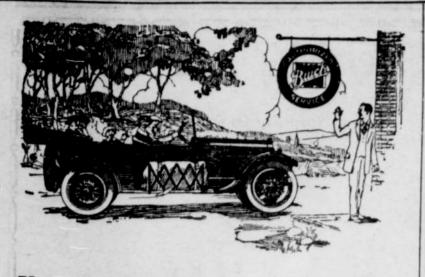
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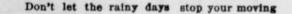
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MARY MARIE

By Eleanor H. Porter

Illustrations by R. H. Livingstone

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PREFACE -- Mary Marie" explains her apparent "double personality" and just why she is a "cross-current and a contra-diction;" she also tells her reasons for writing the diary-later to be a novel. The diary is commenced at Andersonville.

CHAPTER L-Mary begins with Nurse mark'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 a compromise, her mother wanted to call her Viola 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 ar-rival at Andersonville as a bride and how astonished they all were at the sight of the dainty eighteen-year old girl whom wite.

the first six months. CHAPTER IV.-At Boston Mary be-comes "Marie." She is delighted with her new home, so different from the gloomy house at Andersonville. The number of pentiemen who call on her mother leads her to speculate on the possibility of a new father. She classes the callers as "prospective suitors." finally deciding the choice is to be between "the violinist" and a Mr. Harlow. A conversation she overhears between her r ther and Mr. Harlow convinces her that it will not be that gentleman, and "to violinist" seems to be the likely man. Mrs. Anderson re-soives a letter from "Aunt Abigail Ander-son, her former husband's sister, whi 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.

for Andersonville. CHAPTER Y.-At Andersonville Aunt Jane meets her at the station. Her fa-ther is away somewhere, studying an eclipse of the moon. Marie-"Mary" now-instinctively compares Aunt Jane, prim and severs, with her beautiful, dainty mother, much to the former's disadvan-tage. Aunt Jane disapproves of the dain-ty clothes which the child is wearing, and replaces them with "serviceable" serges and thick-coiled 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. An-derson 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 schost Mary dresses in the pretty clothes she brought from Boston and plays the livelicat tunes she knows, on the little-

THE TILLAMOOK HEADLIGHT

and the crops. And so I'd begin: "Dear Father: I take my pen in hand to inform you that-" Then I'd stop and think and think, and chew my pen-handle. Then I'd put down something. But it was awful, and I knew it was awful. So I'd have to tear it up and begin again.

Three times I did that; then I began to cry. It did seem as if I never could write that letter. Once I thought of asking Mother what to say, and getting her to help me. Then I remem bered how she cried and took on and said things when the letter came, and talked about how dreadful and unnatural it all was, and how she was jealous for fear I'd love Father better than I did her. And I was afraid she'd do it again, and so I didn't like to ask her. And so I didn't do it.

Then, after a time, I got out his letter and read it again. And all of a sudden I felt all warm and happy, just as I did when I first got it; and some way I was back with him in the observatory and he was telling me all about the stars. And I forgot all about being afraid of him. And I just remembered that he'd asked me to tell him what I did on Christmas day; and I knew right off that that would be easy. Why, just the easiest thing in the world! And so I got out a fresh sheet of paper and dipped my pen in the ink and began again.

And this time I didn't have a bit of trouble. I told him all about the tree I had Christmas eve, and the presents, and the little colored lights, and the fun we had singing and playing games. And then how, on Christmas morning, there was a lovely new snow on the ground, and Mr. Easterbrook came with a perfectly lovely sleigh and two horses to take Mother

and me to ride, and what a splendid time we had, and how lovely Mother looked with her red cheeks and bright eyes, and how, when we got home, Mr. Easterbrook said we looked more like sisters than mother and daughter.

and wasn't that nice of him. Of course. I told a little more about Mr. Easterbrook too, so Father'd know who he was-a new friend of Mother's that I'd never known till I came back this time, and how he was very rich and a

most estimable man. That Aunt Hattle said so. Then I told him that in the after-

noon another gentleman came and took us to a perfectly beautiful con-cert. And I finished up by telling about the Christmas party in the evening, and how lovely the house looked. and Mother, and that they said I looked nice, too.

And that was all. And when I had got it done. I saw that I had written a long letter, a great long letter. And I was almost afraid it was too long, till I remembered that Father had



my elbow? Echo answers never! So I've about given up that's' amounting to anything, either.

Of course, there's Father left, and of course, when I go back to Andersonville this summer, there may be something doing there. But I doubt it. I forgot to say I haven't heard from

Father again. I answered his Christmas letter, as I said, and wrote just as nice as I knew how, and told him all he asked me to. But he never answered, nor wrote again. I am disappointed, I'll own up. I thought he would write. I think Mother did, too. She's asked me ever so many times if I hadn't heard from him again. And she always looks so sort of funny when I say no-sort 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 blg 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 choco-

lates 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 get 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 Hactie that she was almost tempted to write and thank him. But Aunt Hattie said, "Poch," and it was no more than he ought to do, and that she wouldn't be seen writing to a man who so carefully avolded 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 staving that Mother said she was afraid he 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 arst 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.

FRIDAY, JUNE 9, 1921

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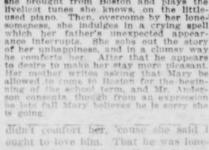
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MALNUTRITION!!

What is malnutrition? It is a weak condition of the body caused by lack of nourishment. The food may not contain some element needed for





ust as much as she needed me, an maybe more. And then she wont And she called herself a wleked wom an that she'd ever allowed things to get to such a pass. And she said if she could only have her life to live over again she'd do so differently-oh,

so differently, Then she began to cry again, and I couldn't do a thing with her; and, of course, that worked me all up and I began to cry.

She stopped then, right off short, and wiped her eyes fiercely with her wet ball of a handkerchief. And she asked what was she thinking of, and lidn't she know any better than to talk like this to me. Then she said, come, we'd go for a ride. And we did.

And all the rest of that day Mother was so gay and lively you'd think she didn't know how to cry. Now, wasn't that funny?

Of course, I shall answer Father's letter right away, but I haven't the faintest idea what to say. ONE WEEK LATER

I answered it-Father's letter, I mean-yesterday, and it's gone now. But I had an awful time over it. I just didn't know what in the world to say. I'd start out all right, and I'd think I was going to get along beautifully. Then, all of a sudden, it would come over me, what I was doingwriting a letter to my father! And I could imagine just how he'd look when he got it, all stern and dignified, sitting in his chair with his paper-cutter; and I'd imagine his eyes looking down and reading what I wrote. And when I thought of that, my pen just wouldn't go. The Idea of my writing anything my father would want to read !

I could write-big things big things is there are they going to have a fixe is. That would interest big ment About whenever are they going to have a fixe is. The President and our-country tis of chance to say anything really thrilling. The learning to cook-to cook! And thee, and the state of the deather | with Mother or Aunt Hattle right at it's Mother that says I must. She told



So I Sent It Off. asked me for it; he had asked me t

tell him all about what I did on Christ mas day. So I sent it off

MARCH

Yes. I know it's been quite a while, out there hasn't been a thing to saynothing new or exciting. I mean There's just school, and the usual things, only Mr, Easterbrook doesn't come any more. (Of course, the vie linist hasn't come since that day he proposed.) I don't know whether Mr. Easterbrook proposed or not. I only know that all of a sudden he stopped

coming, I flon't know the reason. I don't overhear so much as I used to, anyway. Not but that I'm in the fibrary window-sent just the same ; but 'most everybody that comes in looks there right off; and, of course, when they see me they don't hardly evet suppose I did show it-some. In fact,

overhear things as I used to. Not that there's much to hear, her arm around me and said: though. Really, there just isn't anya love story of Mother's to put in.

And mine, too. Here I am fifteen that brook and river met long ago D business. But Mother is getting to be almost as | But Mother never used to say anybad as Aunt Jane was about my re- thing about self-discipline.

men. Oh, she lets me go to places, a And so I'd try to think of things that Mittle, with the boys at school; but I ONE WEEK LATER could write-big things-big things always have to be chaperoned. And

APRIL

Well, the flast 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 littie pieces. You see, every day, with out thinking, I'd just naturally pick out the biggest pieces. So you can imngine what they got down to toward the last-mostly chocolate almonds. As for the self-Miscipline-I don't see as I feel any more disciplined than I did before, and I know I want choco lates 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 shppers 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 white muslin with dots in it, and blue silk sash suitable for a child-for any child.

Of course, I was disappointed

go on with what they are saying. So I'm afraid, I showed it a whole lot. It just naturally follows that I don't Mother didn't say anything then; but on the way home in the car she put

"I'm sorry about the pink dress, thing going on, and things aren't half dear. I knew you wanted it. But it so lively as they used to be when Mr. was not suitable at all for you-not Easterbrook was here, and all the until you're older, dear. Mother will rest. They've all stopped coming; now, have to luok out that her little daughmost. I've about given up ever having ter isn't getting to be vain, and too fond of dress.'

I knew then, of course, that it was next month, going on sixteen. (Why, just some more of that self-discipline

ceiving proper attentions from young Is she getting to be like Aunt Jane?

She is.

blood repair, or it may lack some thing for bone repair. The whole structure is weakened thereby. Then some day an organ gives away. Life is cut short.

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