

MARY MARIE

BY ELEANOR H. PORTER

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MARY AT SCHOOL

SYNOPSIS—In a preface Mary Marie explains her apparent "double personality" and just why it is so. She tells her reasons for writing the story—later to be commended. Mary begins with an account of her father's (Mary's) birth, who is a famous astronomer, less than a new star which was discovered the same night. Her name is a compromise, she says, between the name of her father and her mother's. She began to act queer and her mother's behavior was unaccountable. By the time she was six months old she was in the child's care and her mother and father were divorced. Mary Marie describes her life as a child, her mother's "prospective" and how her father and mother drifted apart through misunderstanding, each too proud to in any way attempt to smooth over the situation. Mary tells of the time spent "out West" where the "perfectly all right and genteel and respectable" divorce was being arranged for, and her mother's to her unaccountable behavior. By the time she was six months old she was in the child's care and her mother and father were divorced. Mary Marie describes her life as a child, her mother's "prospective" and how her father and mother drifted apart through misunderstanding, each too proud to in any way attempt to smooth over the situation.

I found there wasn't any Tony Ten—only Carrie Heywood and me. The other eight had formed another society and Stella Mayhew was their president.

I told Carrie we wouldn't care; that we'd just change it and call it the "Tony Two"; and that two was a lot more exclusive than ten, anyway. But I did care, and Carrie did. I knew she did. And I know it better now because last night—she told me. You see things have been getting simply unbearable these last few days, and it got so it looked as if I wasn't even going to have Carrie left. She began to act queer and I accused her of it, and told her if she didn't want to belong to the Tony Two she needn't. That I didn't care; that I'd be a secret society all by myself. But I cried. I couldn't help crying; and she knew I did—care. Then she began to cry; and today, after school, we went to walk up on the hill to the big rock; and there—she told me. And it was the divorce.

And it's all that Stella Mayhew—the new girl. Her mother found out I was divorced (I mean Mother was) and she told Stella not to play with me, nor speak to me, nor have a thing to do with me. And I said to Carrie, all right! Who cared? I didn't. That I never had liked that Mayhew girl, anyway. But Carrie said that wasn't all. She said Stella had got to be real popular before I came; that her folks had lots of money, and she always had candy and could treat to ice-cream and auto rides, and everybody with her was sure of a good time. She had parties, too—lots of them; and of course, all the girls and boys liked that.

Well, when I came everything was all right till Stella's mother found out about the divorce, and then—well, then things were different. First Stella contented herself with making fun of me, Carrie said. She laughed at the serge dresses and big homely shoes, and then she began on my name, and said the idea of being called Mary by Father and Marie by Mother, and that 'twas just like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. (That's a story, Carrie says. I'm going to read it, if Father's got it. If there ever was another Mary and Marie all in one in the world I want to know what she did.) But Carrie says the poking fun at me didn't make much difference with the girls, so Stella tried something else. She not only wouldn't speak to me herself, or invite me, or anything, but she told all the girls that they couldn't go with her and me, too. That they might take their choice. And Carrie said some of them did choose and stayed with me; but they lost all the good times and ice-cream and parties and rides and everything; and so one by one they dropped me and went back to Stella, and now there wasn't anybody left, only her, Carrie. And then she began to cry.

And when she stopped speaking, and I knew all, and saw her crying there before me, and thought of my dear blessed mother, I was so angry I could scarcely speak. I just shook with righteous indignation. Ah; in my most superb, haughty and disdainful manner I told Carrie Heywood to dry her tears; that she needn't trouble herself any further, nor worry about losing any more ice-cream nor parties. That I would hereto declare our friendship null and void, and this day set my hand and seal to never speak to her again, if she liked, and considered that necessary to keeping the acquaintance of the precious Stella.

But she cried all the more at that, and flung herself upon me, and, of course, I began to cry, too—and you can't stay superb and haughty and disdainful when you're all the time trying to hunt up a handkerchief to wipe away the tears that are coursing down your wan cheeks. And of course I didn't. We had a real good cry together, and vowed we loved each other better than ever, and nobody could come between us, not even bringing a chocolate-fudge-marshmallow college ice—which we both adore. But I told her that she would be all right, just the same, for of course I should never step my foot inside of that schoolhouse again. That I couldn't, out of respect to Mother. That I should tell Aunt Jane that tomorrow morning. There isn't any other school here, so they can't send me anywhere else. But it's "most time

CHAPTER V—Continued.

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.

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.

Well, I guess there's nothing more to write. Things at school are just the same, only more so. The girls are getting so they act almost as bad as those down to Boston in the school where I went before I changed. Of course, maybe it's the divorce here, same as it was there. But I don't see how it can be that here. Why, they've known it from the very first!

Oh, dear Suzer me! How I do wish I could see Mother tonight and have her take me in her arms and kiss me.



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

Even Father doesn't want me, not really want me. I know he doesn't. I don't see why he keeps me, only I suppose he'd be ashamed not to take me his six months as long as the court gave me to him for that time.

ANOTHER TWO WEEKS LATER.

I'm so angry I can hardly write, and at the same time I'm so angry I've just got to write. I can't talk. There isn't anybody to talk to, and I've got to tell somebody. So I'm going to tell it here.

I've found out now what's the matter with the girls—you know, I said there was something the matter with them; that they acted queer and stopped talking when I came up, and faded away till there wasn't anybody left.

Well, it's been getting worse and worse. The girls have had parties, and more and more often the girls have stopped talking and have looked queer when I came up. We got up a secret society and called it the "Tony Two"; and I was going to be its president. Then all of a sudden one day

for school to close, anyway. There are only two weeks more. ONE DAY LATER.

And, dear, dear, what a day it has been!

I told her this morning. She was very angry. She said at first: "Nonsense, Mary, don't be impertinent. Of course you'll go to school!" and all that kind of talk. But I kept my temper. I did not get angry. I was simply firm and dignified. And when she saw I really meant what I said, and that I would not step my foot inside that schoolroom again—that it was a matter of conscience with me—that I did not think it was right for me to do it, she simply stared for a minute, as if she couldn't believe her eyes and ears. Then she gasped:

"Mary, what do you mean by such talk to me? Do you think I shall permit this sort of thing to go on for a moment?"

I thought then she was going to send me home. Oh, I did so hope she was. But she didn't. She sent me to my room.

"You will stay there until your father comes home this noon," she said. "This is a matter for him to settle."

Father! And I never even thought of her going to him with it. She was always telling me never to bother Father with anything, and I knew she

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The plan to build a transmission line from the northwestern part of



I Went Into the Library. Father Stood With His Back to the Fireplace and His Hands in His Pockets.

didn't usually ask him anything about me. She settled everything herself. But this—and the very thing I didn't want her to ask him, too. But of course I couldn't help myself. That's the trouble. Youth is so helpless in the clutches of old age.

Well, I went to my room. Aunt Jane told me to meditate on my sins. But I didn't. I meditated on other people's sins. I didn't have any to meditate on. Was it a sin, pray, for me to stand up for my mother and refuse to associate with people who wouldn't associate with me on account of her? I guess not!

But even with all this to meditate on it was an awfully long time coming noon; and they didn't call me down to dinner even then. Aunt Jane sent up two pieces of bread without any butter and a glass of water. How like Aunt Jane—making even my dinner a sin to meditate on! Only she would call it my sin, and I would call it hers.

Well, after dinner Father sent for me to come down to the library. So I knew then, of course, that Aunt Jane had told him. I didn't know but she would wait until night. Father usually spends his hour after dinner reading in the library and mustn't be disturbed. But evidently today Aunt Jane thought I was more consequence than his reading. Anyhow, she told him, and he sent for me.

My! but I hated to go! Fathers and Aunt Jane are two different propositions. Fathers have more rights and privileges, of course. Everybody knows that.

Well, I went into the library. Father stood with his back to the fireplace and his hands in his pockets. He was plainly angry at being disturbed. Anybody could see that. He began speaking at once, the minute I got into the room—very cold and dignified.

"Mary, your aunt tells me you have been disobedient and disrespectful to her. Have you anything to say?"

I shook my head and said, "No, sir."

What could I say? Old folks ask such senseless questions, sometimes. Naturally I wasn't going to say I had been disrespectful and disobedient when I hadn't; and of course, I couldn't say I hadn't been when Aunt Jane said I had. That would be just like saying Aunt Jane lied. So, of course, I had nothing to say. And I said so.

"So your mother is thinking of getting married," he said.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SCHEME THAT WORKED OUT WELL

How Host Made Pretty Sure That Unwelcome Guest Would Not Attend Engagement Party.

The problem was how to invite a certain young woman to the engagement party and still be certain that she would decline to attend. She was known to be a killjoy, but if she were not invited she would talk of it.

About two weeks prior to the party the couple managed to bring together the young woman and a masculine acquaintance of theirs. After the proper introduction the innocent young man and the young woman were left alone.

The following week the young man received two theater tickets from his

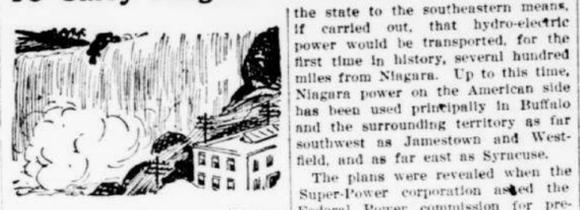
acquaintance who was to be engaged, who said he would not be able to use them himself. Three days later the young woman received an invitation to the party.

"He's a nice fellow," ran part of the letter in answer to the engagement party invitation, "and he has asked me to accompany him to the theater on the very evening of your party. I would like to come to your party, but I gave him my promise before I received your invitation, so you see how it is: I do hope you will excuse me."—New York Sun.

Dilman cave, in eastern Oregon, is the greatest cave of volcanic origin in the United States.

Washington Sidelights

To Carry Niagara Power to New York



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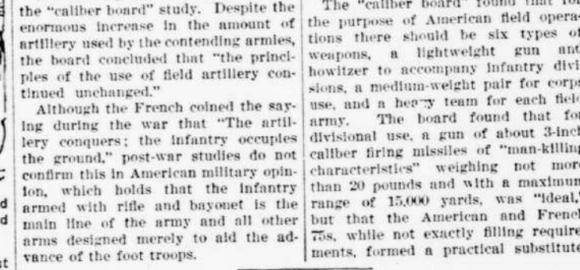
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Artillery and Infantry in U. S. Army

THE American Army came out of the war with a vast amount of artillery, but still lacks the ideal types of guns and howitzers which a careful post-war study by army experts indicates to be the most desirable. On the basis of the report of the "caliber board," which made this study in 1918, however, existing artillery equipment has been apportioned among the troops to approximate as nearly as possible ideal conditions.

One striking fact was developed by the "caliber board" study. Despite the enormous increase in the amount of artillery used by the contending armies, the board concluded that "the principles of the use of field artillery continued unchanged."

Although the French coined the saying during the war that "the artillery conquers; the infantry occupies the ground," post-war studies do not confirm this in American military opinion, which holds that the infantry armed with rifle and bayonet is the main line of the army and all other arms designed merely to aid the advance of the foot troops.



Who Are the Alaskan Fish Pirates?

On the other hand, denouncing as "preposterous and malignantly false" the statements of the salmon packing corporations which caused Attorney General Daugherty to declare war on "fish pirates" of Alaska, Dan Sutherland, delegate to congress from Alaska, addressed a heated protest to the Department of Justice, in which he charged that the complainants are the real criminals who are seeking to divert attention from their own operations, and called upon the department to prosecute "both classes of Alaskan fish pirates."

"If the courts will punish the arrogant, selfish and avaricious pirates of Chicago, Seattle, Portland and San Francisco, who have always in the past and do at present consider themselves immune from punishment, to an extent commensurate with their crimes, the evidence of which is on file in the department, it will create wholesome regard for the laws by all classes in Alaska," Mr. Sutherland said.

Westward the Farm Star Makes Its Way

OUR slowly emerging real figures of the census of 1920 now present fully to the public attention the gigantic fact of the surpassing farm wealth of the United States, says the Boston Transcript. They give the total value of the farm property of this country on January 1, 1920, as \$77,924,100,000, and the value of farm crops for the year 1919 as \$14,755,300,000. This was an increase in the value of farm property from \$3,967,343,580 in 1850 and from \$20,439,001,164 in 1900, and in the value of farm products from \$8,417,000,000 in 1900, showing a rapid and indeed wonderful progress all around. The progress of the aggregate agricultural wealth of the United States is one of the most salient phenomena of the world's history.

The tendency revealed is one of the movement of agricultural production from the east westward. The star of the farmer has been moving westward for a hundred years. It is now central over Iowa, which is by far the richest farm state in the Union. Farm

Arkansas to Demand New State Lines

constituted the "Mexican" boundary line, referred to by congress in the enabling act of 1836, by which Arkansas was admitted into the union.

Should the Supreme court hold that the "Mexican" boundary line which was to be a part of the southern boundary of Arkansas means the "Spanish" boundary line as fixed by the treaty of 1819, then the 32d degree of latitude, counsel for Arkansas will contend, must be the southern boundary of the state from Louisiana to the 100th degree of longitude. However, should the court accept Arkansas' interpretation that the "Mexican" boundary referred to by congress was the Rio Grande, its decision must transfer to Arkansas all of Texas east of the 100th degree of longitude.

Recently Arkansas was denied permission by the Supreme court to intervene in the Oklahoma-Texas boundary case, when it sought to assert title to the bed of the Red river, which was then in dispute.

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Arkansas has prepared for filing in the Supreme court an original suit in which it will claim not only all of the bed of the Red river, recently awarded to the United States in the boundary dispute between Oklahoma and Texas, but all that part of Texas east of the 100th degree of longitude west from London, and north of the 32d degree of north latitude.

Counsel for Arkansas stated that a 70-mile strip of territory east of the present western boundary of Louisiana also would be claimed and that the Supreme court would be asked to remove existing confusion as to what

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