

# Mary Marie

By ELEANOR H. PORTER

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## CHAPTER IX—Continued.

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 wouldn't.

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, indeed. 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 dinners, and liveried butlers and footmen; nor did it once occur to me that our simple kitchen

Norm 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 didn't want to wait two more endless years until I was graduated. The idea of waiting 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 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 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 sun-

sets 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 scullery!

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 and 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—!" 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.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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## IT WAS NOT HIS LUCKY DAY

### Trolley Car Patron Got Into Trouble When He Attempted to Get Away With Umbrella.

Young Bob McIntosh had always prided himself on his honesty and uprightness, but it was a rainy night when he saw an umbrella apparently deserted on a seat in the trolley car. He picked it up and examined it. It could not be very valuable, it was hardly worth while turning it in to the motorman of the one-man car and—the walk from the trolley to the home of young Bob McIntosh was a good four blocks in the pouring rain.

As the car neared the street, says the New York Sun, the honest young man looked around and seeing that none of his fellow passengers was noticing him he picked up the umbrella and walked up to the motorman's platform. There with the glibness of one with a guilty conscience he conversed with the pilot until the car drew up at his street.

"Well, good night!" said young Bob

McIntosh as he lightly stepped from the car and raised his umbrella.

"Good night" quoth the motorman, but as Bob made his way across puddles to the curb he noticed that the car had not continued on its way; indeed, even the door had not yet been closed. He had started down the street to his home when a mighty "Hey!" made him turn.

"How far are you going to go with that umbrella, young man?" shouted the motorman. "This time it happened to be mine," said that worthy as he slammed the door shut and shot the car forward.

### Movements of the Tides.

The spring tides, or tides having the greatest range, occur near the times of new moon and full moon. The neap tides, or tides having the lowest range, occur near the times of first and last quarters of the moon. The highest of the spring tides is from one to two days after new or full moon.

## Washington Sidelights

### Few Women Are Seeking Public Office



WASHINGTON.—Claims of women who fought for the vote that women would never clamor loudly or in great numbers for political office, have been substantiated in reports of Republican primary returns reaching Republican national headquarters here, according to Mrs. Harriet Taylor Upton, vice chairman of the Republican National Executive committee.

Replies to a questionnaire sent secretaries of state asking for names of Republican women nominees and those seeking nomination, showed that only three Republican women have been nominated to congress and three qual-

ified for nomination. The total number of Republican women nominees for state legislatures, returns show, will not be more than 30 or 40 and the nominees for county offices will not exceed 200.

Commenting upon statements by the Democratic party concerning the nomination of Democratic women to public office, Mrs. Upton declared the complete lists of women candidates of many states show that the list of women candidates in the two parties substantially is equal.

Republican women nominees for congress are Miss Alice Robertson, Oklahoma; Mrs. Winifred Mason Huck, Chicago, nominated to succeed her father, the late William E. Mason, and Mrs. Lindsay Patterson, Winston-Salem, N. C., an opponent of Congressman Charles M. Stedman, Democrat.

Women candidates for Republican nomination for congress are Mrs. Lydia Adams-Williams of Nevada and Mrs. Francis C. Axtell of Washington, for United States senators, and Mrs. Nina Oter-Warren of New Mexico, for congressman.

### Protest "Petting Parties" in Arlington

BENEATH the flaming cross the white panoplied Knights of the Ku Klux Klan may soon ride through Arlington county, Virginia, as a protest against alleged immoral conditions, including the reported nocturnal invasion of Arlington National cemetery by wild "petting parties."

Through the medium of publicly posted letters, Arlington county officials have been warned that failure to check spooning, gambling, drinking and bootlegging in their jurisdiction will necessitate the assumption of authority by the Klansmen.

Already several residents of the county have received letters from the Klan decreeing that they cease certain practices in violation of law. These communications are said to have had as deterrent an effect as did the ukases of the Knights of reconstruction days in the South.

It was the state of affairs without and within the walls of Arlington cemetery, where sleep the martyred dead of three wars, which is said primarily to have drawn the Klan's fire.

Residents and officials freely admit that the road flanking the reservation, and running from Rosslyn to a junction with the military road to Fort



Myer, is a nightly rendezvous for men and women who drive up in droves, the machines bearing both District and Virginia license numbers.

This spot is well known to local hackers, who obligingly transport "fares" to the cemetery environs, where cars are often parked until dawn. Not so far away from the august tombs of the soldier dead there are often heard the screams of women and coarse talk of men. Morning finds a litter, including empty bottles.

County authorities are said to be trying to find a way to stamp out this state of things. The cemetery, being a federal reservation, cannot be invaded by the county arms of the law, and the watchmen, though always alert, are too few to check the proceedings.

### This Old Bell Still Answers Duty's Call



REMEMBER the big old bell, some three feet in diameter, that used to hang on a bit of scaffolding projecting from the "little red school house" and summon your reluctant feet lessonward? Old-timers like "Uncle Joe" Cannon do. And there is just such a bell—with an interesting history—still doing service in Washington which announces the hour for beginning and quitting work four times a day, just as it did to the workmen building the State, War and Navy building, the Washington monument and the Library

of Congress.

Now, you know that massive pile of granite built in the French renaissance style of architecture, modified by American ideas, known as the State, War and Navy building and occupied by the State department, was built about forty-three years ago, completed in 1880. It has 500 rooms and more than two miles of marble halls. Colonel Casey had this bell installed while erecting the building. Then it was taken to the Propagating gardens, where it remained for a time and was used as a signal while the finishing touches were being made on the Washington monument, completed in 1884.

The man whose zeal resulted in having this bell preserved and given a permanent home in the Propagating gardens is still working for Uncle Sam. Superintendent Byrnes, in those days, was in charge of the Propagating gardens, but now he is in charge of the greenhouses of the Department of Agriculture.

### Planning to Extend Air-Mail Service

DEVELOPMENTS in the United States air mail service within a year will include a twenty-eight-hour mail service between New York and San Francisco, and air mail to the interior of Alaska, Second Assistant Postmaster General Paul Henderson said, in an address to the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce and Aeronautical Executives at the Automobile Club of America.

"Night flying" was the subject of Mr. Henderson's address. He said that it was through an intensive study of this branch of aeronautics that the coast-to-coast twenty-eight-hour service would be made possible. The first night postal flights, he said, probably would be made between Detroit and Chicago in October, when the national airplane race and air congress are to be held in Michigan's automobile metropolis.

The illumination of the Chicago field, Mr. Henderson announced, is to follow as nearly as possible "daylight perspective." The buildings will be flood lighted, he said, and the field



will be outlined with light. Red lights, he explained, would be used to designate the spot where the wheels of the night mail are to touch the ground.

The coast-to-coast twenty-eight-hour service will be made possible by an all-night flight between Chicago and Cheyenne, a distance of 1,000 miles. Mr. Henderson said. When this service is in full operation airplanes, carrying 400 pounds of mail, already sorted and ready for the carrier, will leave New York early one morning and their cargo will be delivered in San Francisco the following day.

### Scientists Develop an Artificial Stomach



Here is the plan: "The proteins to be tested, those from beans, for instance, are placed in glass containers in a dilute solution of hydrochloric acid, similar to that found normally in the stomach. The proper quantity of pepsin is added, and the mixture is placed in an incubator, where the temperature is kept at the same point as that of the human stomach, about 37 degrees Centigrade.

"After a certain number of hours the contents of the container are sampled and analyzed. The digestive effect is measured by the ratio of what is known as amino-nitrogen to total nitrogen. By running through cooked and uncooked protein from beans it is possible to determine which is the more easily acted upon by the chemicals in this artificial stomach, and consequently by the stomach itself."

The department experts assert that the "artificial stomach" will tell if one protein is more digestible than another and whether it is more digestible when cooked or raw.

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A FARMER carrying an express package from a big mail-order house was accosted by a local dealer. "Why didn't you buy that bill of goods from me? I could have saved you the express, and besides you would have been patronizing a home store, which helps pay the taxes and builds up this locality." The farmer looked at the merchant a moment and then said: "Why don't you patronize your home store and advertise? I read it and didn't know that you had the stuff I have here." MORAL—ADVERTISE

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