't she know any better than to talk like this to me. Then she said, come, we'd go for a ride.

And we did. And all the rest of that day Mother was so gay and lively you'd think she didn't know how to cry.

Now, wasn't that funny? Of course, I shall answer Father's letter right away, but I haven't the faintest idea what to say.

# ONE WEEK LATER

I answered it-Father's letter, mean-yesterday, and it's gone now. But I had an awful time over it. I just didn't know what in the world to say. I'd start out all right, and I'd think I was going to get along beautifully. Then, all of a sudden, it would come over me, what I was doingwriting a letter to my father! And I could imagine just how he'd look when of being-Mary. Well, well, I do not he got it, all stern and dignified, sitting in his chair with his paper-cutter; "And now that I have asked what and I'd imagine his eyes looking down you did for Christmas, I suspect it is and reading what I wrote. And when no more than a fair turnabout to tell I thought of that, my pen just wouldn't you what I did. I suppose I had a very | go. The idea of my writing anything

my father would want to read! And so I'd try to think of things that I could write-big things-big things that would interest big men: About the President and our-country-'tis-ofthee, and the state of the weather and the crops. And so I'd begin:

"Dear Father: I take my pen in

hand to inform you that-" Then I'd stop and think and think, and chew my pen-handle. Then I'd put down something. But it was awful, and I knew it was awful. So I'd have to tear it up and begin again.

Three times I did that; then I began to cry. It did seem as if I never could write that letter. Once I thought of asking Mother what to say, and getting her to help me. Then I remembered how she cried and took on and said things when the letter canfe, and talked about how dreadful and unnatural it all was, and how she was jealous for fear I'd love Father better than I did her. And I was afraid she'd do it again, and so I didn't like to ask her. And so I didn't do it.

Then, after a time, I got out his letter and read it again. And all of a sudden I felt all warm and happy, just as I did when I first got it; and some way I was back with him in the observatory and he was telling me all about the stars. And I forgot all about being afraid of him. And I just remembered that he'd asked me to tell him what I did on Christmas day; and I knew right off that that would be easy. Why, just the easiest thing in the world! And so I got out a fresh sheet of paper and dipped my pen in the ink and began again.

And this time I didn't have a bit of trouble. I told him all about the tree I had Christmas eve, and the presents, and the little colored lights, and the fun we had singing and playing games. And then how, on Christmas morning, there was a lovely new snow on the ground, and Mr. Easterbrook came with a perfectly lovely sleigh and two horses to take Mother and me to ride, and what a splendid time we had, and how lovely Mother looked with her red cheeks and bright eyes, and how, when we got home, Mr. Easterbrook said we looked more like sisters than mother and daughter, and wasn't that nice of him. Of course. I told a little more about Mr. Easterbrook, too, so Father'd know who he was-a new friend of Mother's that I'd never known till I came back this time, and how he was very rich and a most estimable man. That Aunt Hattle said so.

Then I told him that in the afternoon another gentleman came and took us to a perfectly beautiful concert. And I finished up by telling about the Christmas party in the evening, and how lovely the house looked, and Mother, and that they said looked nice, too.

And that was all. And when I had got it done, I saw that I had written a long letter, a great long letter. And I was almost afraid it was too long, till I remembered that Father had



So I Sent It Off.

asked me for it; he had asked me to tell him all about what I did on Christmas day.

So I sent it off.

# MARCH

Yes, I know it's been quite a while, but there hasn't been a thing to saynothing new or exciting, I mean. There's just school, and the usual thi gs, only Mr. Easterbrook doesn't come any more. (Of course, the violinist hasn't come since that day he proposed.) I don't know whether Mr. Easterbrook proposed or not. I only know that all of a sudden he stopped

coming. I don't know the reason. I den't overhear so much as I used to, anyway. Not but that I'm in the library window-seat just the same; but most everybody that comes in looks there right off; and, of course, when tney see me they don't hardly ever go on with what they are saying. So it just naturally follows that I don't

overhear things as I used to. Not that there's much to hear, though. Really, there just isn't anything going on, and things aren't half so lively as they used to be when Mr. Easterbrook was here, and all the rest. They've all stopped coming, now, 'most. I've about given up ever having a love story of Mother's to put in.

And mine, too. Here I am fifteen next month, going on sixteen. (Why, that brook and river met long ago!)

(To be continued next week.)