

Senior Class Play
All of a Sudden--
Peggy
3-Act Comedy

MOI
HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM
Thursday, May 18th, 1922

22
Admission 50c-35c Tickets E. E. Koch
Curtain 8:15 p. m.

MARY MARIE
By Eleanor H. Porter
Illustrations by R. H. Livingstone

SYNOPSIS
PREFACE—"Mary Marie" explains her apparent "double personality" and just why she is 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) father, who is a famous astronomer, less than a year ago, which was discovered the same night. Her name is a compromise, her mother wanted to call her Viola and her father insisted on Anderson. The child quickly learned that her home was in some way different from those of her small friends, and was puzzled, that 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 social 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, each too proud in any way attempt to smooth over the situation.

CHAPTER III--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 court's decree the child is to spend six months of the year with her mother and six months with her father. 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 gloomy house at Andersonville. The "gentlemen" who call on her mother leads her to speculate on the possibility of a new father. Her classmate, studying "prospective suitors," finally deciding the choice is to be between "the violinist" and a Mr. Harlow. She overhears her mother and Mr. Harlow conversing and she is not to be the likely man. Mrs. Anderson receives a letter from "Aunt Abigail Anderson," her former business partner, 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--At Andersonville Aunt Jane meets her at the station. Her father is away somewhere, studying an eclipse of 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" serge 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 Mary. She finds out that her 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 Mary 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 clumsy way which her father's unexpected appearance interrupts. She sobs out the story of her unhappiness, and 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 Mary believes he is sorry she is going.

wasn't going back to school any more, and I know why, and knowing Aunt Jane didn't know why. (Of course I had not told Aunt Jane about Mother and Mrs. Mayhew.) It would be a funny world, wouldn't it, if we all knew what each other was thinking all the time? Why, we'd get so we wouldn't any of us speak to each other, I'm afraid, we'd be so angry at what the other was thinking.

Well, Aunt Jane and I didn't speak that night at the supper table. We finished in stern silence then; Aunt Jane went upstairs to her room and I went up to mine. (You see what a perfectly wildly exciting life Mary is living! And when I think of how full of good times Mother wanted every minute to be. But that was for Marie, of course.)

The next morning after breakfast Aunt Jane said:

"You will spend your forenoon studying, Mary. See that you learn well your lessons, so as not to annoy your father."

"Yes, Aunt Jane," said Mary, polite and proper, and went upstairs obediently; but even Mary didn't know exactly how to study those lessons.

Charlie had brought me all my books from school. I had asked her to when I knew that I was not going back. There were the lessons that had been assigned for the next day, of course, and I supposed probably Father would want me to study those. But I couldn't imagine Father teaching me all alone. I couldn't imagine myself reciting lessons to Father!

But I needn't have worried. If I could only have known. Little did I think--But, there, this is no way to tell a story. I read in a book, "How to Write a Novel," that you mustn't "antipate." (I thought folks always antipated novels. I do. I thought you wanted them to.)

Well, to go on.

Father got home at four o'clock. I saw him come up the walk, and I waited till I was sure he'd got settled in the library, then I went down.

He wasn't there.

A minute later I saw him crossing the lawn to the observatory. Well, what to do I didn't know. Mary said to go after him; but Marie said nay, nay. And in spite of being Mary just now, I let Marie have her way.

Rush after him and tell him he'd forgotten to hear my lessons? Father? Well, I guess not! Besides, it wasn't my fault. I was there all ready. It wasn't my blame that he wasn't there to hear me. But he might remember and come back. Well, if he did, I'd be there. So I went to one of those bookcases and pulled out a touch-me-not book from behind the glass door. Then I sat down and read till the supper bell rang.

Father was five minutes late to supper. I don't know whether he looked at me or not. I didn't dare to look at him--until Aunt Jane said, in her chilliest manner:

"I trust your daughter had good lessons, Charles."

I had to look at him then. I just couldn't look anywhere else. So I was looking straight at him when he gave that funny little startled glance into my eyes. And into his eyes then there crept the funniest, dearest little understanding twinkle--and I suddenly realized that Father, Father, was laughing with me at a little secret between us. But 't was only for a second. The next moment his eyes were very grave and looking at Aunt Jane.

"I have no cause to complain--of my daughter's lessons today," he said very quietly. Then he glanced over at me again. But I had to look away quick, or I would have laughed right out.

When he got up from the table he said to me: "I shall expect to see you tomorrow in the library at four, Mary."

And Mary answered: "Yes, Father," polite and proper, as she should; but Marie inside was just chuckling with the joke of it all.

The next day I watched again at four for Father to come up the walk; and when he had come in I went down to the library. He was there in his pet seat before the fireplace. (Father always sits before the fireplace, whether there's a fire there or not. And sometimes he looks so funny sitting there, staring into those gray ashes just as if it was the liveliest kind of a fire he was watching.)

As I said, he was there, but I had to speak twice before he looked up. Then, for a minute, he stared vaguely.

"Eh? Oh! Ah--er--yes, to be sure," he muttered then. "You have come with your books. Yes, I remember."

But there wasn't any twinkle in his eyes, nor the least little bit of an understanding smile; and I was disappointed. I had been looking for it. I knew then, when I felt so suddenly lost and heart-achey, that I had been expecting and planning all day on that twinkly understanding smile. You know you feel worse when you've just found a father and then lost him!

And I had lost him. I knew it the minute he sighed and frowned and got up from his seat and said, "Oh, yes, to be sure." He was just Doctor Anderson then--the man who knew all about the stars, and who had been unmarried to Mother, and who called me "Mary" in an-of-course-you're-my-daughter tone of voice.

Well, he took my books and heard my lessons, and told me what I was to study next day. He's done that two days now.

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if hasn't. Oh, for three or four days he asked questions quite like just a teacher. Then he got to talking. Sometimes it would be about something in the lessons; sometimes it would be about a star, or the moon. And he'd get so interested that I'd think for a minute that maybe the understanding twinkle would come into his eyes again. But it never did.

Sometimes it wasn't stars and moons, though, that he talked about. It was Boston, and Mother. Yes, he did. He talked a lot about Mother. As I look back at it now, I can see that he did. He asked me all over again what she did, and about the parties, and the folks that came to see her. He asked again about Mr. Harlow, and about the concert, and the young man who

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is not to go to school at all, any more," she gasped.

"Exactly." Father read on in his paper without looking up.

Aunt Jane's lips came together hard. "Charles, I'm amazed at you--yielding to that child's whims like this--that she doesn't want to go to school! It's the principle of the thing that I'm objecting to. Do you realize what it will lead to--what it--"

"Jane!" with a jerk Father sat up straight. "I realize some things that perhaps you do not. But that is neither here nor there. I do not wish Mary to go to school any more this spring. That is all; and I think--it is sufficient."

"Certainly." Aunt Jane's lips came together again grim and hard. "Perhaps you will be good enough to say what she shall do with her time."

"Time? Do? Why--er--what she always does; read, sew, study--"

"Study?" Aunt Jane asked the question with a hateful little smile that Father would have been blind not to have understood. And he was equal to it--but I most fell over backward when I found how equal to it he was.

"Certainly," he says, "study. I'll hear her lessons myself--in the library, after I come home in the afternoon. Now let us hear no more about it."

With that he pushed back his plate and left the table without waiting for dessert. And Aunt Jane and I were left alone.

I didn't say anything. Victors shouldn't boast--and I was a victor, of course, about the school. But when I thought of what Father had said about my reciting my lessons to him every day in the library--I wasn't so sure whether I'd won out or not. Recite lessons to my father? Why, I couldn't even imagine such a thing!

Aunt Jane didn't say anything either. I guess she didn't know what to say. And it was kind of a queer situation, when you came right down to it. Both of us sitting there, and knowing I

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