



MARY MARIE BY ELEANOR H. PORTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R.H. LIVINGSTONE.

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SYNOPSIS

PREFACE—"Mary Marie" explains her apparent "double personality" and justifies her as 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 compromised by Nurse Sarah telling her father 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 dainty eighteen-year-old girl whom 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. She is too proud to try any way attempt to smooth over the situation.

CHAPTER III.—Mary tells of the time spent "out west" where the perfectly all right and right and respectable divorce was being arranged for, and her mother's (to her) unaccountable behavior. By the court's decree the child is to spend six months of the year with her father and six months with her mother. Boston is Mother's home, and she and Mary leave Andersonville for that city to spend the first six months.

CHAPTER IV.—At Boston Mary becomes "Marie." She is delighted with her new home, so different from the one at Andersonville. The number of gentlemen who call on her mother leads her to speculate on the possibility of a new father. She claims the calls as "prospective suitors," finally deciding the choice is to be between "the violinist" and Mr. Harlow. A conversation she overhears between her mother and Mr. Harlow convinces her that it will not be that gentleman, and "the violinist" seems to be the likely man. Mrs. Anderson receives a letter from "Aunt Abigail Anderson," her former husband's sister, who is keeping house for him, reminding her that "Mary" is expected at Andersonville for the six months she is to spend with her father. Her mother is distressed, but has no alternative, and "Marie" departs for Andersonville.

CHAPTER V.—The diary takes a jump of twelve years during which Marie (always Marie then) has the usual harmless love affairs inseparable from girlhood. Then she meets THE MAN—Gerald Weston, young, wealthy, and already a successful portrait painter. They meet in love and the wedding follows quickly. With the coming of the baby, Eunice, things seem to change with Marie and Gerald, and they in a manner apart. When Eunice is an old, Marie decides to part from Gerald. Intending to break the news to her mother, she is reminded of her own frequently unhappy childhood and her father's departing from Boston and plays the Eunice to the same humiliations. Her eyes opened, Marie gives up her idea of a separation, and returns to her husband, her duty, and her love.

CHAPTER VI.—At Andersonville Aunt Jane meets her at the station. Her father is away somewhere, staying in a cottage by the moon. "Marie" now instinctively compares Aunt Jane, prim and severe, with her beautiful, dainty mother, much to the former's disadvantage. Aunt Jane disapproves of the dainty clothes which the child is wearing, and replaces them with "serviceable" serges and thick-soled shoes. Her father arrives home and seems surprised to see her. The child soon begins to notice that the girls at school seem to avoid her. Her father appears interested in the life Mrs. Anderson leads at Boston and asks many questions in a queer manner, which puzzles Marie. She finds out that the schoolmates do not associate with her on account of her parents being divorced, and she refuses to attend school. Angry at first, Mr. Anderson, when he learns the reason for her determination, decides that she need not go. He will hear her lessons. In Aunt Jane's and her father's absence Marie dresses in the pretty clothes she brought from Boston and plays the liveliest tunes she knows, on the little-used piano. Then, overcome by her loneliness, she indulges in a crying spell which her father's unexpected appearance interrupts. She tells the story of her unhappiness, and in a clumsy way he comforts her. After that he appears to desire to make her stay more pleasant. Her mother writes asking that Mary be allowed to come to Boston for the beginning of the school term, and Mr. Anderson consents, though from an expression he lets fall Marie believes he is sorry she is going.

CHAPTER VII.—Mary is surprised at the tenderness her father displays when he puts her on the train for Boston. She discovers "the violinist" making love to her mother's maid, Theresa, but says nothing. Later, however, she overhears him making a proposal of marriage to her mother, and tells what she saw. "The violinist" is dismissed. An unaccountable change in her mother astonishes her as she is being taught self-discipline and she has less good times and fewer pretty things to wear. As the time for her return to Andersonville approaches, her mother equips her in plain dresses and "sensible" shoes—"Mary" things, the child complains.

But Mother is getting to be almost as bad as Aunt Jane was about my receiving proper attentions from young men. Oh, she lets me go to places, a little, with the boys at school; but I always have to be chaperoned. And whenever they are going to have a chance to say anything really thrilling with Mother or Aunt Hattie right at my elbow? Echo answers never! So about given up that's amounting nothing, either.

Of course, there's Father left, and when I go back to Andersonville this summer, there may be some fun there. But I doubt it. I haven't heard from answered his Christ-ald, and wrote just how, and told him. But he never again. I am dis-pp. I thought he Mother did, too, so many times if him again. And sort of funny of glad and sorry

together, all in one. But, then, Mother's queer in lots of ways now. For instance: One week ago she gave me a perfectly lovely box of chocolates—a whole two-pound box all at once; and I've never had more than a half-pound at once before. But just as I was thinking how for once I was going to have a real feast, and all I wanted to eat—what do you think she told me? She said I could have three pieces, and only three pieces a day; and not one little tiny one more. And when I asked her why she gave me such a big box for, then, if that was all I could have, she said it was to teach me self-discipline. That self-discipline was one of the most wonderful things in the world. That if she'd only been taught it when she was a girl, her life would have been very, very different. And so she was giving me a great big box of chocolates for my very own, just so as to teach me to deny myself and take only three pieces every day. Three pieces!—and all that whole big box of them!—just making my mouth water all the while; and all just to teach me that horrid old self-discipline! Why, you'd think it was Aunt Jane doing it instead of Mother!

ONE WEEK LATER It's come—Father's letter. It came last night. Oh, it was short, and it didn't say anything about what I wrote. But I was proud of it, just the same. I just guess I was! He didn't write Aunt Jane to write to Mother, as he did before. And then, besides, he must have forgotten his stars long enough to think of me a little—for he remembered about the school, and that I couldn't go there in Andersonville, and so he said I had better stay here till it finished. And I was so glad to stay! It made me very happy—that letter. It made Mother happy, too. She liked it, and she thought it was very, very kind of Father to be willing to give me up almost three whole months of his six, so I could go to school here. And she said so. She said once to Aunt Hattie that she was almost tempted to write and thank him. But Aunt Hattie said, "Pooh," and it was no more than he ought to do, and that she wouldn't be seen writing to a man who so carefully avoided writing to her. So Mother didn't do it, I guess.

But I wrote. I had to write three letters, though, before I got one that Mother said would do to send. The first one sounded so glad I was staying that Mother said she was afraid it would feel hurt, and that would be too bad—when he'd been so kind. And the second one sounded as if I was so sorry not to go to Andersonville the first of April that Mother said that would never do in the world. He'd think I didn't want to stay in Boston. But the third letter I managed to make just glad enough to stay, and just sorry enough not to go. So that Mother said it was all right. And I sent it.

APRIL Well, the last chocolate drop went yesterday. There were just seventy-six pieces in that two-pound box. I counted them that first day. Of course, they were fine and dandy, and I just loved them; but the trouble is, for the last week I've been eating such snippy little pieces. You see, every day, without thinking, I'd just naturally pick out the biggest pieces. So you can imagine what they got down to toward the last—mostly chocolate almonds. As for the self-discipline—I don't see as I feel any more disciplined than I did before, and I know I want chocolates just as much as ever. And I said so to Mother.

But Mother is queer. Honestly she is. And I can't help wondering—is she getting to be like Aunt Jane? Now, listen to this: Last week I had to have a new party dress, and we found a perfect darling of a pink silk, all gold beads, and gold slippers to match. And I knew I'd look perfectly divine in it; and once Mother would have got it for me. But not this time. She got a horrid wide muslin with dots in it, and blue silk sash, suitable for a child—for any child. Of course, I was disappointed, and I suppose I did show it—some. In fact, I'm afraid I showed it a whole lot. Mother didn't say anything then; but on the way home in the car she put her arm around me and said: "I'm sorry about the pink dress, dear. I knew you wanted it. But it was not suitable at all for you—not until you're older, dear. Mother will have to look out that her little daughter isn't getting to be vain, and too fond of dress."

I knew then, of course, that it was just some more of that self-discipline business. But Mother never used to say anything about self-discipline. Is she getting to be like Aunt Jane?

What do you suppose I am learning now? You'd never guess. Stars. Yes, stars! And that is for Father, too. Mother came into my room one day with a book of Grandfather's under her arm. She said it was a very wonderful work on astronomy, and she was sure I would find it interesting. She said she was going to read it aloud to me an hour a day. And then, when I got to Andersonville and Father talked to me, I'd know something. And he'd be pleased.

She said she thought we owed it to Father, after he'd been so good and kind as to let me stay here almost three whole months of his six, so I could keep on with my school. And that she was very sure this would please him and make him happy. And so, for 'most a week now, Mother has read to be an hour a day out of that astronomy book. Then we talk about it. And it is interesting! Mother says it is, too. She says she wishes she'd known something about astronomy when she was a girl; that she's sure it would have made things a whole lot easier and happier all around, when she married Father; for then she would have known something about something he was interested in. She said she couldn't help that now, of course; but she could see that I knew something about such things.

It seems so funny to hear her talk such a lot about Father as she does, when before she never used to mention him—only to say how afraid she was that I would love him better than I did her, and to make me say over and over again that I didn't. And I said so one day to her—I mean, I said I thought it was funny, the way she talked now. She colored up and bit her lip, and gave a queer little laugh. Then she grew very sober and grave, and said: "I know, dear. Perhaps I am, talking more than I used to. But, you see, I've been thinking quite a lot, and I—I've learned some things. I'm trying to make you forget what I said—about your loving me more than him. That wasn't right, dear. Mother was wrong. She shouldn't try to influence you against your father. He is a good man; and there are none too many good men in the world—No, no, I won't say that," she broke off.

But she'd already said it, and, of course, I knew she was thinking of the violinist. I'm no child. She went on more after that, quite a lot more. And she said again that I must love Father and try to please him in every way; and she cried a little and talked a lot about how hard it was in my position, and that she was afraid she'd only been making it harder, through her selfishness, and I must forgive her, and try to forget it. And she said she sure she'd do better now. And she said that, after all, life wasn't in just being happy yourself. It was in how much happiness you could give to others. Oh, it was lovely! And I cried, and she cried some more, and we kissed each other, and I promised. And after she went away I felt all upraised and holy, like you do when you've been to a beautiful church service with soft music and colored windows, and everybody kneeling. And I felt as if I'd never be naughty or thoughtless again. And that I'd never mind being Mary now. Why, I'd be glad to be Mary half the time, and even more—for Father. But, alas! Listen. Would you believe it? Just that same evening Mother stopped me against laughing too loud and making too much noise playing with Lester; and I felt cross. I just boiled inside of me, and said I hated Mary, and that Mother was getting to be just like Aunt Jane. And yet, just that morning— Oh, if only that hushed, staid-window-soft-music feeling would last!

ONE WEEK LATER

She is. I know she is now. I'm learning to cook—to cook! And it's Mother that says I must. She told Aunt Hattie—I heard her—that she thought every girl should know how to cook and keep house; and that if she had learned those things when she was a girl, her life would have been quite different, she was sure. I am learning at a domestic science school, and Mother is going with me. I didn't mind so much when she said she'd go, too. And, really, it is quite a lot of fun—really it is. But it is queer—Mother and I going to school together to learn how to make bread and cake and boil potatoes! And, of course, Aunt Hattie laughs at us. But I don't mind. And Mother doesn't, either. But, oh, how Aunt Jane would love it, if she only knew!

MAY

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JUNE Well, once more school is done, my trunk is all packed, and I'm ready to go to Andersonville. I leave tomorrow morning. But not as I left last year. Oh, no. It is very, very different. Why, this year I'm really going as Mary. Honestly, Mother has turned me into Mary before I go. Now, what do you think of that? And if I've got to be Mary there and Mary here, too, when can I ever be Marie? Oh, I know I said I'd be willing to be Mary half, and maybe more than half, the time. But when it comes to really being Mary out of town extra time, that is quite another thing. And I am Mary. I've learned to cook. That's Mary. I've been studying astronomy. That's Mary. I've learned to walk quietly, speak softly, laugh not too loudly, and be a lady at all times. That's Mary.

And now, to add to all this, Mother has had me dress like Mary. Yes, she began two weeks ago. She came into my room one morning and said she wanted to look over my dresses and things; and I could see, by the way she frowned and bit her lip and tapped her foot on the floor, that she wasn't suited. She said: "I think, my dear, that on Saturday we'll have to go in town shopping. Quite a number of these things will not do at all."

And I was so happy! Visions of new dresses and hats and shoes rose before me, and even the pink beaded silk came into my mind—though I didn't really have much hopes of that. Well, we went shopping on Saturday, but—did we get the pink silk? We did not. We did get—you'd never guess what. We got two new gingham dresses, very plain and homely, and a pair of horrid, thick, low shoes. Why, I could have cried! I did 'most cry as I exclaimed: "Why Mother, those are Mary things!"

"Of course, they're Mary things," answered Mother, cheerfully. "That's what I meant to buy—Mary things, as you call them. Aren't you going to be Mary just next week? Of course, you are! And didn't you tell me last year, as soon as you got there, Miss Anderson objected to your clothing and bought new for you? Well, I am trying to see that she does not have to do that this year."

And then she bought me a brown serge suit and a hat so tiresomely sensible that even Aunt Jane would love them, I know. And tomorrow I've got to put them on to go in. Do you wonder that I say I am Mary already?

CHAPTER VII When I Am Neither One. ANDERSONVILLE Well, I came last night. I had on the brown suit and the sensible hat, and every turn of the wheels all day had been singing: "Mary, Mary, now you're Mary!" Why, Mother even called me Mary when she said good-by. She came to the junction with me just as she had before, and put me on the other train. "Now, remember, dear, you're to try very hard to be a joy and a comfort to your father—just the little Mary that he wants you to be. Remember, he has been very kind to let you stay with me so long." She cried when she kissed me just as she did before; but she didn't tell me this time to be sure and not love Father better than I did her. I noticed that. But, of course, I didn't say anything, though I might have told her easily that I knew nothing could ever make me love him better than I did her. When we got to Andersonville, and the train rolled into the station, I stepped down from the cars and looked over to where the carriages were to find John and Aunt Jane. But they weren't there. There wasn't even the carriage there; and I can remember now just how my heart sort of felt sick inside of me when I thought that even Aunt Jane had forgotten, and that there wasn't anybody to meet me. There was a beautiful big green automobile there, and I thought how I wished that had come to meet me; and I was just wondering what I should do, when all of a sudden somebody spoke my name. And who do you think it was? You'd never guess it in a month. It was Father. Yes, Father! Why, I could have hugged him, I was so glad. But of course I didn't, right before all those people. But he was so tall and handsome and splendid, and I felt so proud to be walking along the platform with him and meeting folks see that he'd come to meet me! But I couldn't say anything—not anything, the way I wanted to; and all I could do was to stammer out: "Why, where's Aunt Jane?" And that's just the thing I didn't want to say; and I knew it the minute I'd said it. Why, it sounded as if I missed Aunt Jane, and wanted her instead of him, when all the time I was so pleased and excited to see him that I could hardly speak. He just kind of smiled, and looked queer, and said that Aunt Jane—er—couldn't come. Then I felt sorry; for I saw, of course, that that was why he had come; not because he wanted to, but because Aunt Jane couldn't, so he had to. And I could have cried, all the while he was fixing it up about my trunk. He turned then and led the way straight over to where the carriages were, and the next minute there was John touching his cap to me; only it was a brand-new John looking too sweet for anything in a chauffeur's cap and uniform. And, what do you think? He was helping me into that beautiful big green car before I knew it. "Why, Father, Father!" I cried. "You don't mean—" I just couldn't finish; but he finished for me. "It is ours—yes. Do you like it?" "Like it!" I guess he didn't need to have me say any more. But I did say more. I just raved and raved over that car until Father's eyes crinkled all up in little smile wrinkles, and he said: "I'm glad. I hoped you'd like it." "I guess I do like it!" I cried. Then I went on to tell him how I thought it was the prettiest one I ever saw, and 'way ahead of even Mr. Easterbrook's. "And, pray, who is Mr. Easterbrook?" asked Father then. "The violinist, perhaps—eh?"

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(To be continued next week.)

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NOTICE CONCERNING PLOWING IN PUBLIC ROADS.

Pursuant to recommendation of the Bamberg County Grand Jury, the landowners of the county cultivating lands adjacent and adjoining public roads are hereby urgently requested not to plow into or allow their hands to plow into the roads. Landowners are requested to plant two or three rows of crops adjacent to roads parallel with the road, so that there may be proper turning space without the necessity of turning plows in the roads. It is against the law to allow plows to damage the roads, and it is an unnecessary practice. The county spends large sums of money in road building, and the roads belong to the people. I have no desire to prosecute anybody, but I must insist that this practice be stopped immediately. The farmers and tenants can cooperate in this respect, and there should be no necessity to bring action against anybody. Full notice is being given before I take such action. W. B. SMOAK, Supervisor. January 31, 1922.

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No Worms in a Healthy Child All children troubled with Worms have an unhealthy color, which indicates poor blood, and as a rule, there is more or less stomach disturbance. GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC given regularly for two or three weeks will enrich the blood, improve the digestion, and act as a general Strengthening Tonic to the whole system. Nature will then throw off or dispel the worms, and the Child will be in perfect health. Pleasant to take. 60c per bottle.

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA. Scholarship and Entrance Examinations.

The examination for the award of vacant scholarships in the University of South Carolina and for admission of new students will be held at the County Court House July 14, 1922, at 9 a. m. Applicants must not be less than sixteen years of age. When scholarships are vacant after July 14 they will be awarded to those making the highest average at examination, provided they meet the conditions governing the award. Applicants for scholarships should write to President Currell for scholarship blanks. These blanks properly filled out by the applicant should be filed with President Currell by July 10. Scholarships are worth \$100, free tuition and fees. Next session will open September 20, 1922. For further information, write PRESIDENT W. S. CURRELL, University of S. C. Columbia, S. C.

606 quickly relieves Colds, Constipation, Biliousness, and Headache. A Fine Tonic.

Best material and workmanship, light running requires little power; simple, easy to handle. Available in several sizes and are good substantial money-making machines down to the smallest size. Write for catalog showing Engraves, Bel-ers and all Saw Mill supplies. LOMBARD IRON WORKS & SUPPLY CO. Augusta, Georgia

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NO REST---NO PEACE There's no peace and little rest for the one who suffers from a bad back, and distressing urinary disorders. Bamberg people recommend Doan's Kidney Pills. Ask your neighbor! Be guided by their experience. Mrs. Julia Sandifer, Main St., Bamberg, says: "I had considerable trouble with my kidneys. My back was weak and ached from morning until night and I often had to press my hands upon the small of my back to ease the pain. My kidneys were weak and I felt dizzy and nervous. Doan's Kidney Pills entirely cured me." 60c. at all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

Colds Cause Grip and Influenza LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets remove the cause. There is only one "Bromo Quinine." E. W. GROVE'S signature on box. 30c.

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Winthrop College SCHOLARSHIP AND ENTRANCE EXAMINATION. The examination for the award of vacant Scholarships in Winthrop College and for admission of new students will be held at the County Court House on Friday, July 7, at 9 a. m. Applicants must not be less than sixteen years of age. When Scholarships are vacant after July 1 they will be awarded to those making the highest average at the examination, provided they meet the conditions governing the award. Applicants for Scholarships should write to President Johnson before the examination for scholarship examination blanks. Scholarships are worth \$100 and free tuition. The next session will open September 20, 1922. For further information and catalog address Pres. D. B. Johnson, Rock Hill, S. C.

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Theford's BLACK-DRAUGHT for indigestion and stomach trouble of any kind. I never found anything touches the spot, like Theford's. I take it in by doses after meals. For a time I tried pills, which did not give the results. Black-Draught medicine is easy to take to keep, inexpensive."

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