MARY MARIE

BY

ELEANOR H. PORTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R.H. LIVINGSTONE.

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TWO WEEKS LATER

Well, I don't know as I have anything very special to say. Still, I suppose I ought to write something; so I'll put down what little there is.

Of course, there doesn't so much happen here, anyway, as there does at home—I mean in Boston. (I must stop calling it home down to Boston as if this wasn't home at all. It makes Aunt Jane very, very angry, and I don't think Father likes it very well.) But, as I was saying, there really doesn't so much happen here as there does down to Boston; and it isn't nearly so interesting. But, there! I suppose I mustn't expect it to be interesting. I'm Mary now, not Marie.

There aren't any teas and dinners and pretty ladies and music and soul-ful-eyed prospective suitors here. My! Wouldn't Aunt Jane have four fits? And Father, too. But I'd just like to put one of Mother's teas with the little cakes and flowers and talk and tinkling laughs down in Aunt Jane's parlor, and then watch what happened. Oh, of course, the party couldn't stand it long—not in there with the hair wreath and the coffin plate. But they could stand it long enough for Father to thunder from the library, "Jane, what in Heaven's name is the meaning of all this?" And for Aunt Jane to give one look at the kind of clothes real folks wear, and then flee with her hands to her ears and her eyes upraised to the ceiling. Wouldn't it be fun?

But, there! What's the use of imagining perfectly crazy, impossible things like that? We haven't had a thing here in that parlor since I came but one missionary meeting and one Ladies' Aid Sewing circle; and after the last one (the sewing circle) Aunt Jane worked a whole day picking threads off the carpet, and smoothing down the linen covers because they'd got so tousseed up. And I heard her tell the hired girl that she shouldn't have that sewing circle here again in a hurry, and when she did have them they'd have to sew in the dining room with a sheet spread down to catch the threads. My! but I would like to see Aunt Jane with one of Mother's teas in her parlor!

I can't see as Father has changed much if any these last two weeks. He still doesn't pay much of any attention to me, though I do find him looking at me sometimes, just as if he was trying to make up his mind about something. He doesn't say hardly anything to me, only once or twice when he got to asking questions again about Boston and Mother.

The last time I told him all about Mr. Harlow, and he was so interested! I just happened to mention his name, and he wanted to know right away if it was Mr. Carl Harlow, and if I knew

I Do Find Him Looking at Me Sometimes, Just as If He Was Trying to Make Up His Mind About Something.

whether Mother had ever known him before. And of course I told him right away that it was—the same one she was engaged to before she was engaged to him.

Father looked funny and kind of grunted and said, yes, yes, he knew. Then he said, "That will do, Mary." And he began to read his book again. But he never turned a page, and it wasn't five minutes before he got up and walked around the room, picking out books from the bookcases and putting them right back. Then he turned to me and asked with a kind of of-course-I-don't-care air:

"Did you say you saw quite a little of—this Harlow fellow?"

But he did care. I know he did. He was real interested. I could see that he was. And so I told him everything, all about how he came there to the teas, and sent her flowers and candy, and was getting a divorce himself, and what he said on the sofa that day, and how Mother answered. As I said, I told him everything, only I was careful not to call Mr. Harlow a prospective suitor, of course. I remembered too well what Aunt Hattie had said. Father didn't say anything when I got through. He just got up and left the room, and pretty quick I saw him crossing the lawn to the observatory.

I guess there aren't any prospective suitors here. I mean, I guess Father isn't a prospective suitor—anyhow, not yet. (Of course, it's the man that has to be suitor.) He doesn't go anywhere, only over to the college and out to the observatory. I've watched so to see. I wanted specially to know, for of course if he was being a prospective suitor to any one, she'd be my new mother, maybe. And I'm going to be awfully particular about any new mother coming into the house.

A whole lot more, even, depends on mothers than on fathers, you know; and if you're going to have one all ready-made thrust upon you, you are sort of anxious to know what kind she is. Some way, I don't think I'd like a new mother even as well as I'd like a new father; and I don't believe I'd like him very well.

Of course, there are quite a lot of ladies here that Father could have. There are several pretty teachers in the schools, and some nice unmarried ladies in the church. And there's Miss Parnellia Snow. She's Professor Snow's sister. She wears glasses and is terribly learned. Maybe he would like her. But, Mercy! I shouldn't.

Then there's Miss Grace Ann Sanborn. She's fat, and awfully jolly. She comes here a lot lately to see Aunt Jane. I don't know why. They don't belong to the same church, or anything. But she "runs over," as she calls it, almost every afternoon just a little before dinner—I mean supper.

Mrs. Darling used to come then, too, when I first came; but she comes over evenings now more. Maybe it's because she doesn't like Miss Grace Ann. I don't think she does like her, for every time she saw her, she'd say: "Oh, you? So you're here!" and pretty quick she'd get up and go. And now she comes evenings. She's fixing over her house, and she runs and asks Aunt Jane's advice about every little thing. She asks Father's, too, every chance she gets, when she sees him in the hall or on the front steps. I heard her tell Aunt Jane she considered Professor Anderson a man of most excellent taste and judgment.

I suppose Mrs. Darling could be my new mother. She's a widow. Her husband died last year. She is very well off now that her husband is dead. I heard Aunt Jane say one day. She mean't well off in money—quite a lot of it, you know. I thought she meant well off because he was dead and she didn't have to live with him any more, and I said so to Aunt Jane. (He was a cross man, and very stern, as everybody knew.) But, dear me! Aunt Jane was awfully shocked, and said certainly not; that she meant Mr. Darling had left his wife a great deal of money.

Then she talked very stern and solemn to me, and said that I must not think just because my poor dear father's married life had ended in such a wretched tragedy that every other home had such a skeleton in the closet.

I grew stern and dignified and solemn then. I knew, of course, what she meant. I'm no child. She meant Mother. She meant that Mother, my dear blessed mother, was the skeleton in their closet. And of course I wasn't going to stand there and hear that, and not say a word.

(To be Continued)

WINTER GATHERINGS SPREAD DISEASE

Sneezing and coughing at indoor gatherings spread disease. The first symptoms of, or long standing coughs, colds, croup, throat, chest and bronchial trouble are quickly relieved with Foley's Honey and Tar, contains no opiates—ingredients printed on the wrapper. Sold everywhere.

PUBLIC FORUM

Expressions of opinion of general interest are invited. The editor reserves the right to blue-pencil where communications exceed 300 words.

Writing must be legible and on one side of paper only; all else will be discarded.

Anonymous communications will not be printed. Name and address must be given. Publication of name will be withheld on request.

Publication of a letter is not to be regarded as an endorsement by The Leader of the views expressed.

I wholly disapprove of what you say and will defend to the death your right to say it.—Voltaire to Helvetius.

The Glad New Year Is Part Of His Plan

Editor Forum:

A mother of sons in number three,
All stardy, well and strong as could be;
Was given a babe one New Year's day,
To mold and fashion as "Mother" may!

The mother had known a bitter part,
Sorrow and pain and sadness of heart,
As the sweet babe slept—a priceless pearl,
The mother wished—it was not a girl!

Fondly she loved the baby form,
She feared the future—life's rough storm;
"If you were a boy!" to the wee child—
The tempests of life would be more mild."

The years sped on as the years must do.
The babe prattled, loved and grew:
And the mother bore a double share,
Of toil sickness, sorrow and care.

As the little babe became a maid,
The Lord to His child a lesson gave.
Or are all born on the New Year's day,
Bonnie and blithe and happy and gay?

Boys are wonderful in their true place,
Chasing, running—a maddening race.
Little girls like the woodland flower,
Bring joy and sunshine as their dower.

In sickness, and sorrow, a priceless seed,
A wonderful help in time of need;
No matter the time or depth of tide,
The maid stood bravely at mother's side.

Gadly she took the force of the blow;
And the years sped on steady and slow:
As mother's strength grew a wee bit low,
The maid grew strong in womanhood's glow.

It was daughter's love that broke the strife,
It was daughter's laugh that brought new life;
And mother thought of her lack of joy,
Because the babe was not born a boy.

And so it is with the glad new Year
We fail to see the good that is near,
If our eyes could see—we might behold,
In the lump of clay—treasures of gold.

The New Year comes as our baby girl!,
A quiet hour and a dizzy whirl;
But the Lord knows best and it must be,
The new year will bring great joy to me.

And to you who toil as all must do,
With purpose, love—the future in view.
You too may learn as did another,
That God knows best the need of "Mother".

What she will need in the years to come,
To brighten her life and bless her home.
As a precious babe so pure and dear,
So comes to all—the glad New Year.

A lump of clay—a treasure of gold.
A priceless gem—To polish and mold
A pure white page to mortals or clay,
Is open to all on New Year's day.

The glad New Year is a lump of clay
To be molded, set—as best we may
Tempered in life's refining pan;
The glad New Year is part of His plan—Jennie L. Paxton.

CUT THIS OUT—IT IS WORTH MONEY

Cut out this slip, enclose with 5c to Foley & Co., 2835 Sheffield Ave, Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for coughs, colds and croup, Foley Kidney Pills and Foley Cathartic Tablets. Sold everywhere.

LOVELY WOMEN TO ENFORCE DRY LAWS

Los Angeles, Dec. 30. — Fifty women will be appointed special prohibition agents to keep Los Angeles dry on New Year's eve, it was announced by Harold H. Dolley, prohibition enforcement director here.

"There was too much Christmas spirit," said Dolley. "We did not receive the co-operation promised by cafe owners. So we will see what women agents can do New Year's eve.

"They will be in evening gowns, instructed to enter into festivities, obtain the names of violators of dry laws and even make arrests at tables if conditions warrant that."

COUGHS AND COLDS IN WINTER

Indoor sedentary life in Winter has a direct bearing on the prevalence of coughs and colds. Keep the bowels active and overcome constipation with Foley Cathartic Tablets. Colds, coughs, croup, throat, chest and bronchial trouble quickly relieved with Foley's Honey and Tar. Sold everywhere.

MADAME BERNHARDT IS IMPROVING TODAY

Paris, Dec. 30.—Madame Sarah Bernhardt was distinctly better today. She was able to leave her bed and had luncheon with the members of her household.

The physicians, it was announced today, have found no evidence of organic disease or chronic illness and have come to the conclusion that the recent collapse of the famous actress was due only to over exertion and strain.

OLDEST WOMAN IN SOUTH ILLINOIS DIES

Murphysboro, Ill., Dec. 30.—Mrs. Sirena Beard, who died at her home near here Wednesday, was reputed to be the oldest woman in southern Illinois. She would have been 104 years old February 26, next. She is survived by seven grandchildren, nineteen great grand children and six great great grand children.

TAKE OUR ADVICE—USE CALUMET The Economy BAKING POWDER

BIRCH GROCERY

ANOTHER STATE BANK IS ON THE ROCKS

This Time the Work Was Done From the Inside; Cashier Disappears; So Does $20,000

McAlester, Dec. 30.—A shortage estimated at $20,000 or more has been discovered in the accounts of the Bank of McAlester, at North McAlester, following the disappearance of Oscar M. Anderson, for twelve years cashier of the institution, it was announced here Friday. Stockholders of the bank issued a statement declaring that no depositor would lose a dollar and that the institution would continue business without interruption.

Unable To Open Safe

According to information given out, Anderson departed from McAlester last Sunday, stating that he was on his way to Nebraska to visit his mother during the holidays. He did not reach his destination, officers of the bank said, and failed to return here on the date he promised to be back. Anderson was last seen in Kansas City, according to officials of the bank.

The day after Christmas the assistant cashier was unable to open the safe and when an expert was called to open it, discovery was made that cash and bonds held by the bank were missing.

Bonds Will Cover Shortage

The state banking department was immediately notified and J. W. Snyder, state bank examiner, was assigned to the case. Thursday a check of the books was started.

Officials of the bank declared that fidelity bonds will cover most of the shortage and that the stockholders would prevent closing of the institution.

Anderson was popular in McAlester, being president of a local commercial organization, a prominent church worker, and active in several fraternal orders. His wife accompanied him to the train when he left McAlester last Sunday and bid him goodbye, expecting that he would be back in several days. She is reported to be almost prostrated over his absence, but scouts the intimation that he may have met with foul play.

CONSTIPATION IN ELDERLY PEOPLE

"I am eighty years old and have been troubled with constipation. Tried all kinds of physics but nothing helped. Foley Cathartic Tablets is the only thing that gave me relief. They work without griping and tone up the system." B. B. Holland, Ovando, Montana. A wholesome physic. Sold everywhere.

METHODISM IN NATION IS ON THE INCREASE

(By The Associated Press)

Chicago, Dec. 30.—A gain of 119,007 members during 1922, bringing the total membership to 4,593,540 for 1923, not including 289,685 non-resident members, was announced today by the Methodist church in its official publication, the Methodist year book for 1923.

The Wichita, Kansas, area, the report said, had the greatest increase, amounting to 12,716.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS FOR BACKACHE, KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

A STEAMER IN DISASTER AND WATERLOGGED

(By The Associated Press)

New York, Dec. 30.—The steamer Munmotor, from Boston for Norfolk, was waterlogged and in distress today in a terrific gale off Cape May, radio messages picked up here said. Her position was given at 60 miles southwest of Five Fathom bank light.

For Beautiful Eyes

Make the Use of Murine a Daily Habit. This Refreshing Eye Lotion soon makes Eyes Clear, Radiant, Beautiful! Harmless, Enjoyable. Sold by all Druggists. Write for Booklet, "How to Make the Eyes Beautiful" MURINE for your EYES

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The purity, palatability and nutrient characteristics of high grade cocoa beans are retained in Baker's Cocoa owing to the perfection of the processes and machinery peculiar to our methods.

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INDIAN GIRL ASKS FOR A HUGE SUM

Claims Land Used By Several Persons For 10 Years Is Her Allotment; Valued At $300,000

Tulsa, Dec. 30.—Suit for two tracts of Tulsa county land and damage totaling $300,000 was filed yesterday in district court by Lucile Groomer Martin, Amos W. Lord, Frank A. Gillespie, John M. Glover, Prairie Oil and Gas Co., U. S. Oil and Gas Co., Tulsa Petroleum company, Robert J. Boone, Gulf Pipeline company, Preston B. Lord, Lizzie N. Cage, Charles Johnson, Lizzie Johnson, Exchange Trust company, D. S. Biddlecome, W. H. Biddlecome, J. R. Travis, S. C. Butts and S. H. Lattimore. The land is described as the south half of the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter of the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter and the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section 19, township 21 north, range 13 east.

The Indian girl sets out in her petition that the land described is part of her allotment and that the defendants all claim title to it. She says that the land is rightfully hers and that they have no legal right to it, although they have been in possession for 10 years. She asks that the court decree her to be the rightful owner and award her $150,000 damages because she has been denied her rightful possession, and $150,000 for accrued rents. Her attorney is Robert R. Burns.

TUBERCULOSIS

Dr. Glass has positive proof that he is able to cure tuberculosis by inhalation in any stage. For further information address the T. F. Glass Inhalant Co., Mason Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal. Beware of Imitation

Ache?

When you're suffering from headache, backache, toothache, neuralgia, or pain from any other cause, try Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills

One or two and the pain stops. Contain no habit-forming drugs. Have you tried Dr. Miles' Nervine? Ask your Druggist

Better Than a Mustard Plaster MUSTEROLE WILL NOT BLISTER

For Coughs and Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism and All Aches and Pains. ALL DRUGGISTS. 35c and 65c, jars and tubes. Hospital size, $1.00

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Florida's most beautiful Hotel, an achievement of Stanford White's genius. Large, cheerful sleeping rooms, with or without bath, elegant ball room, an attractive sun parlor. The wide and spacious veranda fronts on Bay Biscayne.

The best beach on the East Coast invites the bathers and the neighboring waters are unsurpassed for boating and fishing. The golfers will find some of the best courses in America and the surrounding country is ideal for riding and motoring.

American Plan. Unexcelled Food and Service. SPECIAL RATES DURING NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER. For illustrated booklet, rates and full information address Hotel Halcyon Hall, Miami, Florida. Henry S. Duncan, Proprietor. H. A. Haskell, Manager

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Over First National Bank Guthrie, Okla. Phone 878

Mrs. W. H. HEER, Secretary

Handles all claims for Ex-Service men, and cares for Civilian problems.

Dr. KING'S PILLS —for constipation Regulate the bowels

DR. BELL'S Pine-Tar Honey

A balsamic Syrup valued by 3 generations

For Croupy Coughs and Colds

Mothers for years have relied upon this dependable prescription of a family physician to break up alarming, croupy coughs. You can depend on Dr. Bell's during long night-attacks of coughing. It loosens hard-packed phlegm, relieves congested areas and stops coughing. Children like this good old pure syrup of pine-tar honey. At any drug store.

Refuse substitute "PINE-TAR HONEY" Insist on DR. BELL'S.

SUPPOSE IT WAS YOUR CHILD!

The Guthrie Street Railway company has been very fortunate in having very few serious accidents. Our men are careful and use every means to prevent them. We ask your support to prevent accidents.

The campaign that this company is making for the prevention of accidents can be assisted in no greater measure than by the warnings that parents and teachers give to the children against children playing on streets near street car tracks.

The accident illustrated here would not happen if you would warn the children—if you could prevent them from courting DANGER by jumping on our cars. They do it for fun or death.

The conductor is the man who knows. You will not find HIS children playing on streets.

DON'T CROSS TRACKS WITHOUT LOOKING BOTH WAYS—DON'T JUMP ON OR OFF A MOVING CAR—DON'T FACE THE REAR OF CAR WHEN ALIGHTING—DON'T PUT ARMS OR HEAD OUT OF CAR WINDOW—DON'T CARRY ANYTHING IN THE LEFT HAND OR ARM WHEN ALIGHTING.