

# MARY MARIE

By Eleanor H. Porter

Illustrations by R. H. Livingstone

## CHAPTER IV.

### When I Am Marie.

Boston. Yes, I'm here. I've been here a week. But this is the first minute I've had a chance to write a word. I've been so busy just being here. And so has Mother. There's been such a lot going on since we came. But I'll try now to begin at the beginning and tell what happened.

Well, first we got into Boston at four o'clock Monday afternoon, and



Well, First We Got Into Boston at Four O'clock Monday Afternoon, and There Was Grandpa Desmond to Meet Us.

there was Grandpa Desmond to meet us. He's lovely—all and dignified, with grayish hair and merry eyes like Mother's, only his are behind glasses. At the station he just kissed Mother and me and said he was glad to see us, and led us to the place where Peter was waiting with the car. (Peter drives Grandpa's automobile, and he's lovely, too.)

Mother and Grandpa talked very fast and very lively all the way home, and Mother laughed quite a lot. But in the hall she cried a little, and Grandpa patted her shoulder, and said, "There, there!" and told her how glad he was to get his little girl back, and that they were going to be very happy now and forget the past. And Mother said, yes, yes, indeed, she knew she was; and she was so glad to be there, and that everything was going to be just the same, wasn't it? Only—then all of a sudden she looked over at me and began to cry again—only, of course, things couldn't be "just the same," she choked, hurrying over to me and putting both arms around me, and crying harder than ever.

Then Grandpa came and hugged us both, and patted us, and said, "There, there!" and pulled off his glasses and wiped them very fast and very hard. But it wasn't only a minute or two before Mother was laughing again, and saying, "Nonsense!" and "The idea!" and this was a pretty way to introduce her little Marie to her new home! Then she hurried me to the dearest little room I ever saw, right out of hers, and took off my things. Then we went all over the house. And it's just as lovely as can be—not at all like Father's in Andersonville.

Oh, Father's is fine and big and handsome, and all that, of course; but not like this. His is just a nice place to eat and sleep in, and go to when it rains. But this—this you just want to live in all the time. Here there are curtains 'way up and sunshine, and flowers in pots, and magazines, and cozy nooks with cushions everywhere; and books that you've just been reading laid down. (All Father's books are in bookcases, always, except while one's in your hands being read.)

Grandpa's other daughter, Mother's sister, Hattie, lives here and keeps house for Grandpa. She has a little boy named Lester, six years old; and her husband is dead. They were away for what they called a week-end when we came, but they got here a little after we did Monday afternoon; and they're lovely, too.

The house is a straight-up-and-down one with a back and front, but no sides except the one snug up to you on the right and left. And there isn't any yard except a little bit of a square brick one at the back where they have clothes and ash barrels, and a little grass spot in front at one side of the steps, not big enough for our old cat to take a nap in, hardly. But it's perfectly lovely inside; and it's the inside of houses that really count, just

as it is the inside of people—their hearts, I mean; whether they're good and kind or hateful and disagreeable.

We have dinner at night here, and I've been to the theater twice already in the afternoon. I've got to go to school next week, Mother says, but so far I've just been having a good time. And so's Mother. Honestly, it has just seemed as if Mother couldn't crowd the days full enough. She hasn't been still a minute.

Lots of her old friends have been to see her; and when there hasn't been anybody else around she's taken Peter and had him drive us all over Boston to see things—all kinds of things; Bunker hill and museums, and moving pictures, and one play.

But we didn't stay at the play. It started out all right, but pretty soon a man and a woman on the stage began to quarrel. They were married (not really, but in the play, I mean), and I guess it was some more of that incompatibility stuff. Anyhow, as they began to talk more and more, Mother began to fidget, and pretty soon I saw she was gathering up our things; and the minute the curtain went down after the first act, she says:

"Come, dear, we're going home. It—it isn't very warm here."

As if I didn't know what she was really leaving for! Do old folks honestly think they are fooling us all the time, I wonder? But even if I hadn't known then, I'd have known it later, for that evening I heard Mother and Aunt Hattie talking in the library.

No, I didn't listen. I heard. And that's a very different matter. You listen when you mean to, and that's sneaking. You hear when you can't help yourself, and that you can't be blamed for. Sometimes it's your good luck, and sometimes it's your bad luck—just according to what you hear!

Well, I was in the window-seat in the library reading when Mother and Aunt Hattie came in; and Mother was saying:

"Of course I came out! Do you suppose I'd have had that child see that play, after I realized what it was? As if she hasn't had enough of such wretched stuff already in her short life! Oh, Hattie, Hattie, I want that child to laugh, to sing, to fairly tingle with the joy of living every minute that she is with me. I know so well what she has had, and what she will have—in that—tomb. You know in six months she goes back—"

Mother saw me then, I know; for she stopped right off short, and after a moment began to talk of something else, very fast. And pretty quick it went out into the hall again.

Dear little Mother! Bless her old heart! Isn't she the ducky dear to want me to have all the good times possible now so as to make up for the six months I've got to be with Father? You see, she knows what it is to live with Father even better than I do.

Well, I guess she doesn't dread it for me any more than I do for myself. Still, I'll have the girls there, and I'm dying to see them again—and I won't have to stay home much, only nights and meals, of course, and Father's always pretty busy with his stars and comets and things. Besides it's only for six months, then I can come back to Boston. I can keep thinking of that.

But I know now why I've been having such a perfectly beautiful time all this week, and why Mother has been filling every minute so full of fun and good times. Why, even when we're at home here, she's always humming up little Lester and getting him to have a romp with us.

But of course next week I've got to go to school, and it can't be quite so jolly then. Well, I guess that's all for this time.

### ABOUT A MONTH LATER

I didn't make a chapter of that last. It wasn't long enough. And, really, I don't know as I've got much to add to it now. There's nothing much happened.

I go to school now, and don't have so much time for fun. School's pretty good, and there are two or three girls 'most as nice as the ones at Andersonville. But not quite. Out of school Mother keeps things just as lively as ever, and we have beautiful times. Mother is having a lovely time with her own friends, too. Seems as if there is always some one here when I get home, and lots of times there are teas and parties, and people to dinner.

There are gentlemen, too. I suppose one of them will be Mother's lover by and by; but of course I don't know which one yet. I'm awfully interested in them, though. And of course it's perfectly natural that I should be. Wouldn't you be interested in the man that was going to be your new father? Well, I just guess you would! Anybody would. Why, most folks have only one father, you know, and they have to take that one just as he is; and it's all a matter of chance whether they get one that's cross or pleasant; or homely or fine and grand-looking; or the common kind you can hug and kiss and hang round his neck, or the stand-off-don't-touch-me-I-mustn't-be-disturbed kind like mine. I mean the one I did have. But, there! that doesn't sound right, either; for of course he's still my father just the same, only—well, he isn't Mother's husband any more, so I suppose he's only my father by order of the court, same as I'm his daughter.

Well, anyhow, he's the father I've grown up with, and of course I'm used to him now. And it's an altogether different matter to think of having a brand-new father thrust upon you, and ready-made, as you might say, and of course I am interested. There's such a whole lot depends on the father. Why, only think how different things would have been at home if my father had been different! There were such

a lot of things I had to be careful not to do—and as many I had to be careful to do—on account of Father. And so now, when I see all these nice young gentlemen (only they aren't all young; some of them are quite old) coming to the house and talking to Mother, and hanging over the back of her chair, and handing her tea and little cakes, I can't help wondering which, if any, is going to be her lover and my new father. And I am also wondering what I'll have to do on account of him when I get him, if I get him.

There are quite a lot of them, and they're all different. They'd make very different kinds of fathers, I'm sure, and I'm afraid I wouldn't like some of them. But, after all, it's Mother that ought to settle which to have—not me. She's the one to be pleased. 'Twould be such a pity to have to change again. Though she could, of course, same as she did Father, I suppose.

As I said, they're all different. There are only two that are anywhere near alike, and they aren't quite the same, for one's a lawyer and the other's in a bank. But they both carry canes and wear tall silk hats, and part their hair in the middle, and look at you through the kind of big round eyeglasses with dark rims that would make you look awfully homely if they didn't make you look so stylish. But I don't think Mother cares very much for either the lawyer or the bank man, and I'm glad. I wouldn't like to live with those glasses every day, even if they are stylish. I'd much rather have Father's kind.

Then there's the man that paints pictures. He's tall and slim, and wears queer ties and long hair. He's always standing back and looking at things with his head on one side, and exclaiming "Oh!" and "Ah!" with a long breath. He says Mother's coloring is wonderful. I heard him. And I didn't like it very well, either. Why, it sounded as if she put it on herself out of a box on her bureau, same as some other ladies do! Still, he's not so bad, maybe; though I'm not sure but what his paints and pictures would be just as tiresome to live with as Father's stars, when it came right down to wanting a husband to live with you and talk to you every day in the year. You know you have to think of such things when it comes to choosing a new father—I mean a new husband. (I keep forgetting that it's Mother and not me that's doing the choosing.)

Well, to resume and go on. There's the violinist. I mustn't forget him. But, then, nobody could forget him. He's lovely; so handsome and distinguished-looking with his perfectly beautiful dark eyes and white teeth. And he plays—well, I'm simply crazy over his playing. I only wish Carrie Heywood could hear him. She thinks her brother can play. He's a traveling violinist with a show; and he came home once to Andersonville. And I heard him. But he's not the real thing at all. Not a bit. Why, he might be anybody, our grocer, or the butcher, up there playing that violin. His eyes are little and blue, and his hair is red and very short. I wish she could hear our violinist play!

And there's another man that comes to the parties and teas;—oh, of course there are others, lots of them, married men with wives, and unmarried men with and without sisters. But I mean another man specially. His name is Harlow. He's a little man with a brown pointed beard and big soft brown eyes. He's really awfully good-looking, too. I don't know what he does do; but he's married. I know that. He never brings his wife, though; but Mother's always asking for her, clear and distinct, and she always smiles, and her voice kind of tinkles like little silver bells. But just the same he never brings her.

He never takes her anywhere. I heard Aunt Hattie tell Mother so at the very first, when he came. She said they weren't a bit happy together, and that there'd probably be a divorce before long. But Mother asked for her just the same the very next time. And she's done it ever since.

I think I know now why she does. I found out, and I was simply thrilled. It was so exciting! You see, they were lovers once themselves—Mother and this Mr. Harlow. Then something happened and they quarreled. That was just before Father came.

Of course Mother didn't tell me this, nor Aunt Hattie. It was two ladies. I heard them talking at a tea one day. I was right behind them, and I couldn't get away, so I just couldn't help hearing what they said.

They were looking across the room at Mother. Mr. Harlow was talking to her. He was leaning forward in his chair and talking so earnestly to Mother; and he looked just as if he thought there wasn't another soul in the room but just they two. But Mother—Mother was just listening to be polite to company. Anybody could see that. And the very first chance she got she turned and began to talk to a lady who was standing near. And she never so much as looked toward Mr. Harlow again.

The ladies in front of me laughed then, and one of them said, with a little nod of her head, "I guess Madge Desmond Anderson can look out for herself all right."

Then they got up and went away without seeing me. And all of a sudden I felt almost sorry, for I wanted them to see me. I wanted them to see that I knew my mother could take care of herself, too, and that I was proud of it. If they had turned I'd have said so. But they didn't turn.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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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.

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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. 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 18th, 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. 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 18th, 1923; that I will sit at the County Court 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.

T. S. BLANKENBURG, Acting County Judge.

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### OFFICE OF MUTUAL BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION

To the Shareholders of Said Association:

At a meeting of the state taxing authorities held in Lincoln April 26, it was decided, that in arriving at the valuation to be placed on shares of stock in domestic Building & Loan Associations for the purpose of taxation, the same rule of arriving at the taxable valuation of such shares, with the same deductions, as is applied to the shares of stock of all other domestic corporations.

The law provides: "The value of the shares of stock of corporations organized under the laws of this state shall be determined for the purpose of this section by deducting from the actual value of the paid up capital stock surplus and undivided profits, the actual value of the property of the corporation both tangible and intangible listed and taxed in this state, and the actual value of the property of the corporation outside of the state."

Following up this ruling and applying the same to the taxable value of the shares of this Association, it has been decided that only three per cent of the actual value of said shares shall be returned for taxation; that is, for each one hundred dollars of actual value of such share three dollars shall be returned as intangible and only one-fourth of that amount shall be assessed against the shareholder.

Shareholders can ascertain the actual value of their shares by applying to the secretary.

T. C. PATTERSON, President.

### 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 alyes.

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. (Seal) 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.

### J. C. Hollman, Attorney.

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate No. 1880 of Sarah A. Morton, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska. 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 18th, 1923; that I will sit at the County Court 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.



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