

## ELEANOR H. PORTER

## ILLUSTRATIONS BY R.H.LIVINGSTONE.

SYNOPSIS

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

CHAPTER L-Mary begins with Nurse Sarsh'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 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) unacountable behavior. By the court's decree the child is to spend six months of the year with her mother and six months with her father. Boston is Mother's home, and she and Mary leave Andersonville for that city to spend the first six months.

CHAPTER IV.—At Boston Mary becomes "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 and a Mr. Harlow. A conversation she overhears between her mother and Mr. Harlow convinces her that it will not be that gentleman, and "to violinist" seems to be the likely man. Mrs. Anderson receives a letter from "Aunt Abigail Anderson, her former husband's sister, whi is keeping house for him, reminding her that "More" is expected at Andersonville for "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 be sure, it did bother me a little that

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, works decides to part from Gerald. In 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 separation, and returns to her husband, her duty, and her love.

CHAPTER V.—At Andersonville Aunt Jane meets her at the station. Her father is away somewhere, studying an eclipse of the moon. Marie—"Mary" new—instinctively compares Aunt Jane, prim and severe, with her beautiful, dainty mother, much to the former's disadvantage. Aunt Jane disapproves of the dainty clothes which the child is wearing, and replaces them with "serviceable" serges and thick-coled shoes. Her father arrives home and seems surprised to see her. The child soon begins to notice that the 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 clother 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 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. Ander-son consents, though from an expression he lets fall Mary believes he is sorry she

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 unac-countable change in her mother aston-ishes her. The child is given to under-stand she is being taught self-discipline and she has less good times and fewer pretty things to wear. As the time for er return to Andersonville approaches, its. Anderson equips her in plain resses 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 house-keeper. Mary decides that he intends to marry "Cousin Grace." In a moment of confidence she asks him if that is not and the confidence she asks him if that is not and 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 Ma-rie 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 to meet him without first ing 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.

(Copyright by ELEANOR H. PORTER) the handsomest, most popular boy in school, and how all the girls were just crazy to be asked to go anywhere with him; and I argued what if Father had seen him with boys he did not like-then that was all the more rea-

> son why nice girls like me, when he asked them, should to with him, so as to keep him away from bad boys. And I reminded them again that he was the very handsomest, most popular boy in school; and that there wasn't a girl I knew who wouldn't be crazy to be in my shoes.

Then I stopped, all out of breath, and I can imagine just how pleading and palpitating I looked.

I thought Father was going to refuse right away, but I saw the glance that Mother threw him-the glance that said, "Let me attend to this. dear." I'd seen that glance before. several times, and I knew just what it meant; so I wasn't surprised to see Father shrug his shoulders and turn away as Mother said to me:

"Very well, dear. I'll think it over and let you know tonight."

But I was surprised that night to have Mother say I could go, for I'd about given up hope, after all that talk at the breakfast table. And she said something else that surprised me, too. She said she'd like to know Paul Mayhew herself; that she always wanted to know the friends of her little girl. And she told me to ask him to call the next evening and play checkers or chess with me.

Happy? I could scarcely contain myself for joy. And when the next evening came, bringing Paul, and Mother, all prettily dressed as if he were really, truly company, came into Paul laughed so much, and so loudly, and that he couldn't seem to find anything to talk about only himself, and what he was doing, and what he was going to do. Some way, he had never seemed like that at school. And I was afraid Mother wouldn't like that.

All the evening I was watching and listening with her eyes and her ears everything he did, everything he said. I so wanted Mother to like him! I so wanted Mother to see how really fine and splendid and noble he was. But that evening-Why couldn't he stop talking about the prizes he'd won, and the big racing car he'd just ordered for next summer? There was nothing fine and splendid and noble about that. And were his finger nails

always so dirty? Why, Mother would think-

Mother did not stay in the room all the time; but she was in more or less often to watch the game; and at halfpast nine she brought in some little cakes and lemonade as a surprise. I thought it was lovely; but I could have shaken Paul when he pretended to be afraid of it, and asked Mother if there was a stick in it.

The idea-Mother! A stick! I just knew Mother wouldn't like that. But if she didn't, she never showed a thing in her face. She just smiled, and said no, there wasn't any

stick in it; and passed the cakes. When he had gone I remember I didn't like to meet Mother's eyes, and didn't ask her how she liked Paul Mayhew. I kept right on talking fast about something else. Some way, I didn't want Mother to talk then, for

fear of what she would say. And Mother didn't say anything about Paul Mayhew-then. But only a few days later she told me to invite him again to the house (this time to a chafing-dish supper), and to ask Carrie Heywood and Fred Small, too.

We had a beautiful time, only again Paul Mayhew didn't "show off" at all in the way I wanted him to-though he most emphatically "showed off" in his way! It seemed to me that he bragged even more about himself and his belongings than he had before. And I didn't like at all the way he ate his food. Why, Father didn't eat like that—with such a noisy mouth, and such a rattling of the silverware!

And so it went-wise mother that she was! Far from prohibiting me to have anything to do with Paul Mayhew, she let me see all I wanted to of him, particularly in my own home. She let me go out with him, properly chaperoned, and she never, by word or manner, hinted that she didn't ad-

mire his conceit and braggadocio. And it all came out exactly as I suspect she had planned from the beginning. When Paul Mayhew asked to be my escort to the class reception in June, I declined with thanks, and immediately afterward told Fred Small I would go with him. But even when I told Mother nonchalantly, and with carefully averted eyes, that I was going to the reception with Fred Small even then her pleasant "Well, that's that I took care that opportunity ofgood!" conveyed only cheery mother fered frequently. I was fascinated. I interest; nor did a hasty glance into had never seen any one like him beher face discover so much as a lifted | fore. Tall, handsome, brilliant, at pereyebrow to hint. "I thought you'd fect ease, he plainly dominated every

come to your senses sometime!"

Wise little mother that she was! In the days and weeks that followed (though nothing was said) I detected a subtle change in certain matters, however. And as I look back at it now, I am sure I can trace its origin to my "affair" with Paul Mayhew. Evidently Mother had no intention of running the risk of any more courtships; also evidently she intended to know who my friends were. At all events. the old Anderson mansion soon became the rendezvous of all the boys and girls of my acquaintance. And such good times as we had, with Mother always one of us, and ever pro-

posing something new and interesting! And because boys-not a boy, but boys-were as free to come to the house as were girls, they soon seemed to me as commonplace and matter-ofcourse and free from sentimental interest as were the girls.

Again, wise little mother!

But, of course, even this did not prevent my falling in love with some one older than myself, some one quite outside of my own circle of intimates.

My especial attack of this kind came to me when I was barely eighteen, the spring I was being graduated from the Andersonville High school. And the visible embodiment of my adoration was the head master, Mr. Harold Hartshorn, a handsome, clean-shaven, well-set-up man of (I should judge) thirty-five years of age. rather grave, a little stern, and very dignified.

But how I adored him! How I hung upon his every word, his every glance! How I maneuvered to win from him a few minutes' conversation on a Latin verb or a French translation! How I thrilled if he bestowed upon me one of his infrequent smiles! How I grieved over his stern aloofness!

By the end of a month I had evolved this: his stern aloofness meant that he had been disappointed in love! his melancholy was loneliness-his hear was breeking. How I longed to helto hear, to cure! How I thrilled at the thought of the love and companionship I could give him somewhere in a roseembowered cottage far from the madding crowd! (He boarded at the Andersonville hotel alone now.) If only he could see it as I saw it. If only by some sign or token he could know of the warm love that was his but for the asking! Could he not see that no longer need he pine alone and unappreciated in the Andersonville hotel? Why, in just a few weeks I was to be through school. And then-

Mr. Harold Hartshorn ascended our door; and I saw him come up the walk and heard him ask for Father.

Oh, joy! Oh, happy day! He knew. He had seen it as I saw it. He had come to gain Father's permission, that he might be a duly accredited suitor for my hand!

During the next ecstatic ten minutes, with my hand pressed against my wildly beating heart, I planned my wedding dress, selected with care and discrimination my trousseau, furnished the rose-embowered cottage far from the madding crowd - and wondered why Father did not send for me. Then the slam of the screen door downstairs sent me to the window, a sickening terror within me.

Was he going-without seeing me, his future bride? Impossible!

Father and Mr. Harold Hartshorn stood on the front steps below, talking. In another minute Mr. Harold Hartshorn had walked away, and Father had turned back on to the plazza. As soon as I could control my shak-

ing knees, I went downstairs.

Father was in his favorite rockingchair. I advanced slowly. I did not sit down.

"Was that Mr. Hartshorn?" I asked, trying to keep the shake out of my "Yes."

"Mr. H-Hartshorn," I repeated stupidly.

"Yes. He came to see me about the Downer place," nodded Father. "He wants to rent it for next year."

"To rent it—the Downer place!" (The Downer place was no rose-embowered cottage far from the madding crowd! Why, it was big, and brick, and right next to the hotel! I didn't want to live there.)

"Yes—for his wife and family. He's going to bring them back with him

next year," explained Father. "His wife and family!" I can imagine about how I gasped out those four words.

"Yes. He has five children, I be-

lieve, and—" But I had fled to my room.

After all, my recovery was rapid. I was in love with love, you see; not with Mr. Harold Hartshorn. Besides, the next year I went to college. And it was while I was at college that I

Jerry was the brother of my college friend, Helen Weston. Helen's elder sister was a senior in that same college, and was graduated at the close of my freshman year. The father, mother and brother came on to the graduation. And that is where I met

If it might be called meeting him. He lifted his hat, bowed, said a polite nothing with his lips, and an indifferent "Oh, some friend of Helen's," with his eyes, and turned to a radiant blonde senior at my side.

me -

ever opportunity offered; and I suspect | come a time when-

group of which he was a part. Toward



Jerry Was an Artist, It Seemed.

him every face was turned-yet he never seemed to know it. (Whatever his faults, Jerry is not conceited. I will give him credit for that!) To me he did not speak again that day. am not sure that he even looked at me. If he did there must still have been in his eyes only the "Oh, some friend of Helen's," that I had seen at the morning introduction.

I did not meet him again for nearly a year; but that did not mean that I did not hear of him. I wonder if Helen ever noticed how often I used to get her to talk of her home and her family life; and how interested I was in her gallery of portraits on the mantel-there were two fine ones of her brother there.

Helen was very fond of her brother. I soon found that she loved to talk about him-if she had a good listener. Needless to say she had a very good one in me.

Jerry was an artist, it seemed. He was twenty-eight years old, and already he had won no small distinction. Prizes, medals, honorable mention, and a special course abroad — all these On the night before commencement | Helen told me about. She told me, too, about the wonderful success he had front steps, rang the bell, and called just had with the portrait of a certain for my father. I knew because I was New York society woman. She said upstairs in my room over the front | that it was just going to "make" Jerry; now-anything.

er vacation of my second year in college. Helen invited me to go home with her, and Mother wrote that I might go. Helen had been home with me for the Christmas vacation, and Mother and Father liked her very much. There was no hesitation, therefore, in their consent that I should visit Helen at Easter time. So I went.

Helen lived in New York. Their home was a Fifth avenue mansion with nine servants, four automobiles and two chauffeurs. Naturally such a scale of living was entirely new to me, and correspondingly fascinating. From the elaborately uniformed footman that opened the door for me to the awesome French maid who "did" my hair, I adored them all, and moved as in a dream of enchantment. Then came Jerry home from a week-end's tripand I forgot everything else.

I knew from the minute his eyes looked into mine that whatever I had been before, I was now certainly no mere "Oh, some friend of Helen's." I was (so his eyes said) "a deucedly pretty girl, and one well worth cultivating." Whereupon he began at once to do the "cultivating."

In less than thirty-six hours I was caught up in the whirlwind of his wooing, and would not have escaped it if I could.

When I went back to college he held my promise that if he could gain the consent of Father and Mother, he might put the engagement ring on my finger.

Back at college, alone in my own room, I drew a long breath, and began to think. It was the first chance I had had, for even Helen now had become Jérry-by reflection.

The more I thought, the more frightened, dismayed, and despairing I became. In the clear light of calm, sane reasoning, it was all so absurd, so impossible! What could I have been

thinking of? I must forget Jerry. I pictured him in Andersonville, in my own home. I tried to picture him talking to Father, to Mother.

Absurd. What had Jerry to do with learned treatises on stars, or with the humdrum, everyday life of a stupid, small town? For that matter, what had Father and Mother to do with dancing and motoring and painting society queens' portraits? Nothing.

Plainly, even if Jerry, for the sake of the daughter, liked Father and Mother, Father and Mother certainly would not like Jerry. That was cer-

Of course I cried myself to sleep that night. That was to be expected. Jerry was the world; and the world was lost. There was nothing left except, perhaps, a few remnants and pieces, scarcely worth the counting-And that was all-for him. But for | excepting, of course, Father and Mother. But one could not always have a week when Jerry kept his promise All that day I watched him when- one's father and mother. There would and "ran down." And he had not been

> Jerry's letter came the next dayby special delivery. He had gone all, it would not be so bad an idea if straight home from the station and be- I shouldn't graduate, but should be gun to write to me. (How like Jerry | married instead. that was-particularly the specialdelivery stamp!) The most of his let-

ter, aside from the usual lover's rhapsodies, had to do with plans for the summer-what we would do together at the Westons' summer cottage in Newport. He said he should run up to Andersonville early - very early: just as soon as I was back from college, in fact, so that he might meet Father and Mother, and put that ring on my finger.

And while I read the letter, I just knew he would do it. Why, I could even see the sparkle of the ring on my finger. But in five minutes after the letter was folded and put away, I knew, with equal certitude—that he

I had been at home exactly eight hours when a telegram from Jerry asked permission to come at once.

As gently as I could I broke the news to Father and Mother. He was Helen's brother. They must have heard me mention him. I knew him well, very well, inneed. In fact, the purpose of this visit was to ask them for the hand of their daughter.

Father frowned and scolded, and said, "Tut, tut!" and that I was nothing but a child. But Mother smiled and shook her head, even while she sighed, and reminded him that I was twenty-two whole years older than she was, when she married him; though in the same breath she admitted that I was young, and she certainly hoped I'd be willing to wait before I married, even if the young man was all that they could ask him to be. Father was still a little rebellious, I

think, but Mother-bless her dear sympathetic heart!-soon convinced him that they must at least consent to see this Gerald Weston. So I sent the wire inviting him to come.

Jerry came-and he had not been five minutes in the house before it might easily have seemed that he had always been there. He did know about stars; at least, he talked with Father about them, and so as to hold Father's interest, too. And he knew a lot about innumerable things in which Mother was interested. He stayed four days; and all the while he was there, I never so much as thought of ceremonious dress and diffners, 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 that he could have anything he wanted always brings his "rings"—and he never fails to "put them on.") And I saw Jerry myself during the East- he went back to New York with Mother's promise that I should visit them in July at their cottage in New-

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

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

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!

wanted to be married right away. He

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 there two days before Father and when he gets my letter. Mother admitted that, perhaps, after But, some way, I dread to tell

And so I was married. (Didn't I tell you that Jerry always



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

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 that is to last must be built upon the realization that troubles and trials and sorrows 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 icecream; 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 shar 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 eld 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-

Mother.

Well, it's finished. I've been about (Continued on page 7, column 3.)