

Berlin Proposes Parley on Ruhr

Will Negotiate With France on Plan to Restore Peace in Area.

Paris, Dec. 13.—The German government today officially announced its intention to initiate direct negotiations with the French concerning the Rhineland and Ruhr, according to a Havas dispatch from Berlin. The announcement, according to the dispatch, read as follows: "The reich government forthwith will ask the French government to enter into direct negotiations concerning all questions pertaining to the Rhineland and Ruhr. The German charge d'affaires will be instructed to make a verbal request to that effect within a day or two."

Community Chest Seeks Names of Needy Families

List of families who will be taken care of by various organizations are asked by George Carey, secretary of the Omaha Welfare Federation and Community Chest, to bring them to the office on the third floor of the city hall as soon as possible. The telephone numbers of the chest headquarters are Atlantic 5992 or Atlantic 8122. The Christmas clearing house can be reached at these numbers also.

IMPROVED DINING CAR SERVICE ON CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY.

Dining car service is now provided to serve Omaha-Wyoming and Black Hills travel. This car serves breakfast on train No. 13 South Norfolk to Newport, arriving Newport 8:47 a. m., breakfast and luncheon on train No. 22 leaving Newport 8:47 a. m., arriving Fremont 3:25 p. m., and dinner on train No. 3 leaving Fremont 5:55 p. m., arriving South Norfolk 8:35 p. m. For further particulars apply to G. W. Hall, General Agent, C. & N. W. Ry., 1413 Farnam St. Tel. Atlantic 1556.—Adv.

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- grated cheese and pimento
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This beautiful California peacock is said to be one of the finest specimens ever found. Upon its death it was stuffed and will be preserved permanently.

STELLA DALLAS

By Olive Higgins Prouty.

SYNOPSIS
Stella Dallas separated from her husband, and her daughter, Laurel, 13, live in the "cheapest room" of a fashionable hotel in Milhampton. In the room where she passes much time reading, Laurel overhears scornful references to her mother made by social leaders in the hotel world. Both mother and daughter are always smartly dressed when they go together to the dining room. Laurel sees on a visit to her father in New York.

(Continued from Yesterday.)
They sat in silence for a moment or two, after the door had slammed upon them. Then, "Well, here we are," said Laurel's father.
"How are you, Laurel?" he asked.
"All right."
"What sort of a year has it been?"
"All right."
Just the shortest, most conventional of questions—just the shortest, most noncommittal of answers, but full of significance to them both; full of the promise of the dawning of the old sweet intimacy which never failed to steal over Laurel and her father, once they got rid of preliminaries, and to possess them like sunshine, a cloudless day, once it breaks through the mists and fogs of early morning.
"You're growing up, Lollie," he said.
Whenever Laurel's father called her Lollie it always brought the vision of her mother sharply before her eyes. Her mother and father were the only two people in the world who had ever called her the silly little baby name of Lollie—"Lolliepop" once it had been. She showed the vision away as soon as possible. It hurt somehow. Her mother would have so loved the lights outside the taxicab window, and the taxicab, too. She and her mother seldom afforded a taxicab.
"I don't suppose I shall dare kiss you many years longer in the station before people," he laughed. "Young ladies don't like being kissed in public, I'm told."
"Laurel laughed, too—a nervous, pleased little laugh, and moved a little nearer.
"Isn't it funny how many things there are that you like that I like, too?" she said softly. "I was counting them up coming down on the train."
"Are there? Tell me. What?"
"Well—there's books, and woods, and camping, and dogs, and horses, and fall better than spring, and dark meat better than light, and roast beef better than chicken, and salad better than dessert, and—and—"
"Yes, go on," her father encouraged.
"Well, picture galleries, and Mme.

"I do—only—I'm used to hotels. I'm not lonely in them. I don't believe I should like visiting. Has Mrs. Morrison any children?"
"Oh, yes. Several. You'll have a splendid time."
"I think I'd rather stay at the hotel," said Laurel.
"Well, we'll see. Don't have to decide tonight. It's only for a few days anyhow. We're going to have our two weeks together in the woods just the same."
CHAPTER II.
Stephen Dallas always tried to arrange his affairs so as to be able to take Laurel off alone with him for two weeks somewhere. The month she spent with him was usually August or September, and he usually took her into the woods.
Stephen had an idea that the farther away from people and conventionalities he could get Laurel the more susceptible she would be to him and to his suggestions. However, it seemed somewhat absurd even to hope to be much of a factor in forming the child's tastes and inclinations. He had only 30 short days with her each year, and he knew that during the long lapses between her visits the influence she lived under was not conducive to the growth of the kind of needs he planned for.
"I never saw so devoted a father as you, Stephen Dallas," one of his women friends said to him one day, during one of his invitations.
"You've been to all his invitations," Stephen Dallas had smiled and shrugged in reply. Most men, he told himself, weren't obliged to cram a year's fatherhood into one short month. They could spread it along. And most fathers, or many anyhow, in guiding their children were not obliged to exert their strength against another pair of oars, constantly pulling in another direction.
When Laurel came to visit her father, for the first time he used every device and scheme he could think of to make her want to come again. It was always a little like that. "Sure, I'm supposed to be a father," he would say, "but I'm not. I'm just a man who's anxious for her to want to come again. He would think it more normal, wrapped up as he was in his business, and dead as his desire in connection with the mistaken marriage he had made during the early years of his career in Milhampton. If he had wished to forget and bury everything related to it. Let other people forget and bury it, too. If Laurel had been a boy who would grow up to bear his name he might understand his hopes and ambitions for the child. But a girl—a solemn-eyed, long-haired little girl! He was only 40. His head was full of demands, of interests of the keenest sort, of friends, too, the best in the world. Yet the pleasure that he felt at any expression of affection from Laurel could make his eyes grow misty. And lately—last year, and the year before—a choking wave of pride would sweep over him now and then, as he checked her, or listened to some of her quiet comments.
To hear her exclaim that she loved reading—the sort of reading he had prescribed for her—had obliged him to swallow once or twice before trusting himself to speak. And picture galleries! He had thought her utterly bored by them. She was a polite little creature. She had never said she didn't like them, but after the first half hour or so in a gallery she usually made inquiry as to how much longer they were going to stay.
"I didn't know you liked picture galleries, Laurel," he said to her later, seated at a little table beside a trickling fountain with goldfish and twinkling lights—blue and pink and yellow—shining in its depths, and tinkling Hawaiian music sounding from somewhere in the distance. "You never said you did."
"I didn't know it until lately," said Laurel. "It came to me all in a flash. You know how liking things does come in a flash sometimes."
"No. Tell me."
He was fearfully afraid she would not. She was like the gray-tailed squirrels in the park in some ways, at times ready to be friendly and intimate, and at other times shy of him, and as timid as a chipmunk.
Continued in The Morning Bee.

Judge Paine Heads Japan Relief Fund

Kearney, Neb., Dec. 12.—Judge Bayard H. Paine, of Grand Island, has been appointed chairman of the Japanese earthquake fund, the Far East relief movement for the re-establishment of the schools, orphanages, hospitals and churches destroyed by the recent earthquake. Judge Paine heads the organization for the Methodist churches of the Kearney district, the funds going to the rehabilitation of these mission properties in Japan.
With Judge Paine are W. A. Reutlinger and Professor C. Ray Gates, Grand Island; O. O. Hayman, Shelton; Harry Turner, Cairo; M. K. Dean, Alda; Carl Ledbetter, Sidney; D. M. Guesford, Sumner; J. M. Harrison, Ravenna; C. G. Bliss, Elm Creek; Fred Anderson, Cozad; A. M. Rumery, Mason City; Isaac Housh, Kimball; Mrs. H. Lomax, Broken Bow; G. S. Lyon, Merna; Mrs. H. E. Hess, North Platte; Mrs. C. L. Ayers, Kearney; G. A. Engleman, Litchfield; Ralph Robbins, Chapell; F. H. Wolf, Lodgepole; A. E. Woods, Brady; A. J. Meers, Ogallala; R. H. Barber, Arthur; Mrs. Thomas Allen, Sutherland; Roy Schock, Gibbon; C. S. Jobe, Dalton; C. W. Hardin, Gandy; M. J. Posson, Paxton.

Burgess Bedtime Stories
By THORNTON W. BURGESS.
He not too trustful of your eyes, lest you may get a sad surprise.
—Old Mother Nature.
A Log That Is Alive.
Five times Danny Meadow Mouse left his hiding place on the bank of a river and started toward a great, big old log lying on the bank in the sun. Five times his courage failed him and he ran back. He had heard or seen nothing to frighten him back, but the feeling that he was right out in the open had been too much for him. But each time he had tried it he had become a little bolder and had gone a little farther.
At last he made up his mind that it would be quite safe to run over and examine that old log. An old log lying on the bank like that must be hollow. At least it must have a hollow in it big enough for a tired little Meadow Mouse to curl up in and take a nap. So once more Danny started to scamper over to that old log.
He had almost reached it when the most astonishing thing happened. Yes, sir, the most astonishing thing happened. What looked like four stubs of broken branches on its sides began to move, and then that whole log itself began to move. It was walking on those four stubs.
If you could have seen Danny then you would have thought that his funny little eyes were going to pop right out of his head. He was too astonished to even be afraid. Never in his life had he heard of a log walking. And in his funny, furry little head Danny had no room for anything but pure astonishment. There wasn't even room for fear. He stopped right where he was and simply stared and stared and stared. Slowly that great log moved toward

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the water. Danny thought he must be dreaming. He really did. Whoever had heard of a log that could walk? Straight down the bank to the edge of the water that great old log moved, and there stopped. Danny didn't move. He forgot that he was right out in the open. He forgot that there might be sharp eyes to see him. He forgot everything but the wonder of a log that could walk. Truly this Sunny South was a strange place. It was a strange place, with strange things in it.
Slowly that great log moved toward the water.



Slowly that great log moved toward the water.

Danny looked out on the water where he had seen two other logs floating. They had disappeared! "They must have floated away," thought Danny. Then he saw how quiet the water was. It didn't seem to be moving enough to have floated away those two logs. A sudden thought popped into Danny's head. Could it be that these queer logs

could swim as well as walk? Danny wished the big log he had been watching would walk again. He no longer had any desire to get any nearer, if there was a hollow in it he didn't care. He didn't care to hide in it. No, sir, he didn't care to hide in it. But that old log was more interesting now than it had been before. Danny forgot everything else and remained right where he was, watching.
(Copyright, 1923.)
The next story: "Danny's Hat Stands on End."
A law has been passed by the gentile congress requiring all imported goods to be so marked as show the country of their origin. The old familiar "Made in Germany" stamp must now be imitated by other countries exporting to Argentina.

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<p>9 to 10 A. M. 4,000 Women's Apron Frocks Worth 1.29. For one hour, 69c Extra Fine Gingham Bungalow Aprons—In 16 different styles and many colors. All sizes 36 to 46. Basement East</p>	<p>9 to 11 A. M. Columbia Records Formerly priced, each, 75c. 10c for two hours. Pretty airs that will please; come early to get the best selection of these records. Eighth Floor</p>	<p>9 to 10 A. M. Mavis Toilet Water Formerly priced 1.00. 39c for one hour. A delightful refreshing odor that will make a lovely gift or use it for yourself; specially priced. Main Floor—West</p>
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Our Toyland is the Most Complete in This Part of the Country

A perfect paradise for the kiddies—bring them to see the toys and the circus.

<p>Drums—Genuine skin head drums with sticks; buy him a drum and let him beat it; specially priced 1.98 for this sale at</p>	<p>Wolverine Laundry Sets—Tub, wringer, clothes rack, basket and clothes pins and washboard; special 3.00 price, all for</p>	<p>American Flyer Trains—Have always given satisfaction; with a key wind train and plenty of track your boy will be absolutely contented; 1 engine, 3 coaches, 12 sections of track, guaranteed; special at 2.98</p>	<p>A Real Flivver—made right near the flivver factory, solid iron painted black; specially priced for 50c this sale at, each.</p>
<p>Mechanical Train—Figure eight track, engine with best Connecticut clock work motor. 14 pieces track and cross over, for 3.50</p>	<p>Janessville Coasters—The real coasters; swift, silent and sturdy. Ask Jimmy, he knows. 10.00 and 11.00</p>	<p>Lionel Electric Train—N. Y. Central type engine, long track; 2 passenger cars; wonderful train; specially priced, each 9.50</p>	<p>This Imported Rocking Horse—Plush covered, looks like a real horse; very strong; specially priced from 12.50 to 25.00</p>
<p>Schoenhut Pianos—They are the joy of the little girls' hearts at Christmas time, prices, 75c to 5.00</p>	<p>American Flyer Trains—The train with a guarantee; runs longer; gives better satisfaction and is reliable in every way; one engine; tender and passenger coach; eight sections of track; very specially priced at 1.75</p>	<p>Complete Railroad System—Other trains with signal stops, depots and tunnels and everything to make a complete railroad system; specially priced at 5.00</p>	<p>Little Wash Sets—Little Miss Dolly's clothes must be washed as well as mamma's; tub, board and clothes rack. Other sets with ironing boards, flat irons, wringers and clothes pins; are very thing for the wash day, are very specially priced at 50c to 3.00</p>

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