

STELLA DALLAS

By Olive Higgins Prouty.

SYNOPSIS
Stella Dallas separated from her husband, and her daughter, Laurel, is in the "cheapest room" of a fashionable hotel in Millington. In the garden, where she passes much time reading, Laurel overhears scandalous 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. Laurels goes on a visit to her father in New York and she leaves her at the home of Mrs. Morrison, a friend, while he is away on a trip to Chicago.

(Continued from Yesterday.)
"Curly?"
"No, straight. Oh, how we did try to make it curl," laughed Mrs. Morrison.
"But I guess she didn't have freckles," said Laurel.
"Not then. But I think she would have had when she grew up. She liked the sun, and out-of-doors. I'd have loved to have had her have over so frequently a nose!"
"Do you like freckles?" Laurel exclaimed, wide-eyed and amazed.
"As easily as that, they wandered into the holy of holies of Helen Morrison's heart, and wandered out again."

When Mrs. Morrison had helped Laurel unpack her trunk on the first afternoon, she had been doubt-

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when she comes for the visits. Bring her to me here, or to the town house, if we've moved in."

Driving back to New York that night over the almost deserted road it was late. "Very late for 13," Mrs. Morrison had laughed, as she had tucked Laurel into a warm coat of her own, Laurel sat beside her father like a little stone image for the first 10 minutes.

There was something exciting about the beautiful coat that wrapped her round so close. It was a little as if Mrs. Morrison herself held her wrapped her round in her kindness. Every once in a while Laurel would rub her cheek against the soft fur of the high collar. It felt like Mrs. Morrison's hair the day after it had been washed, and she had let Laurel brush it, and twist it up, and stick the hairpins in. It smelled like it, too—fresh, clean like a flower garden after rain. Laurel drew in great deep breaths of the soft brown sable.

"It's Mrs. Morrison," she pretended with all the sentimentality of a girl. "She's going to the city. Gazing up into the sky from out of the fur collar, Laurel could see the full round moon above her. "She's following me to New York," she made-believe. "She's going to follow me wherever I go, always and always, and I can look up at her and see her whenever the moon is full, and tell her how lovely I think she is, and try to be like her. She doesn't care so much if people are horrid after this."

"Well, Laurel," interrupted Stephen, "how did you get along?"
"All right."
"Was it very terrible?"
"Not very."
"How did you like the boys?"
"All right."
"And how did you like Mrs. Morrison?"

"Gazing up at the moon, Laurel replied fervently. "I think Mrs. Morrison is the loveliest lady I ever knew."

"Do you," her father exclaimed, "know how to dress?"
"Lollie! Suddenly Laurel stiffened inside the long coat. Lollie!"
"I mean," she added, with the exaltation all gone out of her voice, "I mean next to—next to it had to be. She couldn't avoid the word—"next to my mother."

All the rest of the way back to the hotel Laurel didn't once glance up at the moon. How could she—oh, how which her mother patronized. "We'll try it," said Con, "and I'll teach you tennis."
He wouldn't acknowledge that he liked Laurel. None of the boys went as far as that. "But the ten's all, and she isn't afraid of things," he told his mother.

"They get along together beautifully," Stephen said. Helen Morrison to Laurel's father the night he came to take Laurel away.

It was after dinner. They were sitting in the garden terrace just outside the big room, where the portrait hung. Through the open windows, uncurtained towards the terrace, they could see Laurel seated with the two older of the boys at a table, busy over some sort of game with cards, with Michael stretched out comfortably at their feet.

"I've enjoyed every moment of her," Helen went on, gazing fondly next time around she had taken one in her voice. "It's prompt home to me as fresh what I've missed—all these years. Oh, how we had such fun together!" she broke off gayly. "Girls' sort of fun," she laughed, "doing each other's hair, for instance—trying on each other's hats—the sort of thing which her mother couldn't understand. And her questions! Don't you love little girls' blunt questions? Darling things, I think, like awkward little girls' questions—oh, Laurel's dear child, Stephen. I've kept pretending she was mine," she exclaimed lightly.

"Oh, Helen! If she only were!"
"There wasn't a trace of lightness in Stephen's exclamation.
"I couldn't have equipped her any better for the present-day activities of a young girl's life than her own mother has done. Stephen," said Helen. "There doesn't appear to be a muscle or a bone in her body that has been neglected."

"I'm thinking about her soul," Stephen remarked.
"It hasn't lost any of its beauty yet, Stephen," Helen assured him. "She's as unspoiled a little girl as I know—she's pleased (so genuinely pleased, too—you can tell by the shine in her eyes) at the least kindness or attention. And the combination in her of sophistication and innocence is a source of constant surprise to me—a source of constant joy, too. Oh, you needn't be afraid. So far the undesirable influences haven't hurt Laurel a bit."
"But she's getting older, Helen. Her youth and innocence cannot protect her always."
"Oh, I know," agreed Helen. "I've thought of that, too. It's a pity. I'm so sorry, Stephen. Let her stay with me often—whenever you can. See them in there—all so happy. Don't take her to a hotel

Edible Xmas Tree



or hide—or was it cotton—something of the sort. She ran across Alfred Munn (or rather he ran across her—he saw her before she saw him) at a restaurant.
It had occurred to Stella as she walked away from the station that a cup of coffee would probably help to brace her up better than anything else, and as it was really time for lunch anyhow, she decided to drop into a certain restaurant she knew about, instead of the candy shop farther uptown. It was a restaurant where Alfred Munn had taken Laurel and her to lunch one day two years ago. She hadn't seen him since. As she entered it, she observed men predominated.
She hastened to the dressing room at the rear. Stella Dallas felt as uncomfortable in the restaurant with her face all red and apologetic as the school-teacherish little woman would have felt in her stocking feet. It was with no thought of any man in particular that she set to work again to make herself presentable, now that she had herself under better control, or at least, with no serious thought of any man in particular. She was always playing with the possibility that some old admirer might run across her path at any moment, and always taking necessary precautions.
(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

Dog Bites Boy

The city health department was advised Tuesday morning that Lester Norlin, a boy residing at 2419 Hanover street, Florence, was bitten by a dog owned by an Anderson family, residing at 807 North Twenty-eighth avenue. A health inspector has been detailed to investigate the case.

Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Sense, the plain and common kind, is often hard to find. —Old English Proverb.
Danny Finds Out About the Terrible Voice.
Sense, just plain, common, everyday sense, is something that everybody ought to have, but that a great many people do not have. Anyway,

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that is how it seems. And a great many people who have it most of the time appear to lose it when they are badly frightened. Danny Meadow Mouse lost it when he heard that terrible voice in the night down there in the Sunny South. If he hadn't lost it he would have known when he heard Mr. Mocker the Mockingbird calling him that there was nothing to be afraid of.

After awhile Danny got his common, everyday sense back again. "Mr. Mocker isn't afraid," said Danny to himself. "If he were afraid he would show it in his voice. If he isn't afraid I guess there is no reason for me to be afraid. Anyway, perhaps he can tell me something about that terrible voice, and whose it is."

So Danny at last gained courage enough to poke his head out of the little hole under the old stump. The moonlight was very bright, it was almost like day.
"What is the matter with you, Danny Meadow Mouse?" asked Mr. Mocker rather crossly. "Why did you run away like that?"
"It was that terrible voice," declared Danny. "It makes me shiver just to think of it. Have you any idea, Mr. Mocker, whose voice it was?"

Mr. Mocker began to laugh. "So that is what frightened you!" he exclaimed. "I didn't think of that. No, sir, I didn't think of that. I suppose that is because I have heard that voice so often. Don't you know, Danny Meadow Mouse, that a voice can't hurt you? The idea of being afraid of a voice!"
"But whose voice was it?" persisted Danny. "I am sure that any one

with such a dreadful voice must be very dreadful."

"Do you remember that big fellow you thought was an old log lying on the bank of the river?" asked Mr. Mocker.
"Yes," said Danny. "You mean the one you said was Gator the Alligator," said he.
Mr. Mocker nodded. "That's the one," said he. "That's the one. And it was his voice that frightened you so."

"What?" exclaimed Danny.
"It's a fact. It's the truth and nothing but the truth," replied Mr. Mocker. "Old Gator certainly does love to roar in the night. I don't know what he does it for unless it is for the sake of hearing how much noise he can make. Have you noticed that queer smell?"

"Do you mean that smell that is something like the scent of Jerry Muskrat?" asked Danny.
Again Mr. Mocker nodded. "That's it," said he. "That's the smell I mean. Well, that comes from old Gator, too. But neither his voice nor that smell is going to hurt you in the least. Danny Meadow Mouse. You are as safe from Gator as if you were back home on the Green Meadows. As long as you keep away from him, you don't need to give him a thought."
Danny drew a long breath. "I'll keep away from him. Don't you worry about that," he declared. "And I won't be afraid any more when he roars."
Just then Gator roared again, and before he could think Danny had popped in the hole under the old stump.
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The next story: "An Old Friend Finds Danny."



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