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**Pollyanna Grows Up**  
(TRADE-MARK)  
**The Second Glad Book**  
(TRADE-MARK)  
By ELEANOR H. PORTER  
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**SYNOPSIS**

Pollyanna has fully recovered from her injuries, received in the automobile accident, and during her Uncle and Aunt's visit to Germany, is spending the winter in Boston with a Mrs. Carew. Several years before Mrs. Carew's nephew, Jamie, was kidnapped and Pollyanna finds her substituted by her loss and spends as to the future. Knowing something of Pollyanna's reputation for "being glad" Mrs. Carew takes her in charge on the condition that she can stay only so long as she doesn't preach. Without doing what Mrs. Carew calls preaching, Pollyanna persuades her to open the unused rooms of her elegant home, raise the shades, dress herself in beautiful clothes and jewels and occupy the family pew at church services. Pollyanna visits the Boston Public Garden alone and there talks with a man who calls himself "an old duffer," and a lovely discouraged girl. Pollyanna loses her way, and is taken home by Jerry, a little newsboy. Pollyanna goes often to the park to feed the squirrels and birds and there again meets Jerry and his little friend "Jamie," and is convinced that he is Mrs. Carew's lost nephew. Mrs. Carew is induced to offer the boy a home, but he refuses. Pollyanna, however, doesn't give up, and is also determined to find a friend "who cares" for Sadie Dean, her Public Garden friend. Knowing she will miss Pollyanna sorely when she goes home, Mrs. Carew again offers Jamie a home, and he comes. Sadie, too, has a fast friend in Mrs. Carew. Pollyanna spends six years in Germany with Dr. and Mrs. Chilton. Dr. Chilton dies unexpectedly, and at almost the same time Mrs. Chilton learns that she is practically ruined financially. The two women return to Beldingville, and Pollyanna has a plan which she thinks will enable them to keep the old home.

"You've known him some time, then?" queried Jamie, a little wistfully.

"Oh, yes. I knew him years ago when I was a little girl, you know. He was Jimmy Bean then."

"Jimmy Bean? Why, isn't he Mr. Pendleton's son?" asked Mrs. Carew, in surprise.

"No, only by adoption."

"Adoption!" exclaimed Jamie. "Then he isn't a real son any more than I am." There was a curious note of almost joy in the lad's voice.

"No, Mr. Pendleton hasn't any children. He never married. He—he was going to, once, but he—didn't." Pollyanna blushed and spoke with sudden diffidence. Pollyanna had never forgotten that it was her mother who, in the long ago, had said no to this same John Pendleton, and who had thus been responsible for the man's lonely years of bachelorhood.

Mrs. Carew and Jamie, however, being unaware of this, and seeing now only the blush on Pollyanna's cheek and the diffidence in her manner, drew suddenly the same conclusion.

"Is it possible," they asked themselves, "that this man, John Pendleton, ever had a love affair with Pollyanna, child that she is?"

**CHAPTER XX.—(Continued)**

THAT Jimmy and Mr. Pendleton should be clearly impressed with the charm and beauty of Mrs. Carew did not surprise Pollyanna in the least; but the look that came into Mrs. Carew's face at sight of Jimmy did surprise her very much. It was almost a look of recognition.

Naturally they did not say this aloud; so, naturally, there was no answer possible. Naturally, too, perhaps, the thought, though unspoken, was still not forgotten, but was tucked away in a corner of their minds for future reference—if need arose.

**CHAPTER XXI**  
**Summer Days**

"Why, Mr. Pendleton, haven't I met you before?" Mrs. Carew cried. Jimmy's frank eyes met Mrs. Carew's gaze squarely, admiringly.

"I think not," he smiled back at her. "I'm sure I never have met you. I should have remembered it—if I had met you," he bowed.

BEFORE the Carews came Pollyanna had told Jimmy that she was depending on him to help her entertain them. Jimmy had not expressed himself then as being overwhelmingly desirous to serve her in this way; but before the Carews had been in town a fortnight, he had shown himself as not only willing but anxious—judging, by the frequency and length of his calls, and the lavishness of his offers of the Pendleton horse and motor cars.

So unmistakable was his significant emphasis that everybody laughed, and John Pendleton chuckled:

Between him and Mrs. Carew there sprang up at once a warm friendship based on what seemed to be a peculiarly strong attraction for each other. They walked and talked together, and even made sundry plans for the Home for Working Girls, to be carried out the following winter when Jimmy should be in Boston. Jamie, too, came in for a good measure of attention, nor was Sadie Dean forgotten. Sadie, as Mrs. Carew plainly showed, was to be regarded as if she were quite one of the family; and Mrs. Carew was careful to see that she had full share in any plans for merry-making.

"Well done, son—for a youth of your tender years. I couldn't have done half so well myself."

Nor did Jimmy always come alone with his offers for entertainment. More and more frequently John Pendleton appeared with him. Rides and drives and picnics were planned and carried out, and long delightful afternoons were spent over books and fancy-work on the Harrington veranda.

Mrs. Carew flushed slightly and joined in the laugh.

Pollyanna was delighted. Not only were her paying guests being kept from any possibilities of ennui and homesickness, but her good friends, the Carews, were becoming delightfully acquainted with her other good friends, the Pendletons. So, like a mother hen with a brood of chickens, she hovered over the veranda meetings, and did everything in her power to keep the group together and happy.

"No, but really," she urged; "joking aside, there certainly is a strangely familiar something in your face. I think I must have seen you somewhere, if I haven't actually met you."

Neither the Carews nor the Pendleton's, however, were at all satisfied to have Pollyanna merely an onlooker in their pastimes, and very strenuously they urged her to join them. They would not take no for an answer, indeed, and Pollyanna very frequently found the way opened for her.

"And maybe you have," cried Pollyanna, "in Boston. Jimmy goes to Tech there winters, you know. Jimmy's going to build bridges and dams, you see—when he grows up, I mean," she finished with a merry glance at the big six-foot fellow still standing before Mrs. Carew.


Everybody laughed again—that is, everybody but Jamie; and only Sadie Dean noticed that Jamie, instead of laughing, closed his eyes as if at the sight of something that hurt. And only Sadie Dean knew how—and why—the subject was so quickly changed, for it was Sadie herself who changed it. It was Sadie, too, who, when the opportunity came, saw to it that books and flowers and beasts and birds—things that Jamie knew and understood—were talked about as well as dams and bridges which (as Sadie knew), Jamie could never build. That Sadie did all this, however, was not realized by anybody, least of all by Jamie, the one who most of all was concerned.

When the call was over and the Pendletons had gone, Mrs. Carew referred again to the curiously haunting feeling that somewhere she had seen young Pendleton before.

"I have, I know I have—some-where," she declared musingly. "Of course it may have been in Boston; but—" She let the sentence remain unfinished; then, after a minute she added: "He's a fine young fellow, anyway. I like him."

"I'm so glad! I do, too," nodded Pollyanna. "I've always liked Jimmy."

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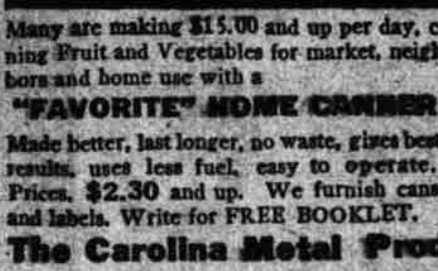
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"Just as if we were going to have you poked up in this hot kitchen frosting cake!" Jamie scolded one day after he had penetrated the fastnesses of her domain. "It is a perfectly glorious morning, and we're all going over to the Gorge and take our luncheon. And you are going with us."

"But, Jamie, I can't—indeed I can't," refused Pollyanna.

"Why not? You won't have dinner to get for us, for we sha'n't be here to eat it."

"But there's the—the luncheon."

"Wrong again. We'll have the luncheon with us, so you can't stay home to get that. Now what's to hinder your going along with the luncheon, eh?"

"Why, Jamie, I—I can't. There's the cake to frost—"

"Don't want it frosted."

"And the dusting—"

"Don't want it dusted."

"And the ordering to do for tomorrow—"

"Give us crackers and milk. We'd lots rather have you and crackers and milk than a turkey dinner and not you."

"But I can't begin to tell you the things I've got to do to-day."

"Don't want you to begin to tell me," retorted Jamie, cheerfully. "I want you to stop telling me. Come, put on your bonnet. I saw Betty in the dining room, and she says she'll put our luncheon up. Now hurry."

"Why, Jamie, you ridiculous boy, I can't go," laughed Pollyanna, holding feebly back, as he tugged at her dress-sleeve. "I can't go to that picnic with you!"

But she went. She went not only then, but again and again. She could not help going, indeed, for she found arrayed against her not only Jamie, but Jimmy and Mr. Pendleton, to say nothing of Mrs. Carew and Sadie Dean, and even Aunt Polly herself.

"And of course I am glad to go," she would sigh happily, when some dreary bit of work was taken out of her hands in spite of all protesting. "But, surely, never before were there any boarders like mine—teasing for crackers-and-milk and cold things; and never before was there a boarding mistress like me—running around the country after this fashion!"

The climax came when one day John Pendleton (and Aunt Polly never ceased to exclaim because it was John Pendleton)—suggested that they all go on a two weeks' camping trip to a little lake up among the mountains forty miles from Beldingville.

The idea was received with enthusiastic approbation by everybody except Aunt Polly. Aunt Polly said, privately, to Pollyanna, that it was all very good and well and desirable that John Pendleton should have gotten out of the sour, monose aloofness that had been his state for so many years, but that it did not necessarily follow that it was equally desirable that he should be trying to turn himself into a twenty-year-old boy again; and that was what, in her opinion, he seemed to be doing now! Publicly she contented herself with saying coldly that she certainly should not go on any insane camping trip to sleep on a damp ground and eat bugs and spiders, under the guise of "fun," nor did she think it a sensible thing for anybody over forty to do.

If John Pendleton felt any wound from this shaft, he made no sign. Certainly there was no diminution of apparent interest and enthusiasm on his part, and the plans for the camping expedition came on apace, for it was unanimously decided that, even if Aunt Polly would not go, that was no reason why the rest should not.

"And Mrs. Carew will be all the chaperon we need, anyhow," Jimmy had declared airily.

For a week, therefore, little was talked of but tents, food supplies, cameras, and fishing tackle, and little was done that was not a preparation in some way for the trip.

(Continued next week)

Mistress (in awed voice): "Dear my husband is just raving over those chaps you sent up. He says they are raw, and he is acting like a wild man." The Cook (pleasantly): "This shure man, if he is acting like a wild man raw meat is just the food for him."—Cleveland Leader.