

# MARY MARIE

By 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 I.**—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 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 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 how her father and mother drifted apart through misunderstanding, each too proud to in any way attempt to smooth over the situation.

### Chapter Three Continued.

It was one day when I was in there buying some white thread for Nurse Sarah, and it was a little while after I had asked the doctor if a divorce was a disease. Somebody had said something that made me think you could buy divorces, and I had suddenly determined to ask Mr. Jones if he had them for sale. (Of course all this sounds very silly to me now, for I know that a divorce is very simple and very common. It's just like a marriage certificate, only it unmarries you instead of marrying you; but I didn't know it then. And if I'm going to tell this story I've got to tell it just as it happened, of course.)

Well, I asked Mr. Jones if you could buy divorces, and if he had them for



Well, I Asked Mr. Jones if You Could Buy Divorces, and if He Had Them for Sale.

sale; and you ought to have heard those men laugh. There were six of them sitting around the stove behind me.

"Oh, yeh, my little maid" (above all things I abhor to be called a little maid!) one of them cried. "You can buy them if you've got money enough; but I don't reckon our friend Jones here has got them for sale."

Then they all laughed again, and winked at each other. (That's another disgusting thing—winks when you ask a perfectly civil question! But what can you do? Stand it, that's all. There's such a lot of things we poor women have to stand!) Then they quieted down and looked very sober—the kind of sober you know is faced with laughs in the back—and began to tell me what a divorce really was. I can't remember them all, but I can some of them. Of course I understand now that these men were trying to be smart, and were talking for each other, not for me. And I knew it then—a little. We know a lot more things sometimes than folks think we do. Well, as near as I can remember it was like this:

"A divorce is a knife that cuts a knot that hadn't ought to ever been tied," said one.

"A divorce is a jump in the dark," said another.

"No, it ain't. It's a jump from the frying pan into the fire," piped up Mr. Jones.

"A divorce is the comedy of the rich and the tragedy of the poor," said a little man who wore glasses.

"Divorce is a nice smushy poultice that may help but won't heal," cut in a new voice.

"Divorce is a guidepost marked, 'I-to-Heaven,' but lots of folks miss

the way, just the same, I notice," spoke up somebody with a chuckle.

"Divorce is a coward's retreat from the battle of life," Captain Harris said this. He spoke slow and decided. Captain Harris is old and rich, and not married. He's the hotel's star boarder, and what he says goes, 'most always. But it didn't this time. I can remember just how old Mr. Carlton snapped out the next.

"Speak from your own experience, Tom Harris, an' I'm thinkin' you ain't fit ter judge. I tell you divorce is what three fourths of the husbands an' wives in the world wish was waitin' for 'em at home this very night. But it ain't there." I knew, of course, he was thinking of his wife. She's some cross, I guess, and has two warts on her nose.

There was more, quite a lot more, said. But I've forgotten the rest. Besides, they weren't talking to me then, anyway. So I picked up my thread and slipped out of the store, glad to escape. But, as I said before, I didn't find many like them.

Of course I know now—what divorce is, I mean. And it's all settled. They granted us some kind of a decree or degree, and we're going to Boston next Monday.

It's been awful, though—this last year. First we had to go to that horrid place out west, and stay ages and ages. And I hated it. Mother did, too. I know she did. I went to school, and there were quite a lot of girls my age, and some boys; but I didn't care much for them. I couldn't even have the fun of surprising them with the divorce we were going to have. I found they were going to have one, too—every last one of them. And when everybody has a thing, you know there's no particular fun in having it yourself. Besides, they were very unkind and disagreeable, and bragged a lot about their divorces. They said mine was tame, and had no sort of snap to it, when they found Mother didn't have a lover waiting in the next town, or Father hadn't run off with his stenographer, or nobody had shot anybody, or anything.

That made me mad, and I let them see it, good and plain. I told them our divorce was perfectly all right and genteel and respectable; that Nurse Sarah said it was. Ours was going to be incompatibility, for one thing, which meant that you got on each other's nerves, and just naturally didn't care for each other any more. But they only laughed, and said even more disagreeable things, so that I didn't want to go to school any longer, and I told Mother so, and the reason, too, of course.

But, dear me, I wished right off that I hadn't. I supposed she was going to be superb and haughty and disdainful, and say things that would put those girls where they belonged. But, my stars! How could I know that she was going to burst into such a storm of sobs and clasp me to her bosom, and get my face all wet and cry out: "Oh, my baby, my baby—to think I have subjected you to this, my baby, my baby!"

And I couldn't say a thing to comfort her, or make her stop, even when I told her over and over again that I wasn't a baby. I was almost a young lady; and I wasn't being subjected to anything bad. I liked it—only I didn't like to have those girls brag so, when our divorce was away ahead of theirs, anyway.

But she only cried more and more, and held me tighter and tighter, rocking back and forth in her chair. She took me out of school, though, and had a lady come to teach me all by myself, so I didn't have to hear those girls brag any more, anyway. That was better. But she wasn't any happier herself. I could see that.

There were lots of other ladies there—beautiful ladies—only she didn't seem to like them any better than I did the girls. I wondered if maybe they bragged, too, and I asked her; but she only began to cry again, and moan, "What have I done, what have I done?"—and I had to try all over again to comfort her. But I couldn't.

She got so she just stayed in her room lots and lots. I tried to make her put on her pretty clothes, and do as the other ladies did, and go out and walk and sit on the big piazzas, and dance, and eat at the pretty little tables. She did, some, when we first came, and took me, and I just loved it. They were such beautiful ladies, with their bright eyes, and their red cheeks and jolly ways; and their dresses were so perfectly lovely, all silks and satins and sparkly spangles, and diamonds and rubies and emeralds, and silk stockings, and little bits of gold and silver slippers.

And once I saw two of them smoking. They had the cutest little cigars (Mother said they were) in gold holders, and I knew then that I was seeing life—real life; not the stupid kind you get back in a country town like Andersonville. And I said so to Mother; and I was going to ask her if Boston was like that. But I didn't get the chance. She jumped up so quick I thought something had hurt her, and cried, "Good Heavens, Baby!" (How I hate to be called "Baby!") Then she just threw some money on to the table to pay the bill and hurried me away.

It was after that that she began to stay in her room so much, and not take me anywhere except for walks at the other end of the town where it was all quiet and stupid, and no music or lights or anything. And though I teased and teased to go back to the pretty, jolly places, she wouldn't ever take me; not once.

Then by and by, one day we met a little black-haired woman with white cheeks and very big sad eyes. There weren't any spangly dresses and gold slippers about her, I can tell you! She

was crying on a bench in the park, and Mother told me to stay back and watch the swans while she went up and spoke to her. (Why do old folks always make us watch swans or read books or look into store windows or run and play all the time? Don't they suppose we understand perfectly well what it means—that they're going to say something they don't want us to hear?) Well, Mother and the lady on the bench talked and talked ever so long, and then Mother called me up, and the lady cried a little over me, and said, "Now, perhaps, if I'd had a little girl like that—" Then she stopped and cried some more.

We saw this lady real often after that. She was nice and pretty and sweet, and I liked her; but she was always awfully sad, and I don't believe it was half so good for Mother to be with her as it would have been for her to be with those jolly, laughing ladies that were always having such good times. But I couldn't make Mother see it that way at all. There are times when it seems as if mother just couldn't see things the way I do. Honestly, it seems sometimes almost as if she was the cross-current and contradiction instead of me. It does.

Well, as I said before, I didn't like it very well out there, and I don't believe Mother did, either. But it's all over now, and we're back home packing up to go to Boston.

Everything seems awfully queer. Maybe because Father isn't here, for one thing. He wrote very polite and asked us to come to get our things, and he said he was going to New York on business for several days, so Mother need not fear he should annoy her with his presence. Then, another thing, Mother's queer. This morning she was singing away at the top of her voice and running all over the house picking up things she wanted; and seemed so happy. But this afternoon I found her down on the floor in the library crying as if her heart would break, with her head in Father's big chair before the fireplace. But she jumped up the minute I came in and said, no, no, she didn't want anything. She was just tired; that's all. And when I asked her if she was sorry, after all, that she was going to Boston to live, she said, no, no, indeed, she guessed she wasn't. She was just as glad as glad could be that she was going only she wished Monday would hurry up and come so we could be gone.

And that's all. It's a Saturday now, and we go just day after tomorrow. Our trunks are 'most packed, and Mother says she wishes she'd planned to go today. I've said good-bye to all the girls, and promised to write loads of letters about Boston and everything. They are almost as excited as I am; and I've promised, "cross my heart and hope to die," that I won't love those Boston girls better than I do them—specially Carrie Heywood, of course, my dearest friend.

Nurse Sarah is hovering around everywhere, asking to help, and pretending she's sorry we're going. But she isn't sorry. She's glad. I know she is. She never did appreciate Mother, and she thinks she'll have everything her own way now. But she won't. I could tell her a thing or two if I wanted to. But I shan't.

Father's sister, Aunt Jane Anderson, from St. Paul, is coming to keep house for him, partly on account of Father, and partly on account of me. "If that child is going to be with her father six months of the time, she's got to have some woman there beside a meddling old nurse and a nosy servant girl!" They didn't know I heard that, but I did. And now Aunt Jane is coming. My! how mad Nurse Sarah would be if she knew. But she doesn't.

I guess I'll end this chapter here and begin a fresh one down in Boston. Oh, I do so wonder what it'll be like—Boston, Mother's home, Grandpa Desmond, and all the rest. I'm so excited I can hardly wait. You see, Mother never took me home with her but once, and then I was a very small child. I don't know why, but I guess Father didn't want me to go. It's safe to say he didn't, anyway. He never wants me to do anything, hardly. That's why I suspect him of not wanting me to go down to Grandpa Desmond's. And Mother didn't go only once, in ages.

Now this will be the end. And when I begin again it will be in Boston. Only think of it—really, truly Boston! TO BE CONTINUED.

## NOTICE

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## NOTICE

Anyone desiring to be transferred from one school district to another for school purposes should make application to this office before the annual meeting. Persons who have been transferred but do not need the transfer privilege any more should notify this office to that effect.  
AILEEN G. COCHRAN,  
County Superintendent

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## REGISTRATION NOTICE TO VOTERS

The law requires that all voters in cities of 7,000 or more register at the office of the City Clerk. At the last city election an opportunity was given to register at the polling places and most of those voting registered. There was, however, less than half of the legal voters of the city who voted at the city election, all of whom will want to vote at the primaries in July. In order to accommodate them the city will be prepared to register voters during all of the month of May at the office of the City Clerk. It only requires two or three minutes and we ask all voters to register who did not at the last election.

Thomas F. Healey and A. W. Shilling, Commissioners of Registration.  
O. E. Elder, City Clerk.

J. C. Hollman, Attorney.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate No. 1879 of Bridget Jones, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, ss.: Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said Estate is August 23, 1922, and for settlement of said Estate is April 15th, 1923; that I will sit at the County Court room in said County on May 23, 1922, at 10 o'clock A. M., and on August 23rd, 1922 at 10 o'clock A. M., to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.

Dated April 18th, 1922.  
WM. H. C. WOODHURST,  
County Judge.

John Grant, Attorney.  
**NOTICE OF FINAL REPORT**

Estate No. 1825, of George Lannin, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, to all persons interested in said Estate take notice that the Administratrix has filed a final account and report of her administration and a petition for final settlement and discharge as such Administratrix which have been set for hearing before said court on May 30th, 1922, at 10 o'clock A. M., when you may appear and contest the same.

Dated May 5th, 1922.  
T. S. BLANKENBURG,  
Acting County Judge.

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**NOTICE OF THE FORMATION OF PAVING DISTRICT NO. 14 IN THE CITY OF NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA.**

To the owners of the record title of all property adjacent to or abutting upon the streets hereinafter described and all persons interested therein:

You and each of you are hereby notified that the Mayor and City Council of the City of North Platte did under date of May 2, 1922, pass and approve a certain ordinance forming and creating paving district No. 14 of the city of North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska. And that the following streets including the intersection thereof within the limits of the city are composed within said paving district to wit:

Commencing on the south side of Third street thence embracing all of Locust Street and South Locust Street between said place of commencement and the southern boundary of said City or near the north line of the right of way of the Suburban Irrigation District Canal, including street intersections and spaces opposite alleys.

Unless objections are filed as required by statute within twenty days from the first publication of this notice, the Mayor and City Council shall proceed to construct such paving.

Dated this 8th day of May, 1922.  
E. H. EVANS, Mayor.  
Attest: O. E. ELDER, City Clerk.

Wm. E. Shuman, Attorney.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, In the Matter of the Estate of Frederick Werneke, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given to any and all persons having claims and demands against the estate of the said Frederick Werneke, deceased, that the 21st day of August, 1922, has been set and appointed as the day for the reception, examination, adjustment and allowance of lawful claims and demands of all persons, against said estate and that the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, will at said time receive, examine, adjust and allow all such claims against said estate, as provided by law, at the County Court Room in the Court House in the City of North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska, and all persons so interested in said estate, will appear at said time and place and duly present their said claims and demands in the manner required by law, or show cause for not so doing, and in case any of said claims or demands shall not be presented on or prior to the said 21st day of August 1922, the same shall be forever barred.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have signed this notice and affixed the seal of said Court this 24th day of April 1922.

T. S. BLANKENBURG,  
Acting County Judge.

Hoagland & Carr, Attorneys.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate No. 1875 of William Graves, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, ss.: Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said Estate is August 19, 1922, and for settlement of said Estate is April 14, 1923; that I will sit at the county court room in said County on May 19, 1922, at 10 o'clock a. m., and on August 19, 1922 at 10 o'clock a. m., to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.

Dated April 14, 1922.  
WM. H. C. WOODHURST,  
County Judge.

J. C. Hollman, Attorney.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate No. 1880 of Sarah A. Morton, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, ss.: Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said Estate is August 23rd, 1922, and for settlement of said Estate is April 15th, 1923; that I will sit at the County Court room in said County on May 23, 1922, at 10 o'clock A. M., and on August 23, 1922 at 10 o'clock A. M., to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.

Dated April 18th, 1922.  
WM. H. C. WOODHURST,  
County Judge.

Sears, Horan & Sheppard, Attorneys.

**NOTICE**  
**IN THE COUNTY COURT IN AND FOR LINCOLN COUNTY, NEBRASKA.**

In the Matter of the Estate of R. L. Holdridge, Deceased. Estate No. 1884.

All persons interested in said estate, both creditors and heirs, are hereby notified that a petition has been filed in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, alleging that said deceased died on or about the 3rd day of August, 1906, a resident of the County of Kankakee, in the State of Illinois; that the said R. L.

Holdridge at the time of his death had an apparent interest in the East Half (E½) of Section One (1), Township Thirteen (13), Range Thirty-four (34), and the West Half (W½) of Section Twenty-three (23), Township Thirteen (13), Range Thirty-four (34), situated in Lincoln County, Nebraska; that the interest consisted of an agreement by one J. E. Rodgers to convey said land to the said R. L. Holdridge, deceased.

You are hereby further notified that the petition prays the Court for an Order fixing a time and place at which a determination of the death of the said R. L. Holdridge may be had and a determination of the heirs of said deceased, and degree of kinship and their right of descent to the real property belonging to said deceased, and you are hereby notified that the Court has fixed the hearing on said petition at the office of the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, at 10:00 o'clock A. M. on the 16th day of May, 1922.

WM. H. C. WOODHURST,  
County Judge.

## NOTICE OF ELECTION

Notice is hereby given to the Electors of the City of North Platte, Nebraska that the Mayor and City Council of the City of North Platte, Nebraska, have provided by ordinance for the submission to a direct vote of the voters of the City of North Platte, Nebraska, the following proposition: An ordinance providing for the submitting to the voters of the City of North Platte, in the County of Lincoln and State of Nebraska, the following question: "Shall the City of North Platte, in the County of Lincoln, State of Nebraska issue its Paving Bonds of the City of North Platte, Nebraska in the sum of Fifty Thousand (\$50,000.00) dollars, for the purpose of raising money for paying the cost of paving, repaving or macadamizing the intersections of streets or avenues and spaces opposite alleys in the City of North Platte, Nebraska. And to provide for levying and collecting by the proper officers of said City a tax annually to pay the interest and principal of said bonds as they mature."

And by virtue of the power in me vested, I hereby call an election on said ordinance so submitted to be held in the City of North Platte, Nebraska, on the 16th day of May, 1922. The voting places of said election shall be as follows: The First Ward at the A. N. Durbin Garage at the intersection of Fifth and Dewey Streets; the Second Ward in the District Court Room at the County Court House; the Third Ward at the Fire Station at the intersection of Front and Vine Streets; the Fourth Ward at the North Platte Buick Garage at the intersection of Eighth and Locust Streets. The polls to be opened at eight o'clock in the morning and to remain open until eight o'clock in the evening of said day of election.

Those voting in favor of said ordinance shall mark their ballot with an "X" before the paragraph beginning with the word "FOR" issuing Fifty Thousand (\$50,000.00) of the Paving Bonds of the City of North Platte, Nebraska in denomination of One Thousand and no 100 (\$1,000.00) Dollars, each bearing interest at the rate of Six (6) per cent per annum, payable semi-annually, interest and principal at the office of the County Treasurer of Lincoln County, State of Nebraska. Said bonds to bear date of June 1st, 1922, and the interest on said bonds to be payable on the 1st day of December 1922 and the 1st day of June 1923 and on the 1st day of June of each and every year thereafter until all interest on said Bonds shall have been paid. Said Bonds to be numbered consecutively from one to fifty, inclusive and the interest thereon to be evidenced by coupons thereto attached. Said bonds to be drawn payable to bearer twenty (20) years after date but redeemable at the option of the City at any time after five (5) years from the date thereof, and shall the City of North Platte, Lincoln County Nebraska, levy a tax in the year 1922 and each and every year thereafter sufficient to pay the interest on said Bonds and in the year 1922 and each and every year thereafter, sufficient to create a sinking fund to pay the principal of said Bonds as they become due, until sufficient tax has been levied to pay all of the interest and principal of said Bonds and such tax to be both for principal and interest and to be levied upon all of the taxable property in said City of North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska.

These voting against said ordinance shall mark their ballot with an "X" before the paragraph beginning with the word "AGAINST" issuing Fifty Thousand (\$50,000.00) Dollars of the Paving Bonds of the City of North Platte, Nebraska, in denominations of One Thousand (\$1,000.00) Dollars each bearing interest at the rate of Six (6) per cent per annum payable semi-annually, interest and principal payable at the office of the County Treasurer of Lincoln County, State of Nebraska. Said Bonds to bear date of June 1st, 1922 and the interest on said Bonds to be payable on the 1st day of December 1922 and the 1st day of June 1923 and on the 1st day of June of each and every year thereafter, until all interest on said bonds shall have been paid. Said Bonds to be numbered consecutively from one to fifty inclusive and the interest thereon to be evidenced by coupons thereto attached. Said Bonds to be drawn payable to bearer twenty (20) years after date but redeemable at the option of the City at any time after five (5) years from the date thereof, and shall the City of North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska, levy a tax in the year 1922 and each and every year thereafter sufficient to pay the interest of said Bonds and in the year 1922 and each and every year thereafter sufficient to create a sinking fund to pay the principal of said Bonds as they become due, until sufficient tax has been levied to pay all of the interest and principal of said Bonds and such tax to be both principal and interest and to be levied upon all of the taxable property in the City of North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska.

Dated this 10th day of April, 1922.  
O. E. ELDER, City Clerk.