

# MARY MARIE

By Eleanor H. Porter

Illustrations by R. H. Livingstone

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

"I shouldn't like Mr. Harlow for a father. I know I shouldn't. But then, there's no danger, of course, even if he and Mother were lovers once. He's got a wife now, and even if he got a divorce, I don't believe Mother would choose him."

But of course there's no telling which one she will take. As I said before, I don't know. It's too soon, anyway, to tell. I suspect it isn't any more proper to hurry up about getting married again when you've been unmarried by a divorce than it is when you've been unmarried by your husband's dying. I asked Peter one day how soon folks did get married after a divorce, but he didn't seem to know. Anyway, all he said was to stammer: "Er—yes, miss—no, miss, I mean, I don't know, miss."

Peter is awfully funny. But he's nice. I like him, only I can't find out much by him. He's very good-looking, though he's quite old. He's almost thirty. He told me. I asked him. He takes me back and forth to school every day, so I see quite a lot of him. And, really, he's about the only one I can ask questions of here, anyway. There isn't anybody like Nurse Sarah used to be. Olga, the cook, talks so funny I can't understand a word she says, hardly. Besides, the only two times I've been down to the kitchen Aunt Hattie sent for me, and she told me the last time not to go any more. She didn't say why. Aunt Hattie never says why not to do things. She just says, "Don't." Sometimes it seems to me as if my whole life had been made up of "don'ts." If they'd only tell us part of the time things to "do," maybe we wouldn't have so much time to do the "don'ts." (That sounds funny, but I guess folks'll know what I mean.)

Well, what was I saying? Oh, I know—about asking questions. As I said, there isn't anybody like Nurse Sarah here. I can't understand Olga, and Theresa, the other maid, is just about as bad. Aunt Hattie's lovely, but I can't ask questions of her. She isn't the kind. Besides, Lester's always there, too; and you can't discuss family affairs before children. Of course there's Mother and Grandpa Desmond. But questions like when it's proper for Mother to have lovers I can't ask of them, of course. So there's no one but Peter left to ask. Peter's all right and very nice, but he doesn't seem to know anything that I want to know. So he doesn't amount to so very much, after all.

I'm not sure, anyway, that Mother'll want to get married again. From little things she says I rather guess she doesn't think much of marriage, anyway. One day I heard her say to Aunt Hattie that it was a very pretty theory that marriages were made in heaven, but that the real facts of the case were that they were made on earth. And another day I heard her say that one trouble with marriage was that the husband and wife didn't know how to play together and to rest together. And lots of times I've heard her say little things to Aunt Hattie that showed how unhappy her marriage had been.

But last night a funny thing happened. We were all in the library reading after dinner, and Grandpa looked up from his paper and said something about a woman that was sentenced to be hanged and how a whole lot of men were writing letters protesting against having a woman hanged; but there were only one or two letters from women. And Grandpa said that only went to prove how much more lacking in a sense of fitness of things women were than men. And he was just going to say more when Aunt Hattie bristled up and tossed her chin, and said, real indignantly:

"A sense of fitness of things, indeed! Oh, yes, that's all very well to say. There are plenty of men, no doubt, who are shocked beyond anything at the idea of hanging a woman; but those same men will think nothing of going straight home and making life for some other woman so absolutely miserable that she'd think hanging would be a lucky escape from something worse."

"Harriet!" exclaimed Grandpa in a shocked voice.

"Well, I mean it!" declared Aunt Hattie emphatically. "Look at poor Madge here, and that wretch of a husband of hers!"

And just here is where the funny thing happened. Mother bristled up—Mother!—and even more than Aunt Hattie had. She turned red and then white, and her eyes blazed:

"That will do, Hattie, please, in my presence," she said, very cold, in a low voice. "Dr. Anderson is not a wretch at all. He is an honorable, scholarly gentleman. Without doubt he meant to be kind and considerate. He simply did

not understand me. We weren't suited to each other. That's all."

And she got up and swept out of the room.

Now, wasn't that funny? But I just loved it, all the same. I always love Mother when she's superb and haughty and disdainful.

Well, after she had gone Aunt Hattie looked at Grandpa and Grandpa looked at Aunt Hattie. Grandpa



"That Will Do, Hattie, Please, in My Presence," She Said, Very Cold, Like Ice.

shrugged his shoulders, and gave his hands a funny little flourish; and Aunt Hattie lifted her eyebrows and said: "Well, what do you know about that?" (Aunt Hattie forgot I was in the room, I know, or she'd never in the world have used slang like that!) "And after all the things she's said about how unhappy she was!" finished Aunt Hattie.

Grandpa didn't say anything, but just gave his funny little shrug again. And it was kind of queer, when you come to think of it—about Mother, I mean, wasn't it?

### ONE MONTH LATER

Well, I've been here another whole month, and it's growing nicer all the time. I just love it here. I love the sunshine everywhere, and the curtains up to let it in. And the flowers in the rooms, and the little fern-dish on the dining-room table, the books and magazines just lying around ready to be picked up; Baby Lester laughing and singing all over the house, and lovely ladies and gentlemen in the drawing-room having music and tea and little cakes when I come home from school in the afternoon. And I love it not to have to look up and watch and listen for fear Father's coming in and I'll be making a noise. And best of all I love Mother with her dancing eyes and her laugh, and her just being happy, with no going in and finding her crying or looking long and fixedly at nothing, and then turning to me with a great big sigh, and a "Well, dear?" that just makes you want to go and cry because it's so hurt and heart-broken. Oh, I do just love it all!

And Mother is happy, I'm sure she is. Somebody is doing something for her every moment—seems so. They are so glad to get her back again. I know they are. I heard two ladies talking one day, and they said they were. They called her "Poor Madge," and "Dear Madge," and they said it was a shame that she should have had such a wretched experience, and that they for one should try to do everything they could to make her forget.

And that's what they all seem to be trying to do—to make her forget. There isn't a day goes by but that somebody sends flowers or books or candy, or invites her somewhere, or takes her to ride or to the theater, or comes to see her, so that Mother is in just one whirl of good times from morning till night. Why, she'd just have to forget. She doesn't have any time to remember. I think she is forgetting, too. Oh, of course she gets tired, and sometimes rainy days or twilights I find her on the sofa in her room not reading or anything, and her face looks most as if it used to sometimes after they'd been having one of their incompatibility times. But I don't find her that way very often, and it doesn't last long. So I really think she is forgetting.

About the prospective suitors—I found that "prospective suitor" in a story a week ago, and I just love it. It means you probably will want to marry her, you know. I use it all the time now—in my mind—when I'm thinking about those gentlemen that come here (the unmarried ones). I forgot—and used it out loud one day to Aunt Hattie; but I shan't again. She said, "Mercy!" and threw up her hands and looked over to Grandpa the way she does when I've said something she thinks is perfectly awful.

But I was firm and dignified—but very polite and pleasant—and I said that I didn't see why she should act like that, for of course they were prospective suitors, the unmarried ones, anyway, and even some of the married ones, maybe, like Mr. Harlow, for of course they could get divorces, and—

"Marie!" interrupted Aunt Hattie then, before I could say another word, or go on to explain that of course Mother couldn't be expected to stay unmarried always, though I was very sure she wouldn't get married again

until it was perfectly proper and genteel for her to take unto herself another husband.

But Aunt Hattie wouldn't even listen. And she threw up her hands and said, "Marie!" again with the emphasis on the last part of the name the way I simply loathe. And she told me never, never to let her hear me make such a speech as that again. And I said I would be very careful not to. And you may be sure I shall. I don't want to go through a scene like that again!

She told Mother about it, though, I think. Anyhow, they were talking very busily together when they came into the library after dinner that night, and Mother looked sort of flushed and plagued, and I heard her say, "Perhaps the child does read too many novels, Hattie."

And Aunt Hattie answered, "Of course she does!" Then she said something else which I didn't catch, only the words "silly" and "romantic" and "pre-co-shus." (I don't know what that last means, but I put it down the way it sounded, and I'm going to look it up.)

Then they turned and saw me, and they didn't say anything more. But the next morning the perfectly lovely story I was reading, that Theresa let me take, called "The Hidden Secret," I couldn't find anywhere. And when I asked Mother if she'd seen it, she said she'd given it back to Theresa, and that I mustn't ask for it again. That I wasn't old enough yet to read such stories.

There it is again! I'm not old enough. When will I be allowed to take my proper place in life? Echo answers when.

Well, to resume and go on.

What was I talking about? Oh, I know—the prospective suitors. (Aunt Hattie can't hear me when I just write it, anyway.) Well, they all come just as they used to, only there are more of them now—two fat men, one slim one, and a man with a halo of hair round a bald spot. Oh, I don't mean that any of them are really suitors yet. They just come to call and to tea, and send her flowers and candy. And Mother isn't a mite nicer to one than she is to any of the others. Anybody can see that. And she shows very plainly she's no notion of picking anybody out yet. But of course I can't help being interested and watching.

It won't be Mr. Harlow, anyway. I'm pretty sure of that, even if he has started in to get his divorce. (And he has. I heard Aunt Hattie tell Mother so last week.) But Mother doesn't like him. I'm sure she doesn't. He makes her awfully nervous. Oh, she laughs and talks with him—seems as if she laughs even more with him than she does with anybody else. But she's always looking around for somebody else to talk to; and I've seen her get up and move off just as he was coming across the room toward her, and I'm just sure she saw him. There's another reason, too, why I think Mother isn't going to choose him for her lover. I heard something she said to him one day.

She was sitting before the fire in the library, and he came in. There were other people there, quite a lot of them; but Mother was all alone by the fireplace, her eyes looking fixed and dreamy into the fire. I was in the window-seat around the corner of the chimney reading; and I could see Mother in the mirror just as plain as could be. She could have seen me, too, of course, if she'd looked up. But she didn't.

I never even thought of hearing anything I hadn't ought, and I was just going to get down and speak to Mother myself, when Mr. Harlow crossed the room and sat down on the sofa beside her.

"Dreaming, Madge?" he said, low and soft, his soulful eyes just devouring her lovely face. (I read that, too, in a book last week. I just loved it!)

Mother started and flushed up.

"Oh, Mr. Harlow!" she cried. (Mother always calls him "Mr.") "That's another thing. He always calls her 'Madge,' you know." "How do you do?" Then she gave her quick little look around to see if there wasn't somebody else near for her to talk to. But there wasn't.

"But you do dream of the old days, sometimes, Madge, don't you?" he began again, soft and low, leaning a little nearer.

"Of when I was a child and played dolls before this very fireplace? Well, yes, perhaps I do," laughed Mother. And I could see she drew away a little. "There was one doll with a broken head that—"

"It was speaking of broken hearts," interrupted Mr. Harlow, very meaningfully.

"Broken hearts! Nonsense! As if there were such things in the world!" cried Mother, with a little toss to her head, looking around again with a quick little glance for some one else to talk to.

But still there wasn't anybody there. They were all over to the other side of the room talking, and paying no attention to Mother and Mr. Harlow, only the violinist. He looked and looked, and acted nervous with his watch-chain. But he didn't come over. I felt, some way, that I ought to go away and not hear any more; but I couldn't without showing them that I had been there. So I thought it was better to stay just where I was. They could see me, anyway, if they'd just look in the mirror. So I didn't feel that I was sneaking. And I stayed.

Then Mr. Harlow spoke again. His eyes grew even more soulful and devouring. I could see them in the mirror.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A good Watch for the Boy's Graduation, Clinton & Son, Jewelers.

Dr. L. J. KRAUSE, Dentist, X-Ray Diagnosis, McDonald Bank Building, Phone 97.

### 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 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 15th, 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 23, 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 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.  
(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.

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 Sept. 13, 1922, and for settlement of said Estate is May 9, 1923; that I will sit at the county court room in said County on June 13th, 1922, at 10 o'clock a. m. and on Sept. 13, 1922 at 10 o'clock a. m., to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.

Dated May 9, 1922.  
T. S. Blankenburg,  
Acting County Judge.

J. C. Hollman, Attorney.  
NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate No. 1850 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 Sept. 13, 1922, and for settlement of said Estate is May 9, 1923; that I will sit at the county court room in said County on June 13th, 1922, at 10 o'clock a. m. and on Sept. 13, 1922 at 10 o'clock a. m., to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.

Dated April 15th, 1922.  
WM. H. C. WOODHURST,  
County Judge.



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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate No. 1884 of Louis Rayome, 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 Sept. 13, 1922, and for settlement of said Estate is May 9, 1923; that I will sit at the county court room in said County on June 13th, 1922, at 10 o'clock a. m. and on Sept. 13, 1922 at 10 o'clock a. m., to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.

Dated May 9, 1922.  
T. S. Blankenburg,  
Acting County Judge.