Mary Marie

By

ELEANOR H. PORTER

FATHER AND MOTHER

SYNOPSIS.—In a 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. 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 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—Continued.

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"An your ma—poor little thing! I couldn't think of anything but a doll that was thrown in the corner because somebody'd got tired of her. She was lonesome, an' no mistake. Anybody'd be sorry for her, to see her mopin' round the house, nothin' to do. Oh, she read, an' sewed with them bright-colored silks an' worsteds; but 'course there wasn't no real work for her to do. There was good help in the kitchen, an' I took what care of your grandma was needed; an' she always gave her orders through me, so I practically run the house, an' there wasn't anything there for her to do.

"An' so your ma just had to mope it out alone. Oh, I don't mean your pa was unkind. He was always nice an' polite, when he was in the house, an' I'm sure he meant to treat her all right. He said yes, yes, to be sure, of course she was lonesome, an' he was sorry. 'Twas too bad he was so busy. An' he kissed her an' patted her. But he always began right away to talk of the comet; an' ten to one he didn't disappear into the observatory within the next five minutes. Then your ma would look so grieved an' sorry an' go off an' cry, an' maybe not come down to dinner, at all.

"Well then, one day things got so bad your grandma took a hand. She was up an' around the house, though she kept mostly to her own rooms. But of course she saw how things was goin'. Besides, I told her—some. 'Twas no more than my duty, as I looked at it. She just worshiped your pa, an' naturally she'd want things right for him. So one day she told me to tell her son's wife to come to her in her room.

"An' I did, an' she came. Poor little thing! I couldn't help bein' sorry for her. She didn't know a thing of what was wanted of her, an' she was so glad an' happy to come. You see, she was lonesome, I suppose.

"'Me? Want me?—Mother Anderson?' she cried. 'Oh, I'm so glad!' Then she made it worse by runnin' up the stairs an' bouncin' into the room like a rubber ball, an' cryin': 'Now, what shall I do, read to you, or sing to you, or shall we play games? I'd love to do any of them!' Just like that, she said it. I heard her. Then I went out, of course, an' left them. But I heard 'most everything that was said, just the same, for I was right in the next room dustin,' and the door wasn't quite shut.

"First your grandmother said real polite—she was always polite—but in a cold little voice that made even me shiver in the other room, that she did not desire to be read to or sung to, and that she did not wish to play games. She had called her daughter-in-law in to have a serious talk with her. Then she told her, still very polite, that she was noisy an' childish, an' undignified, an' that it was not only silly, but very wrong for her to expect to have her husband's entire attention; that he had his own work, an' it was a very important one. He was going to be president of the college some day, like his father before him; an' it was her place to help him in every way she could—help him to be popular an' well-liked by all the college people an' students; an' he couldn't be that if she insisted all the time on keepin' him to herself, or lookin' sour an' cross if she couldn't have him.

"Of course that ain't all she said; but I remember this part particular on account of what happened afterward. You see—your ma—she felt awful bad. She cried a little, an' sighed a lot, an' said she'd try, she really would try to help her husband in every way she could; an' she wouldn't ask him another once, not once, to stay with her. An' she wouldn't look sour an' cross, either. She'd promise she wouldn't. An' she'd try, she'd try, oh, so hard, to be proper an' dignified.

"She got up then an' went out of the room so quiet an' still you wouldn't know she was movin'. But I heard her up in her room cryin' half an hour later, when I stopped a minute at her door to see if she was there. An' she was.

"But she wasn't cryin' by night. Not much she was! She'd washed her face an' dressed herself up as pretty as could be, an' she never so much as looked as if she wanted her husband to stay with her, when he said right after supper that he guessed he'd go out to the observatory. An' 'twas that way right along after that. I know, 'cause I watched. You see, I knew what she'd said she'd do. Well, she did it.

"Then, pretty quick after that, she began to get acquainted in the town. Folks called, an' there was parties an' receptions where she met folks, an' they began to come here to the house, 'specially them students, an' two or three of them young, unmarried professors. An' she began to go out a lot with them—skatin' an' sleighridin' an' snowshoein'.

"Like it? Of course she liked it! Who wouldn't? Why, child, you never saw such a fuss as they made over your ma in them days. She was all the rage; an' of course she liked it. What woman wouldn't, that was gay an' lively an' young, an' had been so lonesome like your ma had? But some other folks didn't like it. An' your pa was one of them. This time 'twas him that made the trouble. I know, 'cause I heard what he said one day to her in the library.

"Yes, I guess I was in the next room that day, too—er—dustin', probably. Anyway, I heard him tell your ma good an' plain what he thought of her gallivantin' 'round from mornin' till night with them young students an' professors, an' havin' them here, too, such a lot, till the house was fairly overrun with them. He said he was shocked an' scandalized, an' didn't she have any regard for his honor an' decency, if she didn't for herself! An' oh, a whole lot more.

"Cry? No, your ma didn't cry this time. I met her in the hall right after they got through talkin', an' she was

"Yes, I Guess I Was in the Next Room That Day, Too—er—Dustin'."

white as a sheet, an' her eyes was like two blazin' stars. So I know how she must have looked while she was in the library. An' I must say she give it to him good an' plain, straight from the shoulder. She told him she was shocked an' scandalized that he could talk to his wife like that; an' didn't he have any more regard for her honor an' decency than to accuse her of runnin' after any man living—much less a dozen of them! An' then she told him a lot of what his mother had said to her, an' she said she had been merely tryin' to carry out those instructions. She was tryin' to make her husband an' her husband's wife an' her husband's home popular with the college folks, so she could help him to be president, if he wanted to be. But he answered back, cold an' chilly, that he thanked her, of course, but he didn't care for any more of that kind of assistance; an' if she would give a little more time to her home an' her housekeepin', as she ought to, he would be considerably better pleased. An' she said, very well, she would see that he had no further cause to complain. An' the next minute I met her in the hall, as I just said, her head high and her eyes blazin'.

"An' things did change then, a lot, I'll own. Right away she began to refuse to go out with the students an' young professors, an' she sent down word she wasn't to home when they called. And pretty quick, of course, they stopped comin'.

"Housekeepin'? Attend to that? Well, y-yes, she did try to at first, a little; but of course your grandma had always given the orders—through me, I mean; an' there really wasn't anything your ma could do. An' I told her so, plain. Her ways were new an' different an' queer, an' we liked ours better, anyway. So she didn't bother us much that way very long. Besides, she wasn't feelin' very well, anyway, an' for the next few months she stayed in her room a lot, an' we didn't see much of her. Then by an' by you came, an'—well, I guess that's all—too much, you little chatterbox!"

CHAPTER III

The Break Is Made.

And that's the way Nurse Sarah finished her story, only she shrugged her shoulders again, and looked back, first one way, then another. As for her calling me "chatterbox"—she always calls me that when she's been doing all the talking.

As near as I can remember, I have told Nurse Sarah's story exactly as she told it to me, in her own words. But of course I know I didn't get it right all the time, and I know I've left out quite a lot. But, anyway, it's told a whole lot more than I could have told why they got married in the first place, and it brings my story right up to the point where I was born; and I've already told about naming me, and what a time they had over that.

Of course what's happened since, up to now, I don't know all about, for I was only a child for the first few years. Now I'm almost a young lady, "standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet." (I read that last night. I think it's perfectly beautiful. So kind of sad and sweet. It makes me want to cry every time I think of it.) But even if I don't know all of what's happened since I was born, I know a good deal, for I've seen quite a lot, and I've made Nurse tell me a lot more.

I know that ever since I can remember I've had to keep as still as a mouse the minute Father comes into the house; and I know that I never could imagine the kind of a mother that Nurse tells about, if it wasn't that sometimes when Father has gone off on a trip, Mother and I have romped all over the house, and had the most beautiful time. I know that Father says that Mother is always trying to make me a "Marie," and nothing else; and that Mother says she knows Father'll never be happy until he's made me into a stupid little "Mary," with never an atom of life of my own. And, do you know? it does seem sometimes, as if Mary and Marie were fighting inside of me, and I wonder which is going to beat. Funny, isn't it?

Father is president of the college now, and I don't know how many stars and comets and things he's discovered since the night the star and I were born together. But I know he's very famous, and that he's written up in the papers and magazines, and is in the big fat red "Who's Who" in the library, and has lots of noted men come to see him.

Nurse says that Grandma Anderson died very soon after I was born, but that it didn't make any particular difference in the housekeeping; for things went right on just as they had done, with her giving the orders as before; that she'd given them all alone anyway, mostly, the last year Grandma Anderson lived, and she knew just how Father liked things. She said Mother tried once or twice to take the reins herself, and once Nurse let her, just to see what would happen. But things got in an awful muddle right away, so that even Father noticed it and said things. After that Mother never tried again, I guess. Anyhow, she's never tried it since I can remember. She's always stayed most of the time up in her rooms in the east wing, except during meals, or when she went out with me, or went to the things she and Father had to go to together. For they did go to lots of things, Nurse says.

It seems that for a long time they didn't want folks to know there was going to be a divorce. So before folks they tried to be just as usual. But Nurse Sarah said she knew there was going to be one long ago. The first I ever heard of it was Nurse telling Nora, the girl we had in the kitchen then; and the minute I got a chance I asked Nurse what it was—a divorce.

My, I can remember now how scared she looked, and how she clapped her hand over my mouth. She wouldn't tell me—not a word. And that's the first time I ever saw her give that quick little look over each shoulder. She's done it lots of times since.

As I said, she wouldn't tell me, so I had to ask some one else. I wasn't going to let it go by and not find out—not when Nurse Sarah looked so scared, and when it was something my father and mother were going to have some day.

I didn't like to ask Mother. Some way, I had a feeling, from the way Nurse Sarah looked, that it was something Mother wasn't going to like. And I thought if maybe she didn't know yet she was going to have it, that certainly I didn't want to be the one to tell her. So I didn't ask Mother what a divorce was.

"Oh, my baby, my baby—to think I have subjected you to this!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Famous restaurants of Rome have been fined for keeping luxury taxes paid by Americans.

USE OF MILKING MACHINES GAINS

Increased Number Being Employed Makes Cleaning Methods of Much Importance.

HOT-WATER METHOD IS BEST

To Keep Mechanical Devices Sweet and Clean All Parts Should Be Scrubbed at Least Once Every Week.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The increasing use of milking machines in the United States makes the method of cleaning and caring for them an important one. In studies of dairy sanitation the number of bacteria which survive various methods of cleaning and care enables investigators to determine the relative merits of various systems of cleaning machines. In addition to laboratory observations, the United States Department of Agriculture has tried out methods of cleaning and sterilizing mechanical milkers on a number of farms.

On 13 farms where only ordinary care was given, the highest bacteria count was more than 2,000,000 per cubic centimeter, and the average was more than a quarter of a million. After the machines had been kept clean and sterilized by the hot-water method, the average of 261 samples showed less than 20,000 bacteria per cubic centimeter, and one sample showed only one thousand. Of course, with careless methods, milk produced by hand milking may be badly contaminated; but the milking machine, being an additional piece of apparatus between the cow and the consumer, should receive special care.

Hot-Water Method Best.

Sterilizing milking machines with a chlorine solution has been done on a good many farms, but the tests made by the department have shown that much better results come from the use of the hot-water method. Just after milking, the machines are rinsed with cold or lukewarm water drawn through by vacuum, the stream being broken occasionally by pulling the teat cups out of the water and immersing them again. This is done 10 or 12 times. The process is then repeated with hot soda solution, and the cups and tubing are washed with a brush at the same time. Then the parts are rinsed by drawing clean water through by vacuum.

After this cleaning, the long milk tubes with the teat cups attached are

Milking Machine in Operation.

detached from the head of the pail, the air tubes (on inflation types of machines) plugged, and the whole immersed in a tank of clean water. The water is then heated to 160 degrees or 170 degrees F. This may be done by setting the tank on a stove; by setting it up and building a fire under it; or by introducing steam from a boiler. The parts are left in this water until the next milking.

The effect of heating upon the rubber parts has not yet been fully determined, but so far the temperatures used have had little effect on the life of the rubber.

Clean Thoroughly Each Week.

To keep the machines sweet and clean they must be taken entirely apart once a week and all the parts scrubbed with brushes and hot soda solution. The vacuum line should be cleaned every two weeks by drawing hot soda solution through it, but if milk is accidentally drawn into it the pipe should be cleaned immediately after milking. Pails and covers need to be washed and sterilized with steam or boiling water after every milking.

It is important that the development of mechanical milkers should not be handicapped by improper methods of cleaning them.

WOOD ASHES ASSIST GARDEN

Material Should Be Scattered Over Soil to Get Benefit of Potash Fertilizer.

Do not waste any wood ashes from the grate. Strew them over the garden. They are rich in potash fertilizer. It will leach into the ground, but unlike nitrates, will remain there in suspension and the plants can get the full benefit. You are throwing away money when you throw away wood ashes. They are especially valuable for daffodil and tulip beds.

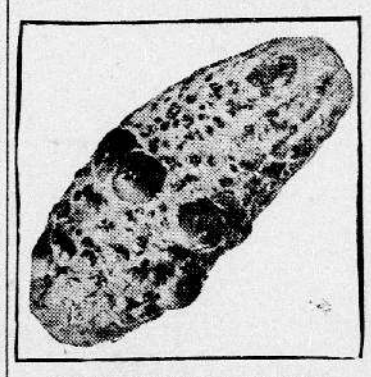
CUCUMBER DISORDER SPREAD BY INSECTS

Mosaic Disease Is Widespread in the United States.

Wild Cucumber Vine and Common Milkweed Are Principal Host Plants of Malady—Eradication Is Strongly Urged.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The wild cucumber vine and the common milkweed, as shown by investigations by the United States Department of Agriculture, are the principal wild host plants of the cucumber mosaic, or "white pickle" disease. This disease is widespread in the United States, but is most general and serious in the Middle West, where the major portion of the pickle-growing industry is located. Cucumber mosaic is caused by a virus, and the most common means of spreading it is by two kinds of insects, the striped cucumber beetle, the melon aphis, and by pickers. The disease is not carried through the winter in the soil or by insects, and trials have shown that



Mosaic Disease of Cucumber.

seeds from diseased cultivated cucumbers rarely produce mosaic plants. It has been found, however, that seeds from mosaic fruits of the wild cucumber will produce a certain percentage of mosaic plants when planted and the disease may thus winter over on this wild host. Wild cucumber vines appear along fences and streams from three to four weeks before the cultivated cucumbers are planted, and the striped cucumber beetle feeds on these wild plants and then flies to the cucumber fields, carrying the mosaic virus if it exists. The common milkweed is also subject to cucumber mosaic and as it lives for many years the disease is reproduced each year from the diseased roots. Insects, particularly the melon aphis, are also the agents which carry mosaic from milkweed to cucumber. Eradication of these wild hosts is strongly advised as the most effective control measure yet known. Field experiments indicate that such treatment not only reduces the amount of disease in the fields, but also its seriousness by delaying its appearance by two to four weeks just at the time when the plants are producing large yields.

CORN FOR SILAGE PURPOSES

Early Planting of Well-Matured Seed of Large Variety Is Often Most Profitable.

In the north an early planting of well-matured seed of a large variety of corn is often most profitable when the crop is intended for silage purposes. Of course, if a grain crop is desired, the corn variety must be chosen that has the best chance of maturing a good yield of grain. But if silage is the object, the same degree of maturity is not necessary. The production may be increased simply by choosing a somewhat longer season crop, one that will reach the proper ensiling stage at about the same time the Northern grain would have to be maturing. Here is one more place where the Northern silo owner can get the jump on some of his less fortunate neighbors.

BIG DANGER IN USING LIME

When All Acidity of Soil Has Been Used Up There Is Trouble in Raising Some Crops.

A test was made covering 15 years of growing truck crops with manure, at the rate of ten loads to the acre, and with other fertilizers. The fertilized plots yielded good crops for a few years and then failed. Doctor Hartwell of the Rhode Island experiment station does not advise any fertilizers in continuous crop rotation without green manuring. He said that Rhode Island was responsible for the use of lime, and now it ought to be responsible for saying that there is danger in using too much lime. When you have used up all the acidity in the soil you are in for trouble, especially with such crops as spinach. If you do not get any pink on blue litmus paper, the soil does not need more lime.

BIG VALUE OF ALFALFA

Alfalfa pasture is worth $25 to $35 per acre when it will feed 20 pigs per acre that will gain 200 pounds each during the season. If they are fed without pasture, they will need 1,500 pounds more of corn and 800 pounds of tankage. In addition to this we can cut a ton or two of hay from the same land and still have better grazing than if it were not mowed.—J. M. Evvard, Iowa Station.

Only One That Counted.

Tommy had a little brother and a little sister.

One day a neighbor met him going to the market and pleasantly asked: "Are you the only child?"

"Nope," he importantly replied, "but I'm the only one working."

Uncle Eben's Philosophy.

"When I works," said Uncle Eben, "I gits along better wifout a helper, unless I kin find enough foh him to do to keep him f'um thinkin' he's a audience."

As Usual.

"What are cold-storage eggs selling for now?" "Strictly fresh, as usual."—Boston Transcript.