

STELLA DALLAS

By Olive Higgins Prouty.

SYNOPSIS
Stella Dallas separated from her husband, and her daughter, Laurel, is in the "chambers" of a fashionable hotel in Manhattan. In the parlors, where she passes much of her time, 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 goes on a visit to her father in New York.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

"Well, the first time I knew I liked the woods."—All one of her trustful moods—"wasn't when I was up there in them, but right in a city street, looking into an art store window at a picture of a girl just like lots of traits we've trapped. It flashed over me right there on the crowded city sidewalk. I just love the woods! And last winter our teacher took our class at school to an art gallery one afternoon, and when I got the first queer smell, and heard the first echo-sounds that go with art galleries, it came over me what fun we'd had picking out our favorite pictures in art galleries here in New York, and going afterwards to get hot chocolate somewhere, and all of a sudden it flashed over me, 'Whif, I just love art galleries!'"

Laurel's father looked away from her. Some of his seeds, then, had taken root and were growing. Even among thorns! He must plant and plant, then, while it was still the planting season.

Later that same night, in Laurel's room at the hotel, Stephen sat down beside her by the reading lamp and glanced through the pile of books he had selected for her. "Idylls of the King" was one of the books.

"What do you say we save this one to read out loud in the woods?" he inquired.

"Oh, you don't have to, my dear."

"I'd like to go," she assured him brightly, which was true. Laurel would like to do anything to please her father.

CHAPTER III.

Laurel was to go to Mrs. Morrison's

the following Monday. She dreaded the visit. She was suspicious of women, and especially suspicious of mothers. One of the reasons Laurel always looked forward with such joy to the month with her father was that there never were any slights—never any fear of any slights. His presence seemed to prevent the possibility of slights. Everybody to whom he introduced her in his fine, proud manner as "my daughter Laurel," treated her with the same kindness—almost deference—with which they treated him. Mrs. Morrison had been kindness itself to her a year ago, at tea in the hotel, but her father had been there then. Ladies had a way of being kind when men were about. Laurel had discovered, it was being left alone with Mrs. Morrison that she dreaded.

Besides, Laurel knew very little about the etiquette of private homes. She was familiar with the ways and customs of a hotel. Knew the proper manner to assume towards waiters, and porters, and clerks; knew, too, the proper fee to pay bellboys and chambermaids, if she asked them to do anything for her, which she seldom did, for dimes and quarters were never freely squandered by Laurel and her mother on ice water or extra blankets for cool nights. But she was uncertain about the proper manner to assume towards servants in a private home. In the winter time she and her mother lived in an apartment hotel. How many servants were there usually, anyhow, and what did you call them, and what fee did you give them? And when, and how, and for what? Or didn't you give them a fee at all? And just how, she wondered, should you dress in a private home? Did a girl of 13 change three times a day, for instance, and put on an organdie for dinner? And who did her hair? Miss Simpson, it appeared, was not to accompany Laurel to Mrs. Morrison's. Miss Simpson wasn't good at hair. She never even attempted curls. But she could get snarls out, and brush, and divide fairly well, under direction. Laurel was helpless without somebody.

Let's come into the house this way," she suggested, and gently drew Laurel across the lawn towards the French windows. "I've tea and cakes all ready," she said in a low tone, as if it was a confidence not meant for Stephen's ears. "And cinnamon toast." She gave Laurel's shoulders the tiniest little bit of squeeze.

Arm in arm with Mrs. Morrison, Laurel stepped across the low threshold of the French window into a big, generous, library-sort of room, with a grand piano at one end and books all around the dark walls.

The house was cement, and partly ivy-covered, too, like the posts. It was set low, seemed to cling to the ground, and the close-cropped lawn ran right up to long French windows on either side of the front door.

The French windows were open and from out of one of them stepped Mrs. Morrison. She waved her hand at Stephen and Laurel, and called out in a high, pretty voice, "Hello!" then walked rapidly towards the approaching car to meet it.

Laurel noticed that she was dressed in an ordinary white skirt and outing waist, and wore tennis shoes. She was at the door of the car when it stopped, and, before Laurel's father had a chance to open it, she had stretched out her arm in front of him—ignoring him completely—grasped one of Laurel's hands and was saying in the lovely voice Laurel remembered, "Hello, Laurel!" She said "Laurel," not "Laural"—like most people. Her voice was like a bell. "I'm ever so glad to see you. I've been waiting and waiting for you. Get out, dear. Let her out, Stephen." She hadn't paid any attention to Stephen till then. "Your trunk has come," she said, still addressing Laurel, still ignoring her father—or almost, for she flung him only the briefest little "Hello" as he stepped out of the automobile beside her—and for the last hour I've been thinking you yourself were coming every time I heard a horn blowing outside our drive."

As Laurel stepped off the running board Mrs. Morrison put her arm around her and kissed her lightly on the cheek. Afterwards she left her arm there in a casual sort of way as if she forgot to remove it.

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Slight Slump in Business.

Washington, Dec. 14.—Business of the United States showed a slight

slowing up in November, as compared to October, but a healthy improvement over November, 1922, according to a statement describing basic

industrial and commercial movements issued today by the Department of Commerce.

Employment in 1,428 factories is said to have totaled 2,015,642 workers in November, compared to 2,023,517 in October and 1,862,433 a year ago, the report said.

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PEANUTS Fresh Roasted	2 Lbs. 35c	GRAPEFRUIT Tart and Julee	3 for 25c
SYRUP Log Cabin, Table Size	Can 29c	SWEET POTATOES	3 Lbs. 20c
BRAN Tasty, Appetizing "Okay Bran" Made in Omaha	Pkg. 10c	LETTUCE Heavy and Firm	Hd. 12½c-15c
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TOILET PAPER Northern Tissue	9 Rolls \$1	CRANBERRIES Choice Berries	Lb. 17c
MACARONI Skinner's 10c pkg.	3 for 25c	CIDER Pure Cider	Gal. 45c

BACON Morris' 'Supreme' Whole or Halves Lb. 31c

ELGIN Nut Margarine Elgin is so made it improves in flavor as it cures Lb. 29c

SOAP Crystal White "The Lann-dries De-light" 10 Bars 49c

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Next Sunday marks the second edition of The Omaha Bee's Practical Cookery Magazine. The first issue was greeted joyfully by Omaha and Nebraska housewives, and the great number of requests for additional copies of this magazine prove that PRACTICAL COOKERY MAGAZINE is designed to fill an important place in the homes of our readers.

The Christmas number is alive with interest for every housewife. In it you will find articles written by leading cooking authorities on the preparation of the Christmas dinner. New dishes that will surprise your guests and add zest to this greatest of American feasts. Clever ideas, gleaned from everywhere, that you can use profitably in your own kitchen.

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McComb's Home-Made Cream Roll, covered with caramel and rolled in fresh pecans, special, lb. 69c
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Butter and Egg Dept. Guaranteed Select Quality Eggs, per dozen 32½c
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Fancy Cranberries, per qt. 15c	Standard Sweet Corn, can 10c doz. \$1.15	No. 2 cans Early June Sweet Peas, per can 12½c	Our Home-Made Salad Dressing, pint 45c ½ pt. 25c	Jersey Sweet Potatoes, 4 lbs. 25c	Hothouse Leaf Lettuce, 3 bunches for 10c	P. & G. Naphtha Soap, 10 bars, 42c
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