

crutches! Why couldn't we have remembered before we started?" An hour later, around the camp fire after supper, Pollyanna had her answer to this question; for, with the glowing fire before her, and the soft, fragrant dark all about her, she once more fell under the spell of the witchery that fell from Jamie's lips; and she once more forgot—Jamie's crutches.

CHAPTER XXII Comrades

THEY were a merry party—the six of them—and a congenial one. These seemed to be no end to the new delights that came with every new day, not the least of which was the new charm of companionship that seemed to be a part of this new life they were living.

As Jamie said one night, when they were all sitting about the fire:

"You see, we seem to know each other so much better up here in the woods—better in a week than we would in a year in town."

"I know it. I wonder why," murmured Mrs. Carew, her eyes dreamily following the leaping blaze.

"I think it's something in the air," sighed Pollyanna, happily. "There's something about the sky and the woods and the lakes so—so—well, there just is; that's all."

"I think you mean, because the world is shut out," cried Sadie Dean, with a curious little break in her voice. (Sadie had not joined in the laugh that followed Pollyanna's limping conclusion.) "Up here everything is so real and true that we, too, can be our real true selves—not what the world says we are because we are rich, or great, or humble; but what we really are, ourselves."

"Ho!" scoffed Jimmy, airily. "All that sounds very fine; but the real common-sense reason is because we don't have any Mrs. Tom and Dick and Harry sitting on their side porches and commenting on every time we stir, and wondering among themselves where we are going, why we are going there, and how long we're intending to stay!"

"Oh, Jimmy, how you do take the poetry out of things," reproached Pollyanna, laughingly.

"But that's my business," flashed Jimmy. "How do you suppose I'm going to build dams and bridges if I don't see something besides poetry in the waterfall?"

"You can't, Pendleton! And it's the bridge—that counts—every time," declared Jamie in a voice that brought a sudden hush to the group about the fire. It was for only a moment, however, for almost at once Sadie Dean broke the silence with a gay:

"Pooh! I'd rather have the waterfall every time, without any bridge around—to spoil the view!"

Everybody laughed—and it was as if a tension somewhere snapped. Then Mrs. Carew rose to her feet.

"Come, come, children, your stern chaperon says it's bedtime!" And with a merry chorus of good-nights the party broke up.

And so the days passed. To Pollyanna they were wonderful days, and still the most wonderful part was the charm of close companionship—a companionship that, while differing as to details with each one, was yet delightful with all.

With Sadie Dean she talked of the new Home, and of what a marvelous work Mrs. Carew was doing. They talked, too, of the old days when Sadie was selling bows behind the counter, and of what Mrs. Carew had done for her. Pollyanna heard, also, something of the old father and mother "back home," and of the joy that Sadie, in her new position, had been able to bring into their lives.

"And after all it's really you that began it, you know," she said one day to Pollyanna. But Pollyanna only shook her head at this with an emphatic:

"Nonsense! It was all Mrs. Carew."

With Mrs. Carew herself Pollyanna talked also of the Home, and of her plans for the girls. And once, in the hush of a twilight walk, Mrs. Carew spoke of herself and of her changed outlook on life. And she, like Sadie Dean, said brokenly: "After all, it's (Continued on page 19, column 3)

Pollyanna Grows Up The Second Glad Book



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 embittered by her loss and hopeless as to the future. Knowing something of Pollyanna's reputation for "being glad" Mrs. Carew takes her a 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 Beltingville, and Pollyanna has a plan which she thinks will enable them to keep the old home. Through Miss Wetherly she arranges to entertain Mrs. Carew, Jamie and Sadie Dean for the summer.

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued)

"AND let's make it the real thing," proposed Jimmy eagerly. "Yes, even to Mrs. Chilton's bugs and spiders," he added, with a merry smile straight into that lady's severely disapproving eyes. "None of your log-cabin-central-dining-room idea for us! We want real camp fires with potatoes baked in the ashes, and we want to sit around and tell stories and roast corn on a stick."

"And we want to swim and row and fish," chimed in Pollyanna. "And—" She stopped suddenly, her eyes on Jamie's face. "That is, of course," she corrected quickly, "we wouldn't want to—to do those things all the time. There'd be a lot of quiet things we'd want to do, too—read and talk, you know."

Jamie's eyes darkened. His face grew a little white. His lips parted, but before any words came, Sadie Dean was speaking.

"Oh, but on camping trips and picnics, you know, we expect to do outdoor stunts," she interposed feverishly; "and I'm sure we want to. Last summer we were down in Maine, and you should have seen the fish Mr. Carew caught. It was—You tell it," she begged, turning to Jamie.

Jamie laughed and shook his head. "They'd never believe it," he objected;—"a fish story like that!"

"Try us," challenged Pollyanna. Jamie shook his head—but the color had come back to his face, and his eyes were no longer somber as if with pain. Pollyanna, glancing at Sadie Dean, vaguely wondered why she suddenly settled back in her seat with so very evident an air of relief.

At last the appointed day came, and the start was made in John Pendleton's big new touring car with Jimmy at the wheel. A whir, a throbbing rumble, a chorus of good-bys, and they were off, with one long shriek of the siren under Jimmy's mischievous fingers.

In after days Pollyanna often went back in her thoughts to that first night in camp. The experience was so new and so wonderful in so many ways.

It was four o'clock when their forty-mile automobile journey came to an end. Since half-past three their big car had been ponderously picking its way over an old logging-road not designed for six-cylinder automobiles. For the car itself, and for the hand at the wheel, this part of the trip was a most wearing one; but for the merry passengers, who had no responsibility concerning hidden holes and muddy curves, it was nothing but a delight growing more poignant with every new vista through

the green arches, and with every echoing laugh that lodged the low-hanging branches.

The site for the camp was one known to John Pendleton years before, and he greeted it now with a satisfied delight that was not unmingled with relief.

"Oh, how perfectly lovely!" chorused the others.

"Glad you like it! I thought it would be about right," nodded John Pendleton. "Still, I was a little anxious, after all, for these places do change, you know, most remarkably sometimes. And of course this has grown up to bushes a little—but not so but what we can easily clear it."

Everybody fell to work then, clearing the ground, putting up the two little tents, unloading the automobile, building the camp fire, and arranging the "kitchen and pantry."

It was then that Pollyanna began especially to notice Jamie, and to fear for him. She realized suddenly that the hummocks and hollows and pine-littered knolls were not like a carpeted floor for a pair of crutches, and she saw that Jamie was realizing it, too. She saw, also, that in spite of his infirmity, he was trying to take his share in the work; and the sight troubled her. Twice she hurried forward and intercepted him, taking from his arms the box he was trying to carry.

"Here, let me take that," she begged. "You've done enough." And the second time she added: "Do go and sit down somewhere to rest, Jamie. You look so tired!"

If she had been watching closely she would have seen the quick color sweep to his forehead. But she was not watching, so she did not see it. She did see, however, to her intense surprise, Sadie Dean hurry forward a moment later, her arms full of boxes, and heard her cry:

"Oh, Mr. Carew, please, if you would give me a lift with these!"

The next moment, Jamie, once more struggling with the problem of managing a bundle of boxes and two crutches, was hastening toward the tents.

With a quick word of protest on her tongue, Pollyanna turned to Sadie Dean. But the protest died unspoken, for Sadie, her finger to her lips, was hurrying straight toward her.

"I know you didn't think," she stammered in a low voice, as she reached Pollyanna's side. "But, don't you see?—it hurts him—to have you think he can't do things like other folks. There, look! See how happy he is now."

Pollyanna looked, and she saw. She saw Jamie, his whole self alert, deftly balance his weight on one crutch and swing his burden to the ground. She saw the happy light on his face, and she heard him say nonchalantly:

"Here's another contribution from Miss Dean. She asked me to bring this over."

"Why, yes, I see," breathed Pollyanna, turning to Sadie Dean. But Sadie Dean had gone.

Pollyanna watched Jamie a good deal after that, though she was careful not to let him, or any one else, see that she was watching him. And as she watched, her heart ached. Twice she saw him essay a task and fail; once with a box too heavy for him to lift; once with a folding-table too unwieldy for him to carry with his crutches. And each time she saw his quick glance about him to see if others noticed. She saw, too, that unmistakably he was getting very tired, and that his face, in spite of its gay smile, was looking white and drawn, as if he were in pain.

"I should think we might have known more," stormed Pollyanna hotly to herself, her eyes blinded with tears. "I should think we might have known more than to have let him come to a place like this. Camping, indeed!—and with a pair of

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